



# It's Time

Cathy, with her extraordinary abilities, had already sensed the presence of the babies in Rose's womb. She had accompanied Rose to the clinic and witnessed the ultrasound, her young eyes widening with wonder as the images flickered across the screen.

"There they are," Rose whispered, her voice filled with a mix of awe and disbelief.

Cathy, her gaze fixed on the screen, nodded slowly. "All four of them," she confirmed, her voice barely above a whisper.

Rose reached out and gently squeezed Cathy's hand, a silent reassurance of her love and protectiveness.

The ultrasound technician, a kind and experienced woman, smiled warmly at the sisters. "Would you like to hear their heartbeats?" she offered.

Rose and Cathy exchanged excited glances, their hearts pounding with anticipation. "Yes, please," Rose replied, her voice filled with a joyful tremor.

The technician adjusted the settings on the ultrasound machine, and a symphony of tiny heartbeats filled the room. Rose and Cathy closed their eyes, savoring the magical sound of life pulsating within Rose's womb.

"They're so strong," Rose whispered, tears of joy glistening in her eyes.

Cathy, her young heart filled with wonder, nodded in agreement. "They're amazing," she breathed.

The technician, touched by the sisters' heartfelt exchange, offered a reassuring smile. "They're perfect," she confirmed.

Rose and Cathy emerged from the clinic, their hands clasped tightly together, their hearts filled with a mix of joy, wonder, and a profound sense of purpose. The ultrasound had been a powerful confirmation of the life growing within Rose, a testament to the extraordinary journey they were embarking on together.

As they made their way home, Rose couldn't help but marvel at the miracle unfolding within her. Four tiny heartbeats, four precious lives, entrusted to her care. The weight of this responsibility was immense, yet Rose embraced it with a newfound determination. She would protect and nurture these babies, guide them through the challenges and joys of life, and help them to harness the extraordinary abilities that coursed through their veins.

Cathy, her young eyes filled with an uncanny wisdom, gazed up at her older sister. "They're going to change the world," she declared, her voice filled with a quiet conviction.

Rose smiled, a tender warmth spreading through her heart. "I believe they will," she agreed, her voice filled with a mix of hope and determination.

Rose, her heart filled with a mix of anticipation and protectiveness, gathered her younger sisters, Beth and Cathy, for a special lesson on the wonders of life and the miracle of childbirth.

"Today," she began, her voice gentle and inviting, "we're going to talk about where babies come from."

Beth and Cathy, their eyes wide with curiosity, snuggled closer to their older sister, eager to learn more about this fascinating topic.

Rose, drawing upon her own experiences and the wisdom passed down from her mother, explained the basics of human reproduction in a way that was both informative and age-appropriate. She spoke of the love between a man and a woman, the special bond that created a new life, and the incredible journey of pregnancy and childbirth.

Cathy, her young mind already attuned to the mysteries of life, listened intently, her eyes sparkling with understanding. "So," she chirped, her voice filled with a mix of wonder and apprehension, "when a man and a woman love each other very much, they create a baby together?"

"Exactly," Rose confirmed, a warm smile spreading across her face. "And that baby grows inside the woman's tummy until it's ready to be born."

Beth, her brow furrowed with concern, reached out and gently touched Rose's baby bump. "But Sis, Rose," she inquired, her voice laced with a tender empathy, "doesn't it hurt when the baby comes out?"

Rose, her heart swelling with affection for her perceptive younger sister, nodded slowly. "Yes, it does hurt," she admitted, her voice gentle and reassuring. "But it's a good kind of hurt, a pain that's filled with love and joy."

Cathy, her eyes wide with wonder, gazed up at her older sister. "So, even though it hurts," she mused, "it's worth it because you get to bring a new life into the world?"

"Exactly," Rose confirmed, her voice filled with a quiet conviction. "It's a miracle, a gift, and a responsibility all rolled into one."

Beth and Cathy, their young hearts filled with a newfound understanding, snuggled closer to their older sister, their bodies a symphony of warmth and affection.

"We can't wait to meet our new nieces and nephews," Beth declared, her voice filled with excitement.

"And we'll help you take care of them," Cathy added, her eyes sparkling with a playful determination.

Rose, her heart overflowing with love and gratitude, embraced her younger sisters tightly. "Thank you," she whispered, her voice thick with emotion. "I know I can count on you."

Rose's heart pounded with a mix of surprise and apprehension as Beth's premonition unfolded before her.

"Yes, 2 boys, 2 girls, identical sets," Beth declared, her young voice filled with an eerie certainty.

Rose froze, her mind reeling from the unexpected revelation. She hadn't wanted to know the genders of her babies beforehand, fearing that it would create labels and expectations that could limit their potential. But Beth, with her extraordinary abilities, had inadvertently lifted the veil, revealing a glimpse of the future that Rose had hoped to keep hidden.

Beth, sensing her sister's unease, lowered her gaze, her cheeks flushing with a mix of guilt and embarrassment. "I'm sorry, Sis, Rose," she murmured, her voice barely above a whisper. "I didn't mean to blurt it out."

Rose, her heart softening with understanding, reached out and gently stroked Beth's hair. "It's okay, little one," she reassured her, her voice gentle and forgiving. "I know you didn't mean any harm."

But Rose also recognized the importance of addressing the situation, of guiding her younger sisters in the responsible use of their extraordinary abilities. She gathered them close, her eyes filled with a mix of seriousness and affection.

"Our abilities are gifts," she began, her voice firm yet gentle, "a legacy passed down from our ancestors. They are a part of who we are, a source of strength and connection."

She paused, her gaze sweeping over their faces, taking in their youthful innocence and the extraordinary potential that lay within them.

"But with these gifts comes a responsibility," she continued, her voice taking on a note of caution. "We must be mindful of how we use our abilities, of the impact our words and actions can have on others."

She explained the importance of respecting others' privacy, of not revealing information that could cause harm or disrupt the natural flow of events. She also emphasized the need for discretion, for keeping their abilities hidden from those who might not understand or appreciate their unique gifts.

But Rose also wanted her sisters to feel empowered, to embrace their abilities and use them for good. "Never be afraid to speak up," she encouraged them, her voice filled with a gentle conviction. "Especially if you sense danger or feel that something important needs to be revealed."

She reminded them of the countless times their abilities had helped them to protect their family, to guide them through challenges, and to make the world a better place.

"We are the guardians of this legacy," she declared, her eyes sparkling with a mix of pride and determination. "And together, we will use our gifts to create a brighter future for ourselves and for generations to come."

Cathy's words hung in the air, a stark reminder of the unique circumstances that shaped their lives. "We are alone here in Svalbard because of what we know, and how we know," she reiterated, her young voice filled with a quiet understanding.

Rose nodded, her gaze distant as she reflected on the sacrifices their father had made to protect their family. "Yes, and it will remain so," she affirmed, her voice firm yet gentle. "For our protection and the protection of the babies too. Our father went to great lengths to shield us from the prying eyes of the world."

Beth, her brow furrowed with concern, added, "That's why our community is so small. Not too many people would notice us here, tucked away in this remote corner of the world."

Rose, her hand instinctively resting on her growing baby bump, gazed out the window at the vast expanse of snow-covered wilderness that surrounded their home. "Yes," she mused, her voice filled with a mix of acceptance and determination, "your nieces and nephews will also live here and spend their lives here, just as we have. It's the only way to ensure their safety and protect the legacy of our abilities."

A wave of sadness washed over Rose as she contemplated the isolation and sacrifices that came with their extraordinary gifts. But she also recognized the profound beauty and strength that lay within their family's unique bond. They were the guardians of a legacy that stretched back generations, a legacy of extraordinary abilities and unwavering love. And they would continue to protect that legacy, to nurture it, and to pass it on to their children, just as their parents had done for them.

A few days later, Noah joined his sisters at Rose's house, a place he always loved to visit. He enjoyed interacting with Cleo, the Persian cat, and spending time with his older sisters, Rose and Lily. But today was different; Noah had something important to share.

"Sis, Rose," Noah began, his young voice hesitant, "there's something I know, but I don't know how to say it."

Rose, ever attuned to her siblings' emotions, encouraged him gently, "Don't be scared or ashamed, Noah. Just try to describe it."

Noah, taking a deep breath, recounted a vivid dream he had experienced. "It was like a dream," he explained, his eyes wide with wonder, "Mama was pregnant, but for the very last time. She can't have any more babies because she's too old."

Rose was taken aback. She had assumed her mother was well on her way to menopause, but Noah's premonition suggested otherwise. The thought of her mother carrying another child at her age was both surprising and concerning.

Rose, intrigued and concerned by Noah's revelation, took his tiny hand in hers. "Let's see," she said, her voice gentle yet focused. Closing her eyes, she delved into the depths of Noah's child mind, searching for the source of his dream.

Within moments, she found it - a vivid and detailed vision of their mother, pregnant with a single child, her face radiating a serene joy. Rose emerged from her concentration, her eyes wide with surprise.

"Yes, Mama is pregnant, and with a singleton," she confirmed, her voice filled with wonder. "But Mama doesn't even know yet."

Rose's mind raced with the implications of this revelation. She would soon have four children, and her mother would have one more, bringing the total to seven children and four grandchildren. A wave of warmth and affection washed over her as she imagined their family growing, their extraordinary abilities expanding with each new generation.

But a hint of concern also lingered in her thoughts. Would her other sisters, Lily and Daisy, also have children? Lily seemed content with her carefree life, free from the commitments of a traditional relationship. And Daisy had expressed no interest in romantic relationships or motherhood.

Rose pondered the diverse paths her sisters had chosen, recognizing the beauty and complexity of their individual journeys. She knew that their family's legacy was not just about their extraordinary abilities, but also about the unwavering love and support they shared, regardless of the choices they made.

The next day, Rose, filled with a mix of anticipation and concern, went to visit her mother. As she entered the house, she greeted her with a warm embrace.

"Mama, I've missed you, and I love you," Rose began, her voice filled with affection. "But, sit down. I have something to tell you."

Rebekah and Rose settled onto the sofa, a soft blanket draped over their laps. Rose, taking a deep breath, recounted Noah's dream and the startling revelation it contained.

"Mama, Noah had a dream that you were pregnant with a singleton," Rose explained, her eyes wide with surprise. "I seriously thought you were in menopause by now."

Rebekah, a gentle smile gracing her lips, responded, "My dear, I may be older, but I still have a cycle. However, I do know that I'm coming to the end of my fertile life, which saddens me greatly. But this news brings me great joy."

Overwhelmed with emotion, Rebekah and Rose embraced, their bodies a symphony of warmth and affection. Rose's ever-growing baby bump pressed gently against her mother's still-flat belly, a tangible reminder of the miracle of life and the extraordinary bond they shared. Together, they placed each other's hands on their bellies, a silent affirmation of the life growing within them and the legacy of love that would continue to blossom through their family.

"Until you just told me, I had no idea," Rebekah admitted, her voice filled with a mix of astonishment and delight. "No indication as of yet. As you know, I'm an avid data tracker and knew very early on with you and the girls."

Rebekah rushed to the bathroom medicine cabinet and pulled out a pregnancy test. As she sat on the bidet, waiting for the test to complete, Rose commented, "Mama, you still have tests laying around?"

Rebekah chuckled. "Of course, dear. One can never be too prepared."

Moments later, the two lines appeared on the test, confirming Rebekah's pregnancy. Once again, for a final time, she was blessed with another child.

Overwhelmed with joy, the two women embraced, tears streaming down their faces. The news of Rebekah's pregnancy brought a wave of warmth and excitement to the family, a reminder of the miracle of life and the enduring power of love.

"Thank you, my love," Rebekah said, her eyes sparkling with gratitude. "Your father will be surprised and ecstatic. He gets to cherish the pregnant glow one last

time."

The very next day, Rebekah scheduled lab work to confirm her pregnancy. Having been through this experience before, she opted to have the tests done independently, outside of an OB clinic. A few hours after the blood draw, the results arrived, confirming her pregnancy with a singleton. However, life is full of surprises, and Rebekah knew that anything was possible.

That evening, she shared the joyous news with Daniel, presenting him with the pregnancy test and lab results.

"You're a daddy again and will soon be a grandfather too," she announced, her voice filled with warmth and excitement. "Ah, so close together."

Rebekah, her eyes twinkling with a playful glint, added, "Come and cherish this grandma," she purred.

"The family will be sprinkled in baby powder," Daniel chuckled, his eyes twinkling with amusement.

Rebekah, her hand gently resting on her still-flat belly, smiled. "My love, this will be the last baby for me," she said, her voice filled with a mix of joy and acceptance. "I'm older now and way up there for high risk, even for a singleton."

Daniel, ever the supportive husband, reassured her. "You are still exercising and in relatively good shape," he said, his voice filled with encouragement. "That is going to help you. You've been around the block a few times."

As the family settled down for the night, a sudden wave of distress rippled through their shared consciousness. Beth, the youngest of the siblings, was sobbing uncontrollably.

"No, no, no!" she cried out, her small body trembling with fear.

Daisy rushed to her side, wrapping her in a warm embrace and rocking her gently. "Beth, what's wrong?" she asked, her voice filled with concern.

Beth, her voice choked with tears, struggled to articulate her premonition.

"Premonitions," she gasped, "and no, I can't say. It's bad."

Cathy, sensing the gravity of the situation, joined them, embracing Beth tightly.

"No, don't tell," she urged, her voice firm yet gentle. "She can't. Just be mindful is all we can suggest."



The weight of Beth's unspoken premonition hung heavy in the air, casting a shadow over the family's newfound joy. They knew that Beth's visions were never wrong, and the fact that she couldn't reveal the details only amplified their concern.

Rebekah received a text from Rose, expressing concern about the commotion. "Mama, what is wrong?" it read.

Rebekah quickly reassured her daughter. "Oh, Beth had a disturbing premonition," she texted back. "But we have everything under control here. Good night, love you."

With that, Rebekah and Daisy helped the girls settle down, and everyone returned to bed. They knew that Beth's premonition was something they couldn't control or ignore. A sense of caution lingered in their minds as they drifted off to sleep.

Rose, troubled by Beth's cryptic premonition and her inability to uncover its details, found herself wrestling with a mix of frustration and concern. She had always been able to access her siblings' minds, to share their thoughts and emotions, and to guide them through their extraordinary abilities. But this time was different; she was blocked, prevented from delving into Beth's premonition.

Rose knew of the Temporal Prime Directive, a fundamental law of time and physics that prevented interference with the natural flow of events. She understood that altering the past or future could have catastrophic consequences, and that safety mechanisms were in place to prevent such disruptions.

Despite her extraordinary abilities, Rose couldn't break the laws of time and physics. She couldn't force her way into Beth's mind or uncover the details of her premonition if it was meant to remain hidden. Even her unborn quadruplets, with their potentially even greater abilities, would be bound by the same constraints.

Rose, though frustrated by her limitations, accepted the wisdom of the Temporal Prime Directive. She knew that some things were simply not meant to be known, and that interfering with the natural order of events could have unforeseen and potentially disastrous consequences.

Rose, grappling with the implications of Beth's blocked premonition and her own limitations, sought guidance from her father, Daniel. She shared her concerns about the Temporal Prime Directive, the dangers of interfering with the timeline, and the potential for catastrophic consequences.

"Father," Rose began, her voice filled with a mix of curiosity and apprehension, "I've been thinking about paradoxes, like the butterfly effect and alternate realities. What happens if we use our abilities to change the past or the future? Could we inadvertently create a ripple effect that alters the course of events in unforeseen ways?"

Daniel, his eyes filled with a mix of wisdom and concern, nodded slowly. "Rose," he said, his voice gentle yet firm, "you raise a valid point. With great power comes great responsibility. We have a duty to protect the timeline, to ensure the natural flow of events remains intact."

He explained that their abilities were not meant to be used for personal gain or to manipulate the course of history. They were a gift, a legacy passed down from their ancestors, and they were meant to be used for the greater good, to protect their family and to make the world a better place.

Daniel emphasized the importance of respecting the delicate balance of time and the interconnectedness of all things. He reminded Rose of the Temporal Prime Directive, the fundamental law that prevented interference with the timeline, and the safety mechanisms that were in place to safeguard the natural order of events.

"Rose," Daniel said, his voice filled with a gentle conviction, "we must always be mindful of the consequences of our actions. We must use our abilities wisely and responsibly, and we must never forget the values that have been instilled in us since birth."

Rose, her heart filled with a newfound understanding, nodded in agreement. She recognized the weight of her responsibilities and the importance of upholding the family's values. She would continue to use her abilities for good, to protect her loved ones, and to honor the legacy that had been passed down to her.

Rose wrestled with the unsettling implications of Beth's blocked premonition. Was it truly something bad, or was it simply beyond Beth's young understanding? Rose knew her sisters were bright for their age, but some visions might be too complex or abstract for them to grasp fully.

As she lay in bed, contemplating the mystery, she felt the gentle flutters of her unborn babies. Suddenly, a wave of sensation washed over her as all four babies reached out in unison, their tiny hands touching their mother from within.

"Yes, Mama is here," she whispered, placing her hand on her baby bump, tears welling up in her eyes. In that extraordinary moment, Rose felt an undeniable connection to her unborn children, a profound sense of love and responsibility.

As Rose lay in bed, her mind adrift in the serenity of the moment, visions of her babies filled her consciousness. She saw them clearly: two identical boys and two identical girls, just as her younger siblings had predicted. And her mother, too, was carrying another girl, a final addition to their extraordinary family.

But what struck Rose most was the common thread that bound them all: their emerald green eyes, sparkling with an uncanny intensity, a power of authority that seemed to transcend their youthful innocence. Rose couldn't help but marvel at the mystery and wonder of it all, the extraordinary legacy that flowed through their veins, shaping their destinies and connecting them to a lineage that stretched back generations.

A wave of understanding washed over Rose as she recalled past premonitions, particularly the logging accident and the fire in their childhood home. Back then, their premonitions had saved their parents from the logging accident and the entire family from the house fire. Perhaps these premonitions, including Beth's recent one, were more profound than they initially appeared.

Rose realized that her younger siblings might be witnessing events or dangers that were not yet apparent to the adults in their family. Their premonitions could be subtle warnings, veiled in symbolism and hidden meanings, waiting to be deciphered and understood.

Rose felt a surge of protectiveness towards her siblings and their extraordinary gifts. She knew that their abilities were a precious legacy, a source of strength and connection to their family's past and future. She would do everything in her power to nurture their gifts, to guide them in their responsible use, and to protect them from the potential dangers that came with such extraordinary abilities.

A few days later, Rose and Cathy accompanied Rebekah to a prenatal visit. Rose had prepared Cathy for the experience, explaining what to expect and emphasizing the teachable moments the visit would offer.

As Rebekah lay back on the exam table, Rose turned to Cathy, her eyes sparkling with anticipation. "Cathy, listen," she whispered. "You'll hear the baby."

The technician moved the wand across Rebekah's still-flat belly, and a hush fell over the room. Then, the magical sound of a heartbeat filled the air, strong and steady, a testament to the life growing within.

Cathy's eyes widened with wonder as she reached out and gently touched her mother's belly. "Oh, wow!" she exclaimed, her voice filled with awe. "That is their little heart beating with life."

Cathy, her curiosity piqued by the experience, turned to Rose with a thoughtful expression. "Sis, Rose," she inquired, "do the hearts from your babies sound like Mama's baby?"

"Yes," Rose confirmed, a gentle smile gracing her lips, "but their hearts beat faster than ours."

Cathy's eyes widened with wonder. "Could we hear your babies now too?" she asked eagerly.

The technician, ever accommodating, retrieved a specialized wand designed for amplifying fetal heart sounds. Rose lifted her dress, revealing her swollen belly, and the technician gently placed the wand against her skin.

A symphony of tiny heartbeats filled the room, rapid and strong, a chorus of life echoing within Rose's womb. Cathy gasped, her eyes sparkling with amazement.

"See, Cathy," Rose whispered, her voice filled with a mix of awe and protectiveness, "all four of them are there."

Cathy, her eyes wide with wonder, reached out and gently touched Rose's larger belly. "Your belly is bigger than Mama's," she observed.

"Yes," Rose explained, a gentle smile gracing her lips, "my babies are more grown than Mama's."

As if to emphasize her point, a series of quickening movements rippled through Rose's belly, and Cathy gasped, her hand instinctively recoiling.

"They're moving!" she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

Rose chuckled, placing her hand over Cathy's on her baby bump. "Yes, they are," she confirmed. "They're getting bigger and stronger every day."

Cathy, her young heart filled with wonder, savored the feeling of the babies moving within her sister's womb. It was a magical experience, a testament to the

miracle of life and the extraordinary journey Rose was undertaking.

The technician, satisfied with the readings, smiled warmly at the sisters and exited the room. Rose, ever attentive, helped her mother zip up her red dress, her hands gentle and reassuring.

"Thank you, dear," Rebekah said, her voice filled with gratitude.

Cathy, always eager to assist, tugged at her mother's dress, ensuring it was pulled down all the way. The hem of the dress settled just above her mother's knees, and Cathy beamed with satisfaction.

"Thank you, Cathy," Rebekah said, her eyes twinkling with affection.

Rose returned home to an empty house, a wave of loneliness washing over her as she stepped through the door. Cleo, her loyal feline companion, emerged from her cat perch to greet her, sensing Rose's low spirits. Cody was still away on his business trip, and the house felt strangely quiet and lifeless without him.

Rose knew her sisters couldn't be with her all the time, and a wave of gratitude washed over her as she thought of their unwavering support. But with the house empty and Cody away, the beast's roar echoed in her ears, a constant reminder of her insatiable hunger.

Determined to find a moment of peace, Rose prepared a simple dinner from leftovers and set it on the counter. She decided to indulge in a long, soothing bath before eating, hoping to relax and quiet the beast's relentless demands.

Rose transformed her bathroom into a tranquil oasis, dimming the lights, lighting candles, and arranging soft towels and bathrobes. She added fragrant bath salts to the warm water, their calming scent filling the air, promising a moment of respite from her inner turmoil.

Rose settled into the warm embrace of the bath, the fragrant water enveloping her like a comforting cocoon. Closing her eyes, she slowed her breathing, seeking a moment of tranquility amidst the storm of emotions and desires that raged within her.

"I'm sorry, Daddy," she whispered, her voice barely audible above the gentle lapping of the water. "But I'm going to love myself and not the beast."

With newfound determination, Rose embarked on a journey of self-discovery and exploration, her touch gentle and curious as she navigated the landscape of her

own body. She focused on the sensations, the subtle shifts in her breath and heartbeat, seeking a deeper connection to her inner self.

"It's time to love myself," Rose affirmed, her voice a soft whisper in the tranquil bathroom. "And it's okay."

She wasn't betraying Cody or succumbing to the beast's demands. This was a new path, a journey of self-exploration and acceptance. Rose was curious to see where it would lead, how it would affect her body and mind. She hoped it would bring a sense of calm and fulfillment, allowing her to retire for the night without the need to eat, as she had no appetite.

Rose, unfamiliar with the nuances of self-discovery, continued her exploration, her touch growing more confident as she sought her sweet spot. She wondered what the outcome would feel like, the culmination of this intimate journey.

Her heart rate and breathing quickened as she delved deeper into her exploration, and she realized the importance of surrendering to her body's innate wisdom. It knew what to do, and she needed to allow it to guide her.

Rose quickly recognized that she was experiencing an edging technique, a way of prolonging and intensifying the sensations. She was surprised by the intensity of her pent-up desires, a testament to the weeks of abstinence."

As Rose reached the peak of her exploration, her body quivered uncontrollably, and waves of pleasure washed over her, overwhelming her senses in a euphoric embrace.

"I love myself, and not you, beast!" she cried out, her voice echoing through the tranquil bathroom.

The intensity of the experience left her breathless and exhausted, her body collapsing against the soft towels lining the bathtub. Rose quickly bathed herself and retreated to her bedroom, where she lay basking in the afterglow of her self-discovery, drifting off to sleep with a newfound sense of peace and fulfillment.

That evening, as Rose slept, she dreamed of her babies, their emerald green eyes sparkling with an uncanny intensity. She saw her mother's baby too, a healthy girl, ten pounds and twenty-one inches long, her eyes mirroring the same emerald green as her siblings.

Rose clutched her body pillow, a comforting presence in Cody's absence. The next morning, the younger siblings arrived, filling the house with their youthful energy. Daisy accompanied them, ready to assist Rose and give their mother a much-needed break.

Rose, with her knack for nurturing her siblings' intellectual curiosity, decided to introduce them to the world of strategy and critical thinking through a game of chess.

"This is a chessboard," she began, unveiling the checkered battlefield. "I'll explain the rules, and then you three can put your heads together and learn from each other as we go. Teamwork will help you grasp the concepts much faster."

The three children, their eyes wide with intrigue, leaned in, captivated by the intricate arrangement of pieces. Rose patiently demonstrated the moves, her fingers tracing the paths of pawns, knights, and bishops across the board.

"Now," she announced, stepping back, "I'll watch as you attempt to play."

The children, quick learners as they were, readily absorbed the concepts, their initial tentative moves soon evolving into more advanced maneuvers. Rose observed with a proud smile, impressed by their rapid progress.

"Once you master this," she declared, a playful challenge in her eyes, "it's off to a game of Go. That should really put your skills to the test."

Rose, always eager to challenge her siblings, decided to introduce a new element to their chess game: a timer.

"Now, the rule is to use the least amount of time possible per move," she explained, setting the clock.

Noah, ever confident, scoffed. "That's easy."

Rose raised an eyebrow, a playful smirk gracing her lips. "Is it? Show me."

Noah, eager to prove his prowess, faced off against his sister Beth. He moved his pieces swiftly and decisively, his reflections quick and sharp. In less than ten moves, he had checkmated Beth in record time.

This display of rapid learning and strategic thinking was a clear indication of their multi-domain, multi-faceted savant abilities at work. Rose, impressed by their progress, decided to raise the stakes.

"Now," she instructed, "between all three of you, refine your movements. Help each other improve, and continue using the timer."

While the children immersed themselves in their chess game, Rose and Daisy busied themselves preparing lunch. Rose couldn't help but marvel at how much Cathy and Beth had grown, both physically and mentally.

"Mama has upped your collagen and protein," Rose commented to Cathy, admiring her younger sister's lustrous hair. "Your hair is lovely."

Their skin had a clear complexion, and their nails were strong, a testament to their mother's meticulous care and attention to their well-being.

Rose, observing her siblings' growing maturity and independence, couldn't help but reflect on her own youthfulness. She had always been mature for her age, but seeing her siblings blossom in their own unique ways filled her with a sense of pride and nostalgia.

Daisy, ever attentive to their needs, announced, "Okay, the Chaffles are ready. Grilled cheese style."

Noah's face lit up with delight. "Oh, yes, my favorite."

Daisy smiled warmly. "I knew it was, and that's why I made it."

As Noah took his place at the table, Cleo, with her uncanny intuition, jumped onto his lap, having sensed that the intense chess match was over.

As Noah savored his Chaffle, his sisters enjoyed a colorful medley of blackberries, strawberries, and raspberries. Rose and Daisy joined them, plucking a few berries for themselves.

"Hey, sis," Rose inquired, her eyes twinkling with curiosity, "babies in your future? We need to continue expanding the family, as Mama is at her end, and I've only just begun."

Daisy, her expression firm, shook her head. "I just find men and sex repugnant. No, thank you."

Rose chuckled, recognizing the deeply ingrained influence of their upbringing. "Daddy's conservative ways really imprinted on you."

Rose, intrigued by Daisy's unwavering stance on relationships and family, delved deeper into her sister's perspective. "How do our parents feel about that?" she



asked.

Daisy shrugged, her expression nonchalant. "Well, I go to work and still help with the kiddos," she explained. "I do my own thing and hide out in my room, studying."

Beth, ever observant, chimed in, "She plays a lot of games with us too. When she's home, she helps Mama with us and our homeschooling."

Rose acknowledged the impending arrival of their new sibling and the added responsibilities it would bring for Daisy and the younger children. They were old enough now to take on light duties and contribute to the household.

Rose, observing the scene unfolding before her, felt a warmth spread through her heart. Cleo purred contentedly as Noah brushed her soft fur, and Rose could sense the cat's deep satisfaction. Daisy, ever patient, guided Beth through the steps of preparing dinner, while Cathy sat beside Rose, their hands clasped together in a silent expression of sisterly affection.

"Sis, Rose," Cathy began, her voice soft and empathetic, "I can feel you thinking about Cody and that you miss him."

Rose nodded, a bittersweet smile gracing her lips. "Yes, he's been working a lot lately," she admitted, "but we can't say no to the financial stability it brings."

Cathy's innocent yet perceptive comment brought a blush to Rose's cheeks. "Oh, yes, and him at night too," Cathy added, her eyes sparkling with a knowing glint.

Rose, ever mindful of her responsibilities as an older sister, gently reminded Cathy of the boundaries they had discussed earlier. "Now, now, Cathy," she chided softly. "Remember boundaries? Remember us discussing them?"

Cathy, her expression turning serious, lowered her head. "Yes, sis, Rose," she replied, her voice barely above a whisper.

Rose, reflecting on Cathy's words, realized the importance of being mindful of her thoughts and emotions, especially around the children and her unborn babies. The thread that bound them all together, the shared consciousness of emotions and thoughts, required a heightened awareness and responsibility on her part.

Cathy, seeking comfort and reassurance, clung to her sister Rose, her small arms wrapping tightly around her waist.

Rose, contemplating the future of her family, felt a growing sense of responsibility. She envisioned herself assuming the role of a matriarch, guiding and nurturing the

next generation of their extraordinary lineage. With Rebekah getting older and Rose's own family expanding, she recognized the need for a shared leadership, a passing of the torch that would ensure the continuity of their unique legacy.

Rose was determined to harness and amplify her siblings' abilities, to provide them with the tools and guidance they needed to navigate the complexities of their gifts. But she also recognized the importance of control, of instilling a sense of responsibility and ethical awareness in her younger siblings. She wanted to empower them to use their abilities for good, to protect their family and to make a positive impact on the world.

Later that evening, the family gathered on the bearskin rug for a karaoke session. Rose played familiar tunes on the piano, testing her siblings' knowledge of music and lyrics.

"Our family loves the piano," Rose remarked, her fingers dancing across the keys, "but perhaps one of you could explore playing the guitar instead."

She recognized their inherent musical talent and the ease with which they could transfer their skills to a new instrument. With their understanding of musical fundamentals and syntax, learning the guitar would be a natural progression for her siblings.

After a long night of music and laughter, the family settled down for the night on the soft, plush bearskin rug. In one corner, Noah and Cleo were curled up together, their bodies a symphony of warmth and affection. Beth and Daisy were intertwined, their limbs a tangle of sisterly love. And Cathy, seeking comfort and reassurance, nestled beside Rose, her small hand resting gently on her swollen belly.

Everyone wore matching pink nightgowns, except for Noah, who sported a cozy pair of pajamas. Rose, however, was adorned in a pristine white nightgown, a symbol of her impending motherhood and the extraordinary journey that lay ahead.

Rose smiled as she watched her younger sisters drift off to sleep, their faces serene and content. She had made sure they brushed their hair before bed, instilling a sense of routine and self-care that mirrored her own upbringing. Their growing independence and maturity filled her with a sense of pride and nostalgia, reminding her of her own journey through childhood.

As Rose progressed through her second trimester, her energy levels soared, and her babies' quickening movements became more pronounced, especially at night. Her baby bump was now prominent, her body curving beautifully with the growing life within. She and her mother spent countless hours together, attending each other's appointments and sharing the joys and anxieties of pregnancy.

In the quiet moments, when the house was still, Rose could sense her babies' thoughts and emotions, a symphony of nascent consciousnesses reaching out to their mother. She would place her hands on her belly, caressing the swollen skin, whispering words of love and encouragement to the tiny beings within.

Rebekah, too, shared this nightly ritual, placing her hand on her belly and communing with her unborn child. However, she couldn't connect with her baby on the same level as Rose. Rose possessed a unique insight into her babies' lives inside the womb, a connection that extended to all the children in their family, including the older siblings. It was as if these unborn children were already a part of their extraordinary network, their consciousnesses intertwined with the rest of the family.

Rose was determined to be proactive in her pregnancy. She still aimed for a water birth with her quadruplets, despite medical advice against it. The chances of all four babies aligning perfectly for a natural birth were slim, but Rose clung to the hope of experiencing this natural wonder, just as her mother had done with her triplets.

Rebekah, seeking reassurance about her unborn child, reached out to Rose with a heartfelt request. "Hey, my dear," she began, her voice filled with a mother's tender concern, "can you reach out to my baby?"

Rose, ever willing to assist her mother, readily agreed. "Sure, Mom," she replied, closing her eyes and concentrating.

Rose extended her senses across the distance, bridging the gap between their homes and reaching into her mother's womb. It was as if she were physically touching the baby, feeling its warmth and vitality. She could sense the baby resting comfortably, its tiny heart beating steadily, a symphony of life resonating within its mother's womb.

"Mama," Rose reported, her voice filled with a gentle reassurance, "the baby is resting comfortably and happily."

Rebekah, her heart filled with gratitude, sighed with relief. "Thank you, baby," she whispered, her voice thick with emotion.

As Rose lay in bed, missing Cody's warmth and presence, her babies stirred within her, their movements a constant reminder of the life growing inside her.

"You're making me go pee," she chuckled, feeling the pressure of their tiny limbs against her lower abdomen. "Can't sleep like that, can we?"

That night, she dreamt of Cody, their bodies entwined in a passionate embrace. She missed him dearly and longed for his return from Africa, which was still a few weeks away. Rose had been managing her "beast" remarkably well, incorporating her new routines and self-discovery practices. But nothing could truly replace Cody; he was the best.

Cody, despite being miles away, remained connected to Rose through pictures and video calls. However, these digital glimpses couldn't compare to the real thing, and Rose eagerly anticipated the day she could reveal her pregnant beauty to him in person. She was determined to honor his wish of being ready for him upon his return.

The weekend before Cody's return, Rose's sisters arrived to help prepare for his homecoming. They spent the day deep cleaning the house, ensuring every corner sparkled. Rose, though meticulous about her chores, appreciated the extra effort, knowing it would make Cody feel welcomed and loved.

Rebekah joined them for the weekend, eager to spend quality time with her eldest daughter. "Dear," she remarked, observing Rose's attire, "you have so much white in your wardrobe. All I see you in is white."

"White for the rest of my life," Rose declared, a hint of mystery in her voice.

Cathy, overhearing the conversation, snapped her head up and shot a knowing look at Rose. It was clear she knew something but couldn't reveal it.

Rebekah, sensing Cathy's unease, approached her with concern. "Something wrong, love?" she inquired gently.

Cathy, her expression conflicted, shook her head. "No, and no, and can't tell," she replied, her voice filled with regret. "I'm so sorry, Mama."

Rose, sensing Cathy's distress, walked towards her and Rebekah, enveloping Cathy in a warm embrace. She knew Cathy couldn't reveal the unsettling truth of

her premonition, and she admired her younger sister's strength and resilience in holding back the torrent of emotions that threatened to spill over.

Cathy clung to her older sister, her small body trembling with the effort of suppressing the disturbing knowledge she possessed. Rose could sense the internal conflict raging within Cathy, the desire to reveal the truth warring with the responsibility to protect her family from the potential consequences.

Cathy, overwhelmed by the intensity of her premonition, choked back sobs as she blurted out, "A baby is gonna..."

Unable to complete her sentence, she collapsed onto the floor, her body trembling and drenched in sweat. Rebekah rushed to her side, scooping her up and laying her gently on the couch.

Rose froze, her heart pounding with fear as she intercepted Cathy's premonition. She discovered that one of the babies was going to die or be stillborn, but she couldn't determine whose baby it was. The uncertainty and the potential loss filled her with dread, but she knew that some things were beyond her control.

The actions set in motion by fate were already in play, and Rose could only be mindful of the potential outcome. She wondered how a stillborn birth would impact the family's subconscious, their shared consciousness of emotions and thoughts. Would it create a ripple effect, altering their abilities and the delicate balance of their extraordinary lives?

Rose, determined to be proactive, turned to her mother with a sense of urgency. "Mama, we need to make a daily or evening inventory of our babies," she suggested. "I'm hoping that the sooner we know of an issue, the better chance we have to catch it in time."

Rebekah, her expression etched with concern, nodded slowly. "Honey, time has spoken, and it can't be changed," she cautioned. "If its fabric is torn, none of us can repair it. It will compensate in ways that are uncomprehensible."

Rose, her hand resting gently on her mother's belly, focused her senses, reaching out to the life growing within. "Yes, for now, the baby is fine," she confirmed, a hint of relief in her voice.

Cathy slept for two long days, her body and mind exhausted from the ordeal. She didn't eat or use the bathroom during that time, her energy completely depleted.

When she finally awoke, Rose offered her bone broth to sip on, her voice soothing and gentle.

"Slow, Cathy," Rose encouraged, her hand resting reassuringly on her younger sister's shoulder.

Rebekah, noticing that Cathy had wet herself during her prolonged sleep, helped her clean up and change into fresh clothes. "Oh, Cathy," she said with a tender smile, "let's get you showered and into clean clothes."

While Rebekah attended to Cathy, Rose changed the sheets in the guest room, ensuring a comfortable and fresh space for her sister to rest. Rebekah then ran a warm bath for Cathy, helping her bathe and relax in the soothing water.

Cathy, enveloped in the warmth of the bath, reached out with damp hands towards Rebekah's belly, a gesture of love and connection.

"Oh, Mama, I'm sorry," Cathy apologized, noticing the water droplets on her mother's dress. "Getting your dress wet."

Rebekah, ever prepared, smiled reassuringly. "No worries, that's why Mama always brings extra clothes."

Cathy beamed with admiration. "You always are prepared for everything," she said. "I can't wait till I'm like you and Rose. Our family is always well prepared."

As Cathy expressed her gratitude, Rebekah, ever prepared, had fresh towels and warm clothes ready for her to change into.

"Thank you, Mama and Sis, Rose," Cathy said, her voice filled with warmth and appreciation. Rose could sense her genuine gratitude, a feeling that mirrored her own appreciation for her family's unwavering support.

Cathy returned to sipping her bone broth, finding comfort in its warmth and savory flavor. She added a pinch more salt, savoring the soothing taste.

Cathy, exhausted and emotionally drained, retreated back to bed. This time, her sleep was peaceful and undisturbed. The women, relieved to see her resting comfortably, left her to recover in the quiet solitude of the guest room.

The rest of the family gathered in the living room, their hearts filled with concern for Cathy. Noah, with his extraordinary empathy, commented that he could feel her deep exhaustion. Cleo, sensing the emotional undercurrent, scratched at the guest

room door, wanting to be with Cathy. Beth, understanding the cat's intentions, let Cleo into the room.

Cleo ran to the bed where Cathy lay sleeping and curled up beside her, offering a comforting presence and a silent guardian.

Beth, with her heightened senses, could hear Cleo's soft purrs emanating from the guest room. Cleo, her blue eyes gazing intently into Beth's, communicated her intentions. "I'm here for Cathy and will stay with her," she conveyed, her feline empathy radiating towards Beth. Beth, receptive to Cleo's emotional cues, understood the depth of the animal's desire to comfort and protect Cathy. Reassured by Cleo's presence, Beth returned to the living room.

"Sis, Rose," Beth reported, "Cleo is with Cathy and said that she'll stay with her."

Rose nodded, recognizing the cat's protective instincts. "Yes, Cleo can be very protective at times," she acknowledged. "This demonstrates her loyalty."

Rose recognized that Cathy needed time to recover and learn to manage her extraordinary abilities. As she matured, she would gain better control and understanding of her gifts. Rose also pondered the implications of these abilities for her own children, whose powers were predicted to be even greater. She knew that their use would have to be tempered and guided responsibly to avoid unintended consequences.

The day of Cody's return finally arrived, and Rose, filled with a mix of excitement and nervous anticipation, took extra care in preparing for his homecoming. She chose luxurious satin and silk sheets for their bed, and donned pristine white lingerie, wanting to present herself as the epitome of beauty and allure. After a long, relaxing bath, she ensured every detail of her appearance was perfect, eager to erase any doubts Cody might have and to express her unwavering love and dedication to their relationship. She had tamed the beast within, and she was ready to welcome Cody home with open arms and a heart filled with love.

Cody, weary from his travels, stepped through the door, his senses filled with the comforting aroma of steak and bacon. The quiet house welcomed him with a sense of peace, and he called out to Rose, "My love, I'm home."

"I'm in the bedroom. Come, my love," Rose purred, her voice laced with a seductive invitation.

Cody followed the sound of her voice, his heart quickening with anticipation. As he entered the bedroom, his eyes widened in disbelief. There, sprawled out on the white satin sheets in a sultry pose, was Rose, her pregnant curves accentuated by the pristine white lingerie. Her beauty was undeniable, her allure impossible to ignore. She rested her hands on her swollen belly, a symbol of their love and the life growing within.

Rose, her face radiant with a loving smile, greeted Cody with a warmth that melted away his exhaustion. Her hazel eyes sparkled with affection, and Cody, captivated by her beauty, raised a hand gently, encouraging her to stay put. He approached her slowly, savoring the moment, and their breaths mingled as they shared a passionate kiss. Rose's skin tingled with the warmth of Cody's touch, a sensation she had missed dearly.

"Oh, someone missed me," Cody chuckled, his voice husky with emotion.

Rose, her hand resting gently on her swollen belly, smiled. Cody, placing his hand over hers, felt the babies kicking, their movements a lively symphony within her womb.

"They're feisty, just like their mother," Cody remarked, his eyes twinkling with amusement.

Cody, ever sensitive to the recent events and Cathy's well-being, paused and inquired, "How's Cathy?"

Rose, touched by his concern, smiled. "She's resting," she replied. "The whole ordeal wiped her out."

Cody, his gaze filled with tenderness, began to caress her face, and Rose leaned into his touch, savoring the warmth of his hand and the familiar scent of his cologne.

"My love," Cody said softly, "let me shower, and I'll come to you."

Rose, though reluctant to let him go, understood his desire to be clean and presentable for her. She knew how much he valued her hygiene habits, and she appreciated his attentiveness.

Cody made his way to the shower, the sound of running water filling the quiet room.



Cody quickly showered and emerged from the bathroom feeling refreshed and rejuvenated. He slipped into the black robe that Rose had laid out for him and returned to the bedroom, where Rose lay waiting, her swollen belly glistening with cocoa butter. She looked at him with a seductive smile, and Cody, without another word, joined her on the bed.

He offered to help her apply the cocoa butter, his touch gentle and loving as he massaged her belly. Rose closed her eyes, sighing with contentment and longing.

Cody, relishing the moment, thought to himself, "Nothing like a soothing deep tissue massage with my beautiful pregnant Rose before me." He had missed her dearly and was taking this opportunity to cherish and worship her. This woman, the mother of his children, was soon to be his wife, and he was committed to her well-being, even when his work took him away.

The scent of cocoa butter filled the air, and Cody added a complementary essential oil to enhance the experience. He began massaging Rose's feet, slowly working his way up her legs, his touch gentle yet firm. Rose, enveloped in the warmth of his touch and the soothing aroma, closed her eyes and sighed with contentment.

Cody, with his knowledge of Rose's body and desires, recognized the potential for the massage to escalate into foreplay. However, he decided to let Rose lead the way, respecting her boundaries and allowing her to choose the course of their intimate encounter. He focused on the massage, taking his time and ensuring her comfort and relaxation.

He knew that pregnancy, especially with quadruplets, placed significant demands on her body. The babies were constantly hungry and active, and Rose's libido had intensified as a result. Cody wanted to provide her with a sense of peace and well-being, to nurture her body and soul, and to prepare her for the passionate reunion they both craved.

As Cody reached her belly, Rose placed her hands over his, a silent invitation to connect with the life growing within. "My love," she whispered, her eyes sparkling with affection.

Their hands rested together on her swollen belly, and Rose closed her eyes, savoring the moment. Cody, his senses heightened by their intimate touch, felt a wave of sensations emanating from within her womb. He couldn't quite

comprehend it, but he felt it nonetheless, a symphony of playful movements and vibrant energy.

"Oh," Cody chuckled, his eyes widening with wonder, "they're playing with each other in there."

Rose, a playful smile gracing her lips, nodded. "Oh, yes, they're playing alright," she confirmed, "and using my bladder as a trampoline."

Rose, with a playful grin, announced, "Which also means this girl has to pee." Before rising from the bed, she planted a tender kiss on Cody's lips. "I shall return," she promised.

Rose made quick work of the bidet and returned to Cody's expert touch, her body now refreshed and fragrant with the scent of coconut body spray.

"Mama is getting full so fast," Cody remarked, his hands gently caressing her swollen belly.

"Yep," Rose chuckled, "and still have a whole trimester to go. But that's what happens when you're carrying quadruplets."

Cody, his heart filled with gratitude, expressed his appreciation for the experience. "What an experience feeling the babies," he said, his voice filled with wonder. "Thank you for sharing that with me."

Cody continued his massage, his hands moving to Rose's breasts, gently caressing and kneading the swollen flesh. Rose, her senses heightened by pregnancy, moaned softly. "Gentle, sensitive," she murmured, guiding his touch.

"Pregnancy has forced you to change a few techniques," Cody chuckled, adjusting his touch to her preferences.

"Oh, yes," Rose purred, "some are even more sensitive and intense."

"Grab that wedge pillow," Rose requested, pointing towards the corner of the bed.

Cody, surprised by the unfamiliar request, reached for the pillow, his eyebrows raised in curiosity. Rose, sensing his surprise, explained, "Oh, yes, babe, changes here too. Position is everything, especially with this belly."

Cody, with a playful grin, placed the wedge pillow in the position Rose desired. She lay back against it, her hips tilted back, allowing her swollen belly to rest comfortably on the bed.

With Rose comfortably positioned, Cody resumed his massage, his hands now kneading her back and shoulders, working his way up to her neck. Rose moaned softly, her body relaxing under his expert touch. Cody, adapting to the wedge pillow and its leverage, continued his ministrations, ensuring Rose's utmost enjoyment.

"This feels so lovely," Rose purred, her voice filled with gratitude. "Why don't I return the favor, my love?"

She gathered a generous amount of massage oil in her hands and began to work on Cody's back as they sat up against each other, their bodies close and intertwined.

Rose, her body flush against Cody's, wrapped her arms around him and began to kiss the back of his neck, her hands caressing his chest and shoulders playfully.

"You're full of surprises tonight," Cody chuckled, enjoying her touch.

"Well," Rose purred, "being home all day gives me time to read books, you know."

"It shows," Cody replied, his body responding to her teasing touches. Rose's belly pressed against his back, a warm reminder of the life growing within. "Someone missed me," she whispered, her voice laced with a playful seduction.

Rose, her desire for Cody growing with each passing moment, reached into the bedside drawer and retrieved a toy to enhance their pleasure. She had used it during her self-discovery sessions while Cody was away, a way to temper her desires and manage the challenges of pregnancy and abstinence. But now, with Cody by her side, she was eager to experience the full intensity of her sensations with the man she loved.

As they held each other close, their caresses and passionate kisses escalated into full-blown foreplay. The atmosphere in the room crackled with anticipation, their bodies moving together in a slow, sensual dance. This was not a rushed encounter, but a tender and deliberate exploration of their love, their sensations teased and prolonged, building towards a shared climax that promised to be both explosive and deeply fulfilling.

Rose, eager to put her newfound knowledge into practice, guided Cody's hand, instructing him on the proper placement of the toy. The combination of the toy's vibrations and Cody's tender touch sent waves of pleasure through her, intensifying her arousal.

"Our love, our life, my love," Rose cried out, her body trembling with ecstasy.

Cody, caught up in the passionate moment, experienced his own euphoria, clinging to Rose tightly as she continued her movements.

"That's it, my love," she purred, her nails digging into his back as the waves of pleasure rippled through her.

Their breathing mingled softly as they basked in the afterglow of their passionate reunion. Rose reached for her drink, but Cody gently stopped her, placing a blanket over her.

"Ummm, no," Rose chuckled, "not going to bed yucky. Slide over, the bidet and the shower beckon."

Rising from the bed, she took Cody's hand and led him towards the bathroom. "Someone still needs their tender touch to bathe me," she purred, inviting him to join her.

After their passionate reunion, Rose, refreshed and revitalized, slipped into her white satin robe and went to check on Cathy, who was still resting in the guest room. As she entered the room, she found Cathy awake, reading a book. Their eyes met, and Rose, with a playful sternness, lifted a finger to her lips.

"Don't you say a word," she whispered. "Remember our discussion about boundaries?"

Cathy, her cheeks flushed with a knowing blush, nodded in agreement. She had indeed heard the sounds of their passionate encounter, and Rose, realizing her oversight in not checking on Cathy beforehand, couldn't help but chuckle.

Leaving Cathy to her reading, Rose closed the door behind her and returned to Cody, who was waiting for her in their bedroom. He had prepared a refreshing glass of iced water for her, which she gratefully accepted.

"Mama is always hungry and thirsty," she chuckled, taking a long drink.

Rose glanced down at her belly, marveling at how she didn't weigh more than she thought, considering she was carrying four babies. They were all perfectly healthy and incredibly active, and she wondered how far into her third trimester she would be able to carry them and if she could still achieve her goal of a natural water birth.

Rose, despite her growing belly and the constant activity of her babies, was determined to maintain her physical strength and stamina. Her exercise routine was working, and her body was in excellent shape for the upcoming labor and delivery. She redoubled her efforts, focusing on core and pelvic floor exercises, just as her mother had taught her. She even incorporated Cody into her routines, creating a shared experience that strengthened their bond and prepared them for the challenges ahead. Cody, amazed by Rose's strength and resilience, admired her dedication and unwavering spirit.

Rose, determined to achieve her goal of a natural water birth, pondered the possibility of communicating with her babies, guiding them into the optimal position for delivery. She knew it was an unconventional idea, but her mother had successfully delivered two sets of triplets naturally, so why couldn't she?

With newfound resolve, Rose began speaking to her babies each night, her voice a soothing whisper in the quiet darkness. She envisioned them aligning themselves, one by one, head down, ready to enter the birth canal when their time came. She poured her hopes and dreams into those nightly conversations, her maternal instincts guiding her towards an extraordinary possibility.

During a prenatal visit with Cody by her side, the ultrasound revealed a remarkable sight: the quadruplets spontaneously positioned themselves in a way that mimicked their entry into the birth canal. They were facing the same direction, seemingly ready to emerge one after another. The technician, astounded, commented that she had never witnessed such behavior before. Cody, equally surprised, marveled at the babies' size and activity. He knew that the third trimester was crucial for weight gain, but Rose had limited room for growth.

As the technician marveled at the babies' unusual positioning, Rose shot Cody an urgent thought. "Don't say a word," she mentally conveyed. "Play it off. It needs to look like an anomaly."

Cody, though skeptical, understood the need for discretion. Their babies' coordinated movements couldn't be easily explained away, and drawing attention to their extraordinary abilities could have unforeseen consequences.

"What is going on here?" the technician questioned, her voice filled with a mix of curiosity and bewilderment.

Rose, feigning nonchalance, replied, "They're playful, aren't they? Always full of antics."

The technician, intrigued, took pictures of the babies in their unique configuration and showed them to the OB. "How fascinating," the OB remarked, "the babies look like they know what they're doing in there."

As soon as the OB and the technician left the room, Rose, ever mindful of her hygiene, quickly cleaned the ultrasound jelly from her belly before getting dressed. "Excuse me, I'll freshen up before we go," she said to Cody, who waited for her in the hallway.

Moments later, she emerged, refreshed and radiant in her white dress, her hand intertwined with Cody's. They left the clinic swiftly, eager to avoid any unnecessary attention.

Upon returning home, Rose and Cody discovered that Cathy had returned to her own home with Daisy. Cathy had expressed her desire to live with Rose, and Rose, considering the upcoming arrival of her quadruplets and Cathy's growing maturity, saw the potential benefits of having her younger sister's help and companionship. She decided to take Cathy up on her offer, providing her with guidance and teachable moments while keeping a close eye on her premonitions.

While Rose cherished every moment with Cody before his next work trip, Rebekah continued to experience morning sickness, with her husband Daniel providing unwavering support. Daisy diligently cared for and homeschooled the younger siblings, while Lily found comfort and companionship with her partners, Ginger and Cynda. Despite their different paths, the family remained connected, ready to gather at the birthing center when the time came for either Rose or Rebekah to welcome their new additions.

Cody, eager to provide Rose with a well-deserved break after the babies arrived, promised her a relaxing vacation. They would have ample time to unwind and adjust to parenthood together. However, Rose insisted on waiting until after her mother gave birth. She wanted to be there for Rebekah and her new sibling before embarking on a long trip.

Rose also suggested bringing one of her sisters along for assistance with the quadruplets. Cody, initially hesitant, recognized the challenges of caring for four newborns and agreed that extra help would be beneficial.

As Rose's third trimester approached, she knew she had to make time for intimacy with Cody before the babies arrived. She had abstained throughout his latest trip, and now that he was back, she was eager to reconnect with him on a physical and emotional level. She had been practicing self-discovery techniques to manage her desires and keep the beast at bay, but nothing could truly replace the intimacy she shared with Cody.

Rose was also mindful of the upcoming postpartum period, during which she would have to abstain from sex for a while. She wasn't looking forward to it, but she knew it was necessary for her body to heal and recover. She had been incorporating self-discovery as a way to manage her desires and prevent the beast from returning in full force.

At 32 weeks, Rose's weight reached 200 pounds, her highest ever. The babies were growing rapidly, and the doctors recommended inducing labor at this milestone. Rose, wearing a belly band for support, gazed at her reflection in the vanity mirror.

"Oh my Lord, I'm as big as a house," she exclaimed, marveling at her transformed body.

Cody, standing behind her, wrapped his arms around her, his voice filled with love and admiration. "My love, you're beautiful," he reassured her. "Our babies are ready to enter the world."

As if on cue, the babies shifted into position, their heads pointing downwards, ready for birth. Rose, removing her belly band and the rest of her clothing, stepped onto the scale, her heart filled with a mix of anticipation and determination.

As the Braxton Hicks contractions intensified, Rose's body prepared for the inevitable arrival of her babies. Cody, witnessing the subtle shifts in her posture and the growing intensity in her eyes, knew that the moment had come.

"It's time, isn't it, my love?" he asked, his voice filled with a mix of excitement and awe.

Rose, her hand resting on her swollen belly, nodded, a wave of contractions washing over her. "Oh, yes," she confirmed, her voice laced with determination, "the babies are ready."

They decided to try a natural method to induce labor, applying evening primrose oil vaginally and engaging in intimate touch. Rose assumed a squatting position, with Cody supporting her from behind. He gently stimulated her nipples, bringing her to orgasm, which triggered a powerful contraction.

With Cody's release, Rose's contractions intensified, and her water broke. She had planned this moment perfectly, and she quickly texted her mother, "Mama, it's time. The babies are on their way, and quickly."

Rebekah rushed to the birthing center, where Rose and Cody had already arrived. The OB, after a quick examination, confirmed that the babies were indeed ready for their grand entrance. Their hearts were strong, and they were actively moving, eager to enter the world.

Rose, immersed in the warm water of the birthing pool, turned her head towards Cody, her eyes sparkling with gratitude and determination. "My love," she said, her voice filled with emotion, "that was intense. The deed is done, all naturally, and now it's time for me to let my body do its work."

She lay back, surrendering to the waves of contractions that pulsed through her body. The pain was intense, but Rose embraced it, knowing that it was a necessary part of the birthing process. The nurse checked her dilation one last time.

"Ten centimeters," she announced. "She's ready."

The contractions grew closer together, and the OB, sensing the imminent arrival of the babies, asked, "Ready to push?"

"Oh, Mama is ready!" Rose yelled, her voice filled with a mix of determination and excitement.

Rose, her grip tightening on Cody's hand, urged him to continue stimulating her breasts. "Keep those contractions coming," she commanded, her voice laced with a mix of pain and pleasure.

Cody, without hesitation, applied firm pressure to her nipples, his touch eliciting a moan from Rose. "Right there," she gasped, "good, keep it coming."

Cody couldn't help but marvel at Rose's strength and resilience. She seemed to be embracing the pain, her body working in harmony with the contractions. He could



feel the babies moving within her womb, their movements synchronized with her pushes.

Rose, following her instincts and the techniques she had practiced, pushed with all her might. The first baby's head emerged, and the room filled with a chorus of cheers and encouragement.

The first baby's cries filled the room, announcing her arrival into the world. Rose, exhausted yet exhilarated, continued to push, her body working tirelessly to bring her babies forth. A few minutes later, another wave of contractions surged through her, and with a final push, the second baby girl emerged, her cries echoing her sister's.

Rose paused to catch her breath, two of her four precious babies now safely delivered.

With a final push, the third baby, a boy, emerged with a loud roar, followed moments later by his twin brother. Rose, exhausted yet triumphant, held her four precious babies on her chest, their tiny bodies warm and wriggling against her skin.

"Mama is here," she whispered, her voice thick with emotion. "And I know you need and want colostrum. Mama has everything you could ever possibly need or want."

The babies instinctively latched onto her breasts, their tiny mouths seeking nourishment and comfort. Rose, her heart overflowing with love, gazed down at her four beautiful babies, marveling at the miracle of life and the extraordinary journey they had all been through.

Cathy, burdened by the weight of her premonitions, had been struggling with fear and anxiety. She knew that one of the babies was going to die, but she couldn't reveal which one or how it would happen. The uncertainty and the potential loss filled her with dread, and she felt helpless to prevent the impending tragedy.

The successful delivery of Rose's four healthy babies brought a mix of relief and renewed fear for Cathy. The only baby left was her mother's, and Cathy couldn't shake the feeling that her premonition was about to come true. The thought of losing her mother or another sibling filled her with despair, and she felt trapped in a nightmare she couldn't escape.

Rose, resting comfortably with her newborns, called out to her mother, "Bring Cathy to me, now," she commanded, her voice filled with urgency.

Rebekah entered the room with Cathy, who was sobbing uncontrollably, her face stained with tears. Rose pulled her younger sister close, embracing her tightly. "Yes, I know what's going to happen, Cathy," she whispered, her voice laced with empathy.

Rose sat up in bed, her babies cradled in her arms, and addressed her mother. "Mama, Cathy can't say it, but I can," she declared, her voice firm yet gentle. "The birth of your child will be too extreme, and while the baby will survive, you won't."

Cathy, overwhelmed with grief and fear, ran to her mother and clung to her tightly.

Cathy, realizing the gravity of her premonition, knew that Rose's words were not entirely true. Rose was trying to shield her from the devastating truth, but Cathy had finally deciphered the full extent of her vision. The stillborn baby was not one of Rose's children; it was her own mother's unborn child.

Overwhelmed with grief and fear, Cathy cried out, "I'm so sorry, Mama!" She placed her hand on her mother's baby bump, her voice filled with desperation. "Please don't go!" she pleaded. "Please stay and join us."

Cathy's emotional outburst triggered a powerful surge of energy, and she collapsed to the floor, her body wracked with sobs.

Beth, with a quick surge of intuition, grabbed the fetal heartbeat monitor from the drawer and placed it on her mother's baby bump. The sound of the baby's heartbeat filled the room, strong and steady, a reassuring counterpoint to Cathy's emotional turmoil.

Cathy, exhausted yet comforted by the sound of her unborn sibling's heartbeat, clung to her mother, her sobs gradually subsiding. The room was filled with a symphony of life: the rhythmic beating of the baby's heart, the gentle suckling sounds of Rose's newborns nursing, and the soft murmurs of love and comfort shared between the family members.

"These boys, they bite hard," Rose chuckled, adjusting her newborns as they nursed.

Noah, ever helpful, handed her a washcloth. "Here you go, Sis, Rose."

"Thank you," Rose smiled, "soon you'll get to hold one of them."

Rebekah, joining the conversation, added, "And learn to change diapers too. Rose will need all the help she can get."

Cody chuckled, "I'll change diapers too. It's all part of parenthood."

Rose, her eyes twinkling with a playful glint, teased Cody, "Damn right you did. You planted your seed before you left for Africa. So much for keeping my legs closed."

Cody, his laughter echoing through the room, replied, "Come now, you enjoyed every single moment of it."

Rebekah, overhearing their playful banter, chuckled. "Young love, so hot and heavy!"

Rebekah, with a playful wink, moved towards the window. "It's getting too hot in here," she teased. "Maybe we should leave the lovebirds alone so they can make more babies."

Cathy blushed crimson, while Rose, flustered, exclaimed, "Mom!" Cody, caught off guard, looked away with a sheepish grin.

Rebekah, her hand resting on her swollen belly, smiled wistfully. "I can't have any more after this one," she said, her voice filled with a mix of contentment and acceptance. "It's up to you, my dear, to continue expanding the family."

She glanced at her daughters, her gaze lingering on Rose and Cathy. "Lily doesn't want any children," she explained. "She's happy with her partners, Ginger and Cynda. And Daisy," she paused, a hint of amusement in her voice, "well, Daisy is completely uninterested in men and the joys of lovemaking. She's quite repulsed by it all, actually."