



# Quadruplets

"I wouldn't be a man and disrespect the child's father," Allen stated sadly, his voice filled with a newfound respect for Rose and the life she carried. He dressed quickly, his movements laced with a tinge of disappointment, yet his eyes held a warmth that belied his regret.

Before leaving, he turned to Rose, offering a parting message of kindness and encouragement. "Thank you for an awesome night," he said, his voice sincere. "Good luck and have a happy life, Mommy."

Rose, her heart aching with a mix of shame and longing, lay naked and vulnerable on the bed, tears streaming down her face. The encounter, though not unfolding as she had envisioned, had awakened a profound realization within her. The allure of the unknown, the thrill of exploring her desires with a stranger, paled in comparison to the deep and abiding love she shared with Cody and the extraordinary family they were building together.

Rose, curled up on the plush velvet sofa, gently stroked Cleo's soft fur, her heart filled with a mix of anticipation and apprehension. The Persian cat, a vision of pure white with striking blue eyes, had become her cherished companion, a source of comfort and solace amidst the uncertainties that loomed large. Cleo's gentle purrs and playful antics brought a smile to Rose's face, momentarily easing the anxieties that gnawed at her soul.

The days since the family gathering had been a whirlwind of emotions. The revelation of her possible pregnancy had sent ripples of excitement and concern through their tight-knit family. Rose, acutely aware of her impulsive nature and the insatiable hunger that plagued her, couldn't help but question the timing of this unexpected blessing.

As she awaited the signs of her body to confirm the life growing within her, Rose found herself drawn to Cleo's comforting presence. The cat, with an uncanny intuition, seemed to sense her anxieties, nuzzling closer and offering a gentle warmth that soothed her troubled heart.

A wave of warmth washed over Rose as she heard her mother's familiar voice, a comforting presence amidst the quiet solitude of her home. The door creaked open, and Rebekah stepped in, her eyes twinkling with maternal concern. Behind her, a flurry of small figures emerged, their laughter and chatter filling the air like a burst of sunshine.

Rose's heart swelled with a mix of gratitude and apprehension as she watched her younger siblings rush towards her, their small arms outstretched in a gesture of unconditional love. Beth and Cathy, their eyes filled with a mix of childish excitement and intuitive understanding, enveloped her in a tight embrace.

"You'll know very soon," Cathy chirped, her voice barely above a whisper, her words carrying a weight that belied her tender age.

Beth, her gaze unwavering, added, "My beloved sister, the cramps will come."

Rose's breath hitched as she absorbed the significance of their words. The premonition, delivered with a certainty that transcended their youthful innocence, sent shivers down her spine. It was a confirmation, a whisper from the depths of their shared consciousness, that life was indeed blossoming within her.

"Mama, what does she mean?" Rose questioned, her brow furrowed with a mix of curiosity and apprehension.

"The cramps of implantation, my love," Rebekah explained, her voice soothing and reassuring. "I experienced that early on, as one of many indicators other than a missed period."

Rose marveled at her younger sister's intuitive understanding. "I'm astounded that Cathy knows what cramps are, or is she just going on visions or premonitions?" she pondered aloud. "Nonetheless, she's a very bright little girl."

Meanwhile, Noah, perched on the sofa with Cleo nestled contentedly in his lap, gently stroked the cat's soft fur. Cleo, responding to his touch, purred louder, her rhythmic vibrations filling the air with a comforting warmth.

Rose and Rebekah exchanged a surprised glance, their eyes widening with a mix of wonder and disbelief. "Noah, you feel this?" Rose questioned, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Mama, Cleo told me," Noah confirmed, his gaze fixed on the contented cat curled up in his lap.

Cathy, with an air of authority that belied her tender age, added, "Yes, Cleo has her own voice, and we can hear her and feel her too."

The room fell silent as the weight of their words settled upon Rose and Rebekah. The realization that their extraordinary abilities extended beyond their immediate family, encompassing even their beloved pet, sent shivers down their spines. It was a testament to the depth and breadth of their unique connection, a reminder that the boundaries of their gifts were still uncharted.

Rebekah, her maternal instincts heightened, observed the scene unfolding before her with a mix of wonder and concern. She had long suspected that Noah possessed a unique connection with animals, his bond with their huskies a testament to his extraordinary empathy and understanding. But the extent of his abilities, his ability to communicate with Cleo on such a deep level, was a revelation that both thrilled and intimidated her.

Meanwhile, Beth, her small face etched with a seriousness that belied her tender age, turned to Rose, her voice barely above a whisper. "Sis, Rose," she warned, "watch out, the beast will rage. It is starving."

Rose froze, her heart pounding in her chest. "OMG, how do you know that?" she questioned, her voice laced with a mix of fear and disbelief.

She knew that this upcoming pregnancy would play havoc with her hormones and her intimacy, transforming her insatiable hunger into something even more powerful and unpredictable. The beast, she realized, was about to morph into something entirely different, something that threatened to consume her entirely.

Rose was frozen in fear, the weight of her impending struggle settling upon her like a suffocating blanket.

Rebekah, her maternal instincts amplified by their shared connection, felt the weight of Beth's words like a physical burden. "Honey, I'm here," she reassured, her voice a soothing balm to Rose's anxieties. "We'll face this together, as a family."

Rose, her eyes welling up with tears, confessed, "Mama, I was able to feed the beast and keep him at bay, but with this baby coming, I don't know how that will turn out. Cody has been so busy lately, and we haven't been as intimate as I need."

Beth, her small arms still wrapped tightly around Rose, offered a heartfelt apology. "I'm sorry I gave you bad news," she murmured, her voice laced with concern.

"Sis, it's not your fault, but mine," Rose reassured, gently stroking Beth's hair. "But you provided me with a heads up, and for that, I'm grateful."

"How is my son-in-law faring with all of this?" Rebekah inquired, her voice laced with concern for both her daughter and her fiancé.

"He's consumed with his work," Rose admitted, a hint of sadness in her voice.

"He's been buried in projects and has been on multiple trips to other construction sites. He's been gone a lot lately."

Rebekah, ever perceptive, acknowledged the challenges Rose faced, working her part-time job remotely while managing the uncertainties of her pregnancy and the growing demands of her "beast." She offered a practical solution, suggesting that Daisy could stay with Rose to keep her company and provide emotional support.

Rebekah, ever the resourceful matriarch, sent her daughter Daisy a quick text, requesting a call back once she was off work and had returned home.

"Mama, will you be okay with the toddlers?" Rose questioned, her voice laced with concern. "I know they can be a handful."

"Your father is home now and he helps," Rebekah reassured, her voice filled with a gentle warmth. "Your emotional well-being is more important, and I know Daisy wouldn't mind. For the most part, it will only be you and her here."

A short while later, Daisy's call came through, her voice filled with a mix of determination and concern. "Mama, I'm already home and packing a bag," she declared. "I'll be over at Rose's to stay with her for a while."

Rebekah, with a knowing smile, acknowledged her daughter's proactiveness. It was as if Daisy had sensed the emotional weight burdening Rose and had instinctively responded to her sister's unspoken plea for support. This intuitive understanding, this ability to anticipate and respond to life's events before they fully unfolded, was a hallmark of their extraordinary family dynamic.

Rose, meanwhile, had quickly tidied up a guest room for Daisy to move into and use during her stay. The room, thoughtfully chosen, included a guest bath with a bidet, a small but significant detail that spoke volumes about Rose's meticulous nature and her desire to ensure her sister's comfort.

Rose, with a mix of warmth and firmness in her eyes, addressed her persistent younger sister. "Cathy, you can stay the night, but we'll table this conversation until the morning," she declared, her voice gentle yet resolute.

Cathy, her small arms still clinging tightly to Rose, nodded silently, her eyes filled with a mix of childish excitement and intuitive understanding. She snuggled closer to her older sister, seeking comfort and reassurance amidst the uncertainties that swirled around them.

Rose, her heart melting at Cathy's innocent display of affection, gently stroked her hair, a silent promise of love and protection passing between them. The weight of the impending pregnancy, the looming challenges of her insatiable hunger, and the complexities of their extraordinary abilities seemed to fade into the background as she focused on the comforting presence of her younger sister.

The warmth of the heated floors and the soft embrace of the bearskin rug created a cozy haven in front of the crackling fireplace, where Rose, Daisy, and Cathy were sprawled out, their laughter echoing through the room as they engaged in a spirited game of Uno. The two older sisters patiently guided Cathy through the rules, their voices filled with a mix of playful competition and gentle encouragement.

"After this game, you're to get ready for bed and take a bath before doing so," Daisy instructed, her tone firm yet affectionate. "I'll double-check."

"Of course, can't go to bed dirty, and yes, I'll change," Cathy chirped, her eyes sparkling with youthful enthusiasm.

Rose, observing the scene with a tender smile, marveled at how quickly her younger siblings were growing and taking on responsibilities. It was a bittersweet

reminder of the passage of time, the ever-evolving dynamics of their extraordinary family, and the unwavering bond that held them together.

Daisy, her keen eyes scanning the bathroom, noted the impeccable tidiness, each item meticulously placed in its designated spot. A sense of warmth and admiration filled her heart as she observed Cathy's growing organizational skills, a testament to the proactive nature ingrained in their family's DNA.

As she turned to leave, she was greeted by the sight of Cathy emerging from the bath, enveloped in a plush robe, her small face beaming with a sense of accomplishment. "See, all nice and fresh and ready for bed," Cathy declared, her voice filled with childish pride. "Love you, sis."

Daisy couldn't help but smile at her younger sister's affectionate declaration. It was a heartwarming reminder of the unwavering bond that held their extraordinary family together, a bond that transcended age, distance, and the unique challenges they faced.

Daisy, having ensured Cathy's peaceful slumber, returned to the living room and settled beside Rose, their bodies nestled together on the soft bearskin rug. She noticed Rose's hands resting gently on her tummy, a subtle gesture that spoke volumes.

"Yes," Rose confirmed, her voice a mix of wonder and apprehension, "perhaps Beth was correct. I'm feeling cramps, but it could mean either one of two things."

Daisy, her gaze filled with unwavering love and support, gently squeezed Rose's hand. "I'm here, and I love you," she reassured, "regardless of what happens."

"Mama was a relentless data tracker, and still is today," Daisy chuckled, recalling her mother's meticulous record-keeping habits.

"Yes, she is," Rose agreed, a fond smile gracing her lips. "She had her BBT so zeroed in, that's why she knew so soon that she was pregnant."

Rose's expression shifted, a wave of frustration and anxiety washing over her. "My stress is through the roof, and the beast is lurking, wanting to be fed," she confessed, her voice laced with a desperate edge. "But Cody isn't here, and I'm about to claw the walls."

Daisy, sensing her sister's distress, instinctively pulled her close, offering a comforting embrace. "I wish I could help you relieve your stress and pent-up

desire," she murmured, her voice filled with empathy. "I don't even have anyone to take care of my desires."

"You, you have desires?" Rose questioned, her eyebrows raised in surprise. "Do tell."

"After feeling our parents' intimacy and the euphoria from it..." Daisy hesitated, a faint blush creeping onto her cheeks. "Yes, I have desires, but it's way down the totem pole on my list of priorities."

"Not even self-discovery?" Rose probed, her curiosity piqued.

"Oh, no, gross," Daisy scoffed, shaking her head. "Not me. If a man doesn't touch me, forget it. I'll live without."

Rose, reflecting on her sisters' diverse personalities and choices, recognized the spectrum of values within their family. Daisy, the youngest, clung tightly to their traditional upbringing, embodying the most conservative and strict interpretation of their family values. Lily, the middle child, embraced a more liberal and carefree approach, while Rose found herself navigating the middle ground, balancing her desires with her responsibilities.

She knew that their mother, Rebekah, had always been accepting and supportive of their individual choices, her love unwavering regardless of their paths. Their father, Daniel, on the other hand, struggled to reconcile his conservative values with Lily's recent choices, her newfound freedom and open affection with her partners a source of unspoken disapproval.

Rose, lost in contemplation, replayed the events of the family gathering, her mind lingering on the unspoken tension between Lily and their father. She was surprised that Lily had held her ground, refusing to apologize for her choices, and that their father had managed to maintain composure despite his disapproval. Rose knew better than to interfere in that delicate ordeal, trusting that Lily and their father would eventually find a way to navigate their differing perspectives.

Daisy, ever attuned to her sister's thoughts, broke the silence. "I know you're thinking about Daddy and Lil," she remarked, her voice gentle and understanding. "I have to agree, I was floored by her friends and their PDA at the table. Like they were flaunting it and pulled Lil into it. That's what pissed off Daddy the most. He didn't have to say it, I sensed it."

"Daddy would have lost it if they decided to smooch!" Rose exclaimed, her eyes widening in amusement.

"Even more so if Lil joined them," Daisy giggled. "Mama, she would have looked away."

Rose's expression turned serious. "I'm pretty sure all three of them are sleeping in the same bed, so to speak," she mused, "and Daddy is upset over that, and that Lil is not getting those desires met by a man."

The aroma of warm blueberry pancakes filled the air, their sweet scent mingling with the comforting warmth of the kitchen. Rose and Daisy, their movements a synchronized dance of culinary expertise, flipped the golden-brown discs onto plates, their laughter echoing through the cozy space.

Cathy, unable to contain her excitement, bounced into the kitchen, her eyes sparkling with anticipation. "Oooo, pancakes, thank you!" she exclaimed, taking her seat at the table.

"Wait up, little girl," Daisy interjected, her voice gentle yet firm. "What are we supposed to do before we eat?"

Cathy, her expression turning serious, bowed her head. "Oh, yeah, Daddy would be mad, we need to pray," she acknowledged, her voice filled with a childish reverence.

With a sincerity that touched Rose's heart, Cathy began, "Dear Lord, thank you for this food and bless it, and thank you for our loving family. Amen."

Rose and Daisy exchanged a warm glance, their hearts swelling with pride and admiration. Cathy's growing maturity and understanding of their family traditions brought a sense of comfort and reassurance.

A poignant silence settled over the sisters as they observed Cathy's innocent acceptance of their father's conservative ways. They recognized the weight of tradition and expectation that their younger sibling was already shouldering, a burden that seemed too heavy for her tender age. A pang of sadness resonated through their shared connection, a silent acknowledgment of the challenges and complexities that lay ahead for their extraordinary family.

Cathy, her mouth full of pancake goodness, mumbled a request for more. "More please," she chirped, her cheeks smeared with a mix of blueberry and syrup. "I



feel your sadness," she added, her voice suddenly turning serious. "Don't worry, I'll be fine."

Rose, touched by her younger sister's empathy and resilience, leaned over and planted a kiss on her cheek. "Sure, here you go," she replied, sliding another stack of pancakes towards Cathy.

"Rose, don't worry," Daisy chimed in, her voice reassuring. "She'll burn that off, and again, our food has a lot less carbs anyway."

Daisy, her brow furrowed with concern, inquired about her sister's well-being. "How are you doing this morning?" she asked, her voice gentle and reassuring.

"No period yet," Rose admitted, a hint of anxiety in her voice. "I'm somehow waiting for it to come."

"You're very regular anyway, aren't you?" Daisy remarked, recalling her sister's predictable cycle.

"Oh, yes, like clockwork," Rose confirmed. "But stress can derail timing too. After today, if it doesn't come... tomorrow, the test is coming."

Rose, her anxiety growing with each passing day, sought comfort in her sister's unwavering presence. "Can you be here tomorrow when I test, if I have to?" she pleaded, her voice laced with a vulnerable tremor. "I don't want to be alone. Please be with me."

Daisy, her heart filled with empathy and protectiveness, responded without hesitation. "Rose, I'll be here, and for as long as you need me or want me," she vowed, her voice firm and reassuring.

"Mama, she'll be here too, if she can," Rose added, seeking the additional support of their ever-present matriarch.

As they spoke, a wave of cramps washed over Rose, her hand instinctively moving to her lower left side. "Cramps?" Daisy questioned, her voice laced with concern.

"Oh yes," Rose confirmed, a hint of realization dawning in her eyes. "Opposite side last month."

Rose took a few deep breaths, seeking to ease the discomfort. Cathy, ever perceptive, shot her sister a knowing glance. "Sis, Rose," she chirped, "yes, you'll have those on and off for the rest of the day, until tomorrow."

Rose and Daisy exchanged a worried glance, their hearts heavy with a mix of protectiveness and sadness. Cathy's innocent words carried a weight that seemed far too heavy for her young shoulders. The burden of their extraordinary abilities, the knowledge of potential dangers and unforeseen consequences, cast a shadow over their otherwise joyful breakfast.

They knew that Cathy, like the rest of their family, possessed an intuitive understanding of the world, a sensitivity to events and emotions that transcended the boundaries of ordinary perception. And while they cherished this unique connection, they also recognized the responsibility that came with it, the weight of knowledge that could sometimes be overwhelming.

The sisters, their bond strengthened by a shared understanding of the challenges and complexities of their extraordinary lives, reached out and gently squeezed Cathy's hands, offering a silent reassurance of their unwavering love and support.

While Cathy continued to devour her pancakes, she diligently worked on her homework, demonstrating a remarkable ability to multitask and manage her time effectively. Her older sisters, Rose and Daisy, watched in awe and admiration, marveling at her intelligence and maturity.

"Mama wanted me to finish this math work," Cathy chirped, her voice filled with a youthful enthusiasm that belied the complexity of the task at hand. "Nothing like algebra, and like life, it's all about balancing those equations on both sides."

"What? Mama has you doing algebra already?" Rose questioned, her voice laced with disbelief. The advanced math concepts that Cathy was grasping at such a young age were truly astounding.

Just then, Cleo, as if sensing the shift in energy, rubbed against Rose's leg, her soft purrs filling the air with a comforting warmth.

"What do you know of life and balance?" Rose questioned, her voice a mix of amusement and curiosity.

"I know a lot more than you think," Cathy declared, her tone surprisingly mature. "Our lives have to have balance, especially if we're carrying the abilities we have. If not, we'll go crazy and be out of control and overwhelmed."

Rose was completely floored by the child's reasoning and her understanding of such complex topics. It was a stark reminder of the unique challenges and

responsibilities that came with their extraordinary abilities, a burden that Cathy, despite her tender age, was already learning to navigate.

"Growing up too fast," Daisy sighed, a hint of melancholy in her voice. But as the words tumbled out of her mouth, she was reminded of her own fleeting childhood, the rapid passage of time that had transformed her into the responsible young woman she was today.

"Why not go out and window shop afterward?" Rose suggested, her voice filled with a playful warmth. "It might take your mind off things and give you a chance to explore the city."

"Yes, I know, I'm only a child once, and for so long," Cathy acknowledged, her voice filled with a wisdom that belied her tender years. "Let me get going so I can finish, and I can take you up on that window shopping."

"Gotcha, no rush," Rose replied, a warm smile gracing her lips.

With a newfound determination, Cathy closed her laptop, gathered her cleaning supplies, and diligently cleaned the bathroom, leaving it spotless and sparkling. A short while later, Daisy inspected the guest room and bathroom, marveling at Cathy's thoroughness and attention to detail.

"I'm ready to go now," Cathy announced, her eyes shining with excitement.

"Cathy, we gotta get dressed!" Rose and Daisy chimed in unison, their laughter echoing through the kitchen.

The sisters, caught up in a whirlwind of playful energy, rushed to change out of their pajamas and into comfortable outfits suitable for a day of window shopping and exploration. Cathy, twirling around in her vibrant yellow dress, waited patiently, her eyes sparkling with anticipation.

A wave of cramps surged through Rose, a sharp reminder of the impending pregnancy test that awaited her in the bathroom. With a mix of determination and trepidation, she excused herself from the lively chatter in the kitchen, her heart pounding with anticipation.

In the quiet solitude of the bathroom, Rose retrieved the pregnancy test from the medicine cabinet, her hands trembling slightly as she followed the instructions. The wait seemed agonizingly long, each second stretching into an eternity. Finally,

the moment of truth arrived, and Rose's eyes fell upon the two lines that had magically appeared on the small plastic wand.

She emerged from the bathroom, her face a mixture of emotions, the pregnancy test clutched tightly in her hand. Daisy and Cathy, their senses acutely attuned to their sister's emotional state, met her gaze, their eyes widening with a mix of surprise and concern.

Tears streamed down Rose's face as the reality of her situation washed over her. The two lines on the pregnancy test, a confirmation of the life growing within her, sparked a mix of joy, fear, and overwhelming love. Cathy, her young eyes filled with an uncanny knowing, looked up at her older sister and spoke with a certainty that transcended her age.

"Just as Beth and I said, you'll be a Mama, and our Mama will be a Nana," she declared, her voice barely above a whisper. "Your belly will be full and heavy. Mama will have more than enough milk to feed four."

Rose's heart pounded in her chest as she absorbed the weight of Cathy's words. The cryptic message, delivered with a child's innocent wisdom, hinted at a truth that was both profound and terrifying. Cathy, unable to directly reveal the details of her premonition, had spoken in riddles and code, leaving Rose to decipher the hidden meaning behind her words.

Cathy's gaze intensified as she delivered her final cryptic message. "Once born, the universe will tilt on its axis," she declared, her voice filled with an eerie certainty.

Rose's mind raced, connecting the dots between Cathy's words and the extraordinary abilities that coursed through their family's veins. The decision to move to Svalbard, their father's unwavering belief in their unique potential, and the isolated environment that had nurtured their gifts - it all seemed to culminate in this moment, this revelation of a future generation poised to surpass their own extraordinary abilities.

Rose envisioned her children, if more than one, as Cathy's words implied, wielding powers that would reshape the very fabric of their world. It was a daunting prospect, filled with both exhilarating possibilities and terrifying uncertainties. Yet, amidst the swirling emotions, a sense of purpose and determination settled upon Rose. She would embrace this challenge, nurture her children's gifts, and guide

them toward a future where their extraordinary abilities could be harnessed for the greater good.

This was a confirmation, and Rose, overwhelmed with emotion, choked out the news to her mother. "Mama, it's true," she sobbed, tears streaming down her face, "and Cathy has revealed it's four." Daisy, her heart aching for her sister, held her tightly, offering a comforting embrace.

Rebekah, her voice filled with a mix of joy and concern, responded, "Yes, my darling, I know. Beth told me too, but in terms of footsteps, as there would be many. Pitter-patter, babies cooing."

Rose, still reeling from the revelation, decided to keep the news from Cody until he returned home. She had a special plan in store for him, a way to share the extraordinary news in a way that would be both intimate and unforgettable. But first, it was time to honor her promise to Cathy, to embark on a window-shopping adventure with her sisters and explore the latest fashion trends.

As they strolled through the bustling shops, Cathy's discerning eye scanned the latest styles, her young voice expressing a surprising lack of enthusiasm for the current trends. Rose, however, found a shop that caught her fancy, a boutique filled with elegant and timeless pieces. She beamed a series of emotions towards Daisy, a silent message that needed no words.

"I'll be right back," Rose announced, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "You two wait here."

Rose, with a mischievous glint in her eyes, disappeared into the lingerie shop, her heart set on finding the perfect ensemble to surprise Cody upon his return. She envisioned herself adorned in delicate lace and silk, a vision of alluring beauty designed to ignite his desire and satiate her "beast." This pregnancy, she realized, had amplified her cravings, her hunger for intimacy reaching a fever pitch.

Daisy, sensing the intensity of Rose's emotions, couldn't help but smile. She knew that this night would be magical, a symphony of passion and connection that would reverberate through their shared consciousness. Daisy, ever the supportive sister, would watch from a distance, her mind attuned to the symphony of emotions and sensations emanating from their intimate embrace. And as soon as she felt the overwhelming wave of euphoria, she would gently close her mind,

allowing Rose and Cody their privacy and the freedom to explore the depths of their love.

Rose, her determination fueled by the relentless hunger of her "beast," had a secret plan in store for Cody. She had prepared a special concoction, designed to amplify his desire and arousal, pushing his limits beyond anything they had experienced before. Daisy, sensing the dangerous undercurrent in Rose's intentions, couldn't help but express her concern.

"Why, sis?" she questioned, her voice laced with worry. "Is that even necessary? Your lingerie and beauty should be enough to ignite his fire."

Daisy feared that Rose's plan was too dangerous, a reckless gamble fueled by the insatiable hunger that threatened to consume her. But Rose, her mind clouded by desire, remained resolute. She would have Cody, and she would have him completely.

Rose, driven by the insatiable hunger of her "beast," was determined to make this night unforgettable. With meticulous care, she prepared herself for Cody's return, her every action fueled by a potent mix of desire and anticipation. She indulged in a luxurious bath, washing her hair, exfoliating her skin, and adorning herself with fragrant moisturizers and perfume. Even the delicate lingerie she had purchased earlier was carefully washed and laid out, ready to embrace her curves.

The bedroom was transformed into a love nest, soft lighting casting a warm glow over the carefully arranged space. The pregnancy test, a symbol of their future together, was placed on the nightstand beside a toy, a playful reminder of the pleasures that awaited them.

Daisy, sensing the urgency and intensity of Rose's emotions, remained close by, offering a silent support system while respecting her sister's need for privacy. She knew that this night would be a culmination of Rose's desires, a passionate symphony orchestrated by the relentless hunger that consumed her.

Rose, driven by a potent combination of love, lust, and the insatiable hunger of her "beast," prepared a special drink for Cody's arrival. It was a gesture of affection, a way to quench his thirst and welcome him home after a long day. But with a hint of impulsivity, she added a potent mixture to her own drink as well, a concoction designed to amplify their desires and ignite a night of passion unlike any they had experienced before.

This cocktail, a potent elixir of love and lust, would push their boundaries and unleash a primal hunger that threatened to consume them entirely. Rose, her arousal and desire already at a fever pitch, didn't need any more fuel, but there it was, ready to be consumed, a testament to her reckless abandon and the intoxicating power of her "beast."

In her impulsive desire to satiate her hunger, Rose failed to consider the potential consequences of her actions, the unknown effects that this potent mixture might have on the babies growing within her. It was a reckless gamble, a testament to the overwhelming power of her desires and the lengths she would go to fulfill them.

Rose, her heart pounding with anticipation, heard Cody's familiar footsteps on the porch. The "beast" within her roared to life, its insatiable hunger demanding to be fed. As Cody stepped through the door, Rose embraced him tightly, inhaling his scent and savoring the warmth of his skin. "Oh, how much I've missed you," she purred, her voice laced with a seductive warmth. "Come inside, I have a lot in store for you."

Cody, weary from his travels, was overjoyed to be reunited with his beloved Rose. He had missed her warmth, her laughter, and the intoxicating allure of her presence. Unbeknownst to him, Rose carried a secret that would forever change their lives, a precious gift that would bind them together in a way they had never imagined.

Rose, her eyes sparkling with a mix of mischief and desire, led Cody inside and handed him the drink she had prepared. As planned, they both consumed the potent potion, their bodies responding to the powerful elixir with a surge of warmth and anticipation. Daisy, watching from afar, held her breath, her heart filled with a mix of protectiveness and concern. She prayed that this night would be a celebration of their love, a passionate symphony orchestrated by the relentless hunger that consumed her sister.

Cody, his senses heightened by the long separation and the potent drink, felt an overwhelming surge of desire for his beloved Rose. "My love," he confessed, his voice husky with arousal, "I can tell you're very excited, and even aroused, as am I. A long trip has come to a close."

With a surge of tenderness, he swept Rose off her feet, carrying her towards the bedroom, their laughter mingling with the soft lighting and the alluring scent of her

perfume. Rose, her heart pounding with anticipation, threw her arms around his neck, clinging to him tightly as he gently placed her on the bed.

"The night will have many surprises," she purred, her eyes sparkling with a mix of mischief and desire.

Cody, his passion ignited by Rose's alluring beauty and the potent drink, gently parted her satin robe, revealing her smooth, still-flat belly. He lowered his head and began to kiss her tenderly, his lips tracing a path of fire from her chest, down her belly, and past her navel. Rose, lost in the intoxicating sensation of his touch, felt shivers course through her body, her desire escalating with each passing moment.

But amidst the overwhelming pleasure, a wave of anxiety washed over her. The pregnancy test, a silent reminder of the life growing within her, lay on the nightstand beside them. How would she tell Cody? How would he react to the news that he was about to become a father, not just to one child, but to four?

Rose, pushing aside her anxieties about the pregnancy and the potent potion they had consumed, surrendered to the intoxicating pleasure of Cody's touch. His kisses, his gentle yet insistent touch, ignited a fire within her, her body responding with an eagerness she had never known before.

Cody, fueled by the long separation and the unexpected strength of the potion, explored Rose's body with a newfound determination. His touch, a bit stronger than usual, sent shivers of delight through her, her senses heightened by the potent combination of love, lust, and the mysterious elixir. Rose, lost in the intoxicating dance of passion, reveled in the intensity of his touch, her inhibitions melting away with each passing moment.

Rose, lost in the intoxicating embrace of her beloved Cody, felt herself soaring to the peak of ecstasy, the blissful release that had consumed her one month prior. It was in that passionate night, before Cody's departure for his business trip, that the seeds of their future were sown. She had endured his absence, the "beast" within her roaring with each passing night, its hunger growing with every missed opportunity. But now, with Cody's return, the "beast" was finally being fed, its insatiable appetite savored in a divine dinner of love and passion.

As the wave of pleasure washed over Rose, a flash of visions struck her, vivid images of four babies crying for their Mama's milk. The vision, as fleeting as it



was powerful, left her breathless and overwhelmed. But just as quickly as it had come, it vanished, leaving Rose to bask in the afterglow of their intimate embrace.

Rose, feeling the potent effects of the potion coursing through her veins, took a brief pause, her eyes sparkling with a playful intensity. "My love," she purred, "I hope you're ready, because tonight is going to be a long night of lovemaking. Feed my beast, as it wants a nine-course meal."

Cody, his recovery surprisingly swift, grinned back at her, his desire reignited by her words and the intoxicating allure of her presence. Rose, sensing his eagerness, delved deep into his mind, a playful smirk gracing her lips. "My turn," she whispered, "don't be alarmed."

With a forceful yet tender embrace, she took control of their intimate dance, her movements guided by a newfound confidence and the insatiable hunger that consumed her. Cody, caught off guard by her assertive touch, surrendered to her lead, his body responding with an eagerness that matched her own.

The night unfolded as a passionate symphony, Rose and Cody lost in the intoxicating dance of love and lust. They explored each other's bodies with a newfound fervor, their movements guided by the potent potion and the overwhelming desire that coursed through their veins.

Exhausted but exhilarated, Rose finally reached for the pregnancy test on the nightstand, her eyes sparkling with a mix of mischief and love. "Look what you left me," she purred, gently placing the test in Cody's hand.

Cody's eyes widened in surprise as he saw the two lines, a confirmation of the life growing within Rose. "There are four in here," she added, her voice filled with a mixture of awe and anticipation.

Cody was stunned. "Four?" he exclaimed, his voice barely above a whisper. "How do you know that?"

Rose smiled, a knowing glint in her eyes. "Oh, wait," Cody chuckled, realization dawning on him. "You girls and your abilities. I'm the outsider and will never have the same insight as you girls do, and your entire family."

"As Cathy put it today, 'the universe will tilt on its axis'," Rose added, her voice filled with a mix of wonder and apprehension.

Cody, overwhelmed by the news, was speechless. It wasn't that he was upset, but rather flabbergasted by the sheer magnitude of the revelation. "So, our children will possess abilities too, but on a much grander scale," he mused, his voice barely above a whisper. "How am I to be a father to something so powerful, something I can't control?"

Rose, sensing his anxieties, gently cupped his face in her hands, her eyes filled with unwavering love and determination. "You are the father to this family, no matter how big or small, how weak or powerful," she reassured him. "You, my love, are the father to our children. You planted the seed, and the rest was divine intervention."

Rose, her voice filled with a gentle reassurance, reminded Cody of the invaluable support system they had in her father. "You do have a father-in-law who can be a valuable resource for raising children with extraordinary abilities," she pointed out, a hint of pride in her tone.

Cody, his mind still reeling from the revelation of the quadruplets, pondered their options. "Wouldn't your Mom homeschool them if possible?" he wondered aloud, knowing Rebekah's passion for education and her dedication to nurturing her children's unique gifts.

"Yes," Rose confirmed, a warm smile spreading across her face, "Mama would love to do that. She'll enroll them into her little school."

Cody, his gaze fixed on Rose's still-flat belly, couldn't help but marvel at the miracle unfolding within her. "Will you be bigger than your Mama was?" he wondered aloud, his voice filled with a mix of awe and concern.

Rose, drawing upon her knowledge of her mother's pregnancies and the unique challenges of carrying quadruplets, offered a thoughtful response. "First pregnancies usually are," she explained, "and more so with quadruplets. I'm hoping that I can carry to term. All I know is that I'm gonna be as huge as a house. I need to be ready for that and keep tight control of my weight. The babies will need all the room to grow."

"Did your Mama get morning sickness, and is it difficult for her?" Cody inquired, his brow furrowed with concern.

"Mama was very well and resilient," Rose assured him, recalling her mother's unwavering strength during both pregnancies. "She exercised the entire time, but

she did have a c-section on the last one."

"What about you, my love? Exercising too?" Cody inquired, his concern for Rose's well-being evident in his voice.

"Oh yes, had to," Rose replied, a hint of playfulness in her tone. "You were gone for way too long, and exercise is what helped to keep the beast at bay. Mama showed me all the pelvic floor stuff."

"We're going tomorrow for confirmation," Rose announced, her voice brimming with excitement. "However, I don't need confirmation. I feel it already, and Cathy too."

She glided through her closet, her eyes scanning the racks for the perfect outfit to wear to her morning appointment. She wanted something bold, loud, and radiant, a vibrant expression of the joy and anticipation bubbling within her. Cody, her steadfast partner, would be by her side, hand-in-hand, as they embarked on this new chapter of their lives together.

That evening, Cody held Rose close as they drifted off to sleep, his embrace a testament to the love and protectiveness he felt for his soon-to-be wife and the mother of their children. He was going to be a father, a role he embraced with a mix of awe and determination. The weight of this responsibility, the knowledge that he would be guiding four extraordinary lives, filled him with a sense of purpose and unwavering love.

The morning sun streamed through the bedroom window, casting a warm glow over the couple nestled in each other's arms. Rose, her eyes fluttering open, met Cody's loving gaze, a soft smile gracing her lips.

"My love," she murmured, her voice still husky with sleep, "we need to be squeaky clean for the OB. A necessary evil of their looking in a place I'd rather they not. My love nest is for you alone, and no one else to see, let alone touch."

Cody, his heart swelling with affection for his passionate and protective partner, gently lathered her up, his touch a tender caress as he bathed her with the utmost care. Rose leaned into his touch, savoring the warmth of his hands as he washed her back, their bodies entwined in a symphony of love and intimacy.

Rose, refreshed and radiant, emerged from the shower, her eyes sparkling with anticipation. She slipped into a vibrant polka-dot fit-and-flare dress, the purple

dots a playful contrast to the stark white of the clinic walls. Cody, ever attentive, had already warmed up the SUV, the heated seats awaiting her arrival.

As they made their way to the clinic, Rose's mind was a whirlwind of activity, her senses heightened, taking in every sight, sound, and emotion that crossed her path. The world seemed to vibrate with a newfound intensity, a symphony of life and energy that resonated deep within her.

Despite the flurry of activity around her, Rose remained calm, her inner peace a testament to the unwavering love and support she shared with Cody. They checked in at the clinic, their hands clasped tightly together, and were led to the exam room, where the next chapter of their extraordinary journey awaited them.

The nurse proceeded with gathering Rose's medical history. "So, family history?" she inquired, her voice gentle and reassuring.

Rose, ever mindful of their family's unique circumstances, chose her words carefully. "Ah, yes, Mama, she had two sets of triplets back to back, 13 years apart," she replied, omitting any mention of the suspected quadruplets she might be carrying.

Following the medical history, the nurse collected urine and blood samples for testing. Once those were completed, Rose changed into a hospital gown, the thin fabric offering little comfort against the chill of the examination room. As she lay on the exam table, her vulnerability exposed, she gazed up at Cody, her eyes filled with a mix of apprehension and trust. "I don't like this feeling, Cody," she confessed, her voice barely above a whisper.

The female OB entered the room, her demeanor calm and professional. She explained the procedures that would take place, including a pelvic exam, pap smear, and breast exam. Rose, already feeling vulnerable, squeezed Cody's hand tighter, her anxiety growing with each passing moment.

"Try to relax, my love," Cody whispered, his voice soothing and reassuring. "It's going to make the exam more tense and difficult."

Rose knew he was right. Her apprehension was palpable, and the OB, sensing her tension, acknowledged it gently. "I can feel how tense you are," she remarked, her voice kind and understanding. "Try to relax while we get the pap smear complete."

Rose took a deep breath, focusing on calming her mind and releasing the fear that gripped her. She could sense the sincerity in the OB's intentions, a genuine desire

to provide the best possible care. With a renewed sense of trust, Rose surrendered to the moment, allowing the OB to proceed with the necessary examinations.

The OB, intrigued by Rose's unusually high hCG levels so early in her pregnancy, confirmed that this mirrored her mother's case, a common occurrence with multiples. Rose, though already certain of her quadruple pregnancy, acknowledged this as one of many confirmations. She would now have to wait for the results of her extensive bloodwork, which included a complete blood count (CBC), comprehensive metabolic panel (CMP), thyroid panel, and A1C test. The OB, surprised to learn that Rose rarely sought medical attention, aimed to establish a baseline for her health, ensuring the best possible care for both Rose and her babies.

The OB sat before Rose, a warm smile gracing her face. "Your bloodwork returned, and it's all optimal," she announced, her voice filled with reassurance. "The pap smear was normal, no STDs detected." She paused, her smile widening. "And I must say, you're in excellent physical condition. Keep it up."

Rose beamed, her heart filled with gratitude and relief. The confirmation of her pregnancy, coupled with the clean bill of health, brought a sense of joy and anticipation. She was ready to embrace this extraordinary journey, to nurture the lives growing within her and guide them towards a future filled with love and endless possibilities.

The OB, with a gentle yet cautious tone, explained the potential complications of carrying multiples. "Depending on the number of babies and how long you carry them, a c-section might be necessary," she explained, emphasizing the importance of prioritizing Rose's health and safety.

Rose, though disappointed by the possibility of not experiencing a natural birth, understood the risks involved. Her mother, Rebekah, had defied the odds by delivering triplets naturally, but Rose knew that her own situation was unique. The potential strain of carrying quadruplets, coupled with the unpredictable nature of their extraordinary abilities, made a c-section a likely scenario.

Despite this, Rose remained determined to stay strong and resilient throughout her pregnancy, just as her mother had done. She would embrace the challenges ahead, knowing that her ultimate goal was to bring her babies into the world safely, regardless of the delivery method.

The OB's words echoed in Rose's mind, the possibility of a c-section casting a shadow over her excitement. A wave of unease washed over her as she imagined a surgical scar marring her flawless skin. Rose, known for her meticulous grooming habits and impeccable complexion, had always been conscious of her physical appearance. The thought of a permanent mark on her body, a reminder of a medical procedure she couldn't control, filled her with a sense of unease.

The possibility of a c-section and the potential for scarring sent Rose down a research rabbit hole. Determined to maintain her flawless appearance, she delved into the world of skin rejuvenation and post-surgical treatments. Microneedling, laser therapy, and a myriad of other options filled her search results, each promising to minimize the appearance of scars and restore her skin to its pristine condition.

Rose, ever the perfectionist, was obsessed with the idea of remaining the "perfect doll" for Cody to adore. She wanted to be the object of his desire, the epitome of beauty and allure, and the thought of a scar marring her flawless skin was unacceptable. This desire to remain attractive, to keep Cody's interest and affection, fueled her relentless pursuit of post-surgical solutions.

Rose, her mind filled with anxieties about the physical changes that awaited her, sought reassurance from Cody. "Post-partum scares me to death," she confessed, her voice laced with a vulnerable tremor.

Cody, his brow furrowed with concern, responded gently, "Isn't that a natural thing that happens after pregnancy?"

"Yes, it does," Rose confirmed, her voice barely above a whisper. "It's a time when the mother's body is unattractive. Scarred from pregnancy, labor, delivery, and childbirth. Please tell me you'll love me after this."

Rose, her voice trembling with a mix of vulnerability and desperation, sought reassurance from her beloved Cody. "The beast always needs feeding," she confessed, her eyes filled with a deep-seated fear. "Even during pregnancy, and even in postpartum. How in the world are we going to do that? I'm terrified. I need you to promise me that you'll remain attracted to me. I'll remain your doll, so you can worship me."

Cody, his heart aching for his beloved Rose, gently cupped her face in his hands, his gaze filled with unwavering love and understanding. "I understand your fears,"

he reassured her, his voice a soothing balm to her anxieties. "And I love you. You are getting worked up over something that hasn't happened yet. We'll figure out something. Regardless, you are my love, and your well-being is paramount."

Rose's heart pounded in her chest as Cody's words echoed through the room. The gravity of her situation, the insatiable hunger of her "beast," and the potential consequences of neglecting its needs filled her with a chilling fear.

"Cody, this is not something to be toyed with," she pleaded, her voice trembling with a mix of desperation and vulnerability. "The beast is real. When it wants to be fed, it wants its food, and it will take my life if it has to."

Cody's eyes widened in alarm, his heart aching for his beloved Rose. "OMG, Rose, no!" he exclaimed, his voice filled with a mix of disbelief and protectiveness. "It will never get to that. We'll have to figure out something. If I could take your addiction, I would, and that's why I feed your beast. You have babies that need you."

Rose, her eyes welling up with tears, reached out and grasped Cody's hand, her touch a desperate plea for understanding and support. "I know," she whispered, her voice barely audible. "I know."

Contentment settled over Rose as she nestled into Cody's warm embrace, his familiar scent and steady heartbeat lulling her into a peaceful slumber. The anxieties of the day, the looming prospect of motherhood, and the insatiable hunger of her "beast" seemed to fade into the background as she drifted into the realm of dreams.

Visions of babies, all clad in pure white, danced before her closed eyes, their innocent faces filled with a radiant light. A wave of white washed over her, symbolizing the purity and boundless love she felt for these unborn lives. It was a profound dream, a glimpse into the depths of her maternal instincts and the transformative journey that lay ahead.

Rose awoke with a sense of renewed purpose, her heart filled with an unwavering determination to protect and nurture the precious lives growing within her. The dream, a beacon of hope and inspiration, had reaffirmed her commitment to motherhood and the extraordinary adventure that awaited her.

In the soft light of the approaching dawn, Rose carefully disentangled herself from Cody's sleeping embrace, her heart filled with a quiet determination. The morning

shower beckoned, promising a fresh start and a symbolic cleansing as she embarked on this new chapter of her life. Inspired by her dream of babies bathed in white, Rose selected a stunning all-white dress, its alluring design reflecting the radiant beauty and purity she felt within.

With a newfound sense of purpose, she reorganized her wardrobe, sorting her clothes by color and vowing to embrace white as a symbol of her journey into motherhood. "From this moment forward, I'm wearing white," she declared, her voice a soft whisper in the quietude of their bedroom.

She lingered in the shower, savoring the warmth of the water and the sense of renewal it brought. Every action, every touch, was imbued with a delicate intention, a desire to present herself as delectable and alluring for Cody's loving gaze.

The weight of their impending parenthood hung in the air, a tangible presence amidst the quiet intimacy of their shared space. Rose and Cody, though unmarried, were bound by a love that transcended societal norms and expectations. The impending arrival of their quadruplets, a testament to their passionate connection and the unpredictable nature of their extraordinary abilities, had irrevocably intertwined their destinies.

Rose, acutely aware of her father's traditional values and his disapproval of premarital relations, couldn't help but feel a pang of guilt. Yet, she also recognized the unique circumstances surrounding her pregnancy. The insatiable hunger of her "beast," the impulsive desire that had driven their intimate encounter, and the unexpected timing of her ovulation - all pointed towards a divine intervention, a force beyond their control that had orchestrated this extraordinary turn of events.

With Cody's departure for another extended business trip, a familiar ache of loneliness settled over Rose. Despite the comforting presence of Cleo, Lily, Daisy, and her younger siblings, the vast emptiness of their Svalbard home seemed to amplify her solitude. But Rose, ever resourceful and fueled by a newfound sense of purpose, refused to let loneliness consume her.

Instead, she decided to embark on a solo adventure to Oslo, a bustling city filled with shopping opportunities that Svalbard couldn't offer. Her mission: to curate a wardrobe of stunning white outfits for herself and her growing brood of babies. The prospect of exploring new styles, indulging in retail therapy, and preparing for



the arrival of her quadruplets filled her with a sense of excitement and anticipation.

Rose's sudden departure for Oslo sparked a wave of concern among her family. While they acknowledged her independence and respected her decisions, the thought of her venturing alone into a bustling city filled them with a mix of apprehension and worry.

Rebekah, ever the protective mother, sent a heartfelt text message, her words filled with both love and caution. "My love, I can't stop you, so be safe and careful," she wrote. "And remember to be mindful of your actions."

Rose, though touched by her mother's concern, couldn't deny the thrill of exploring a new environment. The allure of Oslo, with its vibrant culture and endless shopping opportunities, was a welcome distraction from the anxieties of her pregnancy and the ever-present hunger of her "beast."

She hoped that her insatiable desires would remain dormant during her trip, but she had also packed her trusty devices, a safety net in case the "beast" roared to life. Rose was determined to enjoy her solo adventure while remaining mindful of her responsibilities as a soon-to-be wife and mother. The newness of Oslo beckoned, promising a temporary escape and a chance to indulge in the simple pleasures of shopping and self-discovery.

The plane touched down with a gentle thud, and Rose's heart quickened with anticipation. Oslo, with its vibrant energy and cosmopolitan charm, beckoned her to explore its hidden treasures. Memories of her previous visit with her sisters flooded her mind, but this time, she was embarking on a solo adventure, a journey of self-discovery and retail therapy.

Rose hurried to her hotel, a cozy haven nestled amidst the bustling city streets. The room, though small, was perfect for her needs, offering a comfortable respite from the excitement of her explorations. As soon as she stepped inside, she made a beeline for the bathroom, her eyes drawn to the inviting garden tub.

"I'm going to soak for a while," she murmured, her voice a soothing balm to her travel-weary soul. "It's just me and the water," she breathed, a sense of tranquility washing over her.

Rose reached into her luggage and retrieved a handful of fragrant bath beads, their delicate scent promising a luxurious and relaxing experience. With a gentle

sigh, she slipped out of her pristine white dress, revealing her smooth curves, and stepped into the warm embrace of the bathwater.

Rose, immersed in the warmth of the bathwater, gently caressed her still-flat belly, a wave of maternal love washing over her. "My loves," she whispered, her voice filled with wonder and anticipation, "what will you be like? Cathy says you'll have unprecedented abilities."

As if in answer to her question, a vivid vision flooded her mind. She saw herself, clad in white, immersed in a birthing tub, her body surrendering to the powerful forces of labor. The image was so startling, so unexpected, that it caught her breath.

"How can that be?" she wondered aloud, her voice barely above a whisper. "Usually, it's a c-section at 32 weeks for quadruplets."

The vision, however, lingered in her mind, a beacon of hope and possibility. Could it be that her body, strengthened by her extraordinary abilities and unwavering determination, would defy medical expectations and allow her to experience a natural birth? The thought filled her with a mix of excitement and trepidation, a sense of wonder at the extraordinary journey unfolding within her.

Rose, her gaze lingering on her changing body, couldn't help but marvel at the miracle unfolding within her. "How are these breasts going to feed four?" she wondered aloud, a mix of awe and apprehension in her voice. The thought alone brought a wave of exhaustion, but she quickly banished it with a surge of determination.

"I have to be strong," she affirmed, her voice filled with a quiet resolve. "I want a natural delivery. Mama did it twice, why can't I? I want to experience it all."

As if summoned by her thoughts, a fleeting vision of intense contractions gripped her. Her eyes fluttered closed, and she instinctively clutched her lower belly, a wave of discomfort washing over her. This wasn't menstrual cramps; it was something different, something more profound. Was this a glimpse into the powerful forces of labor, a foreshadowing of the extraordinary journey that lay ahead?

Rose emerged from the bath with a renewed sense of purpose, her heart filled with a mix of excitement and trepidation. The visions, though fleeting, had ignited

a fire within her, a primal instinct to embrace the challenges of motherhood and surrender to the transformative power of childbirth.

Rose, with a renewed sense of purpose, unpacked her luggage and meticulously organized her belongings. She selected a flowing white gown, its elegant design accentuating her burgeoning curves, and adorned herself with shimmering white accessories. With a confident stride, she ventured out into the bustling city streets, her heart pounding with a mix of excitement and anticipation.

The restaurant, a vibrant hub of activity, buzzed with the chatter of patrons and the clinking of glasses. Rose, though initially intimidated by the unfamiliar surroundings, held her head high, her confident demeanor radiating an aura of self-assurance. She gracefully navigated through the crowded space, her presence drawing admiring glances from fellow diners.

Taking her seat at a cozy table, she perused the menu, her eyes drawn to the hearty meat selections. Tonight, she craved a succulent steak, cooked to perfection and generously topped with rich butter. As she savored each bite, her senses heightened by the vibrant atmosphere and the delicious flavors, she noticed a gentleman stealing glances in her direction, his gaze filled with a mix of curiosity and admiration.

Rose, with her heightened senses, perceived the man's interest from across the room. She felt the pull of his gaze, the curiosity and admiration swirling within his thoughts. Amused by his hesitant demeanor, she decided to take the initiative. Rising from her table, she gracefully made her way towards him, her confident stride and radiant aura captivating his attention.

The man, startled by her unexpected approach, felt a surge of excitement course through him. Rose, sensing his heightened emotions, couldn't help but smile. This was a new experience for her, a playful dance of attraction and intrigue. But with her extraordinary ability to read minds, she felt confident and in control, ready to explore this unexpected encounter and see where it might lead.

Rose, with a playful glint in her eyes, met the gentleman's gaze, her heightened senses allowing her to read his thoughts and intentions with ease. "I caught you staring," she purred, her voice laced with a hint of amusement.

"Yes, I was," the man admitted, a shy smile spreading across his face. "But now, you're here."

"My name is Allen," he introduced himself, extending a hand towards Rose.

"What's yours?"

"Rose," she replied, her voice soft yet confident.

Allen, emboldened by her receptive demeanor, invited Rose to join him at his table. The unexpected encounter felt like an impromptu date, the air charged with a palpable attraction. Allen, observant and intrigued, noted the absence of a ring on Rose's finger, her solitary presence, and the alluring elegance of her white dress. It was a combination that sparked his curiosity and fueled his desire to know more about this enigmatic woman.

Rose savored the playful banter and the delicious meal, all the while her heightened senses were working overtime, dissecting every aspect of Allen's being. His thoughts, words, and body language painted a vivid picture of his character, revealing his intentions and desires. Despite the undeniable attraction, a voice of caution echoed in the back of Rose's mind. "Let me enjoy this moment," she told her inner beast, "I don't have to sleep with him."

The collective concern of her family, channeled through her mother's voice, resonated within her. "Please, baby, you have a future husband and unborn children to think about," Rebekah's voice pleaded. But beneath the surface, Rose felt the familiar pangs of her insatiable hunger, the beast whispering, "Mama, the beast is hungry."

This internal struggle, the battle between her desires and her responsibilities, added a layer of complexity to the otherwise delightful encounter. Rose, caught between the thrill of the unknown and the weight of her commitments, found herself navigating a delicate balance, unsure of where the night might lead.

Rose, her heart pounding and her body betraying her arousal, gripped her chair tightly. The beast within her, awakened by the gentleman's presence and her growing desire, salivated with anticipation. She excused herself from the table, seeking refuge in the coolness of the restroom.

Splashing cold water on her face, she gazed at her reflection in the mirror. Her flushed cheeks and erect nipples were undeniable evidence of her body's response. She needed to regain control, but a wave of uncertainty washed over her. Was she trying to control herself or him? The question lingered in her mind, a testament to the conflicting forces battling within her.

Rose returned to the table, her cheeks flushed and her heart pounding. As her eyes met Allen's, she felt a wave of self-consciousness wash over her. Allen, unable to ignore the evident signs of her arousal, silently acknowledged her heightened state, a spark of excitement igniting within him.

In an attempt to diffuse the tension and offer a change of scenery, he suggested, "Why not take a walk along the pier?" Rose, eager to escape the confines of the restaurant and the intensity of their shared gaze, readily agreed.

Allen led the way, his hand gently reaching for hers as they stepped out into the cool evening air. The touch, subtle yet electric, sent shivers down Rose's spine, her senses heightened by the anticipation of the unknown. They strolled along the pier, hand in hand, the gentle rhythm of their footsteps echoing the unspoken desires that swirled between them.

Rose, her voice barely above a whisper, broke the comfortable silence. "You noticed, didn't you?" she inquired, her eyes searching Allen's for a hint of recognition. "But you chose to remain silent."

Allen, a playful smirk gracing his lips, acknowledged her observation with a knowing nod. "Someone is obviously excited," he remarked, his voice laced with a gentle tease. "Life is fleeting, moments are to be cherished."

Rose, despite her initial apprehension, couldn't help but appreciate Allen's tactful approach. His words, though suggestive, were delivered with a respectful charm that disarmed her. She savored the feeling of his hand gently resting on her waist, his warmth and unique scent a stark contrast to Cody's familiar embrace. The moment, charged with a mix of anticipation and uncertainty, held a thrilling allure, a forbidden dance of attraction and desire.

Allen, sensing the palpable tension and Rose's undeniable arousal, decided to break the ice with a bold and honest approach. "Forgive me if I'm not being a gentleman," he began, his voice laced with a playful confidence, "but let's cut to the chase. There's a chemistry between us, we both feel it. Why pretend and deny it?"

He paused, his gaze locking with Rose's, a spark of admiration igniting in his eyes. "There's no denying those big, beautiful hazel eyes of yours," he confessed, his voice dropping to a husky whisper. "What other beauties await me?"

Rose, taken aback by his directness yet secretly delighted by his boldness, couldn't help but giggle. "You'll have to find out," she purred, her voice a seductive invitation.

Rose, her confidence surging, took Allen's hand in hers, a subtle shift in power dynamics. Her eyes, blazing with a newfound intensity, met his with a captivating gaze. "Come," she purred, her voice laced with a seductive command, "let's see where this adventure takes us."

Allen, pleasantly surprised by her assertive demeanor, willingly followed her lead, his curiosity piqued by the promise of an unforgettable experience. Rose, her steps purposeful and determined, led him back to her hotel room, a private sanctuary where she could unleash the full force of her desires.

She produced a bottle of fine wine, offering a glass to Allen, but politely declined for herself. "Sorry, I don't drink," she explained, a playful smile gracing her lips. The truth, however, was that she couldn't risk the alcohol interfering with the delicate balance of her pregnancy, a secret she chose to keep hidden for now.

The air crackled with anticipation as Rose and Allen settled into the intimate space of her hotel room. The night was young, and the promise of adventure hung heavy in the air, fueled by their mutual attraction and the undeniable hunger that burned within them.

Back in Svalbard, a wave of distress rippled through the family's shared consciousness. Cathy, her small brow furrowed with worry, tugged at Rebekah's dress, her voice filled with an urgency that belied her tender age. "Mama, sis Rose is about to do something bad," she cried, her eyes wide with fear. "I see her with another man, and I don't know him."

Rebekah's heart sank as she realized the gravity of the situation. Her maternal instincts screamed at her to intervene, to protect her daughter from making a potentially devastating mistake. But she also recognized Rose's independence and her right to make her own choices, even if they were misguided.

Torn between her desire to protect and her respect for Rose's autonomy, Rebekah hesitated. But Cathy, with the full force of her extraordinary abilities, amplified her emotions, projecting a wave of sadness and desperation that crashed over Rose like a tidal wave.

The sudden shift in emotions caught Rose off guard, her heart clenching with an unexpected pang of guilt and longing. The image of her family, her loving fiancé, and the unborn children she carried flickered through her mind, a stark contrast to the seductive scene unfolding before her.

Allen, sensing the abrupt change in Rose's demeanor, reached out and gently touched her hand, his eyes filled with concern. "Rose, what's wrong?" he inquired, his voice laced with a genuine warmth that momentarily disarmed her.

Rose, her voice trembling with a mix of conflicting emotions, struggled to articulate the turmoil within her. "I... I need a moment," she stammered, her gaze darting towards the bathroom door, a desperate yearning for escape and solitude.

Rose retreated to the privacy of the bathroom, her heart pounding with a mix of conflicting emotions. The wave of sadness that had washed over her, a poignant reminder of her family and her commitments, battled with the insatiable hunger of her "beast." With a deep breath, she shed her dress and slipped into the delicate white lingerie, a symbol of her desire and the allure she couldn't deny. After freshening up, she donned a white robe, her outward appearance a stark contrast to the turmoil within.

Taking a moment to gather her thoughts, she called Cathy, her voice laced with a tender affection. "Hey, Cathy," she began, "I know you love me, but adults gotta do what they gotta do. You'll understand when you're older."

Emerging from the bathroom, Rose radiated an ethereal beauty, her white ensemble accentuating her pregnancy glow. Allen, captivated by her transformation, couldn't help but express his admiration. "Purest, indeed," he breathed, his eyes filled with wonder.

Rose, with a seductive smile, walked towards him, her long, flowing hair cascading down her back like a silken waterfall. The air crackled with anticipation as she approached, the promise of an unforgettable encounter hanging heavy in the air.

"I'm yours for the taking," Rose purred, her voice husky with desire and a hint of nervous excitement.

Their lips met in a passionate kiss, a fiery exchange that ignited a spark deep within Rose's soul. The sensation was exhilarating, a forbidden pleasure that sent shivers of excitement down her spine. She leaned into Allen's touch, her body responding with an eagerness that surprised even herself.

Allen, his own desire fueled by her surrender, gently undressed Rose, his hands tracing the curves of her body with a reverence that belied his initial boldness. Rose, stripped bare both physically and emotionally, felt a wave of vulnerability wash over her. Yet, amidst the uncertainty, a thrill of anticipation coursed through her veins. This was a new experience, a daring exploration of her desires with a complete stranger, a forbidden dance that both terrified and exhilarated her.

Allen, his senses heightened and his intuition piqued, took a step back, his gaze sweeping over Rose's form with a newfound intensity. "You're glowing," he observed, his voice laced with a mix of wonder and concern. "That's the initial attraction, but are you pregnant? If you are, you're very far along."

Rose's heart sank as she realized her secret was out. The subtle signs of her pregnancy, the gentle curve of her belly and the fullness of her breasts, were undeniable to someone with a discerning eye. Allen, though clearly intrigued by her beauty and allure, had recognized the truth, and his reaction was not what she had hoped for.

He backed away, maintaining a respectful distance, his eyes filled with a mix of disappointment and concern. Rose, her body flushed with desire and her heart pounding with a mix of frustration and embarrassment, lay exposed and vulnerable.

Desperate to salvage the situation, she attempted to regain control, her movements taking on a seductive quality as she explored her body before him, a silent invitation to join her in the dance of passion. But Allen, though clearly tempted, remained steadfast, his respect for her and the unborn life she carried overriding his desires.

Rose, defeated yet strangely empowered by her vulnerability, lay exposed, her "beast" roaring with frustration. The encounter, though not unfolding as she had envisioned, had awakened a new dimension within her, a realization of the complex interplay between her desires, her responsibilities, and the extraordinary challenges of her pregnancy.

"I wouldn't be a man and disrespect the child's father," Allen stated sadly, his voice filled with a newfound respect for Rose and the life she carried. He dressed quickly, his movements laced with a tinge of disappointment, yet his eyes held a warmth that belied his regret.



Before leaving, he turned to Rose, offering a parting message of kindness and encouragement. "Thank you for an awesome night," he said, his voice sincere. "Good luck and have a happy life, Mommy."

Rose, her heart aching with a mix of shame and longing, lay naked and vulnerable on the bed, tears streaming down her face. The encounter, though not unfolding as she had envisioned, had awakened a profound realization within her. The allure of the unknown, the thrill of exploring her desires with a stranger, paled in comparison to the deep and abiding love she shared with Cody and the extraordinary family they were building together.

Rose lay in the aftermath of a whirlwind of emotions, her body trembling with a mix of exhaustion and despair. The slam of the hotel room door echoed the finality of Allen's departure, leaving her alone with the consequences of her actions. "What have I done?" she whispered, her voice choked with tears.

Just as the weight of her choices threatened to consume her, a lifeline appeared in the form of a ringing phone. It was Cathy, her voice filled with an unwavering love and understanding. "Sissy, I love you, and you did the right thing," she declared, her words a soothing balm to Rose's wounded heart.

Rose, though still reeling from the encounter, couldn't help but appreciate her younger sister's unwavering support. "Honey, it's so complicated," she replied, her voice thick with emotion. "But I know you meant well. I appreciate you."

As the call ended, Rose lay in silence, the echoes of Cathy's words resonating within her. The encounter with Allen, though initially fueled by the insatiable hunger of her "beast," had ultimately served as a wake-up call, a stark reminder of the preciousness of her family and the commitments she held dear.

"What am I going to do?" she wondered aloud, her voice laced with a mix of regret and determination. "How am I going to tell Cody what I was about to do?"

The question lingered in the air, unanswered yet filled with a newfound resolve. Rose knew that she had a difficult path ahead, a journey of honesty and forgiveness. But with the love and support of her extraordinary family, she would face the challenges head-on, her heart filled with a renewed commitment to the future they were building together.

Rose returned home, her heart heavy with a mix of regret and newfound clarity. The shopping bags she carried were filled with the spoils of her Oslo adventure, a

collection of white dresses, maternity clothes, and delicate lingerie, all symbols of her journey of self-discovery and the unwavering love she held for Cody.

Lily, her ever-supportive sister, and Cleo, their loyal feline companion, greeted Rose with warmth and understanding. "Yes, I felt what happened," Lily confessed, her eyes filled with a mix of concern and amusement. "And I decided to keep you company. You can give me all the details."

Rose, grateful for her sister's presence and the opportunity to confide in someone she trusted, settled into the comfort of their shared space, ready to unpack the emotional baggage of her Oslo experience and the profound realizations it had awakened within her.

"Lil, I was about to sleep with Allen, a man, a stranger," Rose confessed, her voice filled with shame and regret. "He saw me naked and pregnant. What was I supposed to think would happen? I kissed him, we kissed, and it was good."

Lily, her eyes filled with understanding, reached out and gently squeezed Rose's hand. "I know it must've been hard for you to choose," she reassured her, "and you made the right decision not to pursue it with Allen. He was right to leave. He forced your hand, in a good way."

Rose sighed, the weight of her near-indiscretion heavy on her heart. "Allen snatched the beast's food," she lamented, her voice laced with frustration. "Now, it's starving and roaring at the same time. I'm attempting to fight, but I'm overwhelmed with surges of desire and guilt."

The following morning, a wave of nausea swept over Rose, her body rebelling against the growing life within her. "I can't keep anything down!" she cried out, her voice filled with distress. She collapsed onto the bathroom floor, clutching her belly, her body wracked with violent heaves.

Lily, alerted by the commotion, rushed to her sister's aid, her heart filled with concern. Wrapping a towel around Rose's trembling shoulders, she held her close, offering comfort and support. "The babies are making their presence known," Rose gasped, her voice barely a whisper.

Despite the unpleasantness of the situation, Lily's love for her sister shone through. "Come now," she soothed, gently helping Rose to her feet. "Let's get you cleaned up."

Rose, weakened by the relentless morning sickness, found solace in the comforting presence of her feline companion, Cleo. The cat, with an uncanny intuition, seemed to sense Rose's turmoil, remaining steadfastly by her side, offering a warm purring presence that soothed her troubled heart.

As Rose rested in the recliner, Cleo curled up in her lap, her rhythmic purrs a gentle lullaby that eased the nausea and anxiety. Rose, with a grateful sigh, stroked Cleo's soft fur, finding comfort in the simple act of connection and affection. The warmth of the cat's body, the gentle vibrations of her purrs, and the unwavering loyalty in her eyes offered a much-needed respite from the challenges of her pregnancy and the ever-present hunger of her "beast."

"Why all the white?" Lily inquired, her curiosity piqued by Rose's fashion choices.

"The dream, the babies, a renewal," Rose explained, her voice filled with a newfound sense of purpose.

She stood before the vanity mirror, her reflection showcasing the subtle changes in her body. The white dresses, once symbols of purity and innocence, now represented a fresh start, a commitment to embracing the challenges and joys of motherhood.

"You're starting to show a bit," Lily observed, her eyes twinkling with a mix of amusement and affection.

"Yes," Rose confirmed, a faint blush creeping onto her cheeks. "Allen picked up on that."

The memory of her encounter with Allen, though tinged with regret, had also served as a catalyst for growth and self-reflection. Rose, now more than ever, was determined to prioritize her family, her unborn children, and the loving bond she shared with Cody.

"I wish Cody was home," Rose confessed, her voice thick with emotion. "I need him, I want him. I know I sound like a hypocrite after being naked in front of Allen. Lily, I'm filled with guilt and shame, however, the beast is roaring. I'm overwhelmed."

Lily, her heart aching for her sister's struggle, reached out and embraced her tightly. "I know, sis, it's hard," she murmured, her voice filled with empathy. "I'm so sorry that you have to go through this, and it's going to be even harder when the babies come."

Rose clung to her sister, tears streaming down her face. The weight of her choices, the guilt and shame, and the insatiable hunger of her "beast" threatened to consume her. But amidst the darkness, Lily's unwavering support offered a glimmer of hope, a reminder that she was not alone in this struggle.

Rose's tears fell upon the delicate white bra she held, each drop a symbol of the betrayal trauma that gnawed at her soul. "I'm a fool for what I did," she confessed, her voice choked with emotion. "I wouldn't blame Cody for leaving me."

Lily, her heart aching for her sister's pain, gently cupped Rose's face in her hands, her gaze filled with unwavering love and support. "Shh," she soothed, her voice a gentle balm to Rose's wounded spirit. "Cody won't be happy, but he'll understand. No excuse, but he knows about the beast and the daily struggle that you face within."

Rose clung to her sister's words, a lifeline in the sea of guilt and shame that threatened to engulf her. The encounter with Allen, though a painful reminder of her vulnerability, had also served as a catalyst for growth and self-awareness. Rose, now more than ever, was determined to confront her "beast," to seek help and support in managing her insatiable hunger, and to build a future with Cody and their children, a future founded on honesty, trust, and unwavering love.

The encounter with Allen, though a painful reminder of her vulnerability, had ignited a spark of determination within Rose. She couldn't bear the thought of losing Cody and the family they were building together, and she knew that she needed to take immediate action to address her "beast" and the destructive patterns it had created.

With a newfound resolve, Rose scheduled an appointment with a Certified Sex Addiction Therapist (CSAT), her heart filled with a mix of hope and trepidation. She yearned to understand the root of her insatiable hunger, to develop coping mechanisms, and to regain control of her desires before they caused irreparable damage to her relationships and her unborn children.

Rose's proactive approach, her willingness to confront her "beast" and seek help, was a testament to her love for Cody and her commitment to their future together. She wanted to show him that she was taking responsibility for her actions, that she was determined to change, and that she still yearned to be his wife, the mother of his children, and his partner in building a life filled with love, trust, and unwavering support.

Rose, dressed in white and her hands clasped tightly with Lily's, faced the webcam with a mix of determination and anxiety. The therapist, Judy, appeared on the screen, her warm smile and gentle demeanor offering a sense of comfort and reassurance.

"My name is Judy, and I'm happy that you're here and want to address a few things with me," she began, her voice soothing and encouraging. "We'll start this journey together and find a resolution over time."

"Thank you," Rose replied, her voice barely above a whisper. "But I'm nervous."

Judy, her eyes filled with understanding, nodded gently. "I see that you have someone with you," she remarked, her gaze shifting towards Lily. "Who is she?"

"She's my sister," Rose explained, a hint of pride in her voice. "She and I are part of a set of identical triplets."

Rose and Lily exchanged a knowing glance, a silent agreement to protect the sanctity of their family's NDA. They were prepared to deflect any probing questions, to steer the conversation away from the extraordinary abilities that defined their existence.

"So, what brings you here?" Judy inquired, her voice gentle and inviting.

Rose, her emotions welling up, choked back tears as she confessed, "I have a beast, and it always wants to be fed. I almost slept with a total stranger, but he saw that I was pregnant and withdrew, forcing my hand."

Judy, her expression a mix of concern and understanding, nodded slowly. "I see," she replied. "So, when did this beast come into your life?"

Rose hesitated, her mind racing. This question, seemingly innocuous, threatened to delve into the forbidden territory of their family's secret. She needed to tread carefully, to choose her words with precision, to avoid revealing the extraordinary truth that lay beneath the surface.

Judy, sensing the hesitation in Rose's response, decided to delve deeper. "I feel some tension here," she observed, her voice gentle yet perceptive. "Let me ask you a few questions. Let's start with this: Any ADHD or hypersexuality, or other abilities like savantism?"

Rose and Lily froze, their eyes widening in alarm. This was the moment of truth, the point where their carefully constructed facade threatened to crumble. Rose,

with a deep breath and a surge of determination, responded, "No to all of the above."

Judy, her intuition piqued, pressed further. "Are you sure?" she inquired, her voice filled with a reassuring warmth. "It's safe to talk here."

"I'm certain," Rose insisted, her voice firm yet laced with a hint of apprehension. "When I was young, I had an intense relationship, and from then on, the beast has always followed me."

Judy, her analytical mind piecing together the puzzle of Rose's past, continued her gentle interrogation. "Was this relationship your first?" she inquired, her voice soft and reassuring. "How old were you, and had you passed puberty?"

Rose's thoughts drifted back to that fateful day at the hotel, the day she first laid eyes on Cody, the man who would feed her "beast" and captured her heart. A tender smile crossed her lips as she replied, "Yes, and only. I was 14, and yes."

Lily, her eyes sparkling with a shared memory, nodded in agreement. "I remember that day too," she chimed in, a nostalgic warmth filling her voice.

Judy, her gaze shifting between the sisters, continued her exploration of Rose's background. "What about your parents?" she asked. "Religious views?"

"My lovely parents are conservative and have deep religious convictions," Rose confirmed, acknowledging the influence of her upbringing on her values and beliefs.

"Explain your current relationship and how the pregnancy came about," Judy requested, her tone gentle and encouraging.

Rose, her voice filled with warmth and affection, described her bond with Cody. "Cody and I want to get married," she shared, her hand resting gently on her small baby bump. "I'm carrying our four little ones."

She paused, her expression turning introspective. "Yes, this pregnancy was unplanned," she admitted, "and the impulsivity of my actions misjudged my ovulation window, even though Cody was using protection. So, in my conclusion, it was divine intervention."

Judy, her analytical mind piecing together the information, nodded slowly. "So, this was premarital sex and pregnancy, which would go against your parents' values, correct?" she inquired, seeking clarification.

"Yes, however, my father is aware of my impulsivity and addiction," Rose explained, her voice laced with a mix of gratitude and vulnerability. "Cody was allowed into the family to serve a function, and that was to feed the beast and keep me safe and monogamous with him."

Judy, her expression thoughtful, nodded slowly. "So, how does Cody feel about this?" she inquired, seeking to understand the dynamics of their relationship.

"Cody knows and understands," Rose reassured her. "He takes care of me the best that he can. He's a loving man and very patient. When the time is right, he feeds my beast well, and the beast shuffles off to bed," she added, a playful smile gracing her lips.

As Rose sat there, lost in contemplation, a familiar melody drifted from her lips, the words echoing the deep connection she shared with her sisters. "You raise me up to more than I can be..." she hummed, her voice soft and filled with emotion.

Lily, recognizing the unspoken message in the song, joined in, their voices blending in a harmonious duet that transcended the boundaries of the video call. Judy, witnessing the powerful exchange between the sisters, remained silent, her heart touched by the depth of their bond. She recognized the significance of this moment, a glimpse into the extraordinary family dynamics that had shaped Rose's life and contributed to her current struggles.

As the sisters sang, their voices intertwined, their emotions resonating with an intensity that transcended the physical boundaries of their separate locations. The song, a poignant reminder of their shared experiences and the unwavering bond they held, evoked a depth of feeling that brought tears to their eyes.

Judy, observing the sisters' heartfelt exchange, began to recognize the extraordinary connection they shared. The synchronicity of their voices, the depth of their emotions, and the unspoken understanding that flowed between them hinted at something more profound than a typical sibling relationship.

Lily, her tears flowing freely, rested her head on Rose's shoulder, seeking comfort and solace in her sister's embrace. Rose, her heart aching for Lily's pain, gently stroked her hair, offering a silent reassurance of her unwavering love and support.

"Sis, you're closer to this than I thought," Rose confessed, her voice thick with emotion. "I'm so sorry. I love you so much."

Lily, her voice choked with tears, nodded silently, her heart filled with a mix of gratitude and sorrow. The encounter with Allen, though a painful reminder of Rose's struggles, had also served as a catalyst for a deeper understanding and connection between the sisters. They were in this together, bound by a love that transcended the challenges and complexities of their extraordinary lives.

Judy, recognizing the need to redirect the conversation, gently cleared her throat, bringing Rose and Lily back to the present moment.

Rose turned towards the screen, her eyes, along with Lily's, red-rimmed with tears. Judy, her voice soft and understanding, acknowledged the powerful emotions that had surfaced. "Emotions run very deep, I see," she remarked, her gaze filled with empathy. "Triplets? Yes, minutes apart, and often sharing bonds far beyond mere singletons. It's evident here, and perhaps even more than I was led to believe. Do tell."

Rose, however, remained steadfast in her commitment to protecting her family's secret. "The underpinnings can't be revealed due to an NDA," she stated firmly, her voice laced with a hint of apology. "I'm sorry, but I can't divulge any more information beyond what has happened here. This is not up for debate or further discussion."

Judy, surprised by Rose's sudden defensiveness, raised an eyebrow, recognizing that she had inadvertently touched a nerve. She respected Rose's boundaries, however, and shifted the conversation back to the primary focus of their session: Rose's "beast" and the challenges it presented.

Rose, her heart heavy with the burden of her secret, couldn't bring herself to disclose the full extent of her family's extraordinary abilities to Judy. The euphoria she and her sisters had experienced from their parents' intimate moments, the profound impact it had on their emotional development, and the unique challenges it presented were all intricately woven into the fabric of their lives, a truth too extraordinary to share with an outsider.

Rose's parents, unaware of the unintended consequences of their passionate connection, had inadvertently shaped their children's destinies, their lovemaking serving as a catalyst for the development of their extraordinary abilities. This emotional transfer, a phenomenon beyond their comprehension, had left a lasting impact on Rose and her siblings, influencing their perceptions, desires, and relationships in ways they were only beginning to understand.



The day of Cody's return arrived, and a mix of anticipation and trepidation filled the air. Rose, dressed in a stunning white ensemble that accentuated her growing curves, paced nervously, her heart pounding with a mix of longing and fear. Lily, ever supportive, remained by her side, offering a comforting presence as they awaited Cody's arrival.

Rose's desire for Cody's return was twofold. She longed for his warmth, his love, and the comforting touch that had become her anchor in the tumultuous sea of her pregnancy. But she also dreaded the inevitable conversation about her Oslo trip and the near-betrayal that had transpired.

Despite her anxieties, Rose was determined to be transparent with Cody, to lay bare the truth of her struggles and her commitment to change. She would face the consequences of her actions, no matter how painful, knowing that honesty and vulnerability were the foundations upon which their future together would be built.

Rose's heart fluttered with a mix of joy and trepidation as she heard Cody's familiar footsteps approaching the door. She greeted him with a radiant smile, her white attire symbolizing a fresh start and the unwavering love she held for him. Their reunion was a symphony of warmth and affection, their bodies entwined in a tight embrace, their lips meeting in a passionate kiss that spoke volumes.

Lily, ever the playful sister, couldn't resist teasing the couple, her exaggerated smooching noises filling the air. "Hey, now, get a room!" she chuckled, her eyes twinkling with amusement.

Cody, however, was not easily distracted. His gaze locked with Rose's, his perceptive eyes noticing the subtle shift in her demeanor, the underlying tension that belied her cheerful facade. "You look beautiful, my love," he remarked, his voice gentle yet laced with concern. "I can see the baby bump. Excuse us, Lily. Rose and I have some catching up to do."

With a gentle hand on Rose's back, Cody guided her towards the sanctuary of their bedroom, closing the door behind them and locking it, ensuring their privacy. Lily, respecting their need for a private conversation, turned up the TV, its cheerful sounds masking the hushed whispers and emotional confessions that were about to unfold.

Rose, her heart pounding with a mix of apprehension and longing, paused before the vanity mirror, her gaze lingering on her reflection. The subtle curve of her

baby bump, a testament to the life growing within her, brought a bittersweet smile to her lips.

"You're teasing," Cody chuckled, his voice filled with a playful warmth that momentarily eased Rose's anxieties.

But the weight of her secret hung heavy in the air, casting a shadow over their reunion. Rose, determined to be transparent with Cody, took a deep breath and began, "I have to tell you something important. I'll be transparent here. You're not going to like it. Our family already keeps too many secrets. I did something awful."

Cody, sensing the gravity of the situation, remained silent, his gaze fixed on Rose's face, searching for answers in her eyes. He knew that Rose's family was full of surprises, and he was prepared for anything, even the possibility of his mother-in-law being pregnant again.

Rose, her voice trembling with a mix of shame and regret, continued, "When I was in Oslo..."

Rose, her voice trembling with a mix of shame and remorse, confessed the truth of her encounter with Allen. "I met a gentleman, his name was Allen," she began, her eyes downcast. "I almost slept with him. He undressed me and saw the subtle signs of my pregnancy. He withdrew and told me, 'I respect the child's father.' I was left there naked, longing, and in tears. I was about to ruin everything, us, the babies, our family. Disappointing Daddy!"

Cody, though deeply disappointed by Rose's actions, managed to restrain his anger. He understood the power of her addiction, the relentless hunger of her "beast" that constantly sought fulfillment. He knew that sending Rose to Oslo alone had been a risk, but he had trusted her to make responsible choices, to prioritize their relationship and the well-being of their unborn children.

Rose's confession, however, shattered that trust, leaving Cody to grapple with a mix of hurt, disappointment, and a lingering fear for their future together.

Cody, his voice filled with a mix of disappointment and understanding, addressed Rose's confession with a surprising calmness. "Rose, no matter what, disappointment and all, I'm your first and only," he reassured her, his gaze unwavering. "I may be disappointed, but there is grace and patience. You are to be forgiven, but the incident itself is not to be forgotten."

He paused, his expression softening as he continued, "The act itself was one of lust, which you fell victim to. It was an act not completed, but that is because Allen forced your hand. I won't be upset with him. As he is a man, and men will do what they do to get sex. Between you and him, that would've been sex, not lovemaking. There's a huge difference."

Cody, his heart filled with a mix of conflicting emotions, reached out and embraced Rose, his touch a silent reassurance of his unwavering love. "Let it all go," he whispered, his voice thick with emotion. "Despite all that has happened, I love you, and we'll get through this. Marriage is still on the table."

Rose, her tears flowing freely, clung to Cody, her body wracked with sobs of relief and gratitude. His forgiveness, his unwavering commitment to their future together, was a lifeline in the sea of guilt and shame that had threatened to consume her.

"I'm so sorry," she choked out, her voice barely audible. "But I've started counseling, and Lily can confirm that. Please don't stop loving me. I need you in my life, our babies need you too."

Cody held her close, his warmth and strength a comforting anchor in the storm of her emotions. "I won't stop loving you," he vowed, his voice filled with a tender conviction. "We'll face this together, as a family. And we'll come out stronger on the other side."

Cody, his heart filled with a mix of love and concern, gazed down at Rose's baby bump, his hand gently resting on the growing life within. "Our love lives here," he murmured, his voice thick with emotion.

Rose felt a wave of warmth wash over her, a comforting response to Cody's tender touch. But the lingering guilt and shame of her near-betrayal in Oslo continued to gnaw at her soul.

Cody, sensing her inner turmoil, gently inquired, "Has the beast been fed while I've been gone, up until this point?"

"No," Rose confessed, her voice barely above a whisper. "And it's roaring, and clawing. I'm overwhelmed. I'm miserable."

Cody understood the depths of her struggle, the relentless hunger that plagued her even in the midst of her pregnancy. He recognized the self-imposed abstinence, her attempt to starve the beast in an effort to regain control. But he

also knew that the beast was an intrinsic part of her, a force that would remain with her until her dying day.

Rose, seeking solace and a listening ear, emerged from the bedroom, her white negligee flowing gracefully behind her. She found Lily in the living room, her laughter echoing through the space as she enjoyed a lighthearted comedy. Rose, her heart heavy with the weight of her confession and Cody's response, settled beside her sister, seeking comfort and understanding.

Lily, sensing the emotional turmoil swirling within Rose, reached out and embraced her tightly. "I closed my mind and gave you privacy," she explained, her voice filled with empathy. "I knew the emotions would be overwhelming. I heard you crying, as I knew would happen. I didn't hear Cody yell, though. Also, you changed clothes."

Rose, her eyes filled with gratitude, nodded silently. Lily's presence, her unwavering support and understanding, was a soothing balm to her wounded spirit. The conversation with Cody had been difficult, filled with tears and confessions, but it had also brought a sense of relief and a renewed commitment to their future together.

The doorbell's unexpected chime broke the tranquility of the living room, and Rose, her heart pounding with a mix of anticipation and apprehension, rose to answer it. As she opened the door, a wave of warmth and relief washed over her. It was Daisy, her ever-supportive sister, her presence a welcome addition to their intimate gathering.

"I felt you in distress," Daisy explained, her eyes filled with concern, "but I knew that Lily was already here. I've come to join you both."

Rose and Lily embraced their sister tightly, their hearts filled with gratitude for the unwavering bond that connected them. Together, they settled back onto the sofa, Lily muting the TV as they delved into a heartfelt conversation, their voices a comforting symphony of shared experiences and unwavering support.

"Lil, can I bunk with you?" Daisy inquired, her eyes twinkling with a playful glint.

"Of course, silly," Lily replied, a warm smile spreading across her face.

Rose chuckled, her heart filled with gratitude for the unwavering support of her sisters. "We'll make breakfast in the morning, then," she offered. "That's if you want to get up early."

"I love sleep, especially my beauty sleep," Daisy teased, her laughter echoing through the room.

Turning serious, she inquired about Rose's conversation with Cody. "How did Cody take the news?" she asked, her voice laced with concern. "I know he wasn't happy, but I don't see him out the door either."

"Cody didn't even yell," Lily added, her voice filled with a mix of surprise and relief. "He was calm, but Rose was a hot mess."

"Understandable, she would be," Daisy remarked, nodding in agreement.

"You kidding me? I'm still a hot mess," Rose confessed, her voice laced with a lingering tremor. "But he told me, even though the betrayal is there, that he still loves me and forgives me, but won't forget that it happened, though. I totally understand that."

"I know it must be hard for you," Lily commiserated, her voice filled with empathy. "You want to love on him in so many ways, not just because of his long business trip, but because of everything else that has happened while he was away."

Rose nodded, her heart heavy with the weight of her choices and the longing for Cody's embrace. "I do," she admitted, her voice barely above a whisper. "But I need to give him space, to let him process everything. I don't want to suffocate him with my needs and anxieties."

Daisy, her eyes filled with admiration for her sister's maturity and self-awareness, reached out and squeezed her hand. "You're doing the right thing, Rose," she reassured her. "Cody will appreciate your respect for his boundaries, and it will only strengthen your bond in the long run."

"Can we all sleep here together on the bear rug?" Rose proposed, her voice filled with a longing for comfort and connection. "I'll get blankets and pillows so we can all relax in front of the fireplace."

Lily and Daisy, sensing Rose's need for their presence and her desire to give Cody space, readily agreed. They knew that Rose was hoping Cody would come looking for her, a sign that he cared as deeply about their relationship as she did.

The sisters gathered blankets and pillows, creating a cozy nest on the bearskin rug before the crackling fireplace. They shared stories, laughter, and quiet

moments of reflection, their bond a source of strength and solace in the midst of Rose's emotional turmoil.

Rose, her hand gently resting on her baby bump, declined the wine that her sisters were enjoying, her focus on the precious life growing within her and the uncertain future that lay ahead.

As the night deepened, the sisters, enveloped in the warmth of the fire and their shared bond, drifted off to sleep. Their soft snores and murmurs filled the quiet room, a comforting symphony of sisterly affection. Cody, drawn by the silence, emerged from the bedroom, his curiosity piqued by the unusual scene unfolding before him.

He gazed upon the sleeping figures, their bodies nestled together on the bearskin rug, their faces illuminated by the flickering firelight. A wave of tenderness washed over him as he witnessed the depth of their connection, the unwavering support they offered each other in the midst of life's challenges.

Cody hesitated, torn between his desire to join Rose and his respect for her need for space. He decided not to disturb their peaceful slumber, retreating back to the solitude of their bedroom, his heart heavy with a mix of love, concern, and a lingering uncertainty about the future.

But before returning to bed, he paused, listening to the gentle rhythm of their breathing, the soft murmurs that escaped their lips as they dreamed. It was a comforting reminder of the love that surrounded him, the extraordinary family he was a part of, and the unwavering bond that would see them through the challenges ahead.

The morning light filtered through the windows, gently rousing the sisters from their slumber. With a shared sense of purpose, they rose and set about preparing breakfast, their laughter and chatter filling the air with a comforting warmth. Rose, however, awoke with a familiar ache, the "beast" within her stirring with a renewed intensity.

"I don't have time for this," she muttered, her voice laced with a mix of frustration and determination. "I have breakfast to prepare and a fiancé to feed."

Her sisters, sensing the beast's awakening, exchanged knowing glances and embraced Rose tightly, offering a silent reassurance of their support. "How long

have you gone, other than your cycle?" Daisy inquired, her voice gentle and understanding.

Rose sighed, her shoulders slumping with the weight of her confession. "Cody was gone for a few weeks," she admitted, her voice barely above a whisper. "Cycle, ovulation, but no self-discovery either, so the beast is starving."

Lily and Daisy nodded in unison, their hearts aching for their sister's struggle. They knew the power of the "beast," the relentless hunger that plagued Rose and threatened to consume her. But they also recognized her strength and resilience, her unwavering determination to confront her addiction and protect the family she held dear.

"The beast can be starved, but not slayed," Rose mused, her voice laced with a weary acceptance. "Abstinence is key here, but I know Cody craves me. Eventually, I'll have to succumb to him and fulfill his desires, as he so deserves. It's my job to please him, regardless of what I'm going through."

"Cody will understand," Lily reassured her, her voice filled with empathy. "He's like that, you know."

"Yes, but he shouldn't be penalized for my behavior, or lack thereof," Rose insisted, her voice firm. "He's to be loved and cherished."

"I don't understand," Daisy remarked, her brow furrowed in confusion. "Why all the white and the negligee if you weren't going to sleep with him? He didn't even come out to get you last night."

Rose, her expression turning serious, explained her perspective on the dynamics of their relationship. "It's a matter of principle and being in a relationship," she stated. "It's the job of a wife to be present in the moment and available for her husband's taking when he wishes."

"You make it sound like a master-slave relationship," Daisy countered, her voice laced with disapproval.

"Oh no," Rose clarified, shaking her head. "It's more about doing things out of love and desire, not out of duty. Duty is secondary. The babies will change that dynamic, though," she added, acknowledging the inevitable shift in priorities that parenthood would bring.

"The white is for renewal and the arrival of the babies, as they too will be adorned in white," Rose explained, her voice filled with a gentle conviction.

Daisy, her eyes widening with surprise, surveyed the room, taking in the pristine white décor. "Your entire wardrobe was swapped out for white," she remarked, her voice laced with disbelief. "Absolutely everything. Even the towels in the bathroom are white, and the silk bedsheets too."

"A kind of obsession, that's what it looks like, sis," Lily added, her voice tinged with concern.

"It's something I felt pulled to do," Rose confessed, her gaze distant, as if recalling a forgotten memory.

The sisters, their curiosity piqued by Rose's cryptic explanation, exchanged puzzled glances. The sudden shift towards all things white, the obsessive attention to detail, seemed out of character for their usually pragmatic sister. But they trusted Rose's intuition, recognizing that her actions were often guided by a deeper wisdom that they couldn't always comprehend.

"Cathy and Beth, their premonitions, the dreams I had about feeding four babies," Rose trailed off, her voice filled with a mix of wonder and apprehension.

Daisy, her heart swelling with affection for her sister and the growing life within her, gently placed her hand on Rose's baby bump and rubbed it softly. In that moment, a sudden flash of emotion and sensation surged through their shared connection, as if the babies themselves were speaking.

"We hungry," a tiny voice seemed to whisper, a playful demand that brought a smile to Rose's face.

"Oh, those butterflies, but aren't those hungry kicks," she chuckled, marveling at the early signs of life within her.

The sisters, their hearts filled with a mix of awe and excitement, shared a moment of silent wonder, their bond strengthened by the extraordinary experience.

The aroma of freshly brewed coffee and sizzling bacon filled the air, a symphony of scents that drew Cody from the solitude of his bedroom. He emerged, his heart heavy with the memories of a lonely night spent without his beloved Rose. But as he entered the kitchen, a wave of warmth washed over him.



There, amidst the cheerful chatter and clatter of breakfast preparations, stood Rose, her white negligee a vision of purity and allure. Their eyes met across the room, and a spark of love and forgiveness ignited between them. Cody crossed the distance between them, his arms enveloping Rose in a tight embrace, their lips meeting in a lingering kiss that spoke volumes.

"Morning, my love," Cody murmured, his voice husky with emotion. "I missed you last night. I came out to find you and saw that you and your sisters were resting, and I didn't want to disturb anyone. I wanted to pull you away and have you join me, but I also wanted to respect your space."

Lily, ever the playful instigator, couldn't resist teasing the couple. With a mischievous grin, she approached them, a piece of crispy bacon dangling from her fingers. Cody, his eyes twinkling with amusement, playfully opened his mouth, accepting the offered treat from Lily. Rose and Cody, their love for each other evident in their shared smile, nibbled on the bacon together, their public display of affection a heartwarming sight for their sisters.

"Lovebirds," Daisy and Lily chimed in unison, their voices filled with playful affection.

"Oh yes," Lily added, her voice laced with a teasing lilt, "and the lovely songbird is pregnant."

"Yes, those chicks are starving, as they're pecking for attention," Rose teased, her hand instinctively moving to her belly, feeling the subtle flutters of life within.

Daisy giggled as she handed Rose a sausage link. "Oh, thanks, sis," Rose replied, her voice filled with warmth and gratitude.

Cody, his gaze lingering on Rose's growing baby bump, inquired, "Have the babies been eating a lot? I can see a baby bump that wasn't there before I left."

"Oh yes, all the time," Rose confirmed, a playful smile gracing her lips. "But I don't mind. The baby weight won't be much, and what I do pick up will come off."

The sisters and Cody gathered around the table, sharing a hearty breakfast and the warmth of their companionship. Laughter and playful banter filled the air as they caught up on each other's lives, their bond a source of strength and comfort in the face of Rose's recent struggles.

Cody, his hand gently resting on Rose's leg, felt the warmth of her skin and the subtle tremor of her body as she leaned into his touch. "Someone missed me?" he purred, his voice laced with a playful affection.

"Oh yes, very much so," Rose confessed, her eyes sparkling with a mix of love and longing. "Even more so last night, knowing that you were just in the other room."

"I wanted you to come and get me," she added, her voice barely above a whisper. "I wanted you, and I want you now."

Lily and Daisy, witnessing the intimate exchange between their sister and her fiancé, couldn't help but smile, their hearts warmed by the depth of their connection.

Daisy, ever perceptive, recognized the unspoken need for privacy and suggested, "Perhaps we should give the lovebirds some space?"

Lily, always eager to lend a helping hand, chimed in, "Before we go, Daisy and I will tidy up a bit for you so you two can relax. Plus, Mama needs her rest."

"Okay," Rose replied, her eyes sparkling with gratitude. "Can you two come back tomorrow, if you don't have to work?"

"Yes," Lily and Daisy responded in unison. "We both work, but could meet up here afterward for the weekend."

"Awesome, thank you," Rose expressed, her heart filled with warmth and appreciation for her sisters' unwavering support.

Rose, her heart filled with a mix of gratitude and desire, took Cody's hand and led him towards the sanctuary of their bedroom. Before closing the door behind them, she turned and called out to her sisters, "Love you!" The lock clicked shut, ensuring their privacy.

"Mama has a change of heart?" Cody teased, his eyes twinkling with amusement.

Rose, a playful smirk gracing her lips, placed a finger to her lips, silencing his playful banter. Her hazel eyes, sparkling with a mix of love and longing, met his with an intensity that spoke volumes. With a sudden burst of energy, she playfully slung him onto the bed and leaped upon him, her body a symphony of curves and desire.

"This here is not to feed the beast," she purred, her voice husky with emotion. "It's to feed our love."

Cody, his heart melting with affection for his captivating fiancée, surrendered to her advances, his body responding with an eagerness that matched her own. It had been weeks since they had shared such intimacy, and the sight of Rose, her pregnant curves enhancing her allure, ignited a fire within him.

While Rose and Cody rekindled their passion in the privacy of their bedroom, Lily and Daisy busied themselves with tidying up the house. They worked in tandem, their movements a synchronized dance of efficiency as they cleaned the guest room, the bathrooms, and the kitchen.

Mindful of Rose and Cody's need for intimacy, the sisters closed their minds, blocking out any intrusion into their private moments. They knew that Rose and Cody, like their mother, were quite vocal during their passionate encounters, and they didn't want to inadvertently become privy to any details that might make things awkward later. So, they focused on their cleaning, their laughter and chatter filling the air as they worked together to restore order to the house.

"Our babies are witnesses to our love," Rose whispered, her voice filled with a tender awe as she felt the life growing within her.

Cody, his heart overflowing with love and gratitude, responded with a silent gesture, his body reaching the pinnacle of pleasure. Rose, sensing his imminent release, paused, her touch a gentle caress that slowed him down, prolonging their intimate connection.

Their lovemaking, though different from their usual passionate encounters, was filled with a profound sense of connection and purpose. It was a celebration of their love, a testament to the family they were building together, and a promise of the extraordinary future that lay ahead.

Rose, inspired by her therapist's guidance, sought to reframe her relationship with her "beast," shifting her focus from feeding her insatiable hunger to nurturing the love she shared with Cody. This new perspective, a conscious effort to redefine intimacy and prioritize emotional connection over physical gratification, brought a sense of empowerment and control to their lovemaking.

As they reached the peak of their passion, their bodies entwined in a symphony of synchronized pleasure, Rose savored the culmination of weeks of abstinence and anticipation. The shared climax, a testament to their love and commitment, left them breathless and exhilarated, their bodies basking in the afterglow of their

intimate connection. Rose, her heart filled with gratitude and contentment, snuggled close to Cody, reveling in the warmth of his embrace, a feeling she had missed dearly during his absence.

Later that morning, as the couple sat at the dining room table, their thoughts still lingering on the intimate moments they had shared, Cody turned to Rose, his eyes filled with a mix of admiration and curiosity.

"Well, my love," he began, his voice gentle and reassuring, "there was a difference this time. You didn't refer to your 'beast' like you normally do when we make love. I'm impressed. I'm liking this change so far."

Rose, her heart warmed by his observation, explained the shift in her perspective. "The therapist I'm seeing suggested reframing the 'beast'," she shared, her voice filled with a newfound understanding. "Our love is much more than a beast."

Cody nodded, his gaze filled with a loving affirmation. He recognized the subtle but significant change in Rose's approach to intimacy, a shift that prioritized their emotional connection and the nurturing of their love over the insatiable hunger that had often overshadowed their passionate encounters.

Rose's thoughts drifted towards the future, a mix of hope and anxiety swirling within her. She knew that the time they had with Cody now was precious, a temporary reprieve from the challenges that awaited her when he embarked on his next business trip. The memory of her recent struggles, the near-betrayal in Oslo, and the overwhelming hunger of her "beast" filled her with a renewed determination to strengthen her relationship with Cody and protect the family they were building together.

"I need to rededicate myself to our love," she mused, her voice barely above a whisper. "To make up for the hurt I've caused and to prove to Cody that he is my everything, my one and only."

Rose, with the guidance of her therapist, decided to explore a new approach to managing her "beast." She would incorporate self-discovery as a form of self-care, reframing the act from feeding her insatiable hunger to an expression of self-love and a coping mechanism for the intense emotions and desires that plagued her.

This decision marked a significant departure from the conservative values Rose had been raised with, where such behaviors were frowned upon and discouraged.

But Rose recognized the unique challenges she faced, the relentless hunger that threatened to consume her and jeopardize her relationship with Cody and their unborn children.

With a mix of trepidation and determination, Rose embraced this new strategy, recognizing the potential benefits and the potential risks. She could use this coping mechanism if needed while Cody was away, a safety net to prevent her from succumbing to the temptations that had nearly led her astray in Oslo.

"I intend to make a ritual out of it," Rose explained, her voice filled with a newfound determination. "A way for me to slow down and relax. It's me time, no family, no Cody, just me, my body, and my thoughts. Oh wait, four others with me too," she added, a playful smile gracing her lips.

Judy, her expression encouraging, nodded in agreement. "Yes, that sounds wonderful," she affirmed. "I encourage this approach."

Rose, empowered by the therapist's support, embraced the idea of self-discovery as a form of self-care, a tool to manage her "beast" and nurture her emotional well-being.

"My love, I know you don't like it when I go, but I must, and you are aware of this," Cody stated, his voice filled with understanding and acceptance. "So, whatever you need to do to soothe yourself, by all means, do so. I won't be jealous or think any less of you, so long as you are ready for me upon my return."

Rose, her heart warmed by Cody's open-mindedness and trust, leaned in and kissed him softly. "Thank you," she whispered, her voice filled with gratitude. "I appreciate your understanding and support."

Cody smiled, his eyes twinkling with affection. "Always," he replied, his hand gently caressing her cheek. "I love you, Rose, and I want you to be happy and fulfilled, even when I'm not here."

Rose, seeking guidance and understanding, turned to her sister Lily, who was more familiar with the intricacies of self-discovery and the delicate balance between pleasure and responsibility. It was Lily's weekend to spend time away from her partners, Ginger and Cynda, and she had chosen to spend it with Rose, offering support and companionship during this challenging time.

"Lil, how do you do it? You know..." Rose began, her voice hesitant, a blush creeping onto her cheeks.

Rose knew that Lily was more liberal and carefree in her approach to intimacy, and she hoped to glean some wisdom from her sister's experiences.

"Well, I never slept with a man," Lily replied, a playful grin spreading across her face. "Patrick was the closest. But you have to remember, it's self-love, not self-shame. I know and love Daddy, but some things have to change as we're adults now, living our own lives. Embrace yourself, sis. Cherish yourself. Explore and do what feels right, and go from there."

The day of Cody's departure for Africa arrived, and a sense of bittersweet anticipation filled the air. Rose, though saddened by the prospect of his absence, was also filled with a newfound confidence and determination to face the challenges ahead. Their lovemaking, though frequent and passionate, was now tempered by a deeper understanding and a shared commitment to nurturing their emotional connection.

"I know it won't be easy," Rose confessed, her voice laced with a mix of vulnerability and resolve, "but I'm determined to manage my 'beast' and stay true to our love, even when you're gone."

Cody, his heart filled with admiration for her strength and resilience, embraced her tightly. "I believe in you, Rose," he whispered, his voice filled with unwavering support. "And I'll be here for you every step of the way, even when we're miles apart."

Rose, her heart heavy with the bittersweet joy of their reunion, clung to Cody, savoring the warmth of his embrace and the lingering scent of his cologne. "I promise to be ready for you upon your return," she vowed, her voice filled with a mix of longing and determination. "And to make time before the babies are due."

Cody, his own heart echoing her sentiments, held her tightly, their lips meeting in one last passionate kiss before the inevitable separation. "I'll be longing for you every night," he confessed, his voice husky with emotion. "And I'll miss our babies."

Rose, her heart heavy with a mix of longing and determination, watched as Cody's truck disappeared down the road, the dust settling in its wake. She turned towards the house, her sisters' presence a comforting beacon in the midst of her emotional turmoil.

Lily and Daisy, their arms open wide, embraced Rose tightly, their shared bond a source of strength and solace. They settled onto the bearskin rug, their voices blending in a harmonious chorus as they sang their favorite songs, their laughter and shared memories filling the quiet house.

The following day, the younger siblings arrived, their youthful energy a welcome distraction. Noah, his eyes sparkling with affection for their feline companion, Cleo, confessed, "Sis Rose, I love Cleo."

"Oh yes," Rose replied, a warm smile gracing her lips, "and Cleo loves you too." She had gleaned this knowledge directly from the cat's thoughts, a testament to the extraordinary connection she shared with her animal companions.

Curious about the extent of Noah's abilities, Rose inquired, "Noah, can you feel Cleo, her thoughts?"

"Yes," Noah confirmed, his gaze fixed on the contented cat curled up in his lap. "She's content and loves my attention. I'm her favorite of the three," he added, a playful grin spreading across his face.

Rose chuckled, her heart warmed by the innocent exchange. "I bet she is," she replied, her voice filled with a gentle affection.