

IN THE ARMS OF ANGELS PT. 11

NoMoreMisterNiceSpy

Baby Sophia, a beacon of love, and helping Margaret.

Novels and Novellas

4.71

21.1k words

This is a continuation of In The Arms of Angels Pt. 10.

Recap - In part 10, Paige explains to her family that Other Paige is no longer present in her mind. She's terrified that whatever it is may have migrated to her unborn child, Prue, and worries about what her child may go through if that is the case. When she goes to sleep, she dreams and meets Other Paige in the form of five-year-old Paige. She learns that Other Paige was just a manifestation of her own mind, a way of coping with the emotional trauma she suffered at a young age. And now with Jason, and a child on the way, she no longer needs Other Paige in her life. She also learns that her precognitive abilities were her own all along, and it will not go away now that Other Paige is no more. Jason decides to sell the house in L.A. and purchase the 'castle' in Ghent. While back in L.A. packing up, the family sees Margaret once more, inviting her to visit Belgium on their dime. In Elin's excitement at seeing her friend, Margaret realizes the relationship situation with her friend and that Elaina's child is Jason's. Elin tells her that she and Paige are also pregnant with his children. Before they make the final move to Belgium, they take steps to remove David's last influence from their lives by changing their last name. The Hughes family is no more. Make way for the Van der Meer family. Back in their new home, during a family dinner, Elaina begins to go into labor.

Also, a couple of time jumps: 6 weeks after Sophia's birth, another 5 months, then another month shortly after.

All characters in this story are 18 years old or older. This is a work of fiction.

In a private room of Maria Middelaers Hospital with a beautiful view of the Ringvaart canal in Ghent, Elaina slept peacefully as Jason, Elin, and Paige took turns holding Sophia Natalia Van der Meer, the newest addition to their little family. At 5 lbs., 9 oz., and 19 inches long, Sophia had taken her time to grace them with her little presence.

After checking into the hospital right at 4:30 am, contractions were coming more and more regularly, and with more ferocity. Jason and Elaina had hoped their little girl would pop right out in spectacular fashion. It wasn't until 9:15 pm—nearly seventeen hours later--that their little angel finally decided she was willing to make her appearance, which was promptly punctuated by banshee-like wails and cries of displeasure until she was swaddled warmly and, for a while, placed under warming lights. But once she had settled down, she allowed everyone to bask in her tiny beauty. With a head full of wispy, jet-black hair, and cobalt blue eyes, she was a sight to behold. Both Elaina and Jason had the same black hair, but they had sapphire-colored eyes that ran in their family. Elin suggested that Sophia's eyes may yet change color, or simply get lighter after a few months, but for now, each family member, along with the nurses who got to spend time with her, got lost in those tiny blue orbs.

"She is perfect," Paige quietly commented, noting that Jason had, once again, unwrapped his little girl to count her fingers and toes. "Are you checking for webbed feet, or something?"

He didn't comment as he swaddled his daughter once again, but in his mind, he did worry about her, as well as the two children he would still not see for another seven months. The medical staff had been very thorough in their physical exam and would have told them immediately if anything had been amiss. But Jason knew the high probability of some hidden issue arising later.

Elaina and Paige were his sisters—full sisters, to be exact, and he had gotten them both pregnant. On top of that, his own biological mother was carrying his child, which worried him even more than Elaina or Paige. The division of DNA, chromosomes, or some other sciency-stuff was even less with Elin and their child having an abnormality was a real possibility. But his worry wasn't that they may have to abort, or that they shouldn't have fallen in love and desired to be this new family unit. His worry was only for his wives and their children, despite Paige's clairvoyant insistence that everything would be fine.

Jason accepted who they were: a man who fucked his mother to pregnancy, then had both of his sisters to the same end. But it was, and always would be, true love that led them down this path. They weren't a group of uneducated backwater hillbillies who didn't know better. They had chosen this with one mind.

Maybe it was a case of genetic sexual attraction caused by his absence for so long. In that, one sees someone who is, essentially, a stranger and is attracted to them through familiarity. Sure, the four knew that they were blood relatives, but after a fifteen-year absence, Jason was a complete stranger to the women. They had no idea what he would look like if they ever found him, but when they did, they became attracted to each other by seeing familiarities in the face of this long-lost sibling or son. Of course, the attraction felt between Elin, Elaina, and Paige was a different thing altogether that none of them could truly explain. They only knew that it was real.

"She is perfect, isn't she?" he finally said as he smiled down at the little girl's sleeping face. "I hadn't imagined she'd come out with so much hair."

Elin chuckled. "Elaina was the same way. I was so happy to be able to put little bows on her head for a few weeks until it mostly fell out before regrowing again. It made for some cute pictures."

Both Paige and Jason had noticed that Elin's separation of her past life as their mother had slipped quite a bit once Elaina started labor. She had attempted to speak as if she and Elaina's mother weren't the same person, such as "Elaina's mother had a difficult time..." But now, likely from the excitement and wonder of a new, healthy life in their family, she just didn't care. They were who they were, and no amount of hiding from it would change it. Besides, such a tender moment as this was not the place to try and obscure the past just to make one person feel better. This was family time, and for better or worse, they *were* all family.

"Didn't I come out bald?" Paige asked, leaning against Elin as they sat on a small love seat. The private room, while still a hospital room, had decent furniture and room for several visitors.

"That didn't last long," Elin snorted, then ran a tender hand down the back of Paige's head as she recalled their life from so long ago. "Your hair grew like those little Play Dough dolls that you pushed down, and the hair sprouted up. That's why you wound up with long braids all the time."

Paige put on a proud air and sat up with a regal look on her face. "I was a perfect angel."

"You farted a lot."

Everyone turned to the soft voice to find Elaina's tired eyes fluttering open and a small smile on her face.

"I did not!"

"I was too young to remember you as a newborn, but I think I was around four or five, holding you in my lap, and wondering why you were just farting non-stop." Elaina tried to sit up in the bed, but she was so worn out from giving birth that she just fell back against the pillows. "And you were already using the potty, so it wasn't—"

"Okay!" Paige said loudly, then quickly put both hands to her mouth when Sophia's body jolted from the sudden noise. "Sorry, sweet girl," she whispered, then narrowed her eyes at Elaina. "I'm sure no one wants to hear about odoriferous emanations from a toddler, thank you very much."

Elin, on the other hand, was laughing silently, her face turning red as she tried to hide the smile behind a hand, not wanting to embarrass Paige any further.

Jason, paying them no mind, carried Sophia to the bed. But he wasn't looking at his daughter. Instead, he only had eyes for the stunning, raven-haired beauty who had just given him the best gift he could have ever asked for. Sitting gently on the bed next to her, he smiled through eyes that were beginning to moisten and put a hand on Elaina's cheek.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

Elaina closed her eyes, enjoying his loving touch. It always amazed her at how attentive he was to their needs, and this was no exception. She had expected him to congratulate her on doing a good job, or tell her how beautiful Sophia was, which she well knew. Instead, he was more concerned about Elaina's welfare than anything else. With just one touch, she could feel how much he loved her, and how concerned he was.

She nodded. "I'll be sore for a while, but sleeping helped. Has she been good?"

He grinned, taking a moment to wipe one eye before a tear managed to fall. "She has. And I hope you aren't upset, but I didn't let them wake you up to feed her. She got breast milk, but from a bottle."

Elaina had been adamant that she was going to breast feed their child as much as possible, only using bottles for pumped breast milk on rare occasions. But his decision was sound. She had opted to go without an epidural, and after being in labor for so long, rest was something she had desperately needed.

"I needed the rest. Thank you. I just don't want to make a habit of it."

Having heard her mother's voice, the little girl's eyes popped open and began looking around as she showed signs of trying to find a nipple for her next meal.

"Speaking of," Jason said, "are you okay to try now?"

Elaina shuffled a few pillows around and placed the hospital bed into a better position for sitting up, exposed her chest, and looked lovingly down at the child now in her lap. She accepted some

pointers from Elin on making sure Sophia latched on correctly and was relieved when everything seemed to come together so well.

"No more stranger's milk for you, little Sophie," Elaina cooed.

Elin covered her mouth as she yawned, and Jason saw how tired both she and Paige looked. After a soft kiss for Sophie, and one for Elaina, he walked over to his nearly identical wives. "You two need to go home and get some rest. It'll be another two days before El and Sophie can go home, and you two napping on the couch here can't be good for you."

"You need rest as well, husband," Elin replied, not wanting to leave, but standing with Paige to do as he had instructed.

"I'll get some rest here. The other couch makes a small bed, but it's not very large which is why I want you two to go home and rest instead of toughing it out here." Glancing at his watch, he nodded. "It's just after noon. Go home, eat something, relax, and stay there tonight. Come back in the morning after you two have gotten some sleep."

Paige pouted, immediately wrapping her arms around him. "I don't wanna."

He kissed the top of her head. "I know, but you two are still cooking your own tiny humans and I can't have you wearing yourselves out, either. That wouldn't be good for you or the babies."

"Bring me chocolate," Elaina said plainly as her wives were about to leave. "Chocolate bar, chocolate cake, cookies—I don't care. I just need chocolate."

Elin smiled. "I will make something special just for you, my love. And I will pack some real food for you both when we return."

"I love you," Paige said in a whisper before gently kissing the side of Sophie's face. "We'll miss you, but you'll be with your mommy and daddy. All you have to do is start to take a little breath and they'll jump to give you whatever you want to keep you happy. You're in charge—don't forget that."

"Oh, stop," Elaina laughed, pulling Paige up for another kiss. "Keep that up and she'll be a little terror when she grows up."

Paige just shook her head. "Nah. She'll be amazing."

The two blondes hugged Jason together, each receiving soft kisses and nuzzles from him before leaving and getting him to promise that he'll call if they needed anything, or if anything cool happened.

"Paige is going to spoil you," Elaina whispered to Sophie. The tiny human was on autopilot now. She'd fallen asleep, but her mouth was still doing its job to suckle nourishment from her mother. "She's sneaky. Don't let her get you into trouble."

"Can I take some pictures?" Jason asked, wiggling the phone in his hand. "We've gotten several of her with the rest of us, but not you."

"How do I look?"

He rolled his eyes. "You currently, and always do, look amazing, El. And you just gave birth. No one expects you to look like a supermodel, despite your ability to somehow be doing exactly that right

now."

After a few tasteful pictures, reviewed by Elaina, then suggestions on how to make them better before she required reshoots, Jason wound up being a dab hand at photography. He had no idea how to manipulate the settings on the phone that Elaina had adjusted, but he had done well, making his wife very proud of him.

She patted the bed expectantly. "Come on. Kick off those shoes and cuddle with us."

Not hesitating, Jason was soon lying on his side in the large hospital bed as Elaina continued to breastfeed. "Can we start making photo books? I liked the ones Elin had of us and thought it might be something special to have."

Elaina smiled and spoke softly while Sophie began to wriggle. "I'd love to have that. You're very thoughtful. I don't think we tell you that enough."

He shrugged but gave her a small grin. "I just missed out on so much and I don't want our kids to experience that. We will create memories and be able to relive them whenever we want without always picking up a phone or laptop."

She placed a hand on his forearm. "Our home will not be like the one you grew up in, Jason. It won't even be like the one that I grew up in. With you there, with us, it will be so much more." Her eyes suddenly narrowed, and she looked down at the suddenly active infant, then back at Jason. "Time to earn your pay," she said with a sly grin. "I smell a stinky."

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Jason had gone a little bonkers after Sophie's homecoming. He'd waited on Elaina hand and foot from the moment she came home, and tirelessly took care of Sophie, except for feeding times. All of this was to Elaina's benefit, but it began to annoy her.

"Jason," she'd told him, "she's my daughter, too, you know? So, can I, maybe, hold her every once in a while?"

His wives knew what was going on with him. His own father had been a complete shit heel, a liar, a manipulator, and had not shown Jason the slightest bit of love or attention. While it was good to see that their husband would be an attentive father, he was not only going overboard, he was wearing himself out. More than once they'd had to save little Sophie from his loving arms as he began nodding off.

"You've had less sleep than I have," Elaina continued. "You are a good father. Don't ever doubt that. But to be a good father, you have to take care of yourself instead of me or Sophie all the time."

Paige, who had gone to his side after seeing him sulk from the topic of conversation, looked up at him. "It's nap time, master. You've only been sleeping for two or three hours at a time. That's not healthy."

He fidgeted, conflicted. They were right, though. He'd been running on fumes the past five days since they'd left for the hospital, and had been so paranoid that he'd miss his little girl's cries that he couldn't fully fall asleep since then. Everything else, including massages for Elaina, cooking, and spending time with his little girl, had been an attempt at keeping himself awake.

That was how he found himself in his bedroom, the large Alaska King bed making him feel so alone as he tried to get comfortable enough to fall asleep. He should have been unconscious immediately, as tired as he was, but sleep wouldn't come. The light-blocking shades made the mid-afternoon sun nearly nonexistent within the room, and the renovations that had been done on their home before purchase had ensured that the walls and doors didn't let much sound travel throughout the house.

Yet, here he was, flipping and flopping as his mind raced, wondering what needed to be done, how he could help with his daughter, or how he could help Elaina feel better through her recovery. It was no surprise that he popped up like a meerkat when he heard the bedroom door open slowly. Anything would be better than just lying here being useless.

Elin frowned. "Just as I suspected," she said as she gently closed the door and crossed to stand at the edge of the bed. "And since I was correct that you were still awake, I've come to offer my services."

Since they had moved back to Belgium and into a large, beautiful home, Elin had gone through a bit of a change with her homelife. She was still adamant about being the homemaker and had done one hell of a job since she began. Now, however, she was fully indoctrinated into her role. She'd gone out and purchased numerous dresses for daily wear around the house; swing dress, button-down shirtwaist dress, the peasant dress, sheath dress, the coat dress, the wrap dress, or just about anything one might have seen on a 1950's housewife, or I Love Lucy. She even wore stockings with her slinky panties and sheer bras, but only wore heels on occasion normally opting for more comfortable flats. She enjoyed it and insisted that the dresses were very comfortable, even when cleaning in the house.

So, it was no surprise that watching her undress always got Jason's motor running. She would transform from a dutiful vision of confidence, grace, and poise into the manifestation of an achingly stunning angel sent from on high as she slowly unwrapped the present that was her body. Unbuttoning the dress and stepping out of it to lay it neatly across the back of an armchair, she stood in the see through bra and high-waisted Brazilian panties, and thigh-high nude-tone stockings held up by an incredibly sexy garter belt. His heart began to thump in his chest when she sat in the chair and kept her eyes on him as she slid one stocking off, then the other.

She smirked, knowing exactly what she was doing to him.

"I'm supposed to be helping you go to sleep," she said in a soft, playful tone, "not getting your heart rate up." She couldn't help the predatory grin that turned up the corner of her lip when he gasped after she unhooked her bra. "I'll never get tired of that reaction, my love."

Fully nude now, her eyes flared at the sight of his erection at full attention when he flipped the blanket back for her.

"I know something that will help me sleep," he said, stopping her from lying down. "Straddle me."

"Mmmm, yes, master." Once in position, she, in the most lady-like manner, gathered a large glob of saliva into her hand to smear on his tip, then began rubbing him lightly between her folds. Once the tip slipped in, she gasped and stopped, taking a moment to allow her girthy husband's member to stretch her still-tight vaginal muscles. "Jason," she breathed. "Hah—God...oh God, you fill me so much."

His hands roamed her incredible body slowly, the tactile sensation enhancing their shared experience. Her body reacted quickly to his touch. Her own juices quickly moved in to hasten his entry, and soon she sat with her thighs touching his, fully impaled upon her master.

"You make me feel so good," he said as he pulled her mouth to his. They kissed sweet and gentle as his hands continued to caress her body. But Elin could tell right away by his motions that his mind was running full tilt with thoughts. Jason had always been an excellent lover, ensuring that he made his wives feel good with caresses, touches, and amazing foreplay before just diving in and relieving his own needs. Of course, there were times when his girls only wanted a quick, deep fuck and he would oblige them. Most of the time, though, he was attentive to their needs. But when he was deep in thought, his exploration of their bodies became something else.

"Master, talk to me," she said, pulling his chin up to force his eyes to meet hers.

He let out a small sigh, and his mouth began working as if to speak, but nothing came out. Instead, he clung to Elin as she lay forward on his chest.

"You're not your father," she finally said quietly. "You're an infinitely better father than he ever was, and your little girl was just born a few days ago."

He said nothing, but he held her tighter.

"I had little support when I..." she let a small sigh escape her nose, "when I brought you all home. It was difficult, but I managed because I loved my children more than my own life." She spoke softly and slowly as he held her. "Paige told us that you were special. We knew that already, but she meant something beyond just being a good person."

"I can feel how special you are right now," she continued, then chuckled. "And I don't mean your beautiful cock deep inside of me." That got a grin from him, and she smiled. "I could feel it before I came in here. The girls can feel it, too. It's your love, husband. Not just the way you look at us, the thoughtful things you do, or the way you lovingly touch us." She softly kissed his lips. "We can actually feel it, Jason, like...I don't know, some kind of aura, or warm waves that just kind of radiate from you. That's why I came in here to be with you. The three of us could feel or sense your love, but we could also feel your fear and concern." She chuckled lightly. "And frustration from not being able to sleep, we assumed."

He looked up at her, confused.

She nodded. "It's real, Jason. I don't know what it is, or how it works—and I know it sounds like something you'd read in one of those magic stories, but it's definitely real." With a sweep of her hand across the side of his head, she asked, "How do you think you got not one, but three beautiful, strong women to give up everything they were to be yours?" She smirked. "We can *feel* your devotion to us, your love, your trust, everything. And it is the best security and hope we could ever ask for. Knowing without a doubt how strongly—no, how ferociously you love us," she paused to sigh happily. "My goodness, it is like a drug, husband! Your wives would rather overdose on that than be with anyone other than you."

She suddenly gagged. As in, full-on, tears coming to her eyes, and a tiny "Glurk" sound type of gagging. She then shivered as she frowned. "Eugh...just the thought of being with another man--yuck."

He didn't know what to think. It had just been accepted as a fact that Paige wasn't the same as everyone else. Her cryptic way of letting them know things ahead of time, even while having no idea what she was talking about, just seemed to be the norm. It still was, even though she was more reluctant to engage in that activity now. So, would it be unfathomable to think that Jason was some kind of love beacon, sending pulses of his feelings for his wives out into the world for them to wrap themselves up in?

"Real or not," he said as he kissed her chest, "I'll take it. I just want you three forever, and our children. And if sending pulses of my love out to you is what it takes, then I'll pulsate for you over and over again."

He grinned when the skin around the nipple just inches from his mouth began to grow tighter and erect in excitement.

"You did that on purpose," she chuckled lightly.

He shrugged playfully. "Maybe, but I was being serious."

"I know, my love, double entendres aside." She glanced down at him, seeing his eyes laser focused on her breasts.

Without a word, she cupped her C-cup breast, leading it to his mouth as she began to slowly gyrate her hips. His hips began thrusting gently upward as he took his time enjoying the taste of her skin on his lips and the sounds of her enjoyment on his ears.

"God—oh God, Jason..." she whimpered, biting her bottom lip. "Mmmmm....yes, my love, *fuck* you feel so good."

Pulling her mouth back to his, he gripped her ass and began powering upward into her slick tunnel. She moaned and gasped through their kisses, reveling in his powerful thrusts.

"I love you," she said. "I love you so much, husb—aaaAAHHH!"

Her body tensed and she tore at the sheets through the powerful orgasm wracking her body. And he didn't stop, his continued thrusts spreading her quivering vaginal muscles and heightening the sensation of the orgasm.

"Here it comes," he grunted. Pulling down on her hips while pushing his upward, the tip of his cock slammed deeply into her tunnel just seconds before a geyser of his seed spewed forth, the aforementioned pulsating making Elin's eye twitch before it began to roll back into her head.

'Fuck!' he growled as his own body spasmed with each release. "Give me that mouth," he said, pulling her back down to him, his tongue spearing into her still-open mouth before she finally gasped loudly, and her body began to go slack.

He kissed her with a fiery passion, but she could barely keep up. She'd peaked hard and her body was desperate for air, so she panted heavily, but left her lips parted for her love to use her as he wished. It wasn't as if she didn't enjoy it, but she would have enjoyed it more if she could manage to breathe normally just yet.

"Thank you," he said as the fire in his kisses began to dim, but his hands kept roaming her body.

"You don't have to thank me for making love to you," she chuckled.

"Oh, I definitely have to thank you for that. I am literally living every man's dream with three incredible women who truly love me and enjoy making love to me." He smiled, but it was lacking just a bit. "But I meant thank you for what you said about me being a good father. It's early days yet, though. All I know is that my girls are my life and none of you will ever doubt my commitment to your happiness. The same for our children."

"There it was again," she said, and she couldn't help the emotion that came over her as goosebumps covered her exquisite skin. "Before you even spoke, Jason, it was...a warmth, I guess is the best way to explain it, and a feeling of intent."

"Intent?"

She chuckled lightly and wiped the corner of her eye, cutting off a single tear of absolute joy before it could fall. "Yes, master," she said in a tone that left no doubt that she was absolutely dedicated to her submission to him. "Intent to provide for us, to love us, and to keep us safe, the world be damned." She let out a shaky but happy breath. "And you don't even know you're doing it, do you?"

As she sat astride him, his softening cock still inside of her, he could see in her eyes that her commitment to him was unshakable. He wasn't sure if he was truly broadcasting his feelings to his wives, but everything Elin had described about it was exactly how he felt about them, so what did he know? It gave his wives stability in their unconventional relationships, and knowing that he didn't have a favorite, preferring one woman over the other, and that he was absolutely committed to loving them without fail must have been like a security blanket for them.

He pursed his lips and shrugged. "I don't, but if it makes you all feel better, then I'm all for whatever it is." He took her hands in his, kissing each one. "And it's not wrong, thankfully."

"We know," she nodded with a smile tugging at her lips.

They shared more tender kisses, her devotion to him having been bolstered which only made her adore him even more.

After she swung her leg over to lay beside him, he brought her a moist towel to clean up with, then sighed happily as they lay on their sides facing each other.

"Jason?" she said softly, getting his attention. His eyes were already beginning to flutter closed. "Thank you for loving us like you do."

"I'll always love my girls," he said, half of it through a deep yawn.

"We know that too well, husband," she whispered before cradling his head against her chest.

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When Jason opened his eyes again, he found Elaina's back pressed up against him in the little spoon position. She was asleep, and probably needed it. The confusion of a different woman in the bed with him only lasted moments. As tired as he'd been, the now four girls in the house could have come in and had a party that he most likely would have slept through. What did confuse him, though, was the barest hint of sunlight peeking around the blackout curtains. He must not have slept long, and was curious how long Elin had waited before Elaina had slipped in.

He suddenly panicked, though, sitting up quickly. "Sophie," he said breathlessly as his head spun around the room.

"She's fed and napping, like I'm trying to do," Elaina said wearily. "Our wives are with her."

His body relaxed, and he let out a relieved sigh before kissing her shoulder. "I'm sorry," he whispered. "I thought I would have slept a bit longer, though."

She turned to him, an amused look on her face. "Eighteen hours isn't enough?"

"Eighteen--!?" he said a bit loudly, then caught himself. "Eighteen hours?" he asked in a softer tone.

"It's just after 10 a.m. the next morning, from your point of view," she grinned, then turned over to place a hand on his muscular chest. "You needed it. I'm thankful for how much you did while taking care of me, but you barely slept the entire time at the hospital, and even less when we got home." She then pinched his nipple lightly. "And you will not do that again, Jason, do you understand? I love you, and I will not let you run yourself ragged, not even for me or Sophie."

Sufficiently admonished, and with the beginnings of a purple nurple, he gave her a sheepish smile and nodded. "I understand. How are you? Do you need anything?"

"I'm fine, and what I need is a husband who knows that there are more people in our home to do things than just him." She gave him a pointed look, one eyebrow raised.

"Okay, okay. I get it. I'm sorry, El."

She pulled him in for a kiss. "Thank you for being such a good husband, Jason. But I will break your legs to force you into resting if I have to."

"Um..."

She shrugged nonchalantly. "Okay, maybe I'm a bit grumpy from a lack of sleep, but I'm also not kidding. You don't have to try so hard, okay?"

He nodded. "I'll let you nap, then, unless you need me to stay with you?"

"Go. I'll be okay. Shower, eat, and go spend time with your girls." She smiled lovingly at him. "I'll be out in a few hours."

After a lingering kiss on her cheek and a soft embrace, he quickly showered and found his way into the house. It was times like this that the size of the house irked him. He first wandered out to the family room, then to the den, and into the kitchen. They weren't there. Figuring it may be a diaper change time, he walked upstairs to the nursery, then the playroom, and found them empty.

He rolled his eyes. "The pool. Of course."

Walking back downstairs, he made his way down the hall past the kitchen, through the laundry/mud room, and to the connecting hall that led to the pool.

"I'm going to install a damn intercom in this house," he grumbled to himself as he saw Paige swimming laps while Elin gently rocked Sophie in a small bassinet beside her deck chair.

"Good morning, husband," Elin said warmly as she stood, smoothing out the powder blue dress she wore, before embracing him. "I am happy you finally got some sleep. Do you feel any better?"

"I do, although I accidentally woke Elaina, so I feel bad about that." He kissed her cheek and gave her bottom a squeeze, smiling when she giggled. "How's my baby girl this morning?"

He leaned down to check on Sophie, resisting the urge to stroke her cheek after seeing she was asleep.

"Elaina fed her then scurried off for a nap," Elin replied, sighing happily at the sight of Jason being so smitten with the tiny sleeping human. "She wanted me to wake her for Sophie's next feeding, but I really don't want to. She needs to rest as well."

"She's been pumping?"

Elin nodded. "We have quite a bit stored up."

"Then let her sleep. Even if it's just through one feeding. A few more hours will do her some good." He blew out his cheeks, knowing his decision could result in him getting into hot water.

Elaina was as committed to him as her wives were, but she never had completely given up on the whole 'big sister' vibe. She would comply with his demands, and always deferred to his decisions, but she wouldn't hold back if he needed to be put in his place, as seen by her very painful object lesson earlier in the bedroom.

"Fuck," he grumbled, rubbing his sore nipple. "Oh well. She'll be upset, but she'll at least be better rested when she's fussing at me. What's the point of pumping if we're not going to use it on occasion, right?"

"Who's fussing at you?" Paige asked, and both Jason and Elin turned to see the soaking wet platinum blonde toweling her arms with a scowl on her face.

"He's decided to let Elaina sleep through the next feeding, and to use the breastmilk from the fridge," Elin said, her eyes uncertain.

Paige sucked in through her teeth in surprise. "Yikes. That's a bold strategy, Cotton. Let's see how it works out for you."

"Oh, har, har," he replied, sticking his tongue out at Paige. "*Dodgeball* quotes aside, she's my wife and this is my baby. I have a little say on occasion, right?" Both women just looked blankly at him. "Seriously!?" he asked, throwing his arms up in exasperation. "And you two are gonna' do this to me, too?"

"This is their first pregnancy, my love," Elin said as she put a supportive hand on his bicep. "I was the same way with Elaina. Very overprotective, and I didn't let her out of my sight for weeks. It got easier once you and Paige came along."

She saw the look of shock on his face and then the same open-mouthed aghast look on Paige's. It took only a moment to realize why.

"Yes, I know I made a big, stupid deal about this, and I acted poorly when you wanted to use my maiden name," she said, sighing and fidgeting with her hands, now looking a bit ashamed. "Going on and on about not being that woman anymore made sense to me then," she added, then turned to look down at Sophie, "but now that we've been blessed with our first of several children, I realized I was being selfish and...stupid."

"It wasn't stupid," Jason said, giving her a look. "But, selfish? How?"

"None of you have raised a child. I've done it three times," she said, pulling Jason and Paige into a hug. "Am I to pretend that never happened when you will need my knowledge to help with your first children, just for my own purely selfish reasons?" She shook her head. "That's not who I am, and it wasn't who I was. And it just so happens that those two women are one and the same.

"I keep saying how proud I am to be your wife, and that I would never go back to the way things are, and I still refuse to do so," she continued. "But to pretend that we aren't family, or to act like the absolutely amazing children I gave birth to never existed, or that they are some abstract ideas and not right here in front of me is wrong and an insult to who you three are." She kissed their foreheads. "I apologize for trying to force you all into that mindset. I will not apologize, though, for giving up the title of Mom. I've since upgraded."

"To sexy MILF wife," Paige said with a lecherous smile.

"Damn right," Elin agreed, promptly locking lips with her youngest wife.

Jason watched with interest as both women let go of him and wrapped their arms around each other, their passion deepening. It made him happy to know how much his wives loved each other and was quite proud of his own restraint at times like this. He'd love to join in, but he knew that their relationships with each other were unique from the one they each shared with him. So, he quietly sat and gently rocked the bassinet to keep Sophie comforted while he enjoyed seeing two women that he absolutely adored making out right in front of him.

He was distracted by a buzzing phone and found Elin's on the small table next to the chair. Smiling at the name listed, even though it didn't show the message, he picked it up.

"Elin, honey," he said, "Margaret is messaging you."

Normally there was little that could pull his wives' attention from each other, or him. And Jason felt bad breaking up the make out session that was likely going to wind up being full blown sex if they kept at it. But Elin and Margaret had been in frequent contact since the last time they'd seen each other in L.A., mostly through text and calls, but also the occasional video chat. To say that Elin dearly missed the older woman didn't truly tell the tale. Aside from Jason, Elaina, and Paige, Margaret was the only true friend Elin felt that she had. And with her firm stance on being the homemaker of the family, she didn't get out much to meet other friends.

"Ooh!" she said, quickly withdrawing her lips from a suddenly affronted Paige. "I'm sorry, sweetie," Elin added, indecision on her face. "I—"

Paige waved off her excuse. "If it were anyone other than Margaret, you and I would be having words. But I'll let it go this time."

Elin grinned happily and took the phone, quickly opening the messaging app. Her mouth and eyes went wide as she read the message, then she tapped the screen and held the phone to her ear.

"Yes!" she said excitedly. "You're sure?" The grin on her face was infectious, and suddenly Jason and Paige were smiling at her antics. "Oh, Margaret, I'm so excited! Okay, give me an hour or so and I'll call you back with the particulars. Yes. Okay. I'll talk to you soon!" she said, ending the call with a squeal.

She clasped the phone to her chest, grinning like a lunatic as she frowned down at Sophie. "Oh, no. I woke the little angel," she said. As if on cue, Sophie began to breathe heavily, signaling an oncoming crying fit.

Jason sprang into action, cradling his little girl and pulling her close to his chest. "It's okay, Sophie," he cooed, gently rubbing her back and rocking slightly. "You're okay, baby girl."

Hearing his deeper voice had been like a balm to her little soul, and Sophie calmed as Jason spoke to her. It was too soon for feeding again, but he did a sniff test on her diaper, then nodded to the house. The three began walking while Elin explained the phone call.

"She can come as soon as we set up the flight," she said, her excitement still apparent. "I guess the only question is whether one or all of us needs to meet her, or just let her fly here on her own."

They walked past the kitchen and into the family room where Jason found the changing pad, placed it on the couch, and lay Sophie upon it. Paige handed him the diaper bag that had been with them by the pool so he could get to work.

"It's up to you, honey," Jason said. "It's a long trip just to pick her up, and I'm sure Margaret would have no problem making the trip on her own. We couldn't all go, though, since this little cutie," he said, changing to baby talk, "isn't old enough to fly yet. No, you're not, sweet girl. Not yet."

"I'll go with you to pick her up at the airport," Paige volunteered.

"Yay! You can drive us," Elin said, smiling.

Paige rolled her eyes. "I don't drive."

"Yes, you do. You just don't like to," Elin shot back, arching an eyebrow. "From what I recall, you were very good at it the few times you practiced."

"And complained the entire time."

Jason chuckled, never understanding why Paige didn't want to drive. He didn't mind, though. All of them had their peculiarities, and that one was quite mundane.

Jason asked, "Is her room all ready?" He had quickly cleaned the tiny tushy and replaced the diaper and was swaddling her back up like a baby burrito.

"Everything is ready for her. Would two weeks be too long?"

He looked up at Elin. "Honey, she can stay two months for all I care. We have the room, and she is a wonderful woman. After everything she's gone through, I'm sure she'd love getting away for a while."

Standing, he was going to keep cuddling the baby, but Elin gave him a silently pleading face with her hands out expectantly. Rolling his eyes, he handed Sophie over and Elin immediately began cuddling the little girl.

"I hate to pry," he continued, "but I know you'd said they were having money issues in the past because of Jacob's medical issues. Will she be able to take a break from driving for so long?"

"She'll be fine. Apparently, his retirement plan transitioned to her after his death, so she'll keep getting that each month," Elin said as she strolled over to the large windows in the room that

overlooked the front of the property, "and they had two life insurance policies on him. I think she was waiting on those to finally pay out before she decided to make the trip over to see us. She'll be fine for quite a while."

"So, when is she coming?" Paige asked, impatiently.

"As soon as we schedule the flight, I guess. We will still pay for the private jet, husband?"

"Of course. Not only did I tell her that it was part of the plan, but she's your friend, Elin. It's the least I can do to reunite you two."

"The one with the bed," Paige said, falling onto the couch and pulling Jason down next to her. "She'll want to nap."

Elin kissed Sophie's little head. "True. Will you schedule the flight, my love? I seem to have my hands full." She turned and gave him a grin.

"Ah, now I know why you wanted to hold her," he chuckled. "I just need my—"

Paige, returning more and more to her mischievous self, pulled his laptop out of nowhere with a sly grin. "Laptop."

"One of these days you're gonna' have to explain how you do that," he chuckled.

"You don't know how to hand people things?" she scoffed. "I'm married to a caveman."

He gave her a flat look, then opened the laptop.

"I'm so excited, husband," Elin said quietly as she turned and slowly walked back to them. She was gently bouncing Sophie who had fallen back to sleep in her arms. "Thank you for doing this. I know the jets aren't cheap."

"It's important to you, Elin," he said, glancing up and seeing the grateful look she was giving him. "If it's important to my wives, it's important to me, no matter the cost."

After scheduling the flight, Elin sent the information to Margaret's email and talked about how long she'd be staying. As expected, she told Margaret what Jason had said about staying two months. It turned out two months was a little long, so she settled on three weeks, which gave Elin plenty of time to plan some outings for the two as well as several for the entire family.

They then did something they hadn't done in a long time. While Jason bottle fed Sophie, Elin, and Paige snuggled with him on the couch and watched TV.

* * * * *

Four days later, Margaret landed at Brussels Airport and Elin was over the moon to have her friend so close again. They made sure to take a very scenic route home, especially through Ghent as a teaser for Margaret to let her formulate some ideas on sites she'd like to visit while there. Of course, when they pulled up to the large wrought-iron gates of their home, Margaret went quiet with awe. Elin drove slowly up the driveway, proudly showing off their new property to her friend, then smiled wide when the house came into view.

"Elin," the older woman said, "this home is absolutely beautiful! You sent me pictures, but seeing it in person..." Her words drifted off when they pulled up to the front door and she exited the vehicle

to take a closer look.

"Consider this your home for the next few weeks," Elin said, circling to join her friend. "Listen, Margaret, I'm serious about this. Use anything and everything you want while you're here. As far as I'm concerned, you're family, and family do not need to ask to use the pool, or make some food, or whatever. Okay?"

Margaret nodded, smiling. "Okay." She then giggled happily. "It's been too long since I've been in a new country. I think I'm going to enjoy this."

"I guarantee it," Elin nodded as they began pulling out two suitcases from the back of Elin's Volvo. "This week we'll just relax at home and go into town to see the sights, eat some local food, that sort of thing. But next week, Jason wanted to take a trip to Munich for a nice family outing, which includes you. Week three, though, is your choice. Whatever you want to do, I'm game."

Margaret stopped just before opening the door. "Elin, Munich? Really?"

Knowing where she was going with it, Elin put a hand on her arms to stop her. "If it makes you feel better, you can buy your own food, or entry tickets to anything we visit. But, Margaret, please don't make me argue with you about lodging while there." She frowned. "It's been a long time since I've had a true friend, and I just want to spoil you a bit for being so kind to come all this way to visit."

Margaret chuckled. "You are just too much, Elin. You know that?" She shook her head when Elin only grinned and shrugged. "Well, come on, then. Show me this gorgeous home."

It was a whirlwind three weeks with Margaret there. They pulled out all the stops, taking her on day trips to Brussels and Antwerp as well as shopping in Ghent. This was followed by a night of theater at Capitole Ghent for a showing of *Pretty Woman - The Musical*. This wound up being a bit difficult since it was in Dutch, but Margaret absolutely loved it, nonetheless. As promised, they all went to Munich and were surprised at Margaret's German language ability.

"What? My last name is Fischer," she said with a shrug to explain it. While she was a third generation American, her family had come from Germany and she'd grown up in Cincinnati, Ohio with a large German community. Learning the language was more or less a given for her growing up, which made her high school German courses a breeze.

They'd opted for suites at the Mandarin Oriental, Munich, with Jason insisting that Margaret have her own junior suite to do as she pleased. Also, so they could do as they pleased without having to sneak around as if they were having sex without their grandmother finding out. It also worked out for Margaret since Sophie was not at all thrilled about the trip and was fussy more often than not.

For the last week, Elin desperately wanted to take a few days, just the two of them, to France, but Margaret refused. She made some excuse about having a bad experience there many years ago and not being fond of the country, but Elin suspected it was something else. She found herself apologizing to the older woman, feeling as if she may have gone a bit overboard in treating Margaret during the visit.

"Oh, stop, Elin," Margaret said, rolling her eyes and waving the apology away. "This is the most fun I have had in, well, ever! Yes, it's a bit awkward that you're paying for everything—"

"That's not true!" Elin blurted.

With a flat look, Margaret replied, "Giving you \$200 to cover groceries does *not* compare, and you know it." When Elin frowned, she continued, "What I'm saying is that this has been the trip of my dreams, regardless of how the bills were paid. And for that, I am greatly appreciative."

"So...no France?" Elin looked at her hopefully.

"No. No France. Fuck those people."

Elin's eyebrows popped up, but she didn't press. "Okay, then."

"I think I'd just like to enjoy your home, pool, and the ridiculously large yard you have out there. Elin, this place, it really is beautiful. Don't get me wrong, your place in L.A. was nice, but this makes your old home look like a dumpster fire."

Elin laughed. "Thank you. Just don't forget what I said."

"I know, I know. I'm family and can do whatever I want," Margaret said with a chuckle. "I think I just want to relax for this last week. We might do a little more shopping, or have lunch in town, but otherwise, just being here with you and your family will do me just fine."

At the end of the week after dropping Margaret off at the private jet terminal, Elin was quiet on the ride home. Jason had opted to drive the women, allowing Elin a bit more time with her friend, not distracted by driving, before she left. Now that she was gone, Jason could see that his wife was near tears.

Holding her hand as he drove home, it was several long minutes before she spoke. "I don't know how long it will be before I get to see her again."

He didn't know what to say. She had chosen to remain at home, not going out where she might make new friends in the area, and her only real friend lived in a different country. His mind began whirling, trying to find a solution. Become active in community events? Randomly visit the neighbors to see what they're like? Or the unwanted nuclear option: church?

"Stop, honey," she said softly, pulling his hand up to kiss it. "I know what you're doing. You're trying to figure out how to fix it." She shook her head. "I love my life, Jason, and I wouldn't trade it for anything in the world. I've been keeping in touch with her more often. I'll be fine."

"Still, it could be better." He pulled onto the E40 out of Brussels headed toward Ghent. "For all of us," he added. "We don't get out and do things with anyone other than us. At some point, Elaina will want to get her business up and running again, and Paige is entirely too young to just stay at the house waiting to be a mother."

"And you? All you do is take care of us."

She had him there, but that was what he wanted to do. It was all he wanted to do. Jason had never been a social butterfly, opting to spend time in the gym, reading, working on his computers, and other things that were better done solo. Even his first and only year of college had been straight to class, then straight home. Maybe it had been the distance his father had kept him at that led him to a loner-type lifestyle, but he was used to it. That is until he was reunited with his family.

"And that's all I'll ever do," he replied, giving her an honest smile. "I'll get back into a gym for MMA, if they have that around here, or maybe pick up something else so I won't just be drifting around

the house all day, every day. And I'm sure we will all start picking up other hobbies that get us out of the house. Right now, though, nothing is more important than you three and Sophie."

In the weeks that followed, check-ups for Sophie's progress were the priority along with a final check-up for Elaina. It had been just over six weeks since Sophie's birth and Elaina was in a frenzy to have Jason inside of her again. They'd agreed for one final checkup to make sure she'd fully healed, and that sex would be safe, primarily because Jason was still edging on the 'panic mode' line for both their daughter and Elaina's health after giving birth. They had also discussed birth control. Jason wanted his wives to have time to go out and have lives instead of being pregnant all the time and only taking care of their children. As sexually active as they all were, while the thought of a massive family appealed to all of them, being pregnant every day for the next several years did not. So, Elaina's final visit was a combination of ensuring she was completely healed up and the addition of a birth control implant, with assurances from Elin that, this time, she would make certain that they were all keeping up with the item's expiration date.

"God, you look so fucking beautiful," Jason said as he looked at Elaina's body in awe. She still had some baby weight and, of course, her breasts were still bigger, full of milk. But he thought she looked like a goddess.

"You must be blind," Elaina scoffed. "I have stretch marks, my belly is—"

Her protests stopped when he pressed his lips against hers, kissing her. It was gentle at first, but soon made way for the fire between them that had been repressed for too many weeks. They'd certainly kissed and held each other during that time, but to keep from 'accidentally' going further before it was time, they had called a moratorium on even heavy petting. Jason still spent time with Elin and Paige, quite often for both due to their high libidos, but his desire to make love to his breathtaking raven-haired wife was at the boiling point. Still, now that it was finally their time, he wanted to take it slow.

"Stop that," he whispered as his lips touched the base of her neck, causing her to shudder. "You are my goddess, my angel, and I absolutely adore every single inch of you."

He very lightly ran his fingertips down her spine as his lips barely made contact with her porcelain skin. She inhaled and closed her eyes to his touch, her head falling to one side as his lips traced a line up her neck.

"I have missed this; feeling your body, feeling your love and desire," she whispered. Her hands slowly stroked his back, a small smile on her face as she outlined the muscles of his broad shoulders. "I just want you to fuck me so hard."

"Too bad," he said, grinning. "I'm going to take my time with you." One hand slid up her stomach to cup one of her breasts, taking a moment to gently pinch her nipple, making her giggle. "I'm going to reclaim my wife, use you in the way I see fit, and force you to flood our bed so much that we'll need to buy a new mattress."

She giggled, then shivered now that his trailing kisses had led his mouth to her other breast. He licked a small dribble of milk before engulfing her areola and letting his tongue swirl around her excited skin.

"Drink from me," she said softly, her hands now caressing his head.

They stood in the cavernous master suite next to the bed, a handy location for having her stand on one leg while he lifted her other leg to rest on the mattress. Now with easy access to her core, he trailed across the thigh of her elevated leg and grazed his fingertips gently across her entrance.

"Oh!" she breathed. "Shit, Jason. That--that was so sensitive."

She had insisted on continuing to shave herself bald throughout her recovery to be ready for him whenever he wanted her. Of course, with such a large stomach keeping her from seeing anything down there, both Paige and Elin had happily volunteered to do the job for her. Without a single hair in the way, it was no surprise to Jason that her natural lubricant was already seeping between her tight labia. He smiled when he felt moisture on the tips of his fingers, even with only the slight touch he'd given her.

"I like how wet you are," he said as he began ever-so-gently stroking the outside of her opening, grinning at the sound of the hitch in her breath at his touch. Taking her mouth again, his tongue gently flicking against hers, he merely touched her excited love button. She gasped so loudly that he worried he had inadvertently hurt her, but the look on her face quickly told him otherwise. "I have a feeling you're gonna' cum as often as Paige, at least right now."

She was already breathing heavily when she opened her eyes, a lovestruck look on her face. "You don't know how close I was to it just then," she grinned.

When he parted her lips and slid a finger into her, she gasped, and her body jerked so violently that he had to hold her up. The single leg on the floor began to quiver as her chest and neck turned scarlet. And as expected, a hot stream of fluid began to trickle down her leg. She had grasped his bicep, squeezing nearly as hard as she had during the birthing process. He only grinned at how easily he had coaxed her first orgasm out of her, but also at just how fit and strong his beautiful wife was.

"Fuck!" she gasped after a sharp inhalation of air. "Goddammit, I need you to fuck me so bad right now."

"We'll get there," he said with a teasing smile. "I'm not going to let this opportunity go to waste." With two fingers inside of her now, curling gently to hit the sweet spot inside of her, he allowed his other hand to caress and squeeze her incredible ass.

She pulled his mouth to hers, kisses hot and sloppy with passion. Her soft whimpers and moans were like music to his ears, competing only with the sloshing of his fingers sliding in and out of her soaked pussy.

"Uhhhhnnngg..." she managed as her head fell back.

She was panting now, and he could tell another one was coming. With a sly grin, he soaked the tip of the middle finger on his free hand with saliva and slowly slid it into her tight pucker.

"FUCK!" she screamed, his second finger Sparta-kicking her over the edge. Her hands clamped onto him as she did her best not to crumble to the floor. Her entire body trembled, and a long, continuous moan escaped her mouth as she rode through the immense pleasure that she'd gone so long without feeling.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Ohhhhhhhhh!"

Her hands were all over his body as he fingered two holes while kissing and licking her neck.

"Please, please, please..." she begged in a whisper. "Please, master, fuck me, oh my God, please fuck me."

"Almost," he said. "Just a few more warm up rounds." He withdrew his fingers and led her onto her back on the bed, kneeling between her legs.

She looked down at him, suddenly concerned. "Does it look all messed up?"

He squinted his face up in confusion, an inch from devouring her womanhood, as he looked up at her. "No? El, honey, you are as breathtaking now as you were a year ago. Why would you think otherwise?" He smiled and let out a contented sigh as he looked at her glistening skin.

"Ooh," she said, then grinned. "Okay, never mind. I can tell how happy you are."

With an even more confused look, he then remembered the talk he'd had with Elin about his emotions. One shrug later, he slowly slid two fingers into her ass while his tongue began lapping up the juices left from her previous orgasm.

Her hands were instantly on his head, caressing him and guiding him to the most sensitive spots. As he fingered and licked, her hips began to slowly move with the rhythm of his fingers.

"Mmmm...holy shit," she said, then began to giggle. "Okay, good call on not just going balls deep." She ran her hands through his hair with one hand and let the other roam up her stomach to her full breasts. "This feels—" She inhaled deeply then followed by a happy humming noise. "This feels fucking amazing."

"I have good ideas every once in a while," he said between long licks.

The speed of his fingers increased when he began focusing on her clit, his tongue flicking it rapidly and lightly. She began clawing at his head, then realizing her nails were digging into his head, both hands slammed down onto the mattress. Her fingers curled around the bed coverings as she pulled hard, and he thought he heard a slight ripping sound. There was no doubting that this was one colossal orgasm.

Her hips shot upward just in time for a fountain of her juices to squirt skyward. His mouth no longer engaged due to the rapid ascension of her body, he watched in amazement as her body contorted and thrashed, splashing her fluids everywhere.

Finally coming down from the highest peak she'd felt so far, her body collapsed weakly to the bed. Jason slid onto the bed beside her, seeing the glazed over eyes and mouth that hung open as she physically and mentally tried to regain any sort of composure. His gentle kisses on her shoulder and the touch of his hand on her stomach helped to center her.

The love of her husband, one that was palpable, or tangible, even, exacerbated the intense sensations of her orgasms to a mind-boggling degree. But it was welcome, desired, and just shy of a dependency not unlike alcohol or drugs that none of them could live without.

"I will never stop loving you, Jason," she said as she turned onto her side to face him. "You are the most unselfish, caring, and loving man I have ever met in my life."

Looking into her beautiful blue eyes, he smiled. "And it's all for my girls."

They shared a kiss that was soft but sensual. The perfect pausing point for their loving so far, allowing her to regain a semblance of herself again after the crushing force of multiple orgasms. It also allowed her to bask in the love in his eyes, the gentle touch of his hand on her thigh and ass, and the sudden poking of a very excited appendage that needed attention.

She cupped his balls briefly before sliding her hand up his shaft. "Wow," she smirked, "is that precum or did I soak you?"

He grinned. "What can I say? You get me incredibly excited, Elaina. I have quite literally yearned for you these past six weeks."

Elaina tried to hide a laugh by twisting her lips, but there was no hiding the mirth in her eyes.

"Yeah, yeah. Yearned is a weird word," he said, chuckling. "But that is exactly what it was. I yearned for more than loving eyes, soft kisses, hand holding, and hugs, El. Those are all things I desire from you, but—"

"The real closeness," she said, the humor replaced by earnest eyes, "that's hard to go without." She nodded as her hand continued to slowly work up and down his shaft. "I'm just glad that we can have that again; that I can be available to you when you want me; that I can do things that excite you and know that you might take me and do things that excite me, too."

He placed a hand on her face and began to kiss her deeply. As she did, he smoothly shifted his body, moving atop her and between her legs. His movements were slow and deliberate, never losing contact with her luscious lips, their connection not wanting to be broken.

With her legs splayed open for him, full, unfettered access granted to her master, to her love, her body tensed slightly when the engorged tip of his cock slipped between her wet folds. She knew what he was doing, driving the pleasure up with his incremental plunge into her depths, and she loved it.

Barely an inch into her, the hum started from the sensation overload. Halfway in, she couldn't keep her mouth on his any longer. A long, slow breath left her as the last few inches tunneled into her slick, velvety opening.

Jason's body flinched and froze at the sight of a single tear falling from the corner of her eye.

"Elaina—"

Her hands grabbed his hips and pulled him into her. "This is even better than any of our other times," she said, managing a small smile as she looked up at him. "You always make me feel so good, my love." Seeing the concern still on his face, she shook her head. "I'm not hurt. It just feels..." she gave him a shy shrug before saying, "glorious."

She wrapped her legs around his waist to give him room to operate. Not wasting another second, he began slowly sliding in and out of her, their lips meeting again in mutual ecstasy as they made up for lost time. When he wasn't kissing her, she looked at him with what could only be called reverence as not only the sensation of his manhood penetrated her lovingly, but she could feel what could only be described as a cocoon of his adoration all around her.

This was the feeling that guided her life, the same feeling that called to her that day back when they first made love in the back of a rental Suburban outside of a shitty rec center in the freezing cold. The same feeling that told her the love she had held for Paige for so long, and the lust she felt for

her own mother, was not only acceptable to the four people in that living room in Vermont, but desired by the quartet. It was the feeling that let them know that they had found their direction, and that three women had found their husband.

Cries and moans came as he slowly made love to her, a begging, whimpering noise from a woman who needed her lover to keep filling her. She'd already soaked the bed twice more from his clockwork-like strokes that seemed to stretch her even more than they had done before, something she'd thought impossible after squeezing a small life out of the same opening.

When he finally began to pump into her with more speed, leaning down to take one of her leaking nipples into his mouth, more tears fell. Everything he did to her, every touch of his hands, every suckle and lick of his mouth, and each time his cock pushed deep into her was like a glimpse of heaven.

"Yes, master! Oh....GOD! Fuck—yes, yes, yes, baby," she hissed. "Drink my milk, my love, and fuck this pussy that belongs to you. Mmmm....oh, fuck yes, Jason."

"You like me drinking from you, huh?" he said with a grin.

"It is the sexiest fucking thing ever," she nodded, pulling his mouth back down to her breast. "I want you to cum in me while drinking my milk. I—OH FUCK YES!"

He didn't stop plunging into her depths through this orgasm, nor did he stop suckling from her immaculate breasts.

"I—" she panted. "Holy shit, I can't believe I'm gonna' say this, but you need to cum soon because I need a break."

"I can wait," he said. "Like I said, I'm claiming every hole tonight. So, if you need a break before I start slamming into your ass, and then fucking your throat, you need to let me—"

"No!" she blurted out, wrapping her arms tightly around him. "I need your cum in my pussy, master, please! You can have me everywhere else, but I need to feel your warmth now. Please," she said, begging him, "please, Jason."

He leaned down, kissed her beautiful lips, and smiled. "As you wish."

In one swift motion, he flipped them both over without removing himself from her depths. She laughed but looked questioningly at him until she leaned forward enough for him to continue drinking from her milky tits.

"Oh, yes..." she sighed happily. "I don't know how to explain just how fucking good it feels for you to suck on my tits like that with your cock inside of me." She began moving faster, bringing him closer to completion. "Now I want to feel you empty your balls inside of me. I need it, husband. I need to feel your warmth."

She grinned as the tell-tale signs of his impending explosion began to show. His breathing quickened, and he let out small "Hmmmph" noises here and there.

"That's it, my love. Fuck this little pussy and fill it with your thick cum," she whispered as she cradled his head against her chest. "I've missed you inside of me, master. I know you want this for me, but I want you to have your release. My body is yours, my love. Fuck me, baby. Mmmm, yeah, that's it. Ooh!" She giggled. "Oh, yes...OH—OH FUCK!"

Simultaneously, Elaina's tunnel squeezed the full length of her husband's cock, coaxing her prize from him as he erupted deep inside of her. He desperately tried to keep suckling her breast as the powerful pulses of his seed emptied into her, but his moan of ecstasy pulled his head back, his head swimming in euphoria.

Elaina tried to hold herself up as the last spurts of his cum emptied into her, but she couldn't help the small giggle that came when she looked down at him. He'd sucked so hard when he came that when his lips left her skin, her nipple kept firing mother's milk like an open fire hydrant onto his face. His face was covered, and milk leaked from his mouth as he breathed heavily, open mouthed, from the overpowering sensation of their lovemaking.

She cupped his face and began kissing him. Once he regained control of his senses, he returned the favor despite breathing hard.

"That was amazing," she whispered. "Absolutely amazing."

He chuckled. "How do we turn this thing off?" he asked, still being leaked on down his chest as they kissed.

She waggled her eyebrows. "I guess you'll just have to keep sucking until it's done."

He raised one eyebrow. "Challenge accepted."

She laughed happily and reveled in the sensation of the only man in the world she would ever give herself to finding sustenance from her body as their combined juices slowly began to leak out of her.

Looking down at him, she closed her eyes and sighed happily as a small smile crossed her lips. "You make me so incredibly happy; so absolutely loved." Leaning forward, she kissed the top of his head as he drank from her. "Never ever doubt that I am yours forever, husband."

* * * * *

Jason had, indeed, used Elaina like his own personal fucktoy as the hours passed. Only once did Elin or Paige see their well-fucked wife, her hair a mess, and what little makeup she'd had on smeared and running as she walked in an awkward manner to the kitchen to grab four bottles of water.

"I take it things are going well," Elin said with a knowing smile.

"He's a fucking beast," Elaina said, her voice croaking. She cleared her throat and smiled. "Sorry. First time throat fuck, and holy shit it was the best thing ever."

"Oh, I know it well, my love," Elin replied. As she did, her eyes roamed Elaina's nude body. Remnants of saliva, a sheen of sweat, and a small glob of their husband's cum lingering just above the ankle forced Elin to take a bracing breath. "Mmm, it looks like it's going *very* well."

Paige whimpered, seeing the same things. "I...I could help," she said in what sounded like a plea to join them.

Elaina only narrowed her eyes at the youngest wife before she took a moment to look in on her precious little angel, asleep in a bassinet.

"Easy, sweetheart," Elin said as she placed a hand on Paige's shoulder. "This is their time. We had him to ourselves for six weeks while she had to bide her time."

Paige's shoulders slumped. "Yeah...I know," she groaned. "But look at her! I haven't been fucked like that since—"

"Last Monday afternoon," Elin interjected with a chuckle.

"How's she doing?"

Paige looked at Sophie, then up at Elaina. "She's been a perfect little angel. It's close to feeding time, though."

"Plenty of bottles in the fridge," Elaina said, gesturing toward the kitchen as she walked away. "I'm about to get my ass fucked so hard I'll be vomiting up our husband's cum for days."

Paige let out a high-pitched whine as she watched Elaina's sexy body strutting away.

Elin wrapped her arms around Paige from behind. "We have some time if you'd like me to help."

The youngest wife perked up, glanced at Sophia again, still sleeping soundly. "Sixty-nine. Couch. And lick my ass a little."

Elin giggled, already beginning to unbutton her dress. "I always do, you sexy little thing."

Two hours later, Elaina and Jason exited the bedroom after completely changing the bedding and spraying just a touch of room spray to combat the smell of sex that permeated the air. They were absolutely worn out and starving having lived only on each other's bodily fluids for the past several hours, and bottles of water.

"I'm sorry we took so long," Elaina said, frowning as she sweetly kissed Elin's cheek. The eldest wife sat in a recliner in the family room, the gas fireplace providing some flickering light and a little warmth in the room while she held Sophia in her arms.

"Don't be sorry, my love. I know it must have been horrible these past weeks." She gently handed off the bundle of joy to her mother, then stood to embrace her husband. "I'm glad you two were able to have so much fun."

"You're a wonderful woman," Jason smiled, kissing her tenderly. "Is Paige in bed?"

Elin nodded. "She made you both something to eat, then could barely keep her eyes open. I sent her off to get some sleep."

"Should we wake her and have her join us in the big room?" Elaina asked.

"No, love. I'll keep her company. I thought you two might like some alone time with your little angel." Elin kissed Jason several more times before doing the same with Elaina. "I'll see you both in the morning."

"She's too good to us," Elaina remarked as Elin disappeared down the hall to the second bedroom. "I love that woman so much." She turned to find Jason in the kitchen pulling bowls of food out to warm up.

"I think she's having a hard time letting go of the mother aspect of her life, despite how things are now," he said as he placed a bowl in the microwave. It was a simple dish of noodles, sauce, some vegetables, and beef tips. "Especially now that there are new children in the home."

Elaina sighed, glancing back down the same hallway. "I know you missed out, but she really was the best mother ever. I'm glad she's here with us like this, though. I don't know what I'd do if we had to go back to the way it was."

He chuckled. "I know she's not going to let that happen, and neither will I."

Having heard her mother's voice, Sophia immediately began rooting around, her tiny belly suddenly hungry. Elaina quickly got her latched on and smiled down at the beautiful life that now depended on her.

"She needs to do more than take care of the house," Elaina said once Jason placed the bowl in front of her with a glass of tea. "I know this is what she wants, and I've never seen her happier, to be honest. But she needs to do more than just be a housewife, or a maid."

"I'm working on it," he replied over his shoulder.

"Yeah? Working on it how?" After a beat, she added, "Oh, wow. Paige can cook. This is good!"

He wasn't sure how much he wanted to say. He trusted each of his wives, but within their group, and especially with Paige's ability to just know things, he worried about letting the cat out of the bag too soon. It was a surprise for Elin, after all. But in the end, he just couldn't keep anything from them.

"I, um, I'm buying a few smaller homes in the area," he said. "I'm going to flip them and either make them rentals to generate income, or," he paused as he sat with his own food next to her, "try to persuade Margaret to move into one of them permanently."

Elaina gasped. "Seriously? Oh, my God, Elin would love that!"

"Yeah, well, only if Margaret wants to do it." He took a moment to eat some of Paige's creation. "Ooh, yeah. This is good."

"She's retired, and from what Elin says, she got a nice nest egg after her husband passed. Plus, she's still getting his retirement pay, or whatever." She suddenly stopped, scrunching up her adorable little nose. "I wonder if she'd get her social security if she became a citizen of another country?"

"Assuming we could even get her citizenship here," Jason replied. "We had a leg up on it with Elin's citizenship. Margaret would be a different issue. From what I've found, she'd have to get a long-term visa and stay here at least five years. After that, she has to speak one of the languages, have a residence here, a few other things as well, and then apply like everyone else." He shrugged. "It would be a long process, and it's not guaranteed, but I'm more than willing to throw money at some attorneys around here to help make it happen."

"She speaks German, remember?" Elaina said before taking another bite. "That's one of the official languages. And she'd have a residence here. As long as she was interested, I don't see the issue." After a moment, she asked, "Why not just have her stay with us? Or build one of those mother-in-law houses? We have all kinds of room."

"It's an option," he replied, taking a moment to gently rub a finger on Sophie's chubby little cheek. "I just assumed she'd want a bit more privacy, and living here, or in a house we built, would probably make her feel indebted to us. She's very independent, you know."

"Oh, I know," Elaina grinned with a dramatic roll of her eyes.

"And she'd be buying the house, obviously at a discounted price, but it would be hers. No strings, no dependency on us, and hopefully no feelings of owing us anything."

Elaina pursed her lips, giving his idea some thought, and nodded. "I like it. Have you spoken to her yet?"

"No. I thought you or Paige could--"

She put a hand on his, shaking her head. "It has to be you."

"What? Why?"

"My love, you are our husband. Our master. Margaret knows what's up with us, but if Elin works this out with her, it breaks down that pecking order."

He furrowed his brows. "There is no pecking order."

"There really is, husband. It's you," she said, holding a hand up at eye height, "and then the rest of us." She lowered her hand about six inches and nodded. "This is no different than any of the other times we've told you that you make the decisions, and we do what you say." She shrugged, smiling at him. "It's the way it is."

He sighed. "Fine. I'll talk to her. But even if she's not interested, I'm still going ahead with the house plan."

"I like it either way. And I'm sure Elin would love to do some home remodels." She chuckled as she switched Sophia to her other breast. "I remember her doing so much at that old house back in Vermont. It doesn't look like it since it was still such a dated home, but she put in quite a bit of work on walls, doors, windows, and even some of the yard work." Her chuckle turned to a warm smile of remembrance. "She really was such a wonderful mother."

Just as Jason had suspected, by the end of the week each of his wives knew of his plan. It was probably ridiculous to think that he'd get away with keeping it a secret—purchasing two homes out of the blue was quite the ordeal, something Liesbeth Traast, their preferred realtor, was excited about. This excitement wound up being relayed to Elin, whom Liesbeth had mostly dealt with while they were looking for homes, which then led a very confused Elin to question her husband about it.

The family had decided to spend time out on the property and found themselves in the large gazebo to enjoy the day.

"He's buying a house for Margaret," Paige piped up as she flopped into one of the rocking chairs. "I think she'll be happy here."

As Jason's head whipped around to Elaina who could only shake her head and shrug, Elin gasped so loudly that even Sophia jerked in her mother's arms.

"Oh, husband! You would do that for her?" she asked happily, quickly standing from her own rocking chair to join him as he stood leaning against the banister. She hugged him and kissed his face multiple times.

He laughed, kissing her back. "Well, I haven't spoken to her about it yet, but I wouldn't just buy her a house. Besides, she wouldn't accept it."

"You're right. She'd want to purchase it."

"That's the plan," he said, smiling at her. "Either way, I'm buying them to renovate and rent out. However, if one of them catches her eye, I'd be happy to sell it to her for a very reasonable price."

He rehashed the conversation he'd had with Elaina about the issue of citizenship, if Margaret even wanted to do that, along with the hurdles she'd have to jump along the way.

"When will you speak to her?" Elin asked, a broad smile on her lips and her hands clutched to her chest.

"You don't want to talk to her about it?"

She shook her head. "It must be you, husband."

He gave Elaina a flat look to which she replied, "Hey, I didn't say anything. We all just feel the same way."

After a small sigh, he asked Elin for Margaret's contact information, then asked her to send a text message to her friend asking her to call whenever she was available. Within moments, his phone rang.

"I'll, uh," he jerked his head out toward the property, "I'll take this call for a walk."

"Of course, husband," Elin said, trying and failing to hold back excited giggles.

As Jason walked out of the gazebo and onto one of the paths leading through the trees dotting the property, both Elaina and Elin looked at Paige.

"What?" she asked, suddenly stopping her rocking motion.

"Don't be obtuse all of a sudden," Elaina smirked. "You know 'what'."

"Come on, you guys," Paige replied, suddenly looking worried. "You know I don't like doing it. It's just not the same."

"How?" Elaina pressed. "You said yourself that it was you doing it all along. Other Paige just gave you more confidence, probably."

"If she doesn't want to do it, Elaina, it's fine." Elin walked to stand beside Paige, taking her hand, looking down at her. "It really is."

In the distance, they heard Jason belt out a laugh.

"She must be in a good mood," Elaina said with a grin. "That woman sure is something else." Seeing the pensive look on Paige's face, Elaina spoke up. "I'm sorry, Paige. I guess I'm still used to you just blurting out nuggets of knowledge. I'll take it easy from here on out."

Elin listened to her wives talking, but her eyes were on her husband who kept walking in circles near the edge of one of the ponds. After his laugh, he'd been speaking quite a bit, probably describing the situation to Margaret while trying not to lay it on too thick, or make it seem like they were just giving a poor country cousin their hand-me-downs. Margaret was a proud woman, for certain, but she also knew that Jason's family would never treat her like that or look down on her for any reason.

"Are you coming?" Paige, now standing, bumped Elin's hip with her own.

"What?"

Paige rolled her eyes. "Swim time for the preggos. Are you coming, or are you going to try to keep lip reading from here?"

Elin blushed and fidgeted, looking back and forth between Jason and Paige. There was no point standing around since he would come to them straightaway once his conversation was over. And it would be bad parenting if she didn't continue her regular exercise routine to ensure she was healthy once it was time for her own delivery.

With a nod, she took Paige's hand and wrapped an arm around Elaina as they walked back to the house. On the way, Paige used her free hand to mock swimming so Jason could find them later.

Forty-five minutes later, Elin began to worry. She did the laps and treading water that Paige demanded of her, and then swapped to watch Sophia while Elaina was put through her paces to get herself back in shape. Jason and Margaret were friendly, but the conversations were almost always between Margaret and either Elin, Paige, or Elaina. So, what could be taking so long?

Her heart leapt into her throat when he finally appeared, dressed in his own swim trunks to join them in the pool. Seeing Elin's worried look, he smiled.

"That conversation did not go the way I expected," he said, leaning down to kiss her cheek.

"What's the verdict?" Elaina called as she slowly emerged from the water.

"What took so long?" Elin added.

After pausing to lock lips with Elaina, he waded into the pool and was immediately joined by his tiny half-mermaid wife who didn't want to miss out on her own kisses.

"I explained that I was buying houses to renovate, and that we had all noticed how happy she was while here. Since we had a spare house or two, we might offer one to her to purchase so that she could fully retire and move over." He retold the rest of the story, explaining how to obtain a visa, then the discussion turned to the homes, themselves.

"Since I can't describe things worth a damn, I decided to just go to the computer to send her the links to the listings," he continued. "I told her my renovation plans—nothing major, just some sprucing up—and then we began talking more about what she would do here."

"Well, I assume whatever she wanted," Elin replied quickly.

"She actually gave me the run-down on her finances, which was when I wished you had been with me," he said winking at Elin, "along with how much I'd sell each home to her for. And, quite

honestly, the numbers we came up with would have her living quite well as long as she didn't go crazy."

He picked Paige up, holding her to his chest as he slowly spun in a circle while gazing into her beautiful blue eyes. She had a knowing smile on her face, but didn't say anything out loud.

"And!?" Elin asked, now exasperated at how the conversation was going.

"And," he continued, giving Paige's bottom a gentle squeeze, "she's flying out next week to see the properties to decide. It seems that she is tired of L.A. and wants a taste of the good life here." He paused to smile at Elin. "And to be closer to her best friend."

To say that Elin was overjoyed just didn't describe the situation well enough. She smiled wide, but tears of joy began streaming down her face and a hand came up to cover her mouth.

Immediately, Jason let go of Paige and exited the pool. Elin met him halfway, wrapping her arms around him as she cried.

"I don't deserve you," she sobbed. "Oh, Jason, my love, you are just too good to us, to me."

Paige put an arm around Elaina as they watched with happiness. With a knowing glance at each other, one that soundlessly affirmed between the two that Elin was correct, they just smiled and relished the feeling of love and care that emanated from a spot just three feet away from them.

"You deserve so much more than me, Elin," he whispered, kissing the side of her face as he held her in his arms. "I would give you all the world if I could, but this is the best I can do."

The eldest wife barked a laugh, leaned back to look into her lover's eyes, and gently touched his cheek. "This is the best you can do," she repeated, shaking her head at him in disbelief. "Jason Van der Meer, your best may as well be Mount Everest to any other man in this world. I love you more and more every single day, and you only help me reaffirm my decision to call you my master."

She slowly closed the distance between them, her lips gently touching his. As soft and tender as it was, there was a white-hot passion behind it that told him more than words ever could.

Jason had never really been a fan of country music, but one song he remembered hearing long ago had stuck with him throughout his life. "That's My Job" by Conway Twitty was playing on the car radio during a trip into town with his father. It was about a scared boy confiding in his father that he was afraid. The father reminded the child that he had brought the child into the world, and that it was his job to help and protect him. Irony, if Jason had ever seen it, was David singing along to the words like he was the father that Twitty sang about. But Jason never forgot that song. Despite hating it at the time, it became a goal that he set for himself, to be better than his own father, and to emulate the man in the song whenever he became a father.

But it didn't end there. Reuniting with his family, it was no longer just about a man and his child. To Jason, it was his goal to emulate that father but with his entire family. He may not have brought them into the world, but it was his job to make them safe, make them happy, and to ensure that they felt loved. A soft smile appeared on his face knowing that he had made Elin feel this exact way right now.

"That's my job," he sang softly. "That's what I do. Everything I do is because of you, to keep you safe with me. That's my job, you see."

More tears fell from Elin's eyes as she listened, humbled by his words, and lost as to how she could ever repay the love he had for her. Behind her, Paige's eyes were wet, and even Elaina, the more stoic of the bunch, fought back her own tears, having to look away.

He kissed away the tears on Elin's face, smiling warmly at her.

"Well, I was gonna' ask for some deep-dickin', but I think that moment has passed," Paige said softly.

Everyone burst out laughing, the touching moment passing with her words. Lifting her arm out to her wives, though, Elin pulled them both in close.

"There's always time for that," she said with a small smirk. Then her look turned more serious. "But I want this to be a reminder to you of just how good we have it, girls. We live an unconventional life, but I dare anyone to find a family this happy, or this lucky in love."

They all knew that Elin had slipped back into her motherhood role as she spoke, but it just felt right. Regardless of how they all saw themselves, and even how much they elevated Jason within their family group, Elin had always been the glue that held them together.

A few hugs, cheek kisses, and sniffles later, Elin cleared her throat and smiled. "I should get dinner started. I think I'll make something nice. It's a celebration, after all."

"How about we go out? Somewhere nice?" Jason asked.

"If you don't mind, husband, I'd very much like to make something. I feel a bit inspired."

"You did good, master," Paige said, wrapping her arms around Jason. "I knew it would work."

Elaina scoffed. "You turd. And I even asked." She goosed Paige and kissed her back. "I'll take Sophie in and hang out in the kitchen until she's ready to eat. You two," she said with a waggle of her eyebrows, "well, you know what to do."

Paige looked up at Jason, giving him a sultry smile. "Yes. Yes, we do."

* * * * *

"Your daddy loves you; did you know that? He's such a good daddy. You'll get to see it when you're older and can run around and play with him."

Paige sat in the large master bathroom on a plush vanity chair, looking in the mirror as she applied the modicum of makeup she wore each day. She'd never been one to bother with 'putting her face on,' as Elaina called it, having been blessed with a flawless complexion like Elin. Elaina had the same complexion, but she always felt compelled to cover her face up anyway. At least she didn't cake it on.

"Of course, you'll get to learn how to fight. Why would you even be worried about that?" she asked, her brows furrowed. "Daddy knows how to fight, and his wives have been going with him to learn, too. But you're too young for that."

She rolled her eyes and brushed her hair, taking a moment to scrutinize the new style. She loved the pixie cut she'd gotten in L.A., and how Elin had copied her so they could be more like twins. Now, though, it was growing out. She kept remembering the dream of the young version of herself

with the long, braided pigtails. At its longest, her hair had fallen just past her hip, and it gave her many options to play with. The pigtails, though, were her favorite.

"That's not a good reason," she said, looking down at her stomach. "I'm small, and no one messes with me. But that's not why I've been going to the gym with your daddy. Besides, you probably won't be small like me. Your daddy is tall."

She then snorted a little laugh. "You're getting ahead of yourself, Prue. You're kind of trapped at the moment, and you won't even be able to walk for quite a while." She turned her head from side to side checking out her hair, frowning because of the in-between stage it was currently in. The best she could do was pull it back in a short ponytail, but her master thought it was beautiful on her. Of course, she could be bald and he'd say she was beautiful.

"As soon as you're here, though, I'll make sure we go outside as often as possible," she continued, then knit her brows. "There's nothing wrong with being in a stroller! Why are you so impatient?" Letting out a long sigh, she cleaned off the counter and stood, pushing the stool out of the way under the counter. "Look, honey, you're not even supposed to be able to do what you're doing right now."

Paige laughed.

"No. You *are* supposed to be just chillin' in my belly. You *shouldn't* be able to even talk to me. I do enjoy it, though." Frowning, her hand came to rest on the baby bump now plainly visible. "Will you remember any of it? Or will it be like a factory reset when you're born?" After a moment, she waved a dismissive hand. "Ugh, it's too hard to describe what that is."

She stood naked in front of the mirror, taking in the changes to her body. Time had passed in the Van der Meer household, and both Elin and Paige were at the seven-month mark in their pregnancies. The baby bump looked enormous on her small frame, but she always smiled when she saw it, especially when her master's eyes flared in desire upon seeing her this way. He was always ready and willing to be with any of his wives and was ravenous for it. Something about his women carrying his children, however, seemed to activate an even more primal instinct in him to mount them as much as possible, almost as if he had to keep a steady injection of his seed in them to make sure they remained pregnant. But it wasn't simply wham-bam-thank you, ma'am with him. Their master was a nurturer and a prodigy when it came to making his women touch heaven.

"Oh, stop it. It's perfectly normal for husbands and wives to have a good sex life. You should be thankful that your daddy is so attracted to me, and that he is such a good person. Otherwise, you wouldn't be here." She gently lifted her breasts which had grown quite a bit over the months. She then huffed. "Because I'm a lesbian, you goof! Er, I mean, except when it comes to your daddy." She grinned and hummed happily. "I love him so mu—huh? Oh, uh, it means I only like women. Yes, romantically. Because he's amazing! Fine, lesbian with an asterisk, whatever. Change of subject!" she sing-songed.

Jason's head suddenly popped into the bathroom, looking around curiously. "Paige?"

She turned at the sound of his voice, beaming. Opening her arms to him, primarily to show him just how completely naked she was, she giggled when his eyes bulged, and he rushed into the room. His hands immediately fell to her tiny bottom, lifting her up to wrap her legs around his waist as they kissed.

"Mmm, sexy momma," he managed to mumble out between her heated kisses. "Were you saying something? I thought you might have been calling for me."

She lightly licked his mouth then shook her head. "Prue is just very active today. I've been talking to her a bit."

He smiled. The thought of his wives talking to their children in the womb was beautiful. The thought of their children talking back, however, wasn't something he knew about.

"Maybe I should read some stories?" he asked. "Sophie can listen while I read to Prue and Eric. I'd like for them to recognize me when they come out."

Paige smirked at the mention of the name of Elin's child. Without any influence from her after the last dream she'd had with Other Paige, Jason and Elin had, in fact, chosen to call their son Eric. Eric Grégoire Van der Meer, to be exact.

"I think the babies would love that, master," she replied, laying her head against his shoulder. She then grinned. "As a matter of fact, I know that Prue would love it, at least."

"Good. Should I go get Elin and Elaina?"

She sat up, chewing the inside of her cheek. "Um, actually...I have homework. It won't take but a few hours," she quickly added, suddenly looking bashfully at him, "but I want to get it done."

During Margaret's second visit, at which point the older woman chose one of the houses to claim for herself and worked out a price for it with Jason, Paige suddenly decided that she felt like she was wasting time. She loved being at home with her family, and being the de facto personal trainer for her wives, but she felt as if she could be doing more. She decided to go ahead and enroll in college classes online.

Jason, of course, thought it was a great idea, even though she'd probably have to take a term off right before Prue was born. He was surprised, however, when she decided to major in veterinary medicine. He had expected kinesiology, or sports medicine, but veterinary medicine had taken the family by surprise. But she wasn't done there. She wanted a double major, her second one being bioscience which, she stressed, would teach her more about the full life cycle of animals beyond just their physical being. Foods they've eaten and how they affect the animals, as well as basic knowledge of how farms operate, would benefit her as a future veterinarian when trying to determine illnesses.

There was no doubt that Paige was a genius, and if she thought she could get a double major in two difficult degrees, then he was in no position to argue. Of course, they had a long discussion about why she wanted to be a vet which, as it turns out, is something she'd always wanted to do, unbeknownst to anyone else in the family. It was just that with Other Paige controlling her speech patterns, the possibility of her having a job was something that she thought would never happen. Now, the possibilities were endless. And her chosen possibility was becoming a veterinarian.

He carried her out of the bathroom, through the large bedroom, and into the colossal walk-in closet. "How are the classes going so far? Having any trouble balancing so many at once?"

She felt his grip loosen, trying to put her down, but she clamped down on him. "Just a little bit longer," she said softly. "We like being held by you."

"We?"

"Me and Prue," she smiled into his neck. "She loves her daddy."

A goofy, lovestruck smile appeared on his face. "Aww, I love her, too. God, I can't wait to meet her."

After several long minutes of just holding each other, discussing her classes so far, Paige let out a sad sigh. "I should get to it, master. But will you bring me back here later? I don't think you've made love to me in here."

He chuckled. "Paige, you beautiful angel, I would make love to you anywhere you wished. I can't say no to you."

She booped his nose. "I know."

Once he was gone and she pulled on a comfortable pair of yoga pants and a barely there crop-top to keep her belly exposed for his viewing pleasure, she grinned at the thought of how she and his wives could feel his love.

Nodding, she said, "Yes, that was him. I know, right? How weird is it that you can feel how much he loves you?" She laughed lightly. "Well, at least you know your daddy loves you that much. Just wait until you're actually born. Oh, he's a hugger, so get used to that idea."

After wandering the house a bit, Jason finally caught sight of Elin outside from one of the large family room windows. He quickly joined her, wrapping her in a hug from behind.

"Hello, you incredibly beautiful woman," he said as she laughed happily. "What are you doing?"

She wore a pair of tan slacks and a button-up, powder blue blouse. He grinned at the sight of the gardening gloves she also wore.

"Deadheading the flowers. What are you doing?"

"Just making the rounds, checking on my girls, making sure you're happy, healthy, and maybe a bit horny."

She threw the small gardening shears to the ground, ripped the gloves from her hands, and turned on him so quickly that he was shocked at the sudden burst of speed. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she pulled his lips to hers for a kiss that made his knees go weak.

"You can take me here, husband," she panted as her hands roamed up and down his back with a feverish pace. She was already beginning to pull his t-shirt up to remove it. "And these pants are for getting dirty. I would love to taste you. Should I get on my knees?"

"Have I been ignoring you?" he asked, removing the shirt and returning her kisses.

"Of course, not, master!" she scolded. "You are the most attentive and loving husband. I've just been," she gasped lightly as his lips found her neck, "I've just been *very* amorous at this stage in my pregnancy." When his hand caressed her baby bump, she hummed with delight. "I want you, husband. No—I need you."

There had been several benefits to purchasing the property formerly known as the Castle by those living in Sint-Martens-Latem, now known as Van der Meer Castle. Obviously, the size of the opulent home and grounds was number one. But having a home that was built in 1860 meant that the trees on the property were old, thick, and provided not just shade and a beautiful ambiance, but also

blocked any lookie-loos from being able to see much of anything. Adding to that the fact that there was a very large, very heavy gate attached to a fifteen-foot brick wall all the way around the property, the only way anyone would see what was happening on their property would be to fly a drone above it. Even then, the trees provided a nice canopy to block any vision from the sky.

With that in mind, and a raging erection guiding his thoughts, he pulled his mouth from hers and gave her a predatory grin. "Pants off. Now."

Without question, she slid her pants to the ground, kicking them off and into the bush of purple azaleas. She was panting, having done what he said, now standing nude from the waist down. She'd learned early on that panties were only required for special occasions. Working around the house was not one of those occasions.

"I am so fucking wet right now," she whispered, her voice shaking in anticipation. "God, I'm even so horny that I'm cursing already!" she giggled.

He unbuttoned her shirt, freeing her heavy breasts and gently caressed them, rubbing a thumb over each nipple. "You are my glorious angel, Elin. Now, turn and bend over. I don't think I can get the right angle from the front."

She nodded at his instruction, spinning and leaning down at the waist, looking back at him with an excited grin.

"Mmm, you are one sexy woman." Wasting no time, he exposed his cock, making her gasp lightly, and stood close behind her. He heard a small whimper when he slid the tip of his cock up and down her wet slit. "Slow at first," he said just as he pushed his way into her.

"Aahhhhh," she hissed. "Mmmm."

"Rub your clit, baby," he instructed as he slowly slid in and out of her. "I love how tight you feel. So snug and warm," he paused, "and sopping wet."

"Mmm-hmm," she hummed, nodding as one hand began to work itself in a circle between her legs.

Elin's legs looked like they had been sculpted in marble by Michaelangelo. The work she had put in over the years to remain in shape, and the swimming instruction Paige had been putting the women through was showing. Elin's ass had always been firm and pert, but now it was so tight that he had to resist the urge to lean down and chomp on its sexiness.

"Can you take it hard?" he asked. "I don't want to hurt—"

"Please!" she blurted out. "Fuck me hard and fast, husband. I need it."

His hands had been sliding up and down her back underneath her shirt. Now, however, he pulled her arms back and began to plunge deep into her, gaining speed with each thrust. With her torso upright, his eyes were glued to the reflection in the window of his wife's heavy breasts bouncing freely with each of his rapid thrusts.

"Goooooohhhhhhhhh!" she moaned.

His balls slapped against her with speed as he jackhammered her tight tunnel. Within minutes, she let out a long hiss like a water kettle letting off steam. Her legs were wobbly, and he knew she had

peaked. This was punctuated by the addition of a flood of warm fluid leaking down their legs, but he didn't let up.

Letting go of one arm, he slipped a hand around her front, squeezing a breast. "I've a way to go yet, but do you want it in your pussy, or mouth?"

She was too busy panting and moaning to answer him at first, still coming down from the orgasm affecting her. Eventually, she mumbled, "Muh—fuck! Oh, fuck. Fuck!"

"Mouth or pussy?" he demanded.

"Mouth!"

With that, his other hand reached around to take her other breast in hand. She was bent backward at the waist, but she was thin enough, and he was long enough to still power into her over and over again.

"Oh...God—I'm--!"

She let out what sounded like a growl before it led into a painful grunt as her whole body trembled. Her hands flew up to grasp his, and she squeezed hard. This orgasm was powerful enough to push him right out of her canal and he stepped back to watch as a fire hose stream of her fluids poured from her onto the ground.

"You are so sexy right now," he whispered in her ear as she desperately tried to remain upright. "My incredible, beautiful wife," he added.

Moments later, she regained her senses and turned to him breathing heavily. "Mouth, my love?"

He nodded with a grin. "Mouth."

She started to kneel, but wavered, taking hold of him on her wobbly legs. "I'm sorry, husband. Could you—" She nodded in thanks when he gently helped her down to her knees. "Thank you. Now," she looked up at him with a wicked smile, "shove it down my throat."

His eyebrows shot up in surprise, but he nodded, cupped her chin, and pushed his cock into her open mouth. He took his time at first, letting her get used to him. Slowly, he slid halfway in, his eyes beginning to close when she swirled her tongue around his shaft, no doubt savoring the taste of her juices.

"Mmmm," she moaned around his girth, her hands on his hips pulling him deeper into her.

Soon, she was gagging and "Glrk! Glrk!" around his cock with his hand on her head, forcing her further and further down upon him.

"Swallow," he said when he had impaled himself to the hilt and sighed happily at the sensation of her throat constricting around him. "Again," he said, then pulled out completely to allow her to breathe.

She was already covered in long strings of her own saliva, covering her ample chest and soaking the open blouse she still wore.

"Open," he instructed, then slipped inside allowing her to gently suck him as he pushed in and out. "You are so good at this," he said, happy to see the joy in her twinkling blue eyes as she looked up

at him.

"Hard now. I want to fill your stomach."

"Mmm hmm!" she agreed, seconds before his hips began thrusting into her again.

In her time with Jason, Elin's tastes had changed when it came to sex. In the past, it was missionary with the occasional doggystyle to 'change things up,' but it had always left her wanting. She'd always been a bit leery of the rougher play that she'd seen on the internet the few times she happened to gravitate to a porn site. Now, though, with Jason as the most incredible lover she'd ever had, she was his plaything to use as he pleased.

There was nothing that was off limits with him. He always made her feel so good, never forgetting to bring her to orgasm at least once before he finished; a big change from anything she'd had in the past. But it wasn't simply the fact that he was skilled in the art of lovemaking. It was that...thing that happened with him, pushing out his own feelings of adoration for his wives that broke through any inhibitions they may have had, making them *want* him to do whatever he wanted to them to satisfy his needs.

That was why when, the first time he face fucked her, she found that she absolutely loved the excitement, the enhancement of the sweet agony that came with the slaps, chokes, and gag-inducing thrusts of his cock deep into her throat. Nothing mattered beyond satisfying her master, her husband, but the fact that she loved it was just the icing on the cake.

He growled loudly as the tip of his cock shoved its way past her uvula and began spewing forth deliciously thick streams of his cum into her. Yes, she gagged, but she kept swallowing as quickly as possible, not wanting to spill a drop of the precious semen she loved so much.

She couldn't control the second gag, though, and a croaking sound escaped forcing some of his deposit out of her mouth, and some up through her nasal cavity. But he didn't pull out, trusting her to let him know if it was too much, and she loved him that much more for it.

Elin gasped when he finally pulled out of her mouth, and she grinned. "That...was delicious," she said, and took his hand to help her stand. Instinctively, her hands moved to collect the errant dollops of her husband's cum from her saliva-soaked breasts, but he stopped her.

"Don't," he said, looking at the mess on her face, sliding down from her nostrils, and slathered over her incredible breasts. "Damn, if only Elaina was here to take a picture of this. Jesus, Elin, you are so goddamn sexy right now."

He pulled her mouth to his, a slow, sensual kiss shared between them.

"I love how you don't mind getting it in your mouth," she said with a coquettish grin, taking a moment to lick some of the cum from her lip as it slid down from her nose.

"I just wanted to kiss you, everything else be damned. Now, I want you to walk through the house to show off your handiwork to the girls before going to clean yourself up." He placed a hand on her pregnant belly. "Show them what they missed out here."

Her eyes flared with excitement, and she giggled. "Yes, husband. Oh, will you gather my pants?"

"Of course, my lady." He bowed lightly, found her pants, and followed as his incredible wife walked with elegance, like a thoroughly fucked duchess, through the front door.

One month later, the entire Van der Meer family was at the Brussels Airport waiting for a very important person to arrive. Margaret Fischer had sold her home, the Rolls Royce, and all her possessions, except for furniture that was being shipped overseas, and had been given the gold star treatment by Jason for her flight over the ocean. He had insisted on having a personal driver in a luxury vehicle pick her up in L.A., drop her off at Woerner Aviation at LAX to fly in the most luxurious jet he could find, and made sure to have a wonderful meal and plenty of nice drinks available for her while she made the flight over.

In the six months that had passed since she had agreed to emigrate to Belgium and came over to choose one of Jason's homes, she had worked with none other than Demura Megumi, the family's old attorney, to secure a Belgian D-visa for those who wish to remain in Belgium more than 90 days. Having received the visa approval from the Belgian Immigration Home Office, it meant that Margaret could remain in the country for 5 years, after which time she could apply for citizenship in the country.

Jason and his wives had also focused their efforts on renovating the bungalow that Margaret had chosen before the other house. They even got some input from the woman herself on paint colors, carpet, and a few other things that wouldn't make the price skyrocket. She and Jason had discussed the selling price and settled on what would essentially be an even swap for what her home in L.A. sold for: €415,000. What he would never tell her, and swore his wives to secrecy, was that they were taking a hefty loss in selling it to her for that price. He had purchased it for €487,000, and even with doing the renovations themselves, except for the carpet, it tacked on another €15,000.

Finding this out humbled Elin at his generosity and the lengths he would go to just to secure her happiness. Of course, she panicked, feeling as if she wasn't doing enough to repay his kindness and immediately began a manic phase of trying to pile more work onto herself, even going so far as to look for jobs. Jason spent three hours calming her down and assuring her that out of the four of them, she was doing infinitely more work than anyone else in the family. He detailed everything she did in a week, which, when laid out in a list like that, made it sound more like she was the hired help as opposed to his wonderful wife. It also surprised her just how much he noticed what she did each day. It felt good to be noticed, and even more so because he felt indebted to her for everything she did.

Of course, she dared him to lift a finger to help her, or to even think about hiring a housekeeper or gardener for the things she did. As soon as she realized what she'd said, she realized just how much work she did do. But all she wanted was to be a loving housewife. Taking care of their home, making sure her family had nutritious meals available, and maintaining an attractive body for her husband were the only priorities she had or wanted. Of course, now with the addition of Sophia, and with Eric and Prue soon to follow, her self-imposed duties would expand, but being a mother, in her mind, was part and parcel of the housewife role she desired.

Now over her worries, Elin was free to share her excitement about Margaret's emigration without regret.

"Oh my god!" Margaret called out as she entered the private charter terminal. "You're huge!"

Elin laughed and immediately wrapped her arms around her friend. "Eight months," she said with a happy grin. "And if you think I'm huge," she said, letting her voice trail off as she gestured toward Paige.

Margaret's mouth and eyes went wide. "Holy—" she began, very loudly, but stopped herself. "Paige, honey, are you okay?" She blinked, not quite believing what she was seeing as she walked slowly toward the youngest wife. "My god, how do you get around like that? How big is he?"

"*She* is as big as she needs to be," Paige said, accepting a quick hug from Margaret. "She's her daddy's little girl, so she will be bigger than me."

When Elin joined them, Margaret stood back and took them both in. "You both look absolutely stunning," she said with a kind hand on each of their arms. "And Elaina!"

The older woman's attention was taken from the twin wives when Sophia began to fuss in her mother's arms. "Welcome back, Margaret," Elaina said as she gently rocked the baby walking up to join the group.

"This little angel has grown so much!" Margaret said softly, gently rubbing Sophia's cheek with her finger. "And you look like a happy momma," she added with a grin, cupping Elaina's cheek in a grandmotherly way.

"I really am," Elaina replied happily. "We've had some rocky starts, new mom and all that, but we have a routine now and she's growing like a weed. Elin and Paige have helped so much, but Jason," she said, shaking her head as she glanced lovingly at her husband, "just...wow."

Margaret followed her eyes and found that Jason had taken it upon himself to fetch her luggage. She chuckled and shook her head. "You know," she said turning to the three women, "I admitted to Elin that I thought your whole," she wagged her finger at the three of them, then jerked her thumb behind her toward Jason, "*thing* was weird. But after everything you've all told me about that man, and just seeing what he's doing now, I'm thinking maybe I'm the one who's missing out."

"He's. Taken," Paige said, narrowing her blue eyes at the older woman.

Margaret just laughed. "Oh, honey, don't I know it. I'm sure he's so damn busy with you three beauties that I'm surprised he has enough strength to wake up in the morning. Besides, when I pull down my panties nowadays, there's nothing but dust down there."

Paige sputtered out a laugh, followed by a stifled chuckle from Elaina, and a shocked look from Elin.

"Margaret!" Elin chastised, embarrassed.

Jason joined the group, smiling at the varied looks of amusement, but knowing better than to ask. "Were there just the two bags, Margaret?"

"Just the two that I brought on the plane," she said, turning to face him fully. "Now, let go of those damn bags and give me a hug."

Not arguing, he did what she asked. "What's that for?"

She scoffed, then slapped his arm playfully. "What's that for?" she repeated with sarcasm. "You know you did all of this, right? You chose me to pick up Elin and Paige, which led to us becoming friendly, which led to Elin and I becoming best friends. Despite moving to another damn country, you bent over backwards to help me have a start at the next chapter in my life if only to make Elin happy, which wouldn't have happened if you hadn't randomly chosen the best damn driver in the fanciest damn car in L.A."

Jason just rubbed the back of his head, suddenly looking uncomfortable. "I—I mean, yeah, I guess."

"Oh, stop being so modest, my love," Elin said, sidling up to him and slipping her arm through his. "She's right. And one thing I learned early on about Margaret is that she's rarely, if ever, wrong." Planting a kiss on his cheek, she sighed happily. "All of this really is because of you."

Margaret pointed at her and nodded. "See? She knows what's up."

Paige snorted at the old woman's words.

"Okay, fine. I'm awesome, I guess," he muttered, his cheeks turning rosy.

"Accept the compliment and my thanks," Margaret said, poking him in the chest. "Really, Jason. Thank you for everything."

"You're welcome. Now, how about we stop standing around and get home?"

The group began walking through the terminal to the parking lot with Jason still pulling the luggage behind him. Elin kept glancing at him with pride and love in her eyes. She was also excited that Margaret would have to stay with them for another week before she could move into her bungalow, letting them have plenty of time together to plan some outings and the rest of Margaret's life in Belgium.