Teddy and Family

by Cindra

Summary

The continuation of Teddy's Day Out. The prequel to this story so you need to read that first or you will be lost. The adventures of Teddy and Family through multiple points of view. Fun, funny, some drama, nothing Kinky. AU. I don't do Cannon with some original characters. No Beta.

Notes

Here goes nothing. Still doing multiple POV... If you haven't read Teddy's Day Out you'll need to read that first before starting this one to understand what is going on.

First and for most this is fun time for me, my outlet to relive stress, and I do it because I love and enjoy it. No offense but no amount of growling is gonna change how I write. I just let my mind take the story where it wants it's just a story. Relax. Come along for the ride with me.

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story idea are mine.
CPOV

I don't know what to think about what just happened a while ago. Shock. Yeah, shock about covers it. Ella James twenty-two years later. My son adores her and went all CEO on my ass over Ryan and Ella there's that little factor to. Maybe, taking him to work has its drawbacks, then again he's gonna make one hell of a CEO when the time comes. Though, Teddy is a bookworm like Ana, so what Company he'll choose we'll have to see.

Ana doesn't' know what to think about me right now. To say that I'm quiet is an understatement. She shoots me her talk Grey patented glare, but I shrug and shake my head signaling not now. No, there is too much shit in my head right now and I don't want to lose it until we're home. The babies and Ana are settled. Teddy's napping. Yes, then Jason and I can have a come to Jesus as to why the fuck he's been hiding shit from me! No wonder, Luke has been nervous as hell this week! He's been waiting for the shit to hit the fan.

"Daddy?" Teddy is shooting me his worried face as I get him set in his car seat, after I get Ana and the triplets all set in our Custom Audi Q7 designed especially for us and our new arrivals.

Hey, I spend enough and no I didn't ask they contacted Jason and he took it from there. It's a beauty, but then they all are and the safest of its class.

"Yeah, bud." I ruffle his hair as I take a seat next to him. This might take some getting used to or I might ride shotgun with Jason and have Luke sit back here with Teddy. Shit. He'd shoot me down. Boss or not. Jason's like an Uncle has been all of my life.

"Are you mad at me?" He's got his bow shaped mouth in an adorable pout, just like his mother.

"Teddy?"

Shit! Ana heard that not good. Nope and Teddy's not gonna lie to his Mommy.

"Yes, Mommy?" Teddy answers, but keeps his big blue-grey eyes on me.

"What's going on, bud?" She gingerly turns in her seat to look back at us.

"I had ice cream with a stranger, but Uncle Ryan was with me…" He confesses his sin as if this is a confessional box. "But my Uncles all know her…"

I glance up front to the rearview mirror. "Yeah, and I'm gonna have a nice long discussion about that with them when we get home." Yep, deer in headlights, Jason's busted and so is Luke. Yeah, boys we're gonna talk. I lock eyes with them through the mirror and they both sigh resigned to their dressing down.

"Christian Alexander Trevelyan-Grey! Who is our son talking about?" Ana narrows her eyes at me. Teddy beats me to it.

"Miss James…" Teddy bites his trembling lip. "She's really nice and Logan's boss…he calls her his other momma. The men in suits came to see him and Miss James carried me out of his room and we had ice cream. She's gonna make an animal rescue shelter when her house is built. It's on the Sound…She has kids that she wants to see after being away a long, long, time…Pictures of them in her locket…"
"Ella..." Ana gasps, her big blue eyes widening with shock as well as understanding why I was so pensive. "Logan's boss...the woman whose like Jason...is Ella...?"

"Apparently, so." I nod, eyes grave, fisting my hands so that I don't pull my hair out. "She was holding Theodore when I walked into Logan's room to get him..."

"Daddy was really mad...She's my grandma, but not...he fired Uncle Ryan..."

"Christian!" Ana narrows her eyes at me.

"He's on vacation until after Thanksgiving. He and Sara are jetting off to Bali on me. CEO Theodore handed me my tail over the entire situation. I invited Ella to the family dinner tonight..." I take several deep calming breaths, but never break our stare down.

"She's sorry, Daddy. She protected us all..."

"Teddy, I said we'll see..." I growl, tearing my gaze from Ana's to focus on Teddy.

"Teddy, Daddy, hasn't seen Miss James for a very long time. Give him time to adjust...it's not as simple as welcoming her with open arms. Okay, little man." Ana was now doing the stare with our son.

"Yes, Mommy..." He nodded, his thumb hovering by his mouth, as he tends to do when he was scared or nervous. "Sorry, Daddy...I just see things different..." In goes the thumb.

"I know, kiddo. It's just really complicated. Don't worry about it. I promise to hear her out and play nice." I kiss his head. "You need to leave the heavy stuff to Mommy and me. We're tough we can handle it. I know that you mean well, little peacemaker and I love you to infinity and beyond."

"We both do, Teddybear." Ana reaches into her Juicy Couture bag of all things and hands me his teddy and blanket, which he takes and hugs to him.

"I love you and Daddy more..." He yawns, closes his eyes and he's out. Car rides short or long knock him out.

Ana takes my hand in her own brings it to her lips and kisses the top of it. "We've got this. It's gonna be okay, babe. Promise."

"Still processing, baby." I turn my hand to kiss hers. "Still processing..."

"Chris...don't overthink this..." She knows me so well.

"Ella's a badass..." I shake my head, as it's still mindboggling that the girl that I can barely remember turns up again and she's big brother's boss and the female version of Jason...boggles the mind, hell, try fries the synopsis just trying to wrap my brain around the realization.

I remember bits and pieces...flashes really...of when she fought some guy who tried to take me right off my swing in our backyard. I mean she whaled the hell out of I guess it was Hyde when she was barely seventeen, so yeah I can see it. I remember smelling smoke lots of it and feeling heat from the fire that changed Mia and my lives forever.

To this day not a fan of smoke or fire, but I tolerate fireplaces. I can remember happy times with two other women one had to have been Ella's Mom the other was her mother. Both beautiful, kind, fiercely loving and protective of Ella, Mia, and I. Then the fire happened...yeah not a fan of flames...
Over the past few months Hyde has been sending me home movies none of them are worth repeating…When I told Ella that I knew everything and that I get why she gave us up…yeah, like I said psycho home movies have been the stuff of my nightmares for weeks. You can't un-see shit like that…

"I want to see them…" Ana as usual is picking my brain. Yeah, the soul bond sucks some times.

"No…" I growl, my eyes flash her a drop it glare that of course she ignores.

"Yes, you haven't slept, not really, in weeks. I need to know…"

"No, Anastasia Rose you do not need that stuff in your head…" I hiss back. "Stephen King has nothing on Hyde. I had Jason destroy all the copies. You seeing it, not happening, baby."

"I doubt that Jason destroyed potential evidence that could answer all the questions to a cold case file…" Ana isn't backing down. "If it's effecting you this much then I need to see it…we're a team…full disclosure always…"

"Always?" I arch a brow.

"Back at you, Grey." She mirrors me.

"At the time you were in a high risk pregnancy and I wasn't about to risk causing you to develop Pre-eclampsia…Where as I was perfectly fine. Stressed for good reason, but fine." I shoot that back at her, your turn baby.

I had her there. She had nothing else to counter me with. She stared at me, blew out a breath, and sighed resigned that I'd won our chess match.

Then her eyes fired, narrowed, and she growled softly. "Full discloser, babe. From now on, no matter what the situation, and that includes physicals. I wouldn't have been worried, none of us would have, if you had confided to all of us that you'd passed your physical with flying colors."

"Ana…the videos were of Ella's attack when she was a teenager and the fire…you do not need to see that no one needs to see that…its over…he's roasting in hell…" It takes several deep breaths, but I manage to hiss out what was on those videos to my stubborn other half.

"Jason?" Ana turns so that she can lock eyes with his in the mirror.

"Shown to the proper channels and then disposed of, Annie. I've got you both. Always have. Always will." Jason's got his stoic poker face on. When we were younger it usually meant weekend boot camp, now it's a warning to drop it.

"Protecting what's mine is not lying and not showing you the horrific rape gang attack against an innocent teenage girl or years later the murder and torture of two wonderful women by a bastard who may or may not have been my sperm donor. I can never un-see it, but there is no way in hell that I was gonna let you or anyone in my family, sans Jason for obvious reasons, have that etched in your brains."

"Teddy heard it…" Ana's blinking back tears and biting her trembling lip.

"What?" Shit! Teddy snuck into my office that night?!

"He was bringing you a cookie. You were crying while looking at something on your screen…he heard yelling and screaming noises nothing recognizable, but you lost it…he ran to get me…I was in
my own hell having to keep a secret and not wanting to and was in tears…”

"He came and got us to tend to the two of you. Ry took him outside while things calmed down…” Jason added.

"Ry and I got in contact with the local shelter and arranged for the puppies the next day…” Luke growled softly.

"We'd all but decided to get two after Jason and I had gone to the shelter that afternoon and then the box came…” I grit my teeth.

"Chris, relax.” Ana squeezed my hand hard to get me to focus. "Logan and Ella neutralized the threat. We're safe. Deep breaths in and out. Then focus on the now.”

I calm my mind, close my eyes, and breathe in and out.

"That's it." She's the best medicine. I nearly purr when she starts running her fingers through my hair.

"I invited Ella to dinner…In all honesty, I've searched for her ever since Dad confided that she was still alive and her reasons for abandoning Mia and I…nothing panned out. I exhausted all of my resources, because Mia wanted to meet her."

"Ella left you in order to keep you and Mia safe. Grace's parents knew her mother and grandmother. She agreed to them helping her until she graduated on the condition that Grace and Carrick adopted the two of you. Grace insisted on an open adoption, because Ella was so young and believed that she would want to know her babies and they her one day. Ella agreed. She stayed with your grandparents and true to her word the night of her graduation she left…” Jason's so lucky that he's Ana's Godfather and family or so fired he would be!

"You knew…all this time…no wonder nothing panned out…”

"Chris…”

"No! I wasn't a kid anymore…”

"Hyde was a clear and present threat, so was Lincoln. You are known throughout the world. She was carrying out her promise to her mother and grandmother. Meeting you and Mia took a backseat to that goal. She's been key in protecting you for years just in the shadows…” Jason cuts me off.

"Can I see a photo of her?” Ana asks softly.

Luke hands her his phone and I feel like firing my whole security staff. I can't because fuck they're family! Shit!

Ana gasps, eyes wide as she looks at Ella James smiling at our son. "Christian. She's been present at every milestone that you and Mia have had. All of your graduations. The opening of GEH. The Mile High Club. Your Engagement parties. Your Weddings…Teddy and Gabe's births…in the shadows but there watching over both of you. To care that much and not be able to even approach you must have been agony for her."

"How did I miss her…every single event…?” To say that I'm floored is an understatement. My parents had to have had some means of contacting her all this time. I don't know how I feel about that either.

"Chris, Ella, has mastered the art of disguise…” Jason's on damage control, a little too late for that
my friend. "She's not seen unless she wishes to be…"

"Baby? How?" Our eyes lock once again, troubled storm grey eyes imploring loving ocean blue.

"I have that thing about remembering faces, well, that and she has your eyes and striking features."
Ana caresses my cheek with her hand and I lean into it and close my eyes. "Team Steele-Grey for eternity, my heart."

"Always, my life." I turn my face to kiss her palm.

"Think of this as the first step in building a relationship with Ella. She's not a threat and has been watching over and protecting us…"

"I'm trying, Ana…" I sigh, it's been one hell of a week. "One plus in her favor. Our son adores her already and he's only met her a few times. He's all for Ella wanting to set up an animal rescue after her house renovations on the Sound are completed…" Then it hits me. The only property with that much acreage is adjacent to Grey Meadows. I've been trying to acquire it like I have all of the lots around us. It's a prime piece of property nothing on it building wise unless you count ruins of the former Victorian mansion never rebuilt by the owners. Its run wild, but the acreage would triple our property. I've been shot down every time, now I know why.

"What's the matter with wanting to rescue animals?" Ana's looking at me like I've lost my mind.

"Ana, our place borders her property. The big mansion that burns in my nightmares and on that video…"

"The Walker property? Are you sure, Chris…"

"He's right, although Grey Meadows sits on the other half of the original grounds. It was her gift to the two of you. The Mile High was for Mia. Oh, and the property on which Grey House sits. Yeah, that too. She inherited a shit load when she turned 21, then in increments from twenty five till she turned thirty. You and Mia had trusts too, but that she's invested for your children. Her team, all loyal to her mother and grandmother, have watched over it for her." Jason is not one to reveal all, but this car ride has been eye-opening to say the least.

"My dream house? She built it for us? We'd been searching for weeks. Nothing fit. I was carrying Teddy…Then our parents pointed us here… Mia's dream club and restaurant? Grey House?" Ana's waiting for me to go nuclear, but it's not gonna happen, not in the car with our sleeping babies.

The thing is I'm not really sure if angry even covers it. Numb. Yeah, that's how I feel. Ella's never left Mia and me. It must have nearly destroyed her to leave us with Grace and Carrick. To have to watch over us from the shadows. Our parents gave us the seed money for GEH or so I thought? Harvard? I wonder?

We drive through the gates and we're home.

Ana snaps me out of my thoughts. "The babies and Teddy are priority. The rest can wait."

The doors to the house open and with it come Gail and Sophie. Both of them make a mad dash for the SUV. Baby fever has commenced.

Teddy POV

Everyone is acting weird because of who Daddy invited for tonight's welcome home dinner. Aunt
Gail thinks the menu is too simple and wants to go all fancy instead of having the cookout that was already planned. My Grandmas are in some sort of conference over it. Gran Carla is mad at Nana Grace for holding out on her about Miss James.

I guess that she and Grandpa Cary have been aware of Miss James for a long and I do mean long time. Their plan was to surprise Daddy and Aunt Mia at the cookout tonight, so for them it's going great.

Mommy's settled on the couch in the Sun Room and the babies are sleeping in their baby baskets beside her. She's resting like Daddy wants, but I think that's kinda hard when the whole house is acting so crazy right now.

Aunt Mia brought twelve wardrobe changes and keeps going to change like every five minutes. Uncle Ethan finally put his foot down and has her parked on the other couch. I guess she's gonna have to settle for a pretty pink dress and flats.

Aunt Kate's right beside her, but she's entranced by the babies.

Ava, Gabe, and Soph are all playing, but I'm keeping an eye on Daddy.

My Grandpas and Uncles are outside where Daddy is manning the grill with Uncle Jason. He's pretty much ignoring them right now. They had a big talk in his den as soon as everyone got here. When he closes that door it's like it isn't there no noise nothing comes from it. That's fine by me because it's less growling and yelling that I get to hear.

The babies are howling again and Daddy tosses the flipper tool to Grandpa and dashes back inside with Uncle Ethan and Elliot on his heels. He pauses at the doorway where I'm playing with Leo and Max and bends to kiss me on the head and tell me he loves me before going tending to them. My Uncles are on baby duty too.

Believe it or not the three of them actually bet on who can change a diaper or burp the fastest. Daddies are so weird.

Leo and Max take off barking excitedly into the house and I give chase. She's here!
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Just to ease those who are getting the chills about even the possibility that Hyde was Mia and Christian's sperm donor…rest assured that he is not…even I can't go there…just no…he was filming the attack though…all of Ella's attackers were wearing masks so for Christian it wasn't clear if he was or wasn't one of her attackers from the video that he was sent…I'll answer more in this chapter, but thought that might ease some worry or concern over that….Again this story will have multiple POV as in this chapter.

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See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jason POV

"Duty calls!" I toss the spatula to Carrick and give chase of our little Teddy bear. Chris is already on edge no sense pushing him over by not heading Teddy off before he reaches the front doors.

"Jason!" Chris growls as I sprint by him.

"On it! Focus on the babies." I call back, my focus is on the bundle of energy bolting for the front doors.

"She's here!" Mia's excited squeal echoes through the house. She's jazzed to meet her birth mom.

I scoop up Teddy just as he's reaching for the door handle. "Up you go, Tedster." I set him up onto my shoulders.

"Daddy invited her here, so I can open the door…" Teddy growls not happy with me in the least.

"You know the drill. Grownups only." I reach up and hang him upside-down until he is squealing with giggles.

"Okay! Okay! Sorry!" He's squirming like a worm on a fishing hook. "Let me up!"

"Geeze, lay off the kid and open the bloody door already!" Logan's impatient growl is muffled thru the heavy hand carved wooden double doors.

I swing him back up onto my shoulders and open the doors. "Who the heck sprung you early?" I grin at my oldest scowling up at me from his Magic Mobility Frontier V4 Off-Road Wheelchair with Sam and Ella behind him. Leo and Max pounce on him and proceed to attack him with slobbery puppy kisses.

"Call off the attack dogs before they kiss me to death." Logan was outnumbered and they weren't in the mood to calm down for scratches and belly rubs.

I whistle for them to come, but nope new person in a strange new kind of moving chair. "They're barely six months old and that is one heck of a toy that you're sitting in there, son. How'd ya manage
Ella reaches down and scoops up a silver gray fluffy ball of fur. "Don't listen to the grouchy kisses are healing."

Sam reaches down for the coco colored ball of fluff and got all kinds of kisses. "That's Max in your arms and this one is Leo. They love anything that moves. We've mastered not chasing after the golf carts and cars. They'll still go after Teddy in his power wheels, but then they're both his shadows."

"Uncle Logan!" Teddy launched himself from my shoulders at Logan. "Hi Sam! Hi Nana Ella!"

Logan easily caught him and settled him in his lap. "What this? It arrived this afternoon. Let's go check out what this baby can do, Teddy Bear." With that said he zoomed off with my Godson.

"Bye!" Teddy shouted. The pups wriggled free of Sam and Ella to give chase.

"You're spoiling my, kid." I arch a brow at Ella.

"I didn't get him that hell raiser on wheels. That is all, Christian." Ella rolls her eyes, as I step back and let them inside. "And from the looks of the garage I see that his love for everything fast is still in full force."

"Chris and Ana both love fast flashy, as long as its safe cars, boats, planes, helicopters, motorcycles…the toy box is endless. Teddy shares his parent's passion for everything fast and has since before he was born. The only thing that would settle him down was going for car rides in his Daddy's R8 Spider. That little guy loves to sail and fly with his Dad and is every bit Chris's mini-me…" My conversation is cut short by hurricane Mia, even at seven months in she's a fast little thing.

Before Ella knows what's hit her she's nearly tackle hugged by her daughter. "He wasn't lying! You're really here!"

Ella gratefully absorbs the impact and wraps her arms around her. "My Amelia..." she kisses the top of Mia's head and sighs happily. "Gorgeous, happy, full of life..."

"Chris and I have searched for you, but even the best couldn't seem to find you..." Mia pulls away, tears pooling in her eyes.

"I couldn't let myself be found and I couldn't let them find you and your brother either. It wasn't safe until the threat was vanquished for good. Know this though, you both have always been with me in my heart." She shows her what's in her locket.

"Chris says that you're Logan's boss? Were you a spy too?" Mia asks skeptically.

"Special Agent for the FBI and several undisclosed organizations, but retired as of two days ago. Spy is such a vague nearly archaic term these days. And not nearly as glamorous as they make it out to be in the movies..." Ella has her arm around Mia's waist and they are headed for the sun room.

"I'm just happy that you didn't get killed and that we can get to know you now." Mia's taken to Ella like a fish to water. Chris is a far bigger nut to crack.

"There were some close calls, but I had incentive to pull me out of the fire..." Ella's voice trails off as she and Chris lock eyes again. "Hello, thank you, for inviting me to dinner..."

Ana smiles warmly at her from the couch. "Welcome to our home, Ella. I hope that you don't mind a
Chris sets his sleeping son back down into his Moses basket and then takes Ella Grace from Ana to burp. "Family is always welcome in this house and as for the cookout. We've had our fill of fancy dinners to last until Teddy hits his teens. My angel craved holiday dinners throughout her pregnancy. If Teddy sees, smells, or even hears the word turkey, chicken, anything poultry related for the next little while he's gonna go on a hunger strike. The plus side being that the triplets although being premature by a few weeks were all very healthy babies, so can't complain there. Ana is holding Aurora Gail and this little one on my shoulder is Ella Grace. Alexander Christian is snoozing at my feet in his basket."

He's actually trying to break the ice, but the forced smile shows all too well that he's still mulling over what was said in the car.

The rest of the family have made themselves scarce outside.

"Ana, Christian, you have a beautiful family…" Ella has to be blown away by hearing that they named their daughter after her, but her face gives away nothing. Well, we know where Christian got that from his Momma. "I know that you have a million questions and I am more than willing to answer them all…" Her tone is soothing and her eyes are gentle not threatening at all, her arm still around Mia's waist.

"Thank you, I am blessed to have the other half of me and four wonderful miracles…" Chris can't help but stare at her. She's the female image of himself and the near mirror image of Mia the only difference being that Ella has red gold hair and Mia's leans more towards strawberry blonde. All three of them have grey eyes and striking features that one usually sees sculpted in a museum.

"Please, make yourself at home. The rest of the family gave us time to bond. Yes, we have millions of questions, but then that's understandable as we haven't seen you in twenty-three years. Mia and I had Welch and Barney try and locate you so that you'd be there at our weddings, but even though they're the best investigator and hacker bar none they came up with zilch. Impossible really, when you think of all the resources at his fingertips and that money was no object, yet again no results, not even a Social Security Number…So, Ella, does my top guy. The head of my Security at GEH work for you? Did you recruit them while he was at MIT along with Barney?" Chris arches a brow at Ella when she still hasn't moved an inch and gestures with his hand at the other couch. "I promise that Ana, the babies, and I don't bite. Please get comfortable."

"Christian, everything I have done good or bad was to protect you, your sister, and everyone around you…" She lets Mia lead her to the other couch and the two settle down into it.

Shit. I settle myself into one of the easy chairs and wait for the salvos to fire. Chris has that look and she'd better be ready for it.

CPOV

"Do you want the keys to GEH? I bought the land at an insanely cheap price for prime Seattle real-estate from JW Enterprises and Trust as they weren't in need of it and thought that I being the new blood that Seattle needed deserved a shot. The Scooby Gang, that's what Elliot and his crew nicknamed us when we were kids, but then you already know all about that don't you? Anyway, we all went in together to form GEH…Ana and I used some of our trust funds, as all of us had freerides to our Universities from, as if you didn't already know. JW Enterprises and Trust. We needed corporate sponsors for our various community service clubs in school that we turned into flourishing foundations and again that name comes to mind. James-Walker Enterprises and Trust, fascinating
that James happens to be your maiden name and there is a hyphen in there that you've had changed where Walker used to be. Your mother was Alexandra James-Walker and her mother that would be your grandmother was Aurora Alexandra James. Have I missed anything?" I'm amazingly cool as I calmly burp my baby girl. I keep my tone soft and completely non-confrontational, just like she's doing with me. Hell, now I know where I got my skills from Ella. I'm thanking all the stars in the sky that she's on my side and I never have to go toe to toe with her in any boardroom.

I've actually met the CEO Mackenzie Donavan, as they were always watching over us in some way or other, but never overstepped. Shit! She was Ella's eyes and ears this entire time! We invited her to our wedding and she had a plus one who had to leave before we could meet her. Well, now I know how she attended our top-secret wedding.

"I was the sole heir to their legacy. My father whom you are named after Christian died do to tragic circumstances when I was ten. He was mother's soulmate and also her CLO. Mother was lost and lonely, so when she met Hyde Senior she fell for all of his lies and married him. Gran however wasn't fooled in the least and changed her will so that I became sole heir to the family legacy. Mother still ran the company, but anything money wise always was put through Gran first. Hyde wasn't aware of that until he tried to embezzle millions and was stopped cold by the CFO then locked out of the company. He had a son who was off at University most of the time, so I rarely saw him. He gave me the creeps and would stare at me. I hated Hyde Senior. He was a nasty, vile, evil, creature. Not unlike his spawn. Losing my father made my Momma weak in the heart and her will what little was left he destroyed. Gran kept me away from most of it by enrolling me in a private all-girls school. I'd be home weekends most of them spent with Gran, rarely on Bainbridge Island where my mother was trapped with Hyde. Gran went as far as making Mac the new CEO, because Momma couldn't handle the responsibilities anymore. Hyde had been lacing her tea with opiates so she was pretty much a shell by the time I turned fifteen. I won't go into the gory details, but on the eve of my fifteenth birthday my Gran took a nasty fall and was rushed to Seattle Grace for hip surgery. Leaving me nowhere to go but the Island house. Momma was having one of her clearer days, as Senior was off doing sinister things for the cartel, so she'd made me a cake a little early, but at least it was chocolate, edible, and had the right number of candles on it. In the basement Junior had his crew over and they were having a party of their own. I came downstairs to get some more cake…I remember that clearly…"

"You don't have to…" I know all of horrific details and don't want Mia or Ana to hear them.

"I felt someone behind me, then a prick on my neck…I woke up five weeks later in the ICU. That night is a blur…I used to have night terrors about flashes from it, but no real recollection. Momma found me in the basement barely alive, after searching the house, and they had to air lift me to the hospital. Junior and his crew were nowhere to be found. Carrick started divorce proceeding on my mother's behalf while I was still recovering at Seattle Grace. Dr. Trevelyan that would be Gran's best friend and Grace's mother, and Grace were my trauma surgeons and they put me back together again. I was angry at first, scared out of my mind when they told me that I was pregnant after running more tests, then I heard your little heart beats, and saw two little bean like shapes on the screen. It was love. I didn't care why or how. You were mine. I was still fifteen when they set you in my arms. Momma and I were living with Gran. The Hyde's weren't an issue. Gran had powerful friends. Senior didn't have a leg to stand on, his associates didn't like him being put in the spotlight, and Junior and his crew were in the wind. He pulled up stakes and that was that without a clue that I was even carrying a child. Momma was put into rehab, got clean, and was herself again. I transferred to Seattle Prep while Gran lovingly watched over you. All was quiet for two years. I was out shopping with Momma for a dress for my seventeenth birthday dinner when one of the crew or Junior must have spotted me with the double stroller. I rarely took you both out in public, but that day I just wanted to take you to the park, after getting my dress. The next day I was outside in the yard with you and Mia. Mia was in the sandbox and you were swinging in your swing. I was
handed Mia her pail and shovel when Junior appeared out of nowhere and tried to take you out of your swing. You bit him hard, making him let you go and then I beat the living tar out of him for getting near my babies. He had enough energy to run from Gran's security guys and escaped to the nearest ER. That night after my party and all of us turned in the monster came back…" Ella closes her eyes and that's it I have to stop this. Mia's in tears and so is Ana.

"The fire. Yes, Ella, I know what happens next. You got Mia and me out of a burning inferno and then because you were scared that being with you would endanger us more than we even were, you left us at the firehouse. They took us to Seattle Grace where Mom was manning the ER. Mia and I were treated and then put under Dad and Mom's care. Gran found you in another hospital in their burn ward. She and Grandpa took you in and that's when you decided on the open adoption and revenge. Before you took Junior out he sent me a series of videos over a period of two months. I had Jason destroy them. When I say that I know everything I mean everything. Hold your granddaughter." I walk over to the couch and carefully set my sleeping daughter into her arms.

"Jason, you, Welch, and Barney dropped the ball." Ella's locking eyes with him and he's actually cowering. What the hell?! Badass Jason Taylor is scared of Ella?! Shit where's my camera! Hell, I'll settle with my phone! I whip it out and capture this rare moment in time.

"Junior went to MIT his hacking skills are black hat. Chris and I were in Taiwan and Hong Kong when he got through the firewall. We were both dead on our feet with jetlag. It was sent to his personal email account. Welch, Barney, and TJ hunted them down, it took months, but those black hats are now neutralized. GEH is secure. I've been watching over them all of their lives. They are mine and I protect my own. You dropped the ball protecting my kid, so I'd say that we both fumbled the play. Logan nearly bought it under your watch…" Jason's finally found his balls and shoots that zinger at Ella.

"That was the Director's call not mine. Logan chose to break his cover to save innocent lives because he jumped the gun and I was there within hours with the team. Half of the team sacrificed their lives to get Logan and rid the world of the monsters once and for all. He's still here, Jason. They aren't." Ella's exactly like Jason. This is unreal.

"Play nice. You can't reverse what was done and it helps no one rehashing it. Logan's alive. Taylor has destroyed those videos. Enough said." Ana isn't sad anymore, nope. My angel isn't one to tolerate the blame game.

"Just clearing the air, Annie." Jason flinches from her death glare.

"I'm sorry, Anastasia. This chat should have waited for after dinner. In my defense after being a ball basher for the last twenty odd years it's difficult to not revert back to my alter ego. I'm trying, but it's only been a few days…" Ella's tone is once again soft, soothing, and well motherly. She kisses my baby girl on the top of her downy cap of jet black curls.

"I understand and the fact that you're the female version of Jason would have the two of you clashing and I expect that, but the battle is over. You won. You need to focus on putting down roots and getting to know your family. I know that you chose to keep your distance to protect us all, but again you won. Focus all of what you had centered on avenging your family into getting to know those who are still here. Mia and Chris. All of us." My baby knows how to take control of any situation. She's our peacemaker.

"Ella, Granny T and Grandpa T are on a world cruise, but believe you me they'll be here before you know it." Mia's finally found her voice too.

"Ella, it's clear as day that you and our parents have kept in touch. Ana has this quirk, she never
forgets a face. You've been to everything. Yes, you've been in the shadows, but you were there. You made sure that we've always been able to meet any goal and achieve our dreams. This house. Mia's house. Grey House. The Mile High. All little ways that you could be there for us when we needed you. Ana and I would like you to stay here with us, while El and his team work on building your home. We're more than enough room and you have your pick of the family or guest wing if that's more comfortable for you. Logan's gonna be parked in the family wing for a while. The choice is yours..." I go with my gut and extend the ultimate olive branch, staying here. Ana is set on it, but it's up to her.

"Chris and I both want you to stay with us. Having you on our team would be ideal, but if you have your heart set on creating an animal refuge and rescue then we'll help in any way that we can. El and Gwen are the best designer and builder in the state..." Ana's eyes and smile light up the room.

"I had this and Mia's home built by trusted friends of my family, as I couldn't risk having anyone linked to you at the time. I will be more than happy to have Elliot and Gwen rebuild what was once my family home. Jason can extend Grey Meadows to include Walker Crossing at last and Chris can stop badgering Mac about it now." Ella shakes her head at me when I grin sheepishly. Guilty as charged, but it's all in the name of security. Fine. It's prime real estate right in my backyard and I've been drawn to it.

"Can we share her?" Mia's big blue-grey eyes and pout will melt any resolve. "I mean most of us all live here on Grey Estates, so it's only fair."

"Mia, it's not like you live next to Mom and Dad. You live literally on the other side of the rose hedges. You, El, Ethan, Kate all spend more time here than at your own homes and we're like within walking distance. Logan's here too and she's like his other mom..."

"That's flattering, but Logan's more like my little brother. Don't age me before my time. He's only a few years younger than me and Jason trained us both. He's just likes to snark that I'm like a mother hen, because I'm a stickler for safety..." Ella rolls her eyes, well, Mia got that from her, and laughs softly as not to awaken the infant in her arms.

The triplets seem to be just like Teddy. They can sleep through anything. Thank you god! I feel for those poor suckers who have babies that cry if you as much as sneeze in the other room. Gabe was like Teddy, but Ava. She's high strung like her Mother. You couldn't even drop a pin if she was sleeping in the room in her basket. Poor El and Kate were walking zombies while we were well rested. My musing mind just catches Jason's. "Cow pockey...Arabella..." remark at Ella's safety first remark. I arch a brow and he rolls his eyes. So Ella is a nickname for Arabella? She must have changed it after the incident. I like it. I'll run it by Ana see what she thinks.

"Fine, safe equipment, gear, those kinds of things...Happy now...Yes, I tended to take risks, but the mission called for it. Balls to the walls, Taylor. Risk it all or lose everything. I rarely use my given name, but having two Ella's might confuse this little angel. Arabella was known by Senior and Junior so I had it legally changed to Ella." She shrugs, running her fingers through her hair, unreal, I am so much like her it's scary. Then again she's my birth mom, so I guess there's that.

Ana and Mia are both trying not to burst into giggles and are giving each other and then me knowing looks.

Hey, I am not that bad. Well, yeah, maybe I am, but it's my family. There's that and my phobia of all things fire. My Pyrophobia isn't as acute as it used to be thanks to Flynn and my Autophobia was never a problem, but just there in the background. I was burned in the fire, my lungs took a long time
to heal, and I had to go through a lot of reconstruction surgery on my back and arms. Mia had more lung issues, as I protected her, even at two my instinct to protect was in full force. I remembered it mostly in nightmares, but Ella wrapped us up in soaking wet sheets and then walked through fire to get us out. I can't even imagine the amount of surgery and treatments that she had to go through.

"Chris is insanely safety first and all of Grey Estates has fire retardant of some sort, the cars have to be the safest in their classes. Jason runs his army. You name it if it has to do with safety then Chris has to have it." Mia snarks, and I get another eye roll.

Yeah, fine it's extreme but we're ready in case of any natural disaster or fire. Hell, we'd have the fire out before the trucks even got here. Yeah, I know. I have a problem, but I'm working on it with Flynn. You go through what I did at two and then see how you turn out. I'm in the top five wealthiest men in the world and I achieved that phobias and all.

"Chris cares for all of us and that's what matters the most, now as for this tug of war between the two of you. Mia and Ethan can stay in the family wing, as we have more than enough room. Gabe can bunk in the hide-a-bed with Teddy, so problem solved." Ana once again steps in to keep the peace and halt Mia's snarking

"The whole family can bunk here if they want to, we've more than enough rooms for it. I'm sure that we're all starving by now and Dad's been signaling for the past few minutes that dinner is ready, so are we set, or does Princess Mia still want to keep this going?" I'm starving and I still have to go hunt down Logan and my kid, doing lord knows what on that hell on wheels chair that I had shipped for him from Australia. I had three shipped over one for Logan and two for Ana, one for downstairs and one for upstairs as I know she will want one too. She hated being down for so long after having Teddy and this will make things easier for her and she won't overdo it.

"Babe, be nice." Ana smoothes a yawn. My baby has had a long day, but she's not going down without a fight and needs to eat. "Be a love and settle Rory in her basket."

I take our daughter, kiss her forehead, and carefully get her snug in her basket. "I'll bring you in a plate." I straighten and focus on Ana.

"I can join the others." Ana's pouting and as adorable as it is, she's stuck on the couch until I carry her to our room.

I carefully pick up Alex's basket and set him on the couch, so that I can kneel next to it and see to my angel. "Ana, you are recovering from major surgery. Doctor's orders. Rest and stay off your feet. Please, baby, don't fight me on this." I croon as I cup her face in my hands and kiss her softly.

"Annie, I've got a little of everything for you ladies." Ray comes in with a tray loaded with food. "Chris, Jason, dinners on and Teddy is joyriding with Logan on his new toy. Sam's ready to deep six it in the sound."

"On it, Ray." Jason takes off out the doors.

I rub noses with Ana and then spring to my feet. "I was afraid that he'd go crazy like this."

"New wheels?" Ana arches a brow a me.

"I had it shipped from Australia so that his therapists could see that he had the means to maneuver around the meadows without any issues and he'd be able to come home." I choose not to mention that there are three.

"Babe, I want one…" Ana pouts up at me. "If it's what you were looking at on your laptop then I
can be mobile and not stuck on the couch or in bed. Two would be ideal that way I can have one down here and upstairs…"

"Baby, I'll see what I can do." I blow her a kiss and leave to help Jason round up Logan and Teddy before Sam gives into her urge to shoot him.

Chapter End Notes

Now you know what happened to Ella, well, without any gory details. The healing can begin. Hope all of you liked it.

Cin x
Teddy POV

Uncle Logan, Elliot, and Ethan are all crazy fun and these chairs are like my power wheels only lots better! They can go over big rocks, sand, all sorts of stuff outside and are crazy fast too! We've gone down the stairs with them too! They're racing each other all over the yard and the beach! Gabe, Ava, and I are along for the ride. Sophie and TJ went up to the house with Sam.

Daddy got it for Logan so that he could come home today, but I don't know why Elliot and Ethan are on one. They weren't hurt by super mean baddies like Logan was. I wonder if Daddy got them for Mommy, because she's gotta rest and stuff? I hope he did, because with it she'll be able to zoom all over the house and not even put her feet on the floor! The seat lifts you up so you can reach stuff and more!

"First one to make it through the obstacle course has to give up dessert tonight!" Elliot is never gonna wanna give up the chair and has Ava on his lap.

"Oh, it's on." Ethan has Gabe.

"Not happening, El." Logan makes sure that I'm buckled in tight on his lap. "Hold on, squirt. This is gonna get a little wild."

"Can we go really fast again?" Wild means fun and I am all for fun. When Uncle Elliot says that and we're in his truck we go off-roading and it's awesome! He only does it when he's watching me and Mommy and Daddy have to go somewhere. Elliot is the best Uncle in the World or I thought he was, but Logan he's awesome too!

"We go fast?" Gabe and Ava are just as excited as I am.

"Oh, it's happening, Logan." Elliot grins wickedly. He loves dessert and tends to snitch yours if you don't keep an eye on your plate. "Hang on, princess. Daddy's gonna make your Uncles eat dirt."

"What in the hell is going on here, boys!" Uh-oh Uncle Jason looks really mad. Were we not supposed to have fun with the chairs?

"The kids had better be strapped in Logan, Ethan, and Elliot..." Daddy's giving them his boss face! That's not good! We weren't supposed to be playing with the chairs.

"He's fine. I belted him in nice and snug." Logan is rolling his eyes at Daddy. Bad move. Daddy hates that and I try not to do it around him.

"Little Brother, you and I both know that if these weren't safe then you wouldn't have bought them. We're just having fun..." Elliot's rolling his eyes at him too and Daddy's got his scowl face on, not good.
"We're testing them out." Ethan shrugs.

"Gentlemen, that's not a toy." Daddy's growling too, all bad signs. I wonder if things went bad with Nana Ella. "They are for Ana to use while she is recovering from having the babies and Logan's is his until he's back to a hundred percent again. After that all three of them are going to be donated to those that need them. Unless Kate and Mia end up having a C-section and then they can use them until they are fully recovered as well. Teddy does not need to get into his little head that these are for joyriding around in. They are devices used by those who don't have the means to get around on their legs and not like his power wheels."

"Unbuckle the kids now." Jason gives them his don't-mess-with-me I-will-make-your-life-miserable look. You don't wanna defy that look ever.

It means weekend boot camp. I've got to watch before and by the end of the weekend my Uncles and Daddy were all crawling and nearly crying it was so bad. Daddy stayed home for days. Mommy thought it was funny and told him that he asked for it. Again an Adult saying that makes zero sense. Why would anyone ask to go to Uncle Jason's weekend boot camp?

"Boys, dinners on. House now!" Grandpa Cary, Nana Ella, Nana Grace, Aunt Gail, Aunt Mia, and Aunt Kate are standing up by the house on the big deck shouting at us. Nope we weren't supposed to be playing around with the chairs.

"Ava Grace!" Aunt Kate is mad.

"Gabriel Carrick!" Aunt Mia is mad too.

Uncle Logan wisely unbuckles the belt and I get down to go over to Daddy. "Christ, he wasn't in any danger..." He's muttering under his breath.

Elliot and Ethan do the same with Gabe and Ava. They race up the lawn to their Moms.

"I don't wanna hear it. Move now." Jason points towards the house.

"Elliot Johnathan Trevelyan Grey now!" Nana Grace is really mad at Elliot. "That is not a toy! You have no business being on it and you are being a bad influence on the kids!"

"Yeah, yeah, can't have any fun ever around here..." Elliot is muttering and heading his chair up the lawn towards the main house.

"Like you don't take Teddy for rides in any of your supercars..." Logan isn't far behind.

Ethan wisely says nothing

"I'm sorry, Daddy." I look up at my daddy and give him my best sorry face.

"Teddy, your Uncles know better and are supposed to be a good influence on you. That is not a toy." He picks me up so that we're eye to eye.

"Yes, Daddy." I nod.

"Good. Let's go eat dinner." We head up to the house.

"Logan Jason Taylor! If you ever ignore my wishes with my charge again! I will deep six your wheels in the Sound and you will be in a normal chair for the duration of your recovery! I told you no! I meant no!" Aunt Sam was yelling at us a lot, but then gave up and headed for the house. Uncle
TJ was right they were asking for trouble and Sophie must have known what was gonna happen too.

"Sam…"

"Don't you Sam me! He is my responsibility! If something would have happened on those stairs or those rocks it would have been on me! If you over grown children wish to risk your necks by yourselves then by all means have at it, but not with the kids! Jason and Gail can watch your sorry hide! Three years under cover! Nearly getting yourself killed and yet nothing has changed! You're still as big of a child as Elliot! Now sit there shut up and eat your dinner! As for that chair! If you don't use it as the tool it is supposed to be then I will drive it off the dock and deep-six it in the sound! I'm going for a run before I give into the urge to shoot all three of your sorry hides!" Aunt Sam stalks off.

Boy are they all in trouble.

"Logan! Were you joy riding in that chair with my son?!" Mommy's shouting now and standing in the doorway of the sunny room next to Grandpa Ray.

"Anastasia Rose get your fanny back on that couch! I am handling this!" Daddy's growling at Mommy too! This is going from bad to worse!

"I'm fine! I'm supposed to walk and Daddy is right next to me! This isn't my first go at this! I know what my limits are from when I was recovering after I had Teddy! If Logan and the boys think that it's perfectly fine to joyride on those things with the babies then they're in for a world of hurt! Where the heck did they get two more to begin with? You said that you only got the one?!" Mommy's locking eyes with Daddy and is doing her arms folded talk glare.

"Teddy needs to eat," Daddy and I head to the outdoor table that's loaded with lots and lots of yummies. Hamburgers! Hotdogs! Aunt Gail's French fries! Mac and Cheese! Yeah, there's good stuff like veggies, but anything is better than turkey and chicken.

He sets me in my booster seat then loads up a plate for me. "Dig in, Buddy." He ruffles the top of my head and then heads for Mommy. "Daddy's gotta see to Mommy."

"Keep it up, Flyboy, and the couch in your den will be your bed for the next six weeks." Mommy growls from right behind Daddy.

"Baby, the two chairs are for you, so that you can easily get around upstairs and downstairs without causing yourself more harm because your stubborn little butt won't listen to doctors' orders. It was the same way with Teddy and it caused you to have to heal longer than you would have had you listened to those of us who care about your wellbeing." Daddy turns to Mommy scoops her up and then sets Mommy in one of those awesome fast chairs. "Like I said, love. I was handling it." He kisses Mommy on the nose. Kisses are his way of saying sorry and it usually works.

Elliot was forced to get out of it because Grandma Grace grabbed him by his ear. Aunt Mia did one worse and kicked Uncle Ethan in the Wennie. I think that Aunt Kate would have done the same to Uncle Elliot, but Nana Grace was doing more than enough punishing for the two of them. I think she's sending them to the naughty corner! Wow! Note to self, electric fast chairs are not toys and will get you into big, big, trouble if you use them like a power wheel. Fun or not, it's not worth the wrath of the Mommies.

"Mom!" Elliot yelps as Nana Grace drags him off to the naughty corner.

"They were all safe! We had them strapped in with us! None of them were gonna get hurt!" Ethan is
the next to yelp when Kate does the same thing to him.

"You know nothing about how those chairs work! Logan is the only one who should have been testing out his new chair! They are not toys to joyride in!" Kate's ready to strangle them.

"Neither one of you looks paralyzed or broken to me, but do that again with my baby and that may just change!" Mia is scary mad too.

Grandpa Cary is smacking each of them upside their heads. "Congrats, boys. That's months of weekend boot camp for the two of you.

"No one got hurt! What about Logan?! He was right there with us!" Mia and Kate whispered something in their ears and Ethan and Elliot look almost in tears.

"Boys, Logan is the only one with a reason to be in that chair and wouldn't have pulled what you did if the two of you hadn't confiscated them. Your worst mistake was including the kids while you tore all over the grounds. That is your main crime. If you wish to try and get yourself killed acting like over grown teenagers then leave the kids out of it." Jason is checking over Logan.

"I'm fine!" Logan's staring off in the direction that Sam left and looks like he's in pain. That's not fine. Did he hurt himself again?

"Logan Jason Taylor! You will sit there and let Jason check you over and then eat dinner! After that we will show you to your rooms in the family wing. Chris had them set it up exactly how the rehabilitation center specified." Gail glares at Logan and he wisely gets quiet.

"Sam had chosen to stay in the rooms next to yours, but that very well may change, now and she'll choose to keep to the cottage instead." Mommy's glaring at him too. "Joyride on that all that you wish, but with Teddy that's a big fat no-no, big brother."

"I wasn't joyriding with Teddy. I was testing out the chair's capabilities when Elliot and Ethan joined us. Then it was like old times and I missed that, so part of that is on me. I'm sorry that I worried you. Teddy is and always will be safe with me. Sam's stressed out of her mind because I nearly bought the farm this time and didn't keep her in the know for three years that for her must have been endless. I'm sorry that I bailed and went dark, but that's the job description and after the third attempt to get Teddy… I had no choice, but to jump headlong down the rabbit hole. Trust me what I found was anything, but Wonderland. So, sue me if I jumped at the opportunity to have a little harmless fun with the guys and the kids." Logan's got dark eyes again.

I'm little, but I know that he's been through a real life nightmare and needs something to protect him. I scramble out of my booster seat and race into the house to go get him something to chase them away.

"Christ, I forget that he's three going on thirty and knows what I'm saying…" I see Logan burying his face in his hands, as I dig through my toy box to find my lion. "I'm sorry…I have to check myself around him…he shouldn't have heard that…"

I can part with him, but my Teddy not so much. Lance the Lion can keep his bad dreams away, because lions are fierce and strong. They also protect their pride like he did fighting the baddies. I think he gave this to me when I was really little and it kept me safe, so it can keep him safe now too.

I stop to peek at the babies and they're all sleeping, so that's good. No diapers and getting spit on is always a good thing. Then I take Lance and race back outside to where Jason has him parked at the front of the table. I hold out my lion. "Here, Lance, is good at keeping me safe, and now he can do it
Logan is blinking at me and his eyes are all shiny! No! It's not supposed to make him sad!

"Take him. He's good at keeping the bad dreams away." I again hold out one of my prized possessions, but the most would be my Teddy. Teddy's are the ultimate protectors and I have one practically everywhere I go. I call them my backup teddies because my best one can't ever be lost and stays here. I have a whole collection of plushies, many of them are bears, as it's my nickname, so everyone likes to give me a new one all the time. My closet has these nets filled with them, but my blue grey, soft, cuddly, teddy is my favorite as he's been with me since I was my siblings age. I got Lance I think the last time I saw Uncle Logan, before he left to go on his Arrow mission.

Logan clears his throat, you know like when grownups do when they don't want you to know that they're about to cry. Because they think that crying makes them weak, but it doesn't. It makes you feel better most of the time. Most like to cry when they think no one is around. "Are you sure, Teddybear? I'm honored that you feel that I'm worthy of his protection, but don't you need him?"

"I've got my Teddy, so I'll be fine. You need him. He'll make you feel better and give you good dreams. He's kept me safe since you gave him to me and now he'll keep you safe." I offer up Lance again and this time he takes him. I'm all smiles, because I can do something to help him too.

"Sam and I both had him made for you and I'm happy that he has done his job and kept you safe and the bad dreams away…" He sets me in his lap and kisses the top of my head. "Thanks, buddy. I'll take extra special care of him and that's a promise. If you ever need him, you know where to find him."

"You need him lots more than I do. I'll be fine with my Teddy." I grin.

"Thanks for loaning me one of your most prized possessions…" He hugs me again, before setting me back down on my feet.

"I've got lots and lots of different plushies, so if you need one to make Aunt Sam smile again…just ask." Hey, plushies last a whole lot longer than chocolate and flowers and you can hug them.

"I'll keep that in mind…" He chuckles as do most of the family sitting at the table.

"Teddy, please come sit and finish your dinner…" Mommy's all smiles now and I think she's got happy tears in her eyes.

I race back over to my chair and Daddy sits me back down in my booster seat. Ava and Gabe are already finished and eating ice cream sundaes for dessert. There is no way that I am gonna miss out on ice cream anything, so I focus on finishing my dinner. It seems that everyone else is done with growling about fast chairs and are now all doing the usual talking about stuff and eating dinner. Which is more than fine by me.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

It's a four weeks since the babies arrived and Ana and Teddy have had enough…Happy reading through Ana's eyes this time…though it does foreshadow what I have instore for the next chapter…^^ Please tell me what you think!
Cin Xxx

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters ^^) own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story idea are all mine.

Ana Pov

"Ella's source is amazing!" I'm looking at the detailed plans of turning Grey Meadows into Disney's Frozen Christmas. We'll have lights and ornaments exactly like the ones that they use at Disneyland, only ours are going to be solar powered. We've got artificial solar ice trees, inflatable and animatronic characters, and a snow machine. We've even got Marshmallow to guard the main gate and he's animatronic too! "We're gonna have a Frozen Christmas!

"Whatever your heart wants, I shall endeavor my best to make it happen. Even if it means enduring a Let it go light show for weeks on end." Chris is staring at the giant shipping crates that are taking up the hanger from the monitor in his home office and scratching at the back of his neck.

"Chris, we can hire some experts to set it up. This is not something that you and the guys are gonna be able to tackle." I set my chin on his shoulder.

"We can handle it. No one has gotten wind of the triplets and still think that you only had one baby. NDA or not someone would leak it and score a big paycheck in the process." Chris has his mind set and isn't gonna change his mind about it anytime soon.

"This project is gonna take a small army of people who know what they are doing and I seriously doubt that all of you men have clue one how to implement every stage of this design plan. We can't keep them hidden forever and I want to be able to go out with them and show them off at GEH and GP." Chris stiffens and turns to shoot me his Do-you-doubt-me one eye brow arched glare. Shit! Oh, well, it might turn out halfway decent. I mean, it's not like we're gonna be shot for a magazine layout. Chris would never let that happen in a million years.

"I run a multibillion dollar company. I think that I can handle a ladder and stringing some lights up on my own house." He rakes his fingers through his hair. "Are you ready for the circus that us announcing the triplets is gonna entail? Teddy's was a nightmare and the bottom feeders wouldn't leave us be for weeks. This will be a million times worse than that and the last thing I want them to be called is the Grey Triplets like Teddy was dubbed Baby Grey. Mom has no problem coming here to give them their baby checkups and Dr. Greene has no problem coming here to check on you…"

"We can prevent all of that by giving an exclusive to Eamon and Ethan then they won't be able to cash in on the triplets, because the Seattle Times will have scooped them all. We can't hide them forever and Ethan is waiting for you to finally give him the green light to run it…" I have it all in
place, but he's being stubborn.

"Why the rush, baby?" He goes to pull me into his arms and I step out of his reach.

"The walls are closing in on me. It's been four weeks, Christian! I need to finish shopping, a spa day, Sunday dinner at Grey Manor, anything! We can't hide them forever and I don't want to. I am proud of my babies and wanna show them off to everyone at work! I can't do that until you finally come to your senses and let Ethan handle it for us! Teddy wants to go to the park! See Santa! He need his playdates with his friends! We need out of this fortress of protection!" Are you kidding me!? He's clueless! It's Christmas! We need to get out of the house!

"Ana, am I smothering you?" He shoots me his wounded puppy dog eyes. Oh, no, that's not gonna work, Grey!

"I wouldn't say smothering, but this shield of protection around us is stronger than Superman's Fortress of Solitude. Everyone who wants to see us has to come here…It's Christmas! Santa! Victorian Christmas! The Charles Dickens Festival! Cookiefest! The Christmas lights! All of that is going on and we're missing it, because you can't shake off the fear. Yes, we have three beautiful four-week old babies and a three year old who is patiently waiting for you to finally come to your senses. We love you, just please open the gates, lift the force field…” I implore with my own puppy dog pleading look.

"You were healing…needed rest…” He looks like I've slapped him and that's not what I wanted at all.

"Yes, I was healing and resting, but I'm nearly fully recovered now. I was given the green light yesterday to exercise, go for walks, get out…” I reach up and touch his cheek with my hand and he turns his head to kiss and nuzzle my palm. Nope. Not happening Chris. I take my hand away and step back again. I ignore the electric current that always happens when we touch. The tangible energy that binds us is a force unto itself, but I need to get him to ease up and let us have outings again.

"I know that we're missing a lot of our holiday tradition that's why I'm turning Grey Meadows and Estates into a Frozen wonderland. We'll still have the light shows…” He's being stubborn, but I will win.

"Mommy! Daddy! Ava, Soph, and Gabe got to go see Santa, the reindeer and trains, the cookies, and the lights! When's it my turn!?" My ace in the hole just crashed the party.

Teddybear, I owe you big time. I scoop him up into my arms. It's wonderful to be able to pick him up and not wince in pain again.

"Mommy's negotiating with Daddy, Teddybear." I kiss all over his face. He's been making cookies with Gail and Soph and has the sugary evidence all over his adorable bow shaped mouth.

"I can bring Santa here…” Chris starts, but Teddy isn't having it. He wriggles out of my arms and is standing there mirroring his Daddy's pissed off look to a T.

"No! I miss all of my friends! I haven't been to the park in forever! There was a Christmas party today and I missed it! The big tree lighting! Santa's village! Cookiefest! Seeing the lights! All of it! You wouldn't let me go with Ava, Gabe, and Sophie! Uncle Logan and Nana Ella caught the baddies! Let me play with my friends! I have my Uncles and Aunt Sam to keep me safe! This is all because of the babies! They've ruined my life!" Teddy is having one of his rare tantrums, but I don't blame the little guy at all, his Daddy has taken paranoid protection to the extreme. He's had enough
and now he's letting him know it.

"Theodore Raymond…"

"They have! I can't do anything with anyone, because you don't wanna let the sharks with cameras see the babies! Well, they see me all the time and I survived! Just because there are three doesn't make a difference, we all have our shadows to protect us!” He's stomping his little Chuck Taylors all around Chris's office.

"Teddy, it's not the babies fault that they've been too little to have an outing yet, but now they can." I try and scoop him up again, but he's in a full blown snit.

"Well, I'm not the babies and I've missed everything!" He's folding his arms and sulking exactly like his daddy. God, I hope that Jason is getting all of this, it's just too adorable for words. He's not acting out to be a brat, he's just reached the end of his patience.

Chris is doing his best not to smirk and I know that he's not angry about this outburst either. He's patiently waiting him out. "Are you finished?" He arches a brow at our son.

"No! I wanna sleepover at Nana Grace and Grandpa Cary's until you come to your senses! They'll take me to see everything! We didn't even go to Aspen and get our trees and it's all because of the babies!" He shouts and then goes to race back out of the office, but his Daddy is faster and scoops him up.

"I hear you. I heard your mother. Yes, we'll get all bundled up and go check out everything that you've been missing. " Chris has him so they are looking eye to eye. "Can I show you something or are you gonna continue with your snit?"

He gives Chris his best this-had-better-be-out-of-this-world glare, but says nothing.

Chris goes to kiss his forehead but Teddy turns his face away to bury it against his shoulder. "I'm sorry, buddy."

"Teddy, that's enough. He's trying to make it up to you, now give him a hug." He's had his snit, it's time for him to forgive his Daddy.

"Look, Teddy. We're going to turn this place into a Disney Frozen Christmas." He gets him settled in his lap as he sits down and shows him the plans on his desk.

"We get to have the lights like at Disney?" He's not convinced and his brow is wrinkled in a V like I do when I call bull shit to something Christian has said or done.

"Yep, see those big crates in the hanger? It's loaded with lots of stuff just like at Disney. We'll even have a giant Marshmallow to keep watch over the gate that moves. Along with Olaf, Anna, Elsa, Kristoff, Sven, Grand-pabbi the works…." He's showing him the artist renderings that came with the plans.

Teddy's taking it all in, but he's like his father and when you cross him, he tends to make you work for it to get back into his good books again. "Who's gonna put this together? Disney people?" He voices his concern and is looking up at his father with doubt.

"The guys and I are gonna tackle this…"

"Uncle Elliot and his guys?" He arches one brow, so like his daddy that it's scary.
"This is gonna be a family project for the men, while our ladies go to Franco’s and get pampered at Oasis and have a girls day…"

"That's a lot of stuff…” Teddy looks at the artist renderings and plans then at his father and it’s clear that he has no faith in anything that Chris is telling him.

"We've got this, buddy. Trust me." Chris kisses the top of his head and he allows it. Good sign.

"Okay, Daddy. But today I want Santa, reindeer, trains, and lights…” Now he’s back to his serious face.

"Why don't you two go take a Daddy and Teddy day together while I hold down the fort here and I'll touch base with the girls about our girl's day plans?" I'm not really up too all that Teddy is determined to do today and the two of them clearly need this bonding time together. Besides, I want to see just what kind of disaster this Project Frozen could turn out to be.

"Ana? I thought you wanted a family outing?" Chris arches a brow and is shooting me a confused look.

"Yes, lunch at Grey Manor. Taking in the light show in Belleview. Little things to start with at first. I'm not up to tackling the list that Teddy has his heart set on, but you're perfectly able to and need some quality Teddy and Daddy time." I counter and look at my watch, it's nearly noon. "Take him to lunch at IHOP and then tackle the nursery first so that he can see the reindeer and trains. Then Santa. Seattle Center. Pikes Place. We still need to do Toys for tots, Gail has the list. That should be fun. The Zoo is basically a dusk event as it has to do with Christmas lights. You can end the day having dinner then take him up in Charlie Tango, before landing back here and bedtime."

"Ana, we can leave the zoo for an outing with all of us. You want family outings and we are gonna do family outings. Today will be the Reindeer, Santa, and the trains. We'll bring back dinner and then I will take him up in Charlie Tango to see the lights. Toys for tots might be on the agenda for today, but we'll see how the day goes. It'll get done, as will the holiday lists for the charities. While we’re gone make the call to Ethan for the exclusive then get with Ross so that she can be ready to fend off the feeding frenzy that this is gonna cause. You say you're ready, so we'll reveal the biggest kept secret in Seattle to the rest of the world. Why, they're so obsessed with us boggles the mind. It's not like we're royals, just highly successful at what we do. Then again it's been this way since we hit our teens and you and the girls discovered the wonderful migraine that is social media." He gets to his feet with Teddy, kisses me, and then the two of them leave his office to get ready for their afternoon outing.

I look down at the signature of the artist and gasp. Nessie C?! Bella's daughter painted these renderings and the helped with the artistic design with who must have been Alice? They're the old family friends of Ella?! Their Halloween Spooktacular Haunted Experience is the go-to place for Halloween and people come from all over the country to see it. I've no doubt in my mind that this is just as detailed if not more so from the massive containers in the hanger. I'd ask her to hire them to set it up, but Chris would go postal.

Edward and my Babe have this insane rivalry going. All because of a certain book series that shall remain unnamed that has characters with our likenesses doing naughty things. They're nothing like us in the least and I blame it all on the internet, Google, Instagram, Youtube… the media… our lives have been out there and she just took it and spun it into one hell of an adult fictional story with a movie franchise.

The only thing that saved her from our wrath is that disclaimer in the beginning stating the necessary
legal jargon that got her fanny out of the legal fire.

We're equals there is no Dom/Sub anything. No red room of pain. Just two who are star-crossed, soul mates, and have known each other nearly all of our lives. Chris has faded scars from the fire, but was never abused in any way. Ella isn't? How did she write it? Oh, yes, a crack hoar, who died of an overdose…That's complete and total fiction. I guess, its pure luck that she named her character Ella.

She had to have attended our events to get the details so exact with our family members. Well, mostly, Mom wants to rip her hair out for making her out to be the worst mom ever. She says it's not fair that Grace and Gail get to be glowing characters and she's an absentee mother going on her fourth husband and married the scum of the earth for her third. Frank Lambert is her original character. Though, Momma's maiden name is Lambert, so there is that. Ray's my Daddy from day one.

Jose…well, she got him so wrong…yes he's a photographer, but he doesn't bat for my team. Far from it. He's been in a loving partnership his high school sweetie Paul Clayton, a resident ER doctor at Seattle Grace. Paul's parents do own a lucrative Hardware empire so they got some of that right. Jose's also an architect/interior designer and Gwen's right hand.

He, Paul, Ross, and Gwen have a chain of clubs called Calliope's all over the States and world. Drag queens are a hot commodity these days and the girls are something to watch. Gia, as he's known at the club, loves to raid my closet and drags me and the girls off to shop until our feet fall off. He's our own personal stylist and has been since we were in diapers. Alice Hale does all of the wardrobe for the girls at the club. Gwen and Jose designed the clubs themselves and Elliot built them.

I suppose all of that growling from our parents and even Chris to watch what we put up on social media has come back to bite us all in the ass. The internet does have its drawbacks and it can be used in all manner of ways to make your adult lives miserable. We were the princes and princesses of Seattle, born or adopted into affluent families, who were always in the public eye. We also loved social media and used it foolishly as teenagers or young adults tend to do.

Anyway, ever since the series came out they've had this rivalry to end all rivalries with each other. It hadn't really bothered him until Edward bought the Seahawks before Chris could even make a bid for them. Edward's calling card is what drives Chris crazy. He makes a huge donation to every single one of our charities as a consolation prize. He's done it every time Chris has lost a deal to him.

I settle myself in his chair behind his desk and read the instructions that were included with the plans. There's a number for the Disney engineers and they are expecting a call to come set this up. I plug the flash drive into the USB port on Chris's laptop and I'm rewarded with a computer generated rendering of what it's gonna look like when it's all finished. There's the number again flashing on the screen with NEEDS PROFESSIONALLY ASSEMBLED! in Shouty capitals under the number. I pocket the drive and shut down the computer and I take the sheet with the number. If Chris sees these it'll be like someone has questioned his manhood, but I'll give them a call to have them all on standby. I can't help but think of the possible not so pleasant outcomes this massive undertaking could cause. Like extended hospital stays. Broken bones. Cuts. Bruises…concussions…I shudder at the thought.

Chris doesn't hire teams to set up events for nothing…and yet he thinks that he can handle this? Uh, I don't think so, but I'll humor him and then bring in the experts to fix it into a Disney Frozen Christmas extravaganza.

I take out my phone and text the girls and Jose for our girls day and then I'm off as my babies are paging me from their baby monitor.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Anyone who knows my writing will tell you that I am so not nice to my main male characters. I tend to break them or cause them harm, but mostly in comedic situations...I can be a cruel mistress to my subjects, but it's always in good fun. ;)

Cin Xxx

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don't do Cannon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it...you have been warned ^^^) own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

CPOV

Ana won't let me near the hanger. She's called in the experts to come set it all up day after tomorrow, but what she doesn't know won't hurt her. She'll be being pampered all day at Oasis and then run ragged by Jose at Neiman's. I gave him the Black Amex and told him that she needs a whole new wardrobe as she's been feeling blue. Yeah, yeah, I know it's underhanded and Ana hates shopping, but a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do to get stuff done here at home.

I mean, what's the big deal about stringing up a gazillion lights on our mansion? How hard can it be? You set in the clips and then put the lights on them.

Easy.

It's insulting that she thinks that I'll wind up in the ER or worse the ICU from having a fall off the roof!

Yeah, like that would happen. I have the reflexes of a cat. I can take down Bastille and he's an Olympic Champion!

"Jason, is everything set for tomorrow?" I arch a brow at him and he looks at me with doubt in his eyes.

"Oh, it's all set." He nods, his face grim.

"What?" I narrow my eyes and fold my arms in my best CEO glare.

"Why now?" He asks point blank, matching my stance and glare.

"It's my house...." I growl, mouth set in a firm line.

"Noted." He nods then states again. "Why now after the disaster that was your attempt at creating a haunted house?"
"It got away from me…” I grumble and start to pace my home office. "Dry ice is tricky…the fog machines were defective…the animatronics were too…don't get me started on the lasers and holograms…how hot are they supposed to get anyway…If Forks could do it so could we! And we did…”

"After Ana called in the special effects pros to fix your epic fail…” Jason snarks.

I shoot him a death glare.

"Christian, you don't do projects, you hire the best to set them up for you and this is an epic fail waiting to happen. Ana has called in the Disney engineers let them handle it…." Jason is determined to rain on my Deck the mansion parade!

"She has no faith in me when it comes to DYI projects and this one has step by step instructions…” I point at the detailed plans on my desk.

"For the Disney engineers to assemble, as it states right there in bold capitals." He points out what is blaringly obvious to even a legally blind person.

FOR PROFESSIONAL CONSTRUCTION ONLY! DISNEY ENGINEERS ARE STANDING BY AWAITING YOUR CALL! DO NOT ATTEMPT THIS YOURSELF!

"What does the designer know that we don't? What are they clairvoyant or something? It's insulting! I have a pro! My big brother! Hell, we all spend time building houses for Habitats for Humanity! We know our way around tools!"

"This is more complex than putting a hammer to a nail or a screwdriver to a screw. Nor are you ever allowed near the power tools." He won't let this go.

"Just because I may have nearly cut my finger off while we were building the Grace, or had a run in with a nail gun at a site. Doesn't mean that I can't handle putting fucking clips up on my house!" No one is ever gonna let me live that down.

I still say that the tools were defective! Ana's were all fine. She's her father's daughter. She can do anything DYI. Me. It's like the tools have a vendetta against me and I end up in the ER. But these are lights and clips. How hard could it be?

"Christian, face it. You are a DYI jinx. This isn't a good idea…"

"I am not! I can string lights and plug in the lawn inflatables with the best of them…”

"On a tree maybe or a bush on ground level, but we're talking about you on a ladder three stories up with no safety net!" Jason all but shouts at me.

"All of the ladders are the safest in their class. It'll be fine! Trust me!" I snarl back.

"What's Elliot say?"

"I get to take on the lawn stuff and leave the heavy stuff to him and the guys…” I mutter darkly.

"Good, as long as you agree with that game plan then Operation Frozen Christmas is a go." He smirks.

"My house. My rules…”

"My ass if you land in the ER or worse…” Jason mutters back.
"Logan’s…"

"Logan's on Team Lawn. Gail will string me up by my balls if he ends up hurt again…"

"Fine. Team Lawn…at least I get to play with the animatronic characters…” Shit he's right and Ana is far worse than Gail.

"Ray and Carrick will be watching the kids while we attempt to not kill ourselves…Barney and TJ are handling the high tech end of this project."

"Ava and Gabe each got a new puppy from the shelter, only they're our pups' age, so we'll have four six month old pups running around the grounds…" I choose to ignore that he doesn't even trust me with the fancy automatons and change the subject to the kids.

"Two labradoodles and two golden doodles what could possibly go wrong with that scenario?" Jason's got zero faith that we can do this.

"Ethan and Elliot have been working with them for the past month that they've been at Mom and Dad's. It'll be fine. We're gonna be focused on the front and they'll be playing in the back…"

"I could show you about a million online viral videos…”

"Leo and Max know how to obey their commands…”

"Leo and Max aren't who I'm on the fence about…Sam, Luke, Ryan, and I all worked with them…”

"Daisy and Bandit had the dog whisperer, its fine…”

"Four dogs. Four kids. And a massive project going on…well, at least we have great insurance." Jason finally gives up, throwing his hands up in defeat.

"Oh, ye of little faith…."

He ignores me and stalks out of my office.

"It's just a bunch of fancy lights…he worries too much…” I sit down at my desk and study the plans some more.

"Promise me." Ana has me cornered at the fridge, as I go to get out some stuff to make breakfast.

Yeah, I can cook, but they won't let me do anything in my house these days. This is Gail and Ana's domain, but a guy can cook his family waffles, bacon, eggs, and toast too.

"Look me in the eyes and swear that all you are going to do is hang out in your man cave. You will not touch the hanger. Got it, Flyboy."

"You wound me, my angel." I pull her to me for a kiss.

She plants her palms firmly on my chest preventing me from distracting her. "Swear, Grey."

"I don't see what the big deal is about putting…” I sulk, giving her my best puppy dog look and she cuts me off.

"They aren't normal lights. Try specially crafted nets that need special clips set in so that they can safely hang from the exterior walls of the mansion. Its fishing net with LED lights weaved into it.
They'll need lifts, scaffolding, as well as ladders…" She's got her I'm-onto-you-Grey look in her eyes, but I'm a master at my poker face.

"I don't need any of that to set up the lawn ornaments, trees, or air inflatables. Elliot's got equipment and he's a professional…" I counter, as I kiss her nose.

"Just take the kids out on the Grace with the dads and leave it to the engineers tomorrow. Please, flyboy? I don't have the energy to deal with a broken husband, three year-old, and three four week-old babies." She's giving me the eyes and biting her lip. Two of my Achilles heels, but I'm a man on a mission.

"They're bringing the new pups over for a playdate with ours, so the Grace is out. Leo and Max are fine, but I don't know about Daisy and Bandit…" I kiss the top of her head and gently move her to the side so that I can start on breakfast. "I've set out some fresh fruit and yogurt, with a bottle of water for you. I'm fixing waffles, bacon, eggs, and toast good or do you want something else?"

"Morning, kids." Ella's got Teddy in her arms. "Is Chris still determined to attempt the impossible and not let the expert team handle it?"

"Daddy? Are we gonna make the house like Frozen today?" Teddy's eyes are bright with excitement. Well, someone in this family has faith in me.

"Waffles, buddy?" I wisely don't answer the question. "I run a multibillion dollar empire, yet the females in my life have zero confidence that I can't handle putting up glorified net lights on my own castle. Yes, Halloween was a disaster, but I was working with defective equipment…"

"Christian, there was so much fog that you couldn't see in front of your face. London doesn't have fog that thick. Ten fog machines! You plugged in all of the electronics without listening to Barney, TJ, or Daddy and we had to live at Escala while Elliot fixed the wiring and replace everything that you fried when you blew the main transformer. 50 pounds of dry ice, Hollywood special effects, and holograms and lasers that none of you had clue one how to use. Need I add that you ended up in the ER after falling out of the trees three times putting up the zip-line for the ghosts and the spider webs? Why we needed a gigantic animatronic spider on a web, screaming ghouls, vampires, or werewolves is beyond me. Teddy's three not a teenager. Casper was fine. These holidays are for the kids not for you overgrown children to enjoy. I told you to wait until they were all old enough to not have nightmares for weeks, but you never listen." She's handing me my ass in front of Ella and our kid, but I can't defend myself because nothing she's saying isn't true.

"Halloween was cool, Mommy! It was nothing like on Supernaturals or Sleepy- hollow! That's scary, but I knew that all of the stuff here was fake." Teddy chimes in my defense and then it hits both Ana and I that Elliot has been letting our kid watch TV that are way above his age limit when he has him.

"Theodore Raymond Grey what have you been up to and where did you watch those shows?" Ana's now focused on that and any thought of me and lights are history. She's beside Ella in a blink and giving Teddy her mom look.

"Um…" He is eyeing both of us with big wide innocent grey eyes. "Were those no watch shows?"

The whole worshipping Flash and Arrow is really starting to make a hell of a lot of sense now. Shit! He took Teddy to that convention he was raving on and on about, while Ana and I were away in New York! All of the stuff Teddy gets from the cast members and the actors' comments at different charity events that we attend 'about how's your adorably amazing kid' are now crystal clear! They've met my kid!
"You know they are, now where did you see those shows?" I counter his innocent act. "We've got complete parental control over all of the devices in this house, so it wasn't here."

"It's a secret and I pinkie swore not to tell..." He's biting his lip, a clear sign that he's guilty as hell.

"You're three. Whoever let you watch those shows clearly knew that it was against the rules and swore you to secrecy to cover his behind." Ella sets him down in his chair at the breakfast bar. "The Flash or even Supergirl I can understand to a point, but Arrow, Sleepy hollow, or Supernaturals are for teens not toddlers."

"I bury my face in the pillows and cover my ears for the bad parts..." Teddy sulks.

"Bad parts! Those shows are for TJ to watch and your Uncle knows better!" Ana's fuming mad.

"I know that it's not real, because the actors only play parts and go and talk at 'ventions...where they dress up like Halloween and you can get really neat stuff." Teddy's burying his Uncle and doesn't even know it.

"Oh, really, and just how may I ask do you know this, young man?" Ana's gonna flay Elliot, Ethan, hell all of them alive and I'm gonna happily take care of what's left.

"Theodore Raymond Grey, is that how you acquired all of that Flash and Arrow memorabilia in your room?" I lock eyes with him and he looks away. Yep, I'm gonna send Ryan to guard the factory in Siberia! Those conventions are cesspools and he let Elliot take Teddy to one!

"Um, when you and Mommy go away..." He starts and then sniffles.

"We leave you with your Grandparents, Aunts, or Uncles..." Ana croons and strokes his hair to get him to spill it all.

"Well we do fun stuff sometimes, but it's our little secret..." Teddy sniffles on the verge of tears. "I'm never really in any danger and smart enough to know what's real and not real on the TV...I fell asleep on the couch one time and when I woke up they were watching Arrow...I kinda got hooked after that and then another time the Flash was on...The other two shows were kinda by accident and I really didn't like them all that much, so I kept my head buried in the pillows on the couch for them..."

"They being one of your Uncles, because I can't see either of our Dads watching those shows. Sports in a heartbeat, but not Sci-Fi." I translate what he refuses to tell us. "They also took you to a Hero Convention at Washington State Center..."

"Um, me and Gabe actually...but we were safe the whole time! I swear! We were wearing costumes with masks..." He blurts out.

"Well, that settles it then. You'll be staying with your grandparents for now on and we won't have to worry about you being exposed to TV well beyond your age or being taken to events which are also too old for you." Ana kisses the top of his head, goes around the counter and takes out her temper on making breakfast. "I feel like chocolate chip pancakes with strawberry syrup. Chris, please go check on the babies...Use the intercom if you need me." The baby monitor announces that our triplets are awake and fussing.

"You're three and didn't know any better, but they did." Ella also kisses the top of his head. "I'll help you..."

"Alex is changed and the only one of the three that wants breakfast. His sisters are still snoozing."
Logan's got Alex and he's howling his feed me now cry.

"I've got him." I kiss Ana and take a bottle out of the bottle warmer that I've had ready for Alex, as he's like clockwork.

"Let me. It'll keep my mind off seriously causing pain to Elliot, Ethan, and the guys…Shows are one thing, but taking him to Emerald City was a risk that should not have been taken! That conversation that I walked into last March about a missed opportunity to collect the little prince makes perfect sense now!" Logan takes the bottle and goes to sit at the breakfast bar, while Ana and I take in what he's telling us and thank our lucky stars that Ryan's the best at what he does or we could have lost our son.

"Logan…Teddy…they were after him…" Ana whimpers and I pull her into my arms.

"Baby, he's ours and that makes him vulnerable to attack…We had chatter that something was in the wind, but Ryan's never gonna allow anything to happen to his charge no matter what the situation. Though, this does explain why Ryan refused to let either Ethan or Elliot watch Teddy during our away trips. To his credit he never threw either of them under the bus. Jason had to have known though, because the two of them went through weekend boot camp all last summer.

"Teddy was never in any danger. We've had all of you covered, but of all the places for El to take him that was not it." Logan mutters darkly.

"My team requested permission to teach the two of them a lesson, but at the time I was focused on ending the threat and told them to focus on their assignment. Now I wish that I had given them the all clear…" Ella's making smoothies to go with the pancakes and is taking out her fury using her knife skills on the fruit.

"Gabe was in his stroller and I was carried everywhere…It was embarrassing…" Teddy grumbled.

"Well, then they were actually thinking like Adults for a change." Ana mutters darkly then takes a deep resigned breath before looking up at me with something wicked in her eyes.

"Ana…" I eye her warily.

"Chris, as long as Elliot and the boys take on the lights and the roof. You can try and tackle the lawn décor with Logan. The engineers can fix anything that gets bungled up…TJ and Barney can handle all tech and power issues. You will not string lights on any of the trees that are taller than you are…no ladders period…the trees are coming from Aspen tomorrow so you can string lights on them while we Deck the halls inside Grey Meadows. Paul was going to come over while Jose enjoys his day with us, but he's doing ride-a-long's this weekend. That gives me peace of mind that he'll be the one to patch you and boys up if the situation arises, which hopefully it doesn't." Holy Hell! She's giving me the greenlight, but by the looks of her eyes she wouldn't care if something happened to the guys…Better them than me…Besides, I'll find a way to try my hand at stringing up the nets. Net-lights on clips? How hard is that?

"He'll stick to the ground." Logan shoots me a look and I shrug.

"Christian Alexander?" Ella shoots me the Mom death glare. Hers is scarier than Grace's, and I roll my eyes and nod.

"Fine! I won't try and hang up the lights on my house! Using safety ladders and equipment meant to prevent visits to the ER!" The girls are awake and I stalk off as if they've won, but knowing that I will win in the end.
Teddy POV

So far it's starting to look a little like a Frozen Christmas. TJ and Barney have set up the fake ice rink surrounded by fake blue trees and Olaf is skating on it. Uncle Logan and Daddy gave up on Marshmallow. He's too heavy and they need a fork lift to put him in place.

They're trying to figure out how to assemble this whole crate full of those fake blue trees for the drive. We have a long drive, so it's gonna take a whole bunch of those trees and there are also snowmen too.

The Grandpas aren't even trying to help, because someone has to watch us, the pups, and the babies while they try not to kill themselves. I keep going from the back to check out the front and make sure that they're all still in one piece.

I know what to do if someone gets hurt. I dial 911 and they send an ambulance with flashing lights that's really loud. They came for Halloween to take Daddy to get fixed, so they know how get to Grey Meadows. Uncle Paul knows anyway and he rides with them sometimes so that he can give them help before they get to the hospital. He runs the ER.

So far the only owies are from trying to put these metal clips on the house and they pinch your fingers even through gloves. Ethan, Elliot, and Ryan are all on ladders really high up and are putting them in place so that we can put these huge nets with lights on them on the house.

Jason and Luke are putting nets with lights on them all over the shrubs and bushes.

They've already finished with the huge inflatable stuff! Olaf is so tall he could reach my bedroom window! Then there are snow globes! Sven and Olaf! Elsa! Ana! It's so cool! We even have a bounce house, but Daddy said that's up to Mommy and would more than likely be put up Christmas Eve and Christmas Day if she gives the all clear.

I hear shouting coming from the front and not so nice words too. They're not happy about the gazillion clips that they have to attach to the house. Elliot is shouting for a Lunch break! Ethan's snarling it'll give me time to raid the first aid kit and cover all of my fingers!

Daddy's having Jason and Luke go get our lunch from Lunchbox laboratory and he's taking all of the requests. Gabe and I wanted MODS, but seeing as I'm on probation I'll settle for what Daddy orders me.

Elliot and Ethan haven't figured out that Daddy and Mommy know everything and that Daddy had a long talk with Ryan and when he came out of Daddy's office he looked like me this morning when I spilled everything to Mommy, Daddy, Logan, and Nana Ella. Not that I feel sorry for any of them, because now I know that I'm too little to keep secrets like that and that not everything that Elliot or Ethan think is fun is good for me. Though, I don't think that Flash is that bad and Arrow either. Supergirl isn't bad seeing as she's a girl, but she's like Superman so there is that. I didn't include that this morning, because they were mad enough that I watched the others.

Daddy got them both when he was trying out the snow machines and they had to go inside and change, and for some reason they keep scratching a lot and growling that it's the last time the girls do the wash. It's a good thing that they're hooked to those ladders or they'd fall off. My grandpas asked them if they had ants in their pants. I hope not because that would be really bad. Ants sting when they bite.

Daddy, Jason, Luke, and Logan all were grinning at each other and chuckling. Elliot and Ethan didn't think it was funny and growled something naughty at them.
"Kitties!" Gabe's really excited and the puppies are really barking.

Wait? Did he just say kitties? We don't have kitties, because puppies and kittens don't get along. I sneeze a lot around cats too. I love all kinds of furry things cats included, but being around them makes me not feel so good.

"Leo! Max!" Grandpa Cary is shouting.

"Daisy! Bandit!" Grandpa Ray is shouting too.

I was just about to go see what was up when a streak of silver grey and I guess cream raced from the back and straight under the ladders. Followed by the puppies who are a lot bigger than whatever they were chasing and hit the ladders really hard.

Elliot's goes flying to the left into the thorny bushes with a big crash.

Ethan's goes backwards and crashes right where Daddy and Logan are putting together the trees!

Logan jumped out of the way, but Ethan is on top of my Daddy!

Ryan's goes to the right and his ends up crashing into the tree with ouchy thorns on its branches.

The pups and Gabe race after the furry streaks.

Elliot, Ryan, Ethan, and Daddy, are all howling and saying adult words like something really hurts.

Logan jumped out of the way and rolled back to his feet just like Arrow! He's trying to get to Daddy under the ladder and all of those trees and snowmen!

Grandpa Cary is checking on Daddy, Ethan, and Logan.

Grandpa Ray is checking on Ryan.

Elliot is still in the rose bushes and he's really saying a lot of words that I can't repeat! They all are.

I listen really hard to see if all of this woke the babies sleeping in their baskets in the sun room, but there's no crying yet. Well, unless you count what's going on outside. Though, it's more bad words than anything.

That's a lot of owies all around me and I've been taught that I should call 911 if there's an emergency and this seems like that to me, so I race inside to the phone and dial.

"911 this is Sara what's your emergency?" The nice lady on the phone asks me.

"Um…This is Theodore Raymond Grey and I think that my Daddy and Uncles need help. They were all on ladders putting up clip things for the lights and then the puppies made them all crash and now they're all howling and saying adult words that I can't say. Uncle Elliot is in the thorny bush. Uncle Ethan went crashing backwards onto my Daddy. Uncle Ryan crashed into the thorny tree with white flowers…" I try my best to not start crying, but I'm scared that something bad has happened to my Daddy.

"Sweetie, it's gonna be okay. Are you alone? Were your uncles and daddy the only ones watching over you?"

"Um, no…My grandpas and Uncle Logan are here trying to help, but I think that we're gonna need the hospital and the loud bus with flashing lights maybe more than one. Uncle Jason and Uncle Luke
went to get lunch, so they can't help either.

"Teddy? May I call you Teddy?"

"Yes…" I sniffle.

"We're getting more calls from your Grandpas, so you've done a fantastic job giving us a head start in getting you help.

"They did?" I try and be brave, but my grandpas called too, so it's bad.

"Sweetie. It's going to be alright. Help is on the way. We have alerted the crew in the area and they should be there in just a few minutes. I'll stay on the line talking to you until they get there okay, baby."

"Ok, I'm gonna go outside and see…" I take the phone with me and race out the front doors.

"I'm right here, baby. It's gonna be okay."

"They all look hurt…"

"Well, we're sending help to make them all better."

"Daddy's sitting up, but I think his arm and leg are hurt. Uncle Ethan's clutching at his ankle, it's not supposed to twist like that…Uncle Elliot's arm I think is what's hurt and he's all scratched up from the bushes…Uncle Ryan's just all scratched up from the thorny sticks, but Grandpa Ray and TJ are plucking them off him…Grandpa Cary, Uncle Barney, and Uncle Logan are talking on phones…"

"You are such a brave little boy and so smart…thank you for telling me whose hurt…"

"I'm three going on thirty…that's what Uncle Logan says…"

"You're doing fantastic, Teddy."

"I'm trying to be brave…Uncle Paul is riding with the loud buses is he coming here to help?" I sit down on the front steps. Daddy sees that I have the phone and is saying something that I can't hear to Uncle Logan.

"Uncle Paul? Dr. Paul Clayton? Is he your Uncle too?"

"Um…yes…I have a lot of Uncles…"

"Well, it's good to have Uncles, little guy. Yes, he's coming with the ambulances…"

"Good, because he patched Daddy up last time…" That makes me feel lots better.

"Teddy?" Daddy's calling me in a strained voice. "Who are you talking to?"

"This nice lady named Sara from the 911 place…" I answer warily. I'm not supposed to talk to strangers.

"Told you that he's three going on thirty." Logan grins and is giving me the thumbs up sign.

"Thank you, buddy. I know that you're scared, but it's gonna be okay. You got us help and they'll make us all better." Daddy sounds like he's in pain like last time.
"Thanks buddy." Ethan and Elliot groan.

"Fantastic job, pal." Ryan winces, as yet another stick is tossed onto the ground, by TJ and Grandpa Ray.

"Kiddo. You rock!" TJ grins.

"See…You did good, baby. Can you hear the sirens yet?"

I can hear the sirens coming up our drive and the SUV is back with Jason and Luke. "Uh-huh…I can hear them and Uncle Jason and Luke are back too."

"Daddy! Kitties!" Gabe zooms over to Ethan with two kittens in his arms.

Then Leo and Max race over to Daddy and Logan. Daisy goes over to Elliot and Bandit to Ethan. They're trying to kiss them and make it better, but I don't think that's gonna help.

"Teddy?" Luke is kneeling in front of me. "Can I have the phone, buddy?"

"Um…my Uncle Luke wants to talk to you now. Thank you, Miss Sara, for helping me, help my family." I tell Miss Sara.

"You're welcome, Teddy. You're a very brave boy. And did a fantastic job." Miss Sara tells me back.

"Her name is Miss Sara and she's with 911…" I hand the phone to Luke.

"Thanks, buddy. You did great. I'll take it from here. Your Daddy needs you to hold his hand…” Luke ruffles my hair that's what they do when I've done something good.

I race over to Daddy and order the pups to get off him. "Down! Daddy's hurt!"

They obey and laydown at my feet.

"Teddy. Take them inside…please…” Daddy's eyes are pained and he's gritting his teeth.

"Pups! House!" I call and take off for the front doors. They all follow me into the house and I get them to go into the puppy playpen, so that they won't cause any more trouble. "Quite. Babies are sleeping." The four of them curl up together and I guess after chasing kittens its naptime. It's hard to hear stuff outside at our house, so the pups and babies should sleep.

"Teddy!" Mommy's home!

"Mommy!" I race out of the Great room and into her arms. "They got hurt! I called 911!"

"I'll go check on the babies. Fantastic job. Little man." Gail kisses the top of my head and then is off to the Sun room.

Mommy scoops me up and hugs me tight. "Thank you, for helping Daddy and your Uncles, Teddybear."

I can see flashing lights everywhere outside from the windows. "Daddy's going to the hospital again, huh, Mommy?"

"Yes, he is, Teddybear." She kisses my nose. "I have to go with Daddy to the Hospital. Gail, Nana Ella, and Grandma Carla are going to stay here with you, the babies, and your cousins."
Grandma Carla and Nana Ella walk in with Ava, Sophie, and Gabe, two of them are holding the kittens.

Where did they come from and why aren't I all sneezy and miserable?

"We'll be fine." Grandma Carla takes me from Mommy.

"After lunch I'm gonna bake our little hero a batch of Chocolate monster cookies." Nana Ella kisses my head. I get more kisses and cookies! "I'd go with you, but I know that he would want me here looking after the kids. Grace is there and will give me updates. If he needs me I'm just a phone call away."

"Ana?" Sam calls from the front doorway. "They're loading them up on the buses. Do you want to ride with Chris?"

"Be right there!" Mommy kisses me again. "Be back soon, baby. It'll be fine. Promise." Then she races out the doors.

Well it's a good thing that Daddy hasn't given the chairs away, because I think he's really gonna need one.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it!

Cin x
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

I think it's Ana's turn for a bit and as always in my stories everything happens for a reason, even freak accidents. ^__-

Cin Xxx

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don't do Canon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it…you have been warned ^^) own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine.

APOV

My Flyboy has to be the most accident prone DYI on the planet! He might be Master of the Corporate Universe, but Bob Vila he's not. Please, he's more like Tim from Home Improvement and boy does he love the power tools that hate him. I'm fantastic at tackling home projects, but him it's a lost cause. How he got broken again while trying to assemble trees and snowmen boggles the mind. Is there someone up there that thinks this is funny?! Well, it's not! Being his soul mate is so much like a twin link that now I ache too!

"Baby…it wasn't my fault this time…" Chris groans.

"Babe, just lie back and stop talking." I growl down at him, as once again we're being raced to Seattle Grace to get him mended again.

"Grey, you're not winning any brownie points, so shut it." Paul's barely keeping his bedside manner intact.

"Brownie points! Fuck that! Where the fuck did those two fur balls come from! This was not my fucking fault, Anastasia! I was playing by your rules and Ethan fucking squashed me flat under those trees and snowmen, because two fucking kittens made the puppies go ape shit! Again, who the fuck has been harboring kittens at Grey Meadows! We're all allergic!" Chris is so pissed now that his face is turning an interesting shade of puce and even that makes him looks like Poseidon having a temper tantrum. It's only making matters worse though, because he's moving around on the gurney.

"Calm the fuck down, Christian!" Paul's actually strapping him down like a mental patient. "Relax or I'll stick you with this and we'll all get some peace." With the straps all in place, he's fixing up a sedative.

"Babe, those kittens are the kind that don't trigger allergies and Sophie's been hiding them in the Boathouse. No one is out to get you. It was all a freak accident. They are a mix of a Siberian and a Maine Coon. Sophie was with Jason and Luke when they picked up the pups and it was love the second that she saw them. Jason said no, but Luke has no defense against those sky blue eyes and pout. They've been shuffled from cottage to cottage and the latest spot was the boathouse. The breed..."
is extremely intelligent and get along well with kids and dogs…"

"Oh, hell no! Not happening! We have two puppies…" He's steeling himself, but it won't work. By now Teddy's probably adopted at least one of them. Sophie will convince Jason to let her keep at least one. We're now the proud parents of four kids, two puppies, and a kitten. Well, at least they're already litter trained, so there is that.

"Girls love kitties…" I lean down and kiss his forehead. "So do little boys…"

"Anastasia Rose…they nearly killed us, because cats and dogs do not get along with each other…" He's nearly out, Paul's given him the sedative.

"Give up, Grey. This is a battle you lost as soon as those two kittens escaped the boathouse. Kids love all manner of furry creatures. It could have been a mouse, rat…" Paul's updating his tablet to alert the hospital of what Chris has done to himself this time.

"Guinea pig, hamster, ferret, chinchilla, gerbil, maybe an orphan squirrel or Raccoon…never mice, rats, snakes, spiders, no insects' period…lizards are even pushing it…" I shiver in remembrance of all the pranks that the boys pulled on us girls when we were kids.

I've raised a Raccoon and a Squirrel after rescuing them and Rascal still lives on my parent's grounds at the ripe old age of fifteen in his posh condo that I made for him when I was ten. Peppy the squirrel lived a long and full life of 10 years. Animals thrive under a Steele's care. I'm prepared to handle all of the surprises that the kids will bring home. Chris and I started Wild Rescue when I was ten and he was eleven and it's the go to place to bring injured animals or they go get them and nurse them back to health. It's been set up all across the country. We really are out to save the world.

"Boys love snakes, insects, and rodents of all kinds…" Chris shoots back sleepily.

"He's right, Ana. It works both ways." Paul smirks.

"Then we'll build a reptile/insect/rodent house at Walker Crossing and the boys can visit them there…" I will cross that bridge when it rears its ugly head. Teddy's happy with the puppies for now.

Paul's using something out of Star Trek over Christian's arm and leg to see the damage. "It's an Xavier Portable X-ray and with this baby I can see what he's broken this time and not have to go the old fashioned route. So far we've got ourselves a broken left hand and wrist, as well as clean breaks to the left Tibia and Fibula. Miraculously that's it, besides contusions and scrapes. He's lucky it wasn't any worse. Kent's with Ethan and he's dealing with far worse injuries than Chris, try a Comminuted fracture to the ankle, as well as a broken hand. Brant's with Elliot and Ryan. Elliot's got a broken arm and war wounds from the rose bushes. Ryan's got war wounds from the blackthorn and a great deal of the thorns need extracting, all of them are lucky that they didn't cause any life threatening damage."

"I think he's going for a match set. Last time he broke the right side and this time it's the left." I feel like pulling my hair out. This was the last thing that I needed this close to Christmas!

"Not…funny…Baby…not…my fault…" Chris mutters then gives into the meds that Paul's pumped into him.

"He's going to need surgery to repair the wrist, and hand but the leg's going to be easy to set. You can't blame this one on him, Ana. This time he was the innocent bystander that got caught by surprise. He'll be grouchy as hell, but he's a fast healer." Paul tries to mediate now that Chris is asleep and calm.
"And I'm not heavily pregnant with triplets either, so there is that to be thankful for…" I bury my face in my hands. "I knew this was gonna happen, but I didn't listen to my intuition just like last time with the Halloween disaster. I kind of feel guilty as hell, because I was so pissed at Elliot and Ethan that I all but willed this to happen today. Not Chris being broken, but after finding out all that they've let Teddy see and do, I wanted some retribution…"

"They both want to be number one in the Uncle category, so they both tend to bend the rules quite a bit when you and Chris leave town. If he confided all of that this morning then I don't blame you at all for wishing ill will on the guys. Off roading in the truck, Emerald City, the CW…" Paul's burying them worse than Teddy.

"He took my baby two tracking in his truck!" I snarl fiercely and Paul pales realizing that he just threw the guys under the bus even more. "What else?!"

"Well, he has that sidecar on his Harley…"

"I kicked him in the balls for taking Teddy on the snowmobile without asking us at one and he thought that I would approve of him riding shotgun on his Harley at three?!" I'm livid.

"Well, when the lion and the lioness are away all rules for the most part don't register. When we watch him we stick with the guidelines then again we're mature responsible adults and the guys are over grown kids. Always have been. El more so than Ethan, but then he's worshiped El all his life, so it's a given that he's as much of a rule breaking goof ball as El." Paul's got a point, but it's not really helping. I'll get even and it'll be glorious. Today doesn't even count.

"That settles it then the choice presents are gonna be auction items at Coping Together next year. The Kitchen is closed. All of our clubs and restaurants too. Gail is off limits and so is our kitchen. They're grown men it's time that they learn to fend for themselves. Grace and Mom won't give in either, because I was venting at the spa. I'll feed Kate and Ava, but El and Ethan are on their own. Teddy could have been kidnapped at Emerald City…they never think about the ramifications of their actions. We leave Teddy with them, because we trust them to abide by our rules…"

"They think you're being paranoid and smothering him by not letting him experience things…" Paul is letting me vent, but also giving me insight on how they see Chris and I.

My god what do they let Ava and Gabe do? Ava turned two on Labor Day and Gabe isn't even three until Valentine's Day. Where they hell are Kate and Mia?! Shopping?!

"They're wrong! We get threats daily in the hundreds, before Ella and Logan took out the baddies it was in the thousands! Teddy has been nearly kidnapped three times before he was even a year-old! Once right after he was born from the hospital nursery, the park when he was nine months old, then from the daycare at GEH when he was nine months old! All of you know this! Logan went deep ops because of it! Now, I find out that he was nearly taken again because El and Ethan wanted to go to Emerald City! There are crazy evil nutjobs out there that are always looking for a way to score big and they see Teddy as a means of getting a big payday. Security is there for a reason. We've all lived with shadows all of our lives and still they don't get it? Well, they can take risks with their own kids, not mine. Until they prove to be mature responsible adults, no more watching them." I'm not budging on this one.

"Hell…will…freeze…over…first…" Chris mutters in his sleep.

"He's got a point…then again he'll do just about anything to earn the rights to being fed again at Grey Meadows and to be able to access all the clubs and restaurants under Grey Hospitality and Entertainment again. That's Cold, Annie. Kate can't even boil water and they live off of what you,
Mia, Grace, Carla, and Gail pack their freezers with each week. Ethan's lucky Mia's a master chef, but El's gonna be in hell. Either that or he's gonna have to find himself someone like Gail...it's impossible Jose and I have tried..." His lecture is cut short because we've arrived at the Hospital and he's gotta focus on Chris and less on getting the boys out of the endless pit of quicksand.

OooO

"We've got everything ready, Dr. Clayton." ER Doctors, Nurses, and the hospital administrator are standing by as soon as the doors to the back of the bus open. Shit! The Paps are swarming! Like I wanted to be headline news!

"Mrs. Grey, come with me. I have a private waiting room where you can rest while we take care of Mr. Grey." Fitz Cramer the world's biggest ass kisser motions for me to follow him inside, but I stop to address the sharks to avoid a feeding frenzy of false reporting.

"Focus on the men." I shoot Cramer a cool look, as Jason and the cavalry have all arrived en masse. "I'm fine. The men are the ones injured. Taylor, will see to my needs and security as will Sawyer, Logan, and Prescott. I have to feed the sharks first before they chum the waters of their media and news establishments with lies."


"I'm a seasoned pro at handling the sharks and they're only gonna think the worst if I let you field the press for me. I'm CEO of GP and when it comes down to it CO-CEO of GEH when I have to be." I take a deep calming breath and steel myself. I'm wearing a comfy cozy tunic, leggings, booties, and a jacket. They're all Alice originals and designed with my comfort in mind. She's such a sweetie and designed a whole wardrobe for before and after the babies. Fashion Police can kiss my ass.

"Mrs. Grey! Why were three ambulances called to Grey Meadows?!"

"Is it true that your Teddy called 911?!"

"Is it life threatening?!"

"Did they have to tear you away from the babies?!"

"Why the secrecy with the triplets? Were their complications?!"

"Was there a falling out between the brothers?!"

"Mrs. Grey, will make a short statement, but that is the end of it. No questions. This is not a press conference." Jason narrows his eyes at the sharks.

The sharks moan and groan that Jason has just pissed on their parade.

"My brothers-in-law Elliot Grey and Ethan Kavanagh, as well as Reynolds a member of our security, all were victims of an accident involving a set of three ladders and my husband Christian Grey happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time and was pinned under the ladder when it fell back on him. They were all in the process of decorating the house and grounds when the accident occurred. My son has been taught what to do in case of an emergency and ran into the house to call emergency services. None of the injuries were life-threatening, but do need the attention that a hospital can provide. There was no fall out. No brawl. Just an accident. There is no big news story to tell. It's just one of those mishaps that can and often does happen when decorating ones grounds or homes. I am not going to go into any details about this anymore than I have as I am speaking to you. Now if you will excuse me. My husband needs me. Good day to you all." I ignore
their shouts and questions and let Jason lead me into the hospital.

Then some wise ass makes a snide comment loud enough for me to hear about Chris sucking up to the public by decorating Grey Meadows himself instead of hiring help to set it up. Didn't Halloween teach him anything?

It's the straw that broke the camel's back and I turn on my heal and stalk over to where the asshole and the rest of the sharks are standing and break every rule that I have ever been taught when it comes to fielding the sharks. Dante from PR is gonna have my head but seriously! We can't even Deck the Halls without comments from the unwanted peanut gallery! I'll blame it on hormones!

"I'm buying the Tattler and every other rag that spews lies and garbage and taking them apart piece by piece until you and your fellow bottom feeders are out on your asses! How dare you insinuate that because my husband wants to do something wonderful for my kids by turning our grounds into a Christmas wonderland that it's all a PR stunt! I'll have you know that Christian would do anything and everything to make our kids dreams come true! It has nothing to do with PR! The Public! It's all about Family! Our family! I can't even step outside my gates without an Army because you Bottom Feeders won't leave us alone!"

"The public has a right to…"

"We're not royalty! We're not the First Family! My husband is not a Political figure! We are not Hollywood in the least! We just happen to be brilliant at what we've both chosen to do with our careers! We both worked our asses off to make our companies the best and most profitable in the world! So what if we're worth billions! We earned every dollar! We give over a quarter of our net worth to worthy and charitable causes every year!"

"Yeah, for a tax write off and…

"But do you report on that? No! We created and chair nearly a dozen charities many of which were created before we were even in college, again you bottom feeders turn a blind eye to that! No, all you care about is who I'm wearing! Where we dine! Vacation! Who we're seen with! You terrorize my kids! You hounded me relentlessly while I was carrying Teddy! Were fifty times worse when I was carrying my babies! You have no concern for anything and anyone and I have had my fill of it! Chris was injured because Ethan's ladder fell on top of him while he was painstakingly trying to assemble an endless number of trees and snowmen so that the kids in our family can have a wondrous Christmas! Just like he wanted Teddy and his cousins to have a Spooktackular Halloween! It's no different for any other dad who takes on lighting up his house so that it can be seen from space!"

The Tattler report doesn't have a snide comment to that because he can't. Its fact that people spend thousands decorating for Christmas and go beyond the extreme. I go for the jugular and will relish watching their faces pale and eyes bulge because I'm done! I have reached my limit! If they want war! Bring it!

"I have ignored all of you, as that's been ingrained in me since I could crawl, but enough is enough! I will contact my lawyers and file slander suits on each and every one of your establishments if you so much as try and take anything that I have just said to you out of context! You have made our lives hell all of our lives for as long as I can remember and now the shoe is gonna be on the other foot! It's not a threat! I can and have the resources to go after each and every one of your rags and I will if all of you don't back the hell off! Consider me a momma lioness protecting her pride! To all of those bottom feeders and their money shots know this we have an exclusive contract with the Seattle Times and Kavanagh media and they are the only media organization legally authorized to print any photographic or visual material for all members of my family! If you sell photos or videos of any of
the kids we will sue the pants off you! I could care less about shots of me or Chris, but the kids are off limits! If you want a money shot! Go terrorize the A list Hollywood elite!" Logan takes me by the elbow and leads me back towards the emergency entrance and to my astonishment I hear a roaring round of applause and 'Go! Ana!' Behind me and it has me grinning from ear to ear. I do a fist bump in the air and then disappear into the hospital.

"Holy shit, Ana!" Mia and Kate are gaping at me like I've lost my mind.

"He pissed me off. I'm fed up with playing defense against those bottom feeders. It doesn't work. It's time to go on the offensive. Chris and the boys are not here getting treated because of a publicity stunt! If we wanted that we would have gotten with the mayor and Seattle Center and turned that into Frozen Christmas!" I hiss, keeping my tone low as not to disturb anyone as we make our way to the rest of the family.

"Good for you, Mrs. Grey." Is what I hear from nearly everyone that I pass, so I know that at least in the public's eye that they're on my side. "I hope that your husband makes a speedy recovery and that you and the kids have him home for Christmas…" Are other comments.

There's a young mother curled up in a chair, clutching a baby blanket, crying and I stop to kneel in front of her. "Are you alright?" I ask softly.

The young woman looks up at me with grief stricken eyes. "My baby is really sick and my insurance isn't going to cover it…" She sobs into the blanket. "I don't know what I'm going to do…"

If there is one thing that I can't take it's when someone can't get the proper care that they need and deserve. Chris and I both see this as a travesty and strive to put an end to it, but bureaucracy always gets in the way. They care more about cost than care. "I'm Ana and if you'll let me I want to help you and your baby. My husband and I have a trust with this and many other hospitals for situations such as the one that you find yourself in with your baby." I feel a tap on my shoulder and Sam hands me one of my cards for Angels Who Care before I can fish it out of my purse. "Call this number. Tell them the situation and they will take care of you, your baby, and your family." I place the card into her trembling hand.

"Thank you…I don't know what to say…I can never…" She's sobbing harder now, but this time she can see hope and those are the tears that I never tire of seeing.

"Your baby getting the treatment to make him or her well again is all the thanks that I need. They can also connect you with other foundations that can help with any other needs as they arise…" She wraps her arms around me and hugs me.

"You're a blessing. I hope that whoever you're here to see that it isn't serious and they make a speedy recovery… Ana…"

"My husband, a big brother of sorts, and brothers-in-law battled with Christmas decorations and the decorations won. It's nothing serious that won't heal…You and your baby are in my prayers…"

"Angel…I'm Angel Sanders and my baby is Hope…she's three…she has chronic asthma and my insurance only covers so much…the medicine is so much…I try my best, but it's just me and Hope…her daddy died fighting in Iraq before she was born…my parents died in an accident just before Hope was born…I wasn't married so there's no help there…I need to be there for my baby, but I work so much just to keep a roof over our heads and provide us with food and the bare minimum…I work at a daycare center during the day, so I can have her with me, but I have to leave her with my neighbor at night for the shift at the diner that I work at…" She bursts into tears again.
Mia and Kate are on either side of her. "Sweetie…it's gonna be okay."

Angel is rail thin, so I know that she needs help as much as her baby does. Jason is already on the phone with Welch, no doubt verifying her story, and I know that he means well…but one look in her defeated eyes and I know that this girl has been through hell. She has no one. She has experience in childcare…The wheels are spinning in my head and I am gonna help her and Hope.

"Jason…" I stand to walk over to where he's quietly talking on the phone.

"Ana…I know that look. I have to make sure that everything she's telling you is the truth. Welch didn't even have to look five minutes to get her history. Angelica Marie Sanders is twenty-two. I thought that her last name was familiar to me. Her Dad served with me and Ray. She lives in a studio apartment. Works all day at the daycare and then the evening shift at Dina's. The boyfriend died his first tour right after basic…her parents in a fatal car crash a month before Hope was born. What little insurance that they had went to hospital expenses. She's just never had much of a break in these last few years…Medicaid only covers so much, as do any of the programs that she's eligible for. The Angel Foundation will do wonders, but if she'll let me. Gail and I would be happy to take her and Hope in and when Ray finds out he'll offer the same. Sanders saved our hides, we owe him a life debt. We lost touch. We didn't sign for another tour, but Sanders did…I wasn't even aware that he'd married or had any kids…" Jason explains to me before I can hand him his ass for doubting the poor girl.

I throw my arms around him and give him the biggest hug. "This is even better! She can help Gail take care of Teddy and the babies and we can take care of her and Hope!"

"Ana…she has to agree first…" Jason hugs me back.

She's reached the bottom there is no doubt in my mind that she wouldn't grab onto a lifeline for dear life. I walk over and kneel in front of her again taking both of her hands in mine. "Angel, there is someone that I want you to meet. He knew and served with your Dad…"

She looks up at me with startling aquamarine eyes. "He knew my Daddy?"

"Yes, and my Daddy Raymond Steele served with him as well…"

"Wait…Steele…" She gasps.

"Yes, and the man that wants to meet you is Jason Taylor. My Godfather. He's a wonderful man and he wants to help you and Hope. We all do, if you'll let us. Your Daddy saved Jason and my Daddy's life and in my eyes that makes you family and I owe your family a debt that I can never repay." I nod.

"Miss Sanders?" Jason walks slowly up to her, as not to intimidate her.

She looks up at him, "Mr. Taylor? I have a scrap book loaded with pictures of you, Daddy, and Ana's Dad…Wow, unreal, you haven't changed all that much…I was supposed to contact you and Mr. Steele, but I didn't want to burden your families…Daddy said that you would look after me and Hope…"

Jason is kneeling beside me. "I can understand that you would be wary to approach either one of us, considering how much in the public eye we happen to be. We made a vow to take care of one another's families…"

"Yes, he said that fellow soldiers took care of their own and that even though he'd lost touch with you and Ray that you would take care of us like your own. To be honest seeing who you worked for
and that Mr. Steele owned a shipping empire made me think that getting in touch with either one of you would be a nearly impossible task…” Angel sniffs, finally calming down now that she knows that she and her daughter aren't alone anymore.

"It's like trying to gain an audience with the President…” Kate is in full agreement.

"Christian is very protective, but with good reason. He's created an empire from the ground up and everyone wants a piece of him and it's the same with Ana. She took a failing publishing company and made it into a one of the most successful and profitable publishing houses in the world. You see, my brother and I were raised for the first two years of our lives by a single teenage mother, Ella. She had our Great Gran and Grandmother to help, but do to a tragic fire she lost both of them and her world was turned upside down. She was seventeen and severely burned in the fire, but she put us first and made sure that we were taken care of before her needs. She left us at a nearby fire station, because she knew that we would be taken here and that our adopted mother would take care of us now that she couldn't. Our Grandparents were friends with the Trevelyan's and Ella knew that Grace would take us in no question. She and Dad have the biggest hearts in the world. If anyone can help make Hope better its Mom…” Mia's speech is interrupted by Grace.

"Miss Angel Sanders?” She asks softly, eyes full of tears. She's heard all of it. Now it's a toss-up as to who's gonna get the honor or taking them in.

Angel is squeezing my hand in terror thinking that something is terribly wrong. "Yes, has Hope gotten worse?” She whimpers shakily.

"My name is Dr. Grace Trevelyan and I'm going to do everything in my power to make Hope better again. I specialize in little ones. Hope's chronic asthma seems to be triggered by an allergic reaction to something in her environment…” Grace starts to explain, but all Angel heard was I caused this. My baby is suffering because of me. I can see it mirrored in her eyes.

"Oh, god…” She's sobbing uncontrollably now.

"It's common in cases like this and easily remedied. We just have to narrow down the cause. Other than that she's a very healthy little girl.” Grace is quick to reassure her. "You are doing a fantastic job, so no tears. This is not your fault. The doctor who’s been treating her missed this entirely and was only treating the symptoms and not the cause."

"I've taken her to a free clinic…it's never been severe enough to take her into the ER. They are wonderful doctors, but can only do what they can and there is so much need in the neighborhood where we live and not enough medicine to go around. My insurance doesn't cover her medicine and you can only use it so many times until the co-pay runs out, so they were giving me samples to treat her, but she's not the only child with these symptoms. Carrie, my neighbor, drove us here to Seattle Grace, because the Clinic was robbed and are temporarily closed. Hope was barely able to breathe and the inhaler wasn't working. The boarding house isn't much, but the landlords could care less. All of the tenants work together to keep the place running. They own nearly the entire neighborhood and it's been months since anyone has seen them. The plus side is that no one has been evicted for being late on rent. The downside is that the utilities are paid for by the landlord, so if that stops then so do they. We've all been on pins and needles waiting for the day when we wake up to no heat, power, water...Hope could be allergic to anything in the tiny studio. The building is old and a lot of the kids are suffering from the same thing as Hope.” Angel's eyes are lit up with life again and I can see that what her and her neighbors are having to endure is something that she wants to fight to change.

My only thought is that when you take down a cartel as far reaching as the one Ella and Logan took on that those innocents that were under their thumbs all get left behind when the dust all clears. Angel's landlords are MIA and it's possible that the cartel was profiting from the poorer
neighborhoods and using them as a means to gather merchandise and distribute their product. If that's the case then we have to seriously look into exactly what real-estate that they owned, acquire it, and help the victims by repairing and making where they live safe again.

"Dad, if you can handle the fort here. Welch called and he's got an issue at GEH that he needs my take on. Barney's on it, but he needs my clearance." Logan's heard more than enough and he's ready to tackle this head on.

"Chris is gonna be fine, baby sis." He kisses the top of my head.

"Miss Sanders, if you'd give me your keys. I can have your place packed and have you settled at Grey Meadows before Hope's bedtime. Taylor's my Dad and Gail my Mom. She's fantastic. I promise you that we're not going to ignore everything that you've told us. We're gonna help. It's what we do. It's just gonna take time and a mountain of red tape, but then again I love a challenge and so does Chris. Ana and Chris pay it forward and are nothing like the 1% who turn a blind eye. So when I promise you that things are gonna start turning around for the better then know that I mean every word that I say." He turns his focus on Angel and his tone echoes everything he's saying.

"The neighborhood is run by a cartel…drugs… Worse…girls have gone missing and so have kids… but it's been quiet this last month or so. The dealers are resorting to raiding the clinics. The pimps aren't around anymore to terrorize their girls either…" Angel shakily fishes out her keys and hands them to Logan. "We don't have much…"

"You have each other and that's more than enough, Jason and Gail both took me in when my parents died. You're with good people. Hope's gonna have one heck of a protector in Teddy and Sophie my baby sis is gonna love her too. No need to tell me your address or apartment number, it's not that we didn't trust you or your story…" Logan is so good at making a person feel human and not like a charity case.

"Angel, anyone who comes in contact with me or my family has to be checked out. It's invasion of privacy and I hate it, but…" I start to apologize.

"Oh, no, I'm not upset that Mr. Taylor was doing his job. I can only imagine how many not so honest people try and take advantage…" Angel stops me. "I had nothing to hide, so there wasn't any damage done. Just please be careful and don't go alone…Carrie had to go to work after she dropped me off, but here I'll write out a note just in case anyone thinks that you're trying to rob me or something." She digs into her purse and takes out a little notepad and a pen.

Logan reaches into his pocket and shows her his credentials. "That's very thoughtful of you, but if that doesn't work. I'll show them my badge. It usually greases the wheels and opens doors." He grins, as if flashing an FBI badge is no big deal. "I've got my jacket in my car too for added effect…"

"Take Luke." Sam's been quiet, but she doesn't want Logan going alone.

"Babe, I can…"


"Dad! I took down the cartel! I think that I can handle some thugs! This is on me! I have to make this right!" Logan's not used to having a partner.

"Take Luke or you can call your suite at Grey Meadows or Escala your home for the next year." Sam's dead serious. He'll be back to square one.

"Fine! Luke can tagalong, but I don't need a handler!" He's sulking, but he's so close to winning
back Sam that he's not gonna mess it up.

Sam's got Ella on speed dial and has her phone to her ear. "Hi Ella…"

"Christ Jesus! Woman! I said he could come! Leave Ella out of it! I'm not cleared yet! She'll have my hide!" Logan visibly pales and is raking his fingers through his hair. "The last thing that I need or want is to have Big Sis pissed at me!"

"Yes, that was him…no just saying your name worked like a charm…I was calling to give you the heads up that we're bringing home two new members to the flock. The daughter of Taylor's former Army buddy and her three year old daughter…They've been all on their own, but Ana being Ana saw someone in need of a hug and we found out the rest from there…yes, she's right here. Grace? They want an update on the boys." Sam puts the phone on speaker.

"Christian, Elliot, and Ethan are all in surgery to fix the broken bones. Ryan's undergoing treatment too and might have to have the thorns surgically removed, but they're doing a CAT scan first to see exactly where all of them are. If you ask me he got the worst of it, those thorns have tiny barbs and can cause numbness and severe pain. He's got them all over. The mystery for two of them is what Elliot and Ethan got into to cause the full bodied rash that is spreading like wildfire all over their bodies?" Grace shoots me a knowing look.

I blink innocently back.

"It'll be a few hours yet before they're out of surgery, but all of them are going to make full recoveries. The only patient coming home tonight is an adorable three year-old angel and her mother. Hope suffers from chronic asthma, but we have her on the nebulizer and she's recovering from her attack. Yes, Gail, too more chicks in the nest. Angel Sanders…You and Carla knew her parents? Well, Jason's already adopted her into the fold, so Carla and Ray will just have to settle with visiting rights. Logan and Luke are going to see to packing her and Hope's things…Yes, the girls all here comforting Angel…"

Mom and Gail spring on me the good news of our new addition to the family household. Who up there hates me? Did I need another challenge? "The kids are what? Oh, dear, I don't know how Chris is gonna handle two puppies and one kitten. Ava and Gabe want a kitten now too?"

Kate and Mia groan. Sorry girls we're stuck

"Well, if one has something than the other usually wants it too, so that's not surprising. Sophie rescued more kittens than the two? Mom, you and dad have been harboring them and the Momma cat for her. Fine, as long as she leaves Rascal alone…"

All of us jump when we hear Gail shouting in the background. What now?! Do we have mice?! Jason's ready to bolt for the doors.

"Gail? What's wrong with Gail? Why is she shouting? The kittens are where? Trying to get into the sink? The breed loves water. We'll have to teach them not to do that, maybe call in the Cat specialist? Cats on the kitchen counters will drive Chris bonkers. You do know that it's going to be like a glacial thaw for him to warm up to the kitten and then there's the pups…Max and Leo like the kittens?" I send a silent thank you to the Powers that be for that little blessing. Then again Leo and Max are really good pups.

I can hear the kitchen TV in the background. Gail likes to watch the Food Network while she cooks. I hear Teddy shout that I'm on the TV? I look at the time it's too early for the local news, but then she likes the gossip shows too. Great. I'm headline news. I'm blaming it all on postpartum hormones. I
had three babies! I'm allowed to go off script if I want to!

Mia points to the TV monitors in the waiting room. "Ana! You've made E and TMZ!" She's got the remote for the monitors and is flipping channels. How? Not a clue, but then it's Mia that we're talking about here. "And all the Cable News Channels!"

"We'll see you when we get home. Hope's three..." I look at Angel for a sec. "Does she have a crib still or a toddler bed?"

"Crib. The studio was too tiny to get her a toddler bed..." Angel is focused on the TV with everyone else in the waiting room. They're playing it like it's on repeat. Am I the only one to put my foot down with the media? And they've called in a postpartum specialist to comment, as if I've temporarily lost my marbles after having the triplets. Their News stations are a joke, but our PR team is the best in the country. They'll handle my lapse of sanity. I see a visit with Flynn in my near future. I'm surprised that he's not walking through those doors.

"It's barely three. Send Parker to pick up a Disney princess toddler bedroom set and have them set it up in the family wing guest suite with the skylights. Call Jose. He can meet him and then they can stop by Neiman's and Caroline can put together a wardrobe for both Angel and Hope. He's got Chris's card, so odds are he's already there stress shopping. You know how he hates hospitals...Call you back in a bit..."

"Um...Ana...you don't have to..." Angel is staring at me like I've lost my mind.

"I love shopping for others just not for myself." I squeeze her hand reassuringly.

Mia and Kate are scenting fresh blood and the TV now has no interest. "We'll take care of Angel..."

"Girls. Your husbands are in surgery!" Grace glares at them.

"That'll take hours and then they'll be asleep for a while. We'll be back before they've even missed us." Mia pouts.

"I can't leave Hope..." Angel looks ready to bolt, not that I blame her. Two crazed very pregnant ladies is a scary sight.

They see this angelic silver blonde, aquamarine eyed, shy, beauty and see a sign that flashes MAKEOVER in big capitals. They combined with Jose make the prep team from Hunger games look like rank armatures. There's only one other person that I know just like them and if the four of them meet...world domination comes to mind. Then again she might be able to rein them in. I have Jose, Kate, and Mia and Bells has Alice...the plus side being we both bagged our very own princes so there is that, mine being on the lighter side of the scale, hers, well, let's not go there. He's more intimidating than Chris on a bad day at GEH and that is saying something.

"She's going to be sleeping for a bit. The medicine we gave her will have her napping for a few hours yet and then we'll see if she can be released this evening. As long as you're back here by six it should be fine, so take some time to pamper yourself and spoil Hope. You're one of us now, darling girl. Let us spoil you." Grace reassures her.

"I'm not going anywhere. I'll sit with Hope. If I go along, you'll be in the middle of a media feeding frenzy. Besides, I can't go. I went off script. It's a big no-no. We've got ourselves a security nightmare if I go shopping and Jason is already near nervous breakdown as it is from babysitting the boys. He left for less than an hour and they ended up breaking themselves...so I'll watch over Hope while the big sisters take their new little sis on the shopping trip of your life. Wait till you meet
Jose... All I can say is grit your teeth, nod, and hang on for dear life. And remember you will come out of this in one piece a fabulous new you..." I give her my best sympathetic I've been there and I survived look and then turn to Jason. "Sam has me covered. Welch... The heck with it I'm not my husband and I hate using surnames to address people! Adam is sending in the troops...I'll be fine until they get here. The boys are in surgery, no threat there...I need you with Mia, Kate, and Angel...mostly in case the sharks go on the attack, plus we're on baby watch..."

"You promise to stay put? No more going on the offensive with the press?" He frowns, narrowing his eyes.

"I'll be in the pediatric wing watching over Hope." I roll my eyes. It's not like I'm thirteen sneaking off to my first concert. I'm a married woman with four kids for Fuck's sake.

"With me guarding the door..." Shit! Adam Welch has arrived and big brother looks pissed.
"Tomson, Peters, and Marks will each take up a post in front of Chris, Elliot, and Ethan's rooms. Andrews will be at his post in front of recovery. Ryan's a big boy he can fend for himself and would never live it down if I posted a detail in front of his room. I'll watch over Anastasia and Little Hope. You are more than clear to shadow the ladies, Taylor. Barney and TJ are both handling the social media chaos that your little showdown caused. The kid's almost as good as Barney and he's fifteen. Thank god he's on our side." Adam turns his electric green gaze on Angel and is that recognition that I see in the bachelor for life? Hmm...does Adam know our Angel?

"Adam?" Angel's staring wide-eyed at him, so that answers that question.

"You two know each other?" Curious minds are dying to know.

Angel has a smile a mile wide now and her eyes are shining. "He's one of my favorite regulars at Dina's...I only know him as Adam...he...saved my life...when someone tried to rob the diner during my shift and he's walked me to the bus stop when my shift ends ever since. We've never mentioned each other's surnames and he's usually got the weight of the universe on his shoulders, because his boss has him on call day and night. I've seen him leave without even getting his dinner more times than I can count. He gets a call on his phone and it's like the bat signal or something. I always hurry and box up his meal because he has to eat job or no job..."

"Head of Security for GEH is a lot of stress on a guy..." I nod in full agreement, trying not to smirk and then try and defend my guy a little. "Christian tends to want results as soon as possible when it comes to security issues, but then Adam's used to my husband's moods. Adam here handles what Jason can't. GEH and all of its branches are under his watch when Jason can't be there. Unfortunately, at times that can result in long endless hours for all of them, my husband included. Well, that was until he decided to delegate, now Adam's commander and chief of the moment is Ros Baily our COO and acting CEO while Chris takes a much needed break watching over us. Jason's the General and Adam's commanding officer and handles security for just about everything. Adam is and has been Jason's second since GEH's conception. Adam is also Chris's big brother Elliot's best friend and has been since grade school, and he's like a big brother so there's that also."

"I wasn't thinking...that...oh...I'm sorry...I didn't mean to imply that your husband was a tyrant...it's just that I've heard him roaring at Adam over his phone and he didn't seem like a very nice boss to me...Adam told him to cool his jets...well, not really but I can't repeat what he said in a hospital ER waiting room, and then walked me to the bus station this last time. He accused Adam of being a spy for his mother of all things...I mean who does that and why would she need to spy on him in the first place?" Angel rolls her eyes.

Adam is actually blushing, it's quite endearing really to see my stoic, tough as nails, big brother actually showing emotion.
It's quite rare when he lets his guard down, but then his dad was a hardass and drilled into him that emotions were for the weak. Adam's dad was also our high school coach and a former marine drill sergeant and it was just him and his dad, because his mom died having him. Yep, Adam never really stood a chance and spent most of his time at Grey or Steele Manor. Jason was his mentor and our moms and Gail were his surrogate mothers. Adam Sr. is the reason why Adam and Elliot got into so much trouble as teens. Elliot was just wild and Adam wanted to make his dad's life hell for blaming him for being born. He enlisted right after graduation and even I don't know what it was he did during the time he served. It's like that with all of my big brothers, because they were mentored by Jason, they were flagged for special ops right out of basic. He retired, as did the rest of the big brothers right after Chris made his first million and received his first death threats. He was just there. They all were. Jason swears that he didn't sound the alert, but then again no one threatens their family. After that Chris and I had the most skilled and lethal security force in the world.

"On second thought, Jason can stay here with me and Adam can shadow all of you. It's clear as day that Angel is comfortable with you and will tell you when she's reached her limit with the prep team here." This way I can forgo the dressing-down that is coming to me for going off script and breaking security protocol. I rarely get to play matchmaker anymore and it's clear to me that these two are perfect for each other. He's already protective, so that clearly shows that he cares and she's fiercely in his corner and sees him as her champion.

"Please, Adam? All of this is happening so fast and I need an anchor to keep me grounded…" Angel stares up at him and he's toast. The man who no one can shake folds before our very eyes.

"Angel…My boss is having surgery…I really need…" He would rather get a root canal than have to shadow Mia and Kate on a shopping spree, but he's no match for tears, a sniffle, and a pout.

"You need to shadow the girls and bring them back safe and sound. Call if you need reinforcements, but I don't see them chasing after you when their main prey is still inside the hospital. They'll listen to you when you call an end to their fun. Angel needs a familiar face and the two of you seem to be really friendly towards each other, so you're it." Jason shuts him down with folded arms and a stern fall in line soldier look.

"Let's go, big brother!" Mia grabs hold of Adam's arm, while Kate pulls Angel to her feet.

"Be back later. Call if you need us to come back sooner." Kate nearly has to drag her towards the entrance and Adam looks like he's off to a firing squad.

"Angel, just tell Adam when you're ready to raise the white flag and try to have fun." I call just before they disappear out the doors.

Grace's pager goes off. "Sam, Jason. I have to go. Hope is in room 107 in the pediatric wing. Cary and Ray are waiting it out on the surgical floor, but I'll send word to them that you're watching over a little one." She races off and I know that they have incoming patients. It's starting to snow outside and drivers get crazy when it snows.

The nearly empty ER waiting area becomes a mad house in a matter of minutes.

Jason and Sam get me to the elevator just as the wounded descends in an echoing roar of ambulances. I wonder what happened.

OooO

Chris and the boys are all out of recovery and are all being transferred to their rooms. As luck would have it, more like by the magic of Jason Taylor, all of their rooms are deluxe hospital suites and next
to one another. Their freak accident is nothing compared to the pileup on I-5 and the reason for the convoy of ambulances a few hours ago.

Adam checked in and they're heading back to Seattle Grace, but it'll be a while due to the road conditions. All the purchases are being delivered to Grey Meadows as we speak. And an exhausted Angel is sound asleep, as are Kate and Mia. He's stopping for takeout knowing that the girls will be ravenous when they wake up and the guys will be growling about hospital food.

Hope's cuddled in my arms. The medicine worked and being away from what was causing her reaction has made one happy yet still sleepy little girl. She's a little doll with silver blonde ringlets and her momma's eyes. She's a mini-Angel. Grace is going to let her come home tonight, so she's been released from the pediatric wing under my care.

And here I am sitting in Chris's room waiting for them to wheel in his bed, while Hope naps against my shoulder. Teddy want's to come see us, but the babies need guarded too, so he's content to watch over his siblings. He was curious about the little girl that I was watching over while I quietly talked to him on skype. He's anxious to meet the new members of our family. He's such a caring little guy and I am so lucky that he's all mine.

The doors open and finally they're wheeling my man into his room.

He's awake, grouchy, and asking for me. Confused that I wasn't sitting with him in recovery, but then his mind is still groggy from the general anesthetic. They get him all set and then once they are satisfied that he's fine leave me to my grouchy husband.

My poor Christian is all bandaged up. His left hand nearly to his elbow has a special looking cast on it, but then that was what was operated on and the bottom of his left leg and foot as well are also in a cast, not like his hand and arm, but then those were clean breaks. They're all in blue like last time, so he won't be growling about sporting a crazy colored cast for weeks like when he wiped out on a skateboard when he was ten and they put him in this neon chartreuse green cast and we never heard the end of it. Blue he tolerates because it's his favorite color.

Chris instinctively looks around for me and spies me in the easy chair. I bite the inside of my cheek to stop myself from giggling and waking Hope. The look that he's giving me is too funny for words. I can easily understand what is running through his drug addled mind.

Most likely something along the lines of this… Oh, shit, mom kept her mind off me being hurt again by putting her to work in the pediatric wing and now she's gotten attached. How do I try and reason with her that while we did agree that if we wanted to have more kids it would be by adoption, but that's not until the triplets are at least Teddy's age and Teddy's in school. I am so screwed!

He's still got his arms strapped down until the drug wears off completely, so he can't rake his fingers through or pull at his copper curls, so he's just staring at me like he did when he finally found the courage to ask me out on a date. I'm smiling at him serenely and waiting for him to finally find his voice.

"Babe, how are you feeling? There's ice chips in the cup on the tray and water that I can let you drink with a straw." I finally break the silent barrier, as he's still trying to find a solution that won't get him banished to the guest wing for eternity. I school my tone to soft and soothing, as Hope snuggles into my shoulder and makes a soft sigh.

"Baby…” His voice sounds sort of like a teenage boy when his voice is changing that's how nervous my man is to talk about why I have a toddler snoozing in my arms. "I know that you have a heart of gold…” He clears his throat trying again, only this time he sounds like he's got a frog in his throat.
"Babe, that's so sweet...I think that you're the most loving, caring husband that a girl could ever wish for..." I coo back softly, as I get up to help him drink some water.

He gratefully drinks some water and then tries again. "You know that I would give you the moon if you asked me to, but I just don't see how we could juggle Teddy, the babies, and another little girl. At least not right now, but maybe when Teddy is in school and the triplets are three we can talk about expanding the family again..."

"Chris, babe, relax. It's not what you think. Hope's mother's father was an old army buddy of Dad and Jason's..." I put him out of his misery and giggle softly when he visibly sighs with relief and mutters 'Thankyou Jesus' under his breath.

"So you've found another lost lamb to take under your wing, only this time she's more like family? Am I following so far?" He arches a brow and waits for me to continue Hope and Angel's story.

I explain the situation to him and now that he knows the facts and that he's not about to be a dad to five kids seems content with everything. Well, I did skip the fact that I went off script with the sharks, but I want to be wearing sonic earplugs for that lecture, and he's just out of surgery.

"That poor girl! You tossed her into the deep end and Welch is her only means of rescue? I get that you wanted to spoil her and keep her mind off Hope, but Mia, Jose, and Kate that might make her think that our entire family are certifiable. They have no filter when they shop...Mom will need to prescribe her a sedative from the nervous breakdown of being made over by the prep team from hell." He's staring at me like I've lost my mind.

"Grace was all for it and Adam's smitten with her!" I hiss back in my defense. "They needed a push..."

"Smitten?" His jaw has dropped open and he's staring wide eyed at me.

"They both are and she's even ready to go toe to toe with you for not leaving him alone to even eat dinner. Seriously, Christian? Accusing him of being Ella's spy?" I narrow my eyes.

"I wasn't being paranoid, Anastasia. She recruited both Welch and Barney to be her eyes and ears. I was on information overload and you know how I get when I'm like that...wait...She's the reason why he had us rescue that Mom and Pop diner? He's been mooning over a girl? That's the reason why he tells me to bugger off when I call him after hours? He's courting her?" He goes from being on the defensive to trying not to burst out laughing that Welch has finally met his match and doesn't have a clue what to do about it.

Hope lifts her head off my shoulder and sleepily looks around until her eyes land on Christian. Like all females it's love. It doesn't matter the age, one look at him and they're hooked. "Hi..."she says shyly and then buries her face against my shoulder again.

Chris is a goner. If she was an orphan like he thought he'd be ordering Jason to contact child services and get the ball rolling, because he's hooked just like Jason and all of security. Teddy's going to fall hard for her too. "Hi..." He answers back softly. "I'm Chris...."

Hope peeks her head up and smiles and points at herself. "I be Hope." Then she points at me. "She be Ana." Then at Chris. "You be Chris."

"Such a smart little girl you are." Chris grins back at her.

"I be three." She holds up three fingers. "I smart cookie."
"Wow, and such a big girl to…” He's so good with the little ones.

Her eyes get big and her mouth forms an o when she takes in that Chris is hurt. "Chris got's owies… Doctors make better?” She looks up at me and then at Chris.

"That's right, sweetie. They made him better." I kiss her on the nose. She's just too cute for cavities.

"Doctors nice like Grace?” She asks looking seriously at Chris.

"I was sleeping, but I think that the doctors were nice, but no one is as nice as Doctor Grace. She's my Mom. The best doctor in the whole world," Chris answers her just as seriously.

"She be your Mommy?” Hope's all smiles again. "She helped me breathe. I feel lots better. You lucky. She be your Mommy.”

Chris tries to keep the alarm from his eyes when she jabbers out that she had trouble breathing and forces a smile. "I know and I tell her I love her every day. I'm sorry that you were sick…”

"I got's atsma…” She whimpers. "I make mommy cry. I don't mean to…”

"Baby, she only cries because she worries when you get sick. All mommies cry when their babies get sick." I cuddle her close and kiss the top of her curls.

"Even daddies cry when their babies are sick…we love our children so much that it hurts us when they feel bad." He croons softly.

"You be a Mommy?” Hope stares up at me wide-eyed and then at Chris. "You be a Daddy?”

"We have a little boy your age named Teddy. Two little girls Rory, Ari, and a little boy Alex who were just born a month ago," I nod.

"That's a lot of babies." She's trying to figure out how three babies are born at the same time.

"Yes, but Chris and I love all our babies.

"Teddy like all the babies?” She can't quite fathom three at once.

"Teddy loves them." Chris nods trying not to chuckle at her confused expression.

"I see Teddy and babies?” Hope blinks up at me.

"Yes, when your mommy gets here then the two of you are coming home with me and I promise you can meet Teddy and the babies.”

She frowns at me then looks over at Chris. "He no come too?

"He has to stay here for a little while, but Jason is going to keep him company so he won't be alone." I explain to her in a way that she'll understand.

"Jason nice. Sorry, bad owies make you stay. Me and Mommy stay with you now?” She comforts Chris and then her attention is back on me.

"Yes, you'll love Grey Meadows. We have a big yard with lots of room for you to play with Teddy the Puppies and kittens. Then there's our house it's got lots of places to play hide and seek. Then there's Jason's wife Gail and their daughter Sophie. She's six. You and your mommy are our family too now…”
"Mommy no cry when I go sleep? She cries lots. I give her hugs and kisses…” Hope asks and you can see so much in those expressive aqua eyes. "She worries…makes her sad."

"Then we'll make it our mission to keep a smile on both you and your mommy's faces from now on.” Chris and I lock eyes and our hearts are breaking hearing her voice her thoughts and feelings.

"Chris is right. No more tears just lots of smiles and laughter." She holds out her little finger. Such a clever little angel. She knows how to pinkie promise.

"Promise?"

I link her pinkie with mine and shake. "Promise."

"Chris too?"

I take her over to Chris's good hand and lean her down so that she can link pinkies with him and he shakes on it too. "Promise."

"Good. Then Mommy and I go with Ana to Meadows." She's a good negotiator and she gives Chris's hand a tiny kiss. "Kisses and make better."

My phone rings and I fish it out of my pocket with my free hand and check the caller. It's the house phone. Jason must have called home and now Teddy wants to talk to his Daddy.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Still Ana. But you'll get your Teddy fix too. And the fall of bachelor for life Adam Welch is at hand…

Cin Xxx

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don't do Cannon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it…you have been warned ^_^) own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine.

Still Ana

I'm a pro at juggling a little one in one arm and working my phone with my free hand. I run my thumb over the screen to unlock it. "Hi Baby."

"Hi Mommy! It's snowing! We built a snow man! We're having mac and cheese, tomato soup, and grilled cheese for dinner." Teddy's excited little voice answers a mile a minute.

Hope's wide eyed and listening to him. She's tilting her little head to the side, it's so adorable, even Chris is chuckling.

"Parker's with Luke and Logan in the sky room. They came home with lots of stuff and for some reason neither one of them can sit down, but they aren't telling why. Is the Disney Princess castle bed for Hope? They're saying naughty words trying to put it together. The Grans, Jose, and Ava were in the way because they're putting away clothes. Lots and lots of clothes in her closet. I gave her some of my plushies and books for her Mommy to read to her, because bedtime stories and plushies are important for good dreams. The sky room is a good choice because there's the door that goes to the other room with sky windows, so she can be close to her mommy. Now the Grans, Jose, and Ava are in the other room putting away the mommy clothes. It took them forever to get all of the stuff upstairs, even with the elevator. They had to use the stairs for the furniture, because the Grans were hogging it. Oh, and they put all of the Frozen stuff back in the hanger, because it was snowing and getting all covered up. TJ saved a whole bunch of mommy being on the TV. He's got it set in case mommy gets to be on TV again. He just left with Sam. Barney left a while ago because Andrea and Ros called him."

Oh Crap and I was going to break my faux pas gently. Baby brother is gonna pay for that. I wisely go over and settle back down in the easy chair. Shit! Ros has called all hands on deck? I didn't cause that much trouble with my rant did I?

"Teddy?" Chris is burning off the meds and wide awake after that eye-opening bit of info.

"Hi, Daddy! Did they fix you again?" Teddy answers excitedly, happy to hear his Daddy's voice.

"I'm on the mend, buddy. Did you see Mommy on the TV?" He shoots me his what-the-fuck-did-you-do CEO stare. I steel myself against it and school my features to remain innocent.
"I'm happy that they fixed you, Daddy. Uh-huh, mommy was on all the channels…Mommy was scary mad…like when they yell and take my picture." He chimes back.

"Mommy was scary mad and it's on the TV was it?" Chris echoes, narrowing his eyes at me.

I cross my eyes at him and blow him a raspberry.

"They said mean things that's why she was so mad…"

"Then good for Mommy." Chris's eyes darken to that of predator and prey, but he can't pounce because they've got him strapped to the bed. I stick my tongue at him again and he growls.

"If you can't say anything nice…"

"Then no say nothin at all…" Hope finally chimes into the conversation with her tiny bell like voice.

"Hey? Was that Hope? Hi Hope! I'm Theodore, but you can call me Teddy!" My being on TV evaporates from his head and he's now focused on Hope. "Mommy, let me see Hope on Skype?! I have my tablet in my lap…" He demands, so like his Daddy.

"Let me see Hope what, Theodore?" Chris focuses on Teddy and not what he can't have and calls him on his manners.

"Um…sorry, Mommy. May I see Hope, please?" He asks again in a more subdued tone.

"Hi Teddy." Hope chimes.

"Give me a sec you two and I'll set up skype." I have to end the call and then call up the skype app to call my baby boy.

He answers in seconds and the two of them can finally see each another. "Hi!" He waves from my phone's screen and I can tell that he's headed upstairs to show her everything with the tablet.

"Hi Teddy!" Hope's waving back and smiling. Yet another female smitten with a Grey man.

"Teddy, say hello to Daddy." I turn the phone so that he can see Chris.

"Hi, Daddy! Wow! You got Owies on the other side this time!" He's taking in all of Chris's bandaged parts and I can just imagine the worried frown on his face.

"So it seems, buddy. Though, this is the last time…" Chris hates to see him go from giddy to upset.

"Promise, Daddy?" Teddy doesn't believe him.

"I raise the white flag. I concede defeat. Yes, son, I promise to let everyone else handle the big projects from now on." He seems sincere this time and I hope that he keeps his promise. He's big on keeping them and it's rare that he ever breaks his word, so maybe he's finally learned his lesson.

"Have to pinkie promise…" Hope frowns over at Chris, she is big with the pinkie promises.

"I'll seal the deal when they let me go home." Chris chuckles.

"Gran Grace called Nana Ella. Aunt Mia and Kate can't watch Elliot and Ethan because they're gonna have babies, so they need help. Good thing our house is as big as a castle, because all the rooms are nearly full." He's back to avidly reporting again and I turn the phone so that the two of them can chatter at each other.
Chris groans and closes his eyes. "Can't we just hire nurses?"

"Daddy, be nice." Teddy heard his muttering.

"Expert care will get them better faster is all I'm saying and it's not like we live miles away either. Try within shouting distance. We all live on Grey Estates. Grey Meadows is just the crowning glory of it." Chris isn't ready for the Christmas invasion yet and this one would be weeks instead of a day or two.

"I'll talk to Grace, before all of you are released." I'll go insane with all of them there and they'll monopolize my babies. Hired Nurses it will be.

"Please, baby. I'll go out of my mind." He's pleading with me and I can see the desperation in his eyes.

Chris loves everyone in our family no question, but he also like his space. It's why he came up with Grey Estates to begin with. No one would leave us alone. They were practically living with us at times, so to create the much needed privacy that we both craved and needed Grey Estates was born. He bought out all of our surrounding neighbors had Elliot and his crew go to town renovating all of the houses, none of which were small by any means. He had the whole area gated and secured and from then on it was known as Grey Estates. Mia and Ethan were already living next door to us, because she fell in love with the property and Victorian next to our place. Elliot and Kate had Ava on the way and they moved into the property next to them and so it went until everyone in the family were settled and we got our peace back.

"Babe, let me handle this. It'll be fine. No one is going to go crazy. Besides, Elliot and Ethan have been banned from Grey Meadows until I deem otherwise. Being broken doesn't change anything. I'll have Jason arrange for an army of nurses to take care of them while they mend." I reassure him that this nightmare is never gonna come to be. "Grace might rule over Grey Manor, but she doesn't rule over Grey Meadows. If she wants to baby Elliot and keep an eye on Mia then they can move in there…I am not going to pamper them when they've been off-roading and going out in the Harley using the sidecar with my baby boy and those are only what I know. Paul stopped talking as soon as we reached Seattle Grace."

"The fun rides were a no-no too?" Teddy stops chattering with Hope and focuses on me for a second or two.

"It's a big no-no and your uncles know this, so they're banned from Grey Meadows." I nod. Chris has gone dead quiet, so I know that he's just as furious with them as I am.

"We'll hire gay male nurses…" Chris mutters darkly.

"Brilliant idea, Babe! I'll get Paul and Jose on that and we'll make it happen. There are a few that I know of Liza, Dolly, and Cheri moonlight at Calliope, but they're registered nurse practitioners. They adore Elliot and Ethan. I'm sure that they'd be thrilled to take care of them." I grin wickedly.

The door opens and Angel walks into the room.

Wow! She looks fantastic! She's wearing an ice blue cashmere sweater, leggings, Uggs, and a swing cashmere wool coat. Thank heavens they chose the natural look, she's a natural beauty and doesn't need paint to enhance her features. Poor Adam! They must have made Franco come to give her a new look because her silver blonde hair looks fabulous! She's like a living breathing Elsa.

"Mommy!" Hope's ecstatic to see Angel and lifts her arms up towards her. "Bye, my Mommy's
back!"

"Baby!" Angel races over and scoops her up and rains kisses all over her face. "I'm so happy that you're feeling better!"

"You look pretty like Elsa. Doctor Grace made me lots better. We go home with Ana. See Teddy. I got's princess castle bed and toys!" Hope is ready to see her new home. "Chris got's owies. He has stay. Jason stay too..."

"I'll watch over him." Carrick walks in with Ray. "Chris is my boy."

"You be a good daddy then...I be Hope." Hope flashes him a smile.

"A pleasure to meet you, Hope. I'm Cary and this fellow beside me is Ana's father Ray..." Carrick is smitten too.

"I see Ray and Jason in book!" Hope clearly recognizes my Dad.

"Ray and Jason were my Daddy's friends..." Angel smiles at my Dad. "I have a thick memory book filled with pictures and things that Daddy saved. We look at it often."

"Your grandpa was a good man and a great friend. We lost touch after you turned five...He was an excellent carpenter and builder. I wanted him to work with me, but he wanted a quiet life and set up his own shop in Tacoma..." Dad's still getting over the shock that his friend is dead and how much Angel looks like her mother, but with her father's eyes.

"Daddy loved his workshop and made wonderful pieces of furniture. It kept his mind clear of the scars that being a soldier left in his head. He didn't like to go to reunions. The cane that he had to use to walk and prostatic lower leg were a constant reminder of what he went through his last tour in Iraq. Mom and I lived a happy life in a house with a big yard. He never forgot either of you and would bring out the scrapbook to show me his brothers in arms. He followed yours and Jason's lives from a far. He'd been seeing a therapist to help him with his PTSD and was at the point where he could reach out to the two of you again. They were on the way to attend a gala event where he knew the two of you would be when a drunk driver killed them both instantly. I was still attending UW Seattle working on my teaching degree in early childhood education while being seven months pregnant with Hope...His note in their will said that I could go to either of you and you would take us in...that my baby and I would be loved and taken care of..." Angel smiles sadly, hugging Hope close.

"Angel, Jason and I both thought that Pat had changed his mind. It never even dawned on either of us that something tragic had happened. We knew that Pat had severe PTSD and honored his wishes to stay clear until he was ready..." Dad's eyes are haunted, but he's well-schooled in covering his emotions. "Why didn't you come to either of us?"

"Daddy. Jason works for us as our General and you run a shipping empire. She didn't want to burden either of you with her and Hope. That and our security is tighter than the first family. It's near to impossible to walk up to any of us..." I roll my eyes. Men are so clueless.

"Mommy, that's rude. Be nice." I completely forgot that I had Teddy still on the phone.

"Sorry, Teddybear. I'll be good." I blow him a kiss.

"I gotta go. Dinners ready. Are ya coming home soon?" Teddy can't wait to meet Hope in person.

"In a little bit, baby. Maybe an hour or so, but in time to tuck you in and read you a story." I promise
and take the phone to Chris

"Goodnight, Teddybear. Love you. I'll be home tomorrow, buddy." Chris tells him goodnight and makes a promise that I hope Grace or Paul can make happen, because if he has to stay more than one night he'll go postal.

"Night, Daddy. Love you." Teddy echoes back, not commenting on Chris's being home tomorrow, because he doesn't believe that they'll let him, not with all those injuries.

"Mommy? Can I talk to Hope really fast, please?"

"Teddy, you'll see her in a little while. She's with her Mommy…go eat your dinner." I can hear them calling him.

"Please…"

"Fine, but just a minute." I walk over to Angel and Hope, who are bonding with Dad. He's got Hope cuddled in his arms. Grandbaby number five. Well, I've always wanted a baby sister.

"Angel, meet Teddy. Teddy this is Angel. Hope's mom." I hold up the phone so she can see my little boy.

"Mommy! That be Teddy!" Hope waves at Teddy and blows him kisses.

I glance up and see that Jason is getting all of it on his phone.

Adam's got take out from The Mile High. Thank god, that's one grumbling session that I get to skip about Hospital food and how he's not gonna eat it.

"Hi Miss Angel. They've got everything ready here for you and Hope. My Grans and Aunt Gail wanna meet you both really bad. Mommy has to get Daddy tucked in first, because he's got bad owies and has to stay there in Hospital. Because Nana Grace is his mommy and won't let him come home yet." Teddy's face grins at Angel and Hope on the screen. I hear them call him again by his full name. "Yikes! Nana Ella used my whole name! Bye! See you when you get home!" And my little guy wisely ends the Skype session.

"Ella's getting the hang of being a grandma." Ray's grinning at Chris.

"She's a natural at it and he adores her." Chris grins back. "I called her Mom the other day and she burst into tears. Teddy growled at me because he thought that I'd been growly with her again. He's so protective…Baby, aren't you going to introduce us?" He reminds me that he and Angel have yet to be properly introduced.

"Like his Daddy." I grin. "Sorry. Christian, this is Angel Sanders. Angel this is Christian Grey my other half."

"Hello, Angel. I'd greet you properly, but evidently they thought I was a danger to myself and strapped down my arms. I had a battle with a ladder today and the ladder won." Chris smiles warmly at her, as she smiles timidly at him. "Your daughter is adorable. You're going to have to fight off the grandmothers and my sisters with a stick."

"It's nice to meet you, Mr. Grey." Angel's heard Chris in a mood, so it's a given that she's a little timid around him. "Um…Hope's never had grandparents, so she'll welcome the attention…I can't tell you how…"
"Your father saved two men that are like fathers to me and Ray's Ana's dad that's a debt that can never be repaid. My baby wouldn't be here today…I wouldn't have Teddy or the triplets if he hadn't saved them…It's Christian. You're family now. You and Hope will never have to worry about anything again. If you wish to go back to school and finish your degree. Say the word and I will make it happen. We have a niece and new sister to welcome into the fold." Chris schools his tone to gentle, as he can see that she's as skittish a cat.

Well, that and Adam is shooting him a look, clearly saying Mine be nice. He's standing there with takeout and hasn't moved. Adam's nervous? That's a first? Is he scared of Hope? He's fantastic with the kids?

"Angel, Hope, welcome to the Grey-Steele-James-Taylor family." Carrick has been quietly watching everyone and sitting in the chair beside Chris.

"That's four Mothers, four Fathers, countless siblings, and nieces and nephews. That's not including the rest of the clan of our army of big brothers and contingent of big sisters of sorts. Believe me. You are not alone and never will be." I give her a brief run-down of the clan then turn to Adam. "We're starving, Adam. Get in here. I hope that you brought a child friendly meal for Hope."

"I brought the menu with me. I know Kate and Mia crave any manner of foods, so I told them to just load me up. Elliot, Ethan, and Ryan have no end to their stomachs so there was that factor also. I got your favorites. Angel loves classic American so I chose that for her. You can't go wrong with Mac and cheese and sliders, so I chose that for Hope. Teddy, Gabe, and Ava love that choice so I went by that. I'm still recovering from the prep team experience, so I'm a little shell-shocked." Adam does look like he's been on the front lines. His hair is sticking up like he's been pulling it out and his eyes look pained and haunted. He goes over to the table by the couch and begins to unload dinner.

"Poor Big brother…it couldn't have been that bad…" I croon.

"Yes, yes, it could and was…" Angel nods vigorously, eyes wide.

"Be lucky that I even remembered to get dinner. It was that much of an excruciating ordeal. Black Ops wasn't that bad. I don't for the life of me know how Angel survived the onslaught that never seemed to ebb. I'll have to see Flynn for PTSD therapy. Never again with the prep team. No, Mia, Kate, Jose, or butt grabbing Franco. Angel, Hope, fine. In a nanosecond. Them I'd face a pit of venomous vipers first." Adam collapses on the couch face down.

"They've taken out, Welch!" Chris can't believe his eyes. "Nothing phases Adam Welch. He's unshakable and my sisters and Jose have neutralized one of my top guys!"

"He need big hugs and lots of kisses." Hope's pointing at Adam. "Down please, Grandpa."

"Sure, sweet pea." Ray sets her down on her feet.

She races over to Adam and uses his jacket as leverage to crawl up onto his back. "I make him better."

This is too cute for words.

She's hugging his neck and kissing his cheek. "Mommy. It no working." She sits up and sniffs.

I don't think Adam knows what to do, because he's staying really still. I can just barely see him looking at Angel as if asking for permission.
"Adam, her hugs are the cure for everything." Angel's smile is all that he needs to roll so that he's now on his back and she's cuddled on his chest.

"Hello, Princess, thank you. I needed the hugs and kisses like you wouldn't believe." He melts as soon as Hope looks shyly up at him then burrows closer to him. "All princesses need to eat in order to rule their kingdoms. Are you hungry? I brought mac and cheese, sliders, and smiley fries." He kisses the top of her curls, keeping his arms securely around her so she doesn’t fall off his chest.

"I like Mac and Cheese." She looks up at him puzzled, but nods shyly. "What be slider and fries no smile. They like crinkle sticks."

"They're mini-cheese burgers and fries that are round with smiley faces, see baby." Angel's getting her dinner for her and is holding up a slider and fry for her inspection.

The adorable little pixie sits up and claps her tiny hands, squealing in delight, as if she's discovered ice-cream for the first time ever. "Cheesy burgers my size! No have to share with Mommy! Happy fry and Mac and Cheese too! Hope likes! Yummy!"

Adam gets down with her on the floor so that she can sit in his lap while she happily digs into her meal. "She's a healthy eater."

"She's usually ravenous after an asthma episode. Hope has no issue with food. She loves just about everything you put in front of her. You have to watch her like a hawk or she'll steal from your plate, just to see what you're eating. She's learned her lesson about drinking without asking. My neighbor had ice coffee. Hope snuck a sip, now anything brown is yucky. I'm still trying to show her that coco, chocolate shakes, and milk...are good."

"Brown drink..." Hope wrinkles her button nose and makes a face of disgust. "Yucky!

"Well, good thing that I brought apple juice..." Adam was about to set a small shake in front of her, but hastily sets an apple juice box beside her little hand instead.

"She's gonna run circles around, Teddy." Chris and I both chuckle.

He sighs in relief when Grace joins us. "Mom, I'm starving. Think you can unstrap me now with all the family here? It's not like I'm a danger to myself or alone. I feel like a mental patient with these straps."

"What did you do, Christian Alexander?" Grace is giving Chris the look and folding her arms.

"Uh-oh, he in trouble with his Mommy." Hope chimes between bites of her food.

"I wanted Ana and they kept her from me..." Chris turns into a sulky little boy when he's sick or hurt. Today is no exception.

"She was watching Hope while you were in recovery, because she isn't allowed to see you until they get you settled back here in your room. A fact that you very well know..." Grace is checking his chart. "I'll have them bring you some soup, Jell-O, and juice. Nothing heavy until the meds have completely cleared out of your system." She unstraps him and he's finally free to move his arm.

"Got it covered, Doctor T." Adam holds up a bag with his free hand. "Chicken soup, Jell-O, and green tea. I have Mac and cheese, but that's not bland by any means. Sorry, boss."

"More for me." I grin as I ready our dinner and carry the plates over to the bedside table. "Double bacon Cheeseburger, truffle fries, four cheese bacon Mac and Cheese, and double chocolate milk
shake. Thank you, Adam."

"Yeah, Welch. Thanks a lot..." Chris mutters darkly.

"Be good and I'll sneak you some left overs if they leave any." I growl in his ear.

Chris glowers and starts in on his soup.

"That was very thoughtful of you to feed everyone, thank you very much, Adam." Grace is plating food for her and Carrick.

Dad, Jason, and Angel are all also digging in to the variety that Adam's brought us.

"Eat." Hope is feeding Adam her fries and bites of her sliders.

"Yum, thank you princess." He's past the worst hurdle. Hope adores him. Now, Angel might just let him court her. "I thought that I would save the hospital staff the migraine and feed the grouchy lion...I mean boss..." He smirks, ignoring Chris's glare. "Ros sends her regards. She won the betting pool."

Chris counted to ten before growling. "How much?"

"Well, practically all of the executive staff of GEH wanted in, so the kitty wasn't small...couple thousand at least. Most of them had you falling off the roof or ladder. She's the only one that came up with a ladder falling on you...Those were long odds and she's cashing in big." Adam's enjoying something that he rarely has a chance to do, teasing Chris.

"They do know that I still sign the checks don't they, especially the big end of the year..." I shoot him a look and he wisely shuts up. "I take a leave to watch over my family and GEH turns into an illegal gambling zoo..." He's being a grouch, but then he's had a long day.

"Jason, I need you and Adam to vet some gay male nurses to take care of Elliot and Ethan when they return to their homes. Get with Jose. He might be able to help find the perfect fit. Male visiting nurses or live-in nurses would negate any jealousy or tension that female nurses would cause both Kate and Mia."

Jason, Carrick, and Dad are all coughing from nearly choking on a fry that they were chewing. Adam is just gaping at me.

"Darling, I've already arranged for..." Grace starts to step in, but it's not her call.

"Teddy's filled us in, Mom." Chris beats me to the punch. "If you want to baby Elliot and Ethan knock yourself out, but at Grey Manor. Grey Meadows is closed. I created Grey Estates so that Ana and I could have our peace and quiet and still be close to our loved ones. I am not going to reward Ethan and Elliot for taking risks with our son while they were charged to watch over him, it's not happening."

"Son, what on earth did they do now?" Dad and Carrick know that it's serious for us to pull up the drawbridge.

"It can't possibly be so serious that you've banned them from your home." Grace frowns, put out because we're overriding her plans.

"They've placed him in dangerous situations. Emerald City. Off-Roading. The Harley. Allowed him to watch TV shows not suited for his age and that's just the tip of the iceberg..." I growl.
"I told them no and still they risked Teddy being taken?" Adam's barely reining in his temper.

"Who take Teddy?" Hope scowls, forgetting about the monster cookie that Adam included with her meal. "No pose talk or go wif strangers."

"That's right, princess." Adam kisses the top of her head. "Not to worry. No one is gonna get to Teddy or anyone in the family."

"Good…strangers bad…no take candy either…or food…bad apple like queen in dwarf movie…"

Hope has been well schooled and that's gonna make it an easier transition.

"She knows how to tell a good person from an evil person, it's a welcome quirk of hers that do to where we lived gave me piece of mind. When she senses a bad person she hides behind me or crawls up into my arms or onto my back. If we're at the park she'll find an officer and point out the bad person. The officers at the park adore her and listen because she has yet to be wrong. She's pointed out several men that have been caught for child trafficking, which was becoming common in our neighborhood. She's a budding detective then again she likes it when justice is served…She falls asleep on the couch at Carrie's and well, she and her little sister Chloe are DC superhero addicts and Hope has a big crush on the characters in those shows...Hope wants to be like the female heroes…She knows it's not real and they both edit the shows so that all of the bad parts aren't there for her to see. They're good at all things high tech…" Angel is very proud of her baby girl.

Hmm…I have to meet her friends and see if I can obtain copies of those edited shows, since the guys have my baby addicted to them now.

"Hold up there…The boys did what?" It's finally hit Dad that the guys willfully and knowingly put Teddy in danger and he's gonna flay them alive. "Did you know this?" He glares at Jason. Now the spotlight is on him.

"Not until this morning. Trust me it's being handled. We just need to wait until they heal first. Besides, they're banned from every establishment under GEH, plus Gail and Ana's cooking. That's hell in itself, as Elliot lives off them loading up his freezer, because Kate can't cook to save her life. Ethan's lucky. Mia's a Cordon Bleu Chef, so he won't starve…” He's gonna make them crawl during weekend boot camp.

"I'm thinking we'll sign them up to compete in a Spartan competition, the meanest one of course. 5.4 miles of treacherous obstacles should teach them both to be more responsible. Itching powder was just the beginning of their trials." Jason is the king of teaching you a lesson you will never forget.

"What exactly did you use on them, Jason?" Grace now knows why the guys have a rash from hell.

"The rash will ebb after a day or two..." I don't feel the least bit guilty that I enlisted Jason and Ella to help me with teaching them a lesson. "They're lucky that I don't geld them…"

"It's Ella's concoction. I just sprinkled it inside their spare gear." Jason has no remorse either. "Chris gave me the opportunity to put the plan into action when he got them with the snow machine."

Grace narrows her eyes at us.

"Mother, it could have been a lot worse than itching powder. We entrusted our son into their care and they threw all of the rules that we set down for them out the window. Endangering him in the process and not giving a care about it either." Chris is using carefully chosen words as we have innocent ears in the room.

"Angel? If Carrie isn't happy with her current job then we have a spot with Barney's team at GEH
and depending on the age of her little sister and her school record we have excellent intern programs for High School students. Teddy's addicted to the same shows as well and if they wouldn't mind providing copies for Teddy we would greatly appreciate it. My big brother and brother-in-law let him watch those and many other shows without censoring the bad parts and that's another reason why they're in our bad books." He never misses an opportunity to recruit for GEH, he's always trying to better the company.

"Carrie's a free soul… I guess freelance would be the term." Angel is trying not to reveal that Carrie is a black hat or white hat hacker.

"Barney's team aren't exactly, well, let's just say many of them are reformed Black hats and leave it at that. Carrie would feel right at home…I'm a reformed Black hat myself…" Adam smirks when Angel gapes at him like a fish out of water and then narrows her eyes at him waiting for him to fill in more of the blanks. "Father issues will do that…we'll talk later…I more than made up for it in the military. Trust me, Angel…it was a long time ago, but the skills are highly valuable in what I do to protect GEH and all of those that I care about. You need to be able to read the chatter on the dark web in order to deal with issues that arise…we're the good guys."

"The whole Scooby Gang, as the big brothers deemed us when we were kids, excel at shall we say freelance…Barney's the only one that was the genius at all things tech. Chloe and my baby brother TJ would get along great by the sounds of things, he interns during school breaks or when he has time away from his High School sports career…” I grin at her. Yep, we're just full of surprises aren't we?

"I can assure you that whoever her current employers are we'll double the salary with a benefit package that is by far the best in the country." Chris sweetens the pot.

"Carrie's a white hat hacker and she helps those who have their identities stolen and gets their lives back. She's Best Buy's top tech in the Geek Squad. She got a perfect score on all the college entrance exams and attended MIT, graduating with honors at eighteen just before her Grandparents died in a car crash. She became Chloe's guardian. She makes sure that Chloe still can attend Seattle Prep by saving what she makes towards her sister's tuition and college fund. Their Grandfather believed that you need to have life experience, so neither of them can touch their trusts until they turn twenty-five. They live in the apartment next to Hope and me. She wasn't willing to compromise her values for the Think tanks that tried to recruit her to develop dark tech…she's more of a go green, save the world, kinda girl, as is her baby sister. We met at a grief support group. Both of them are like sisters to me and Aunts to Hope…I don't know how I feel about leaving them…” Angel frowns.

"Chloe had already called SPD and wasn't the least bit impressed when Logan flashed his credentials at her and tasered them in the ass before either of them could explain why they were packing up all of your stuff. They both came to when the officers arrived to find two of their buddies tied up back to back in their underwear and Chloe sitting with her laptop in her lap, their shoulder holsters beside her, verifying if Logan and Luke were actually legit or not…” Adam stops to wait out all of our laughter.

It takes a while and we have to calm down Angel before he can continue. "I am so sorry! She's very, um, protective. Carrie got her the Tasers to use for self-defense…I should have given them that note…"

"Chloe was only acting on instinct. I'm sure that being in a neighborhood with a high crime rate that there are perps that try and pass themselves off as law enforcement or not all officers respect the badge that they carry…” Jason is trying to reassure her.

"Most of them have been paid off by the cartel…they don't mess with our boarding house because
Carrie and Chloe gave them a taste of what would happen if they hit our block again. They hacked into their accounts and donated 25% of their net worth to charities around Seattle and then sent them a flash drive warning them that it was just a copy and that the original would be in the hands of trusted law enforcement if they even tried to retaliate. Our block is by far the safest in the neighborhood. The dealers were desperate to hit the clinics and I have no doubt that the flash drives were sent to their contacts…"

"Then good for Carrie and Chloe. You have to do what you need to do in order to survive. None of us fault them for protecting where they live." Dad pulls her to him for a hug.

"Angel, it's all good. I promise. The Danver Girls are fine." Adam can't go to Angel at the moment because Hope is snoozing against his shoulder. "I got the call during makeover time and took pity on them. Jason was dealing with hospital protocol and security migraines caused by baby sister going mamma lion on the bottom feeders, so I sent Sam. Carrie had just arrived when Sam was putting out fires and she explained the situation. Sam's got two new roomies at her cottage, as they won't believe it until Angel explains it herself. Luke and Logan are licking their wounded pride dealing with the deliveries. The plus side to all of this being that Chloe is sweet on TJ and the feeling is mutual, so we'll see…Logan was impressed with how they rigged up security for everyone at the boarding house, so that no one could get robbed again. The sisters were neighborhood watch…Luke called a buddy of his to bunk at their place until everything gets sorted. Don't want the batgirl cave to get tossed…"

"Chloe…be like 'Licity…" Hope blinks up at him. "No be a bat…"

"You know, Princess, I see your point. My bad. Felicity it is…” He kisses her head and the females in the room melt. It is just too adorable to see Adam Welch taking to the daddy role as if he were born to it.

"Felicity Smoak character on Arrow. We'll binge watch them in bed during your recuperation." I whisper in Chris's ear, thinking he's completely lost.

"The guest wing has plenty of room and we can easily find a place for Chloe and Carrie to set up their tech if need be, then again when they see Jason's Watch Tower he won't be able to keep them out of it." Chris smirks at me. "Baby, I did have comics when we were kids. I know who all the DC/Marvel heroes are. I don't watch the movies with the guys just to humor them …I still have my collection set away for Teddy and Alex…"

"Tues and Wed night in the man cave isn't poker and beer night?" I growl.

"We play poker and drink beer and we have the CW on while we're playing…” Chris shrugs. "You have your girl time and we have our guy time. Its win-win, baby."

"Binge watching all seasons, Babe." I love those movies and shows too.

Not that the girls and I don't watch them while they are having their guy time. What's not to like about. Shirt less. Ripped. Hunky. Man candy. I have to try not to blush during galas because the stars usually attend them do to Washington's proximity to Vancouver. I love my man, but Stephen is all kinds of yummy. Jamie Doran is too. Both support many of our charities, as do many of the stars to the superhero movie franchises. Their wives and I have an 'Our husbands are walking gods support group'. Granted Chris still breaks the Hotness scale in every, and I do mean every, single category across the board, but it never hurts to look. "Not cool, Christian Alexander." I act like my feelings are hurt and I'm full on pouting.

"Anastasia Rose, don't think that I don't know all about what you and the girls do while we're in our
man cave. Seriously, baby, it's not the same. We watch it for the action. Leather clad females are a plus, but nothing like you woman drooling over the shirtless, barely clad, men. Cameras, Mrs. Grey. Next time shut them off." He leans over and purrs that into my ear.

Shit! That's just wrong! We don't spy on them! Well, yeah, we do, but it's just wrong to have them do the same to us. "What are we your viewing pleasure when you're playing cards and drinking beer!?" I jump to my feet and glower down at him. "Girl time is our time, Mr. Grey! You're toast when Gail finds out, Jason!"

Jason finally breaks and he never loses his cool ever. Chris and I, well, everyone goes silent. "Leave me the hell out of this! Both of you spy on each other! Both of you are closet hero show addicts! Both of you each have every season on DVD! Now cut the crap! You didn't ask for the cameras to be cut that's on both of you! I have had a long day! I am still dealing with the fallout from your tantrum in front of the media! It's gone viral across the globe! Barney said the servers at GEH crashed because of the incoming chatter and PR's living a fudging nightmare! Ros is popping Xanax and trying not to pull her hair out! I get that you needed to vent! I know that they stress you out of your mind! I get that, I do! It was a cheap shot for him to accuse Chris of sucking up to the public by decorating Grey Meadows himself instead of hiring help to set it up or that you only give to charity for the tax write-off…"

"I'll bury them all…" Chris cuts him off and snatches my phone off the table in front of him. It takes him less than a few seconds to load the video up on my phone and I brace for the fallout to come.

"Babe, sleeping baby right behind me…I had a postpartum moment…I'm sorry…I know that I messed up big time, but…"

Chris shuts me up with a kiss that lasts for a while, until the parentals clue us in that we're not alone. "Baby, you were fantastic! Words cannot…I am so fudging proud of you! That was off the scales hot! I'll have to triple security just to keep your male and female admires at bay! Your fan mail is gonna overflow the mailroom! We'll implement your brilliant strategy against the sharks. They'll never mess with us again. They'll be bankrupt if they even try. Baby, hear that in the background? That's a standing O and it's all for you! You are their hero! TIME might just make you person of the year after that speech. It was that epic! And you are in the running for that honor, we just didn't want to stress you out after having the babies…PR is handling it…Barbra Walters wants us to be her most fascinating people of the year…More so now that she's heard about the triplets and this will have her begging at GEH's doors. The Talk. VIEW. Hell, all of them want you on their shows to guest host…"

"To quote a certain will not be named series. Hard Limit, Grey."

To say that I'm floored is an understatement. Chris handles the media. I loathe them. I rarely if ever do interviews. Guest hosting are they nuts? I have severe stage fright?! Yes, I will grit my teeth and speak at a symposium, conference, or for our causes…afterwards I need a paper bag to breathe into. I fake it. I don't do big audiences. I have to picture everyone in their underwear. I had Flynn hypnotize me for the times during events when I start having the walls closing in on me and Chris knows the word that instantly calms me down. I've gotten better at it over the years, but there is no way in hell that I am going to guest host a major talk show…Barbra Walters, maybe it would be one on one, but nope the other not happening. TIME Magazine Person of the Year! I'm not the President or the Pope!? Chris runs GEH! Give it to him again! I'm pacing the room, biting my lip, and trying not to lose it completely in front of Angel.

"Annie. You can't hide behind Chris forever…" Dad tries to talk me down and I shoot him a death glare.
"Darling girl, you are fantastic public speaker. It's no wonder that they all want…" Grace is next and I crawl into bed on Chris's good side and bury my face against his chest and cover my ears. Not listening!

"Sweetheart, I thought Flynn was working with you on this…” Carrick goes over to sit beside the bed and Grace takes the other chair.

"Give me a classroom of kids any day to having to speak to hundreds of people. I don't blame her in the least for not wanting any part of it. It's a hard limit for me too." Angel is on Team Ana needs her space which I am grateful for and not on Team Ana takes on the media by storm.

"Sanctuary..." Chris croons softly, as he holds me protectively with his good arm, and sets his chin on top of my head. "You're safe. Sanctuary…”

My whole body relaxes and I feel blissfully at peace once again. "Don't make me…please…” I whimper.

"Ana, no one is going to make you do anything that you don't wish to. I have no control over TIME, but the rest is being handled by Dante, Ros, and Andrea. You have the best excuse in the world being a new mom to triplets barely four weeks old, add having to go through a life-threatening labor to have them, and telling them no is more than understandable. It's a known fact that we don't pander to the television or social media. We've got this, baby." He's my rock. My man.

"Annie, I've already personally told them all to take a flying leap. Stating that it would be a logistical security nightmare. TIME can send someone here to interview you if you get chosen for the cover. They can all live off of Ethan's exclusive, because that's all they are gonna get." Adam growls softly, not that it's gonna wake up Hope. She seems to be like my babies and can sleep through anything.

"I'm not Mia or Kate…that's never gonna change…I just forgot my fear this afternoon because I was done with being on the defensive. I was done having them be a threat to what's mine. I stepped out of my comfort zone to take a stand and to be honest it felt amazing, but I don't wish to make it an everyday thing. I'm more than happy to let you take on the sharks. It took an exclusive with the Seattle Times to allow me to have a sliver of freedom again. I had to reveal our babies to the world just to get them to back off…we need to make an example of a few to show that this time we're not just gonna circle the wagons and defend against the attack. This time we're gonna fight back and give them a taste of the helplessness that they cause when they ambush you. Take away their security and just maybe they will fall into some kind of truce that all of us can live with." I turn in Chris's arms so that everyone in the room can hear me.

"TIME wants me as person of the Year, well, that's gonna be my platform. Not GP. Not the Charities. But the right to be able to walk outside my own damn gate and not get blinded, deafened, or accosted by the parasites that are the media. The right to shop and not be stalked. To take my kids on an outing and not cause a riot because they don't know when enough is enough. It has to stop. I've spent too many visits to the ER in my lifetime because they hunted us like animals and caused things to spin out of control. We all have, because of our last names and our parents' net worth. We had to disguise ourselves just to date when we were teenagers. Harvard was a breath of fresh air because we tricked them into thinking that we were all going to different Ivy League schools. It was the calm before the storm of epic proportions that was our dreams coming to fruition and then our engagement announcement afterwards…I don't want my kids to have to endure what we did and I will take them all on to protect my babies. Fear or no Fear. It has to stop. They need a taste of what it feels like. have them be the hunted…” I've never vented like this to our parents, only to Chris when I've reached my limit. Never to Kate and Ethan or their parents, because I didn't want to hurt their feelings. I always hid my fears around everyone, but I could never hide anything from Christian.
Kate and Mia are standing in the doorway with their phones and I just know that my rant is gonna go viral and more than likely crash Youtube. TIME would be fools now not to make me their cover and it's all because I'm having a very shitty day today.

"It's about time that you finally spoke your mind. Daddy's gonna do flips, seeing as we're gonna only be the ones with this scoop. I was gonna post it on Youtube, but you're already breaking records, so we'll let Daddy take the reins on this one. He's always known how you felt about the media and that's why he never pushes you to give interviews. It's on your terms and why he suggested that Kavanagh Media have exclusive rights to everything press, media, and photo related to the Grey-Steele names. To protect you, his other daughter, as much as he possibly could. Now that you've thrown down the gauntlet he can put that plan into action big time. Sweetie, I'm your voice and I love being your shield. Always have." Kate opens her arms to me.

Christian lets me go, knowing that I need a Kate and Mia hug in the worst way and as soon as I am clear of his bed I race over into their arms. It's good to have two awesome big sisters to lean on and that they are my best friends in the entire universe.

"Ana, never ever keep it all bottled up again. We're here to be your anchor and venting wall anytime. Talk to us. We'll listen. The only reason why we use online media sites is to have control over it all. If we post it first they can't run with lie after lie. We control the message. True it's come back to bite us all in the tail with that book series, but for the most part it's done its job. You can't live without the media, but you sure as heck would like to. You just have to find a balance that you can live with and we will." Mia hugs me fiercely.

"I have no problem using it to my own advantage, it's when they invade every aspect of our lives that I hate." I'm exhausted it's been a long day and I just want to hold my babies and then tuck Teddy in. First, I need to get Chris settled.

"Ana, I haven't known all of your for not even a few hours, but one thing that I know for certain is that you have the strongest family unit that I have ever seen. I am honored that you've chosen to bring Hope, me, Carrie, and Chloe into this amazing family. I don't know how I can contribute, but just ask and I will try and do my best to help wherever you need me to. I'm more than qualified to help take care of the little ones if that's needed. I was a few months shy of earning my teaching degree in early childhood education when my parents died and could even teach Teddy if you wish me to, though, he seems like a little marvel and smart beyond his years. Hope tested high as well, but I couldn't budget preschool just yet, so I've been teaching her and the kids that I watch at the daycare center. I've even filled in more often than not in the kitchen at Dina's...." Angel looks from me to Chris then to our parents and Jason with a lost look in her eyes.

I lock eyes with Chris and he nods before I tackle Angel's insecurities head on. "Gail. Jason's wife is our house manager and seeing as she's going to claim you as hers on sight we'll see as we go. I need all the help that I can get and will gladly welcome it in regards to my babies. Teddy's a baby genius and an avid student, always soaking up everything around him. You'll see that for yourself when you meet him. Now, seeing as you'll need to wait until the Winter term starts at UW feel free to sharpen your teaching skills on our Teddy and more than likely Ava and Gabe will be joining him and Hope. Logan's currently taking on the task, but now that he's nearly fully healed will want to tackle giving security at GEH an overhaul. After last month's incidents he wasn't all that impressed with how they handled things. Adam not include of course, but others are under the gun. This afternoon more than showed that he's antsy about returning to what he loves that being protecting all of us." She's exactly what I need and the plus side of things is that she's family so I don't have to vet a new nanny. Ryan's marrying Sara Summer and she was offered a job that she couldn't turn down, junior professor at UW. She starts next term and we wish her well on her new endeavor. I was dreading interviewing again and now I don't have to! Thank you god. And I get three new sisters out of it too. Go me!
"What Ana is trying to say is that you're family and we don't treat family like staff. Our Nanny was offered a junior professor position at UW starting the first of the year and we've been scrambling to fill that position with someone qualified, but that's not an easy task by any means…” Chris chimes in his take on the matter.

"I've been working at the Daycare Center for seven years now and love working with children. It's a passion of mine and Hope was able to be with me, so that was one less worry off my shoulders. I want to help where I can and if you need me to help watch over the kids then I'm more than happy to do so." You can see the relief in her eyes, now that she has something to contribute to the family. "I'll have to give my two weeks' notice to the center and figure out a way to…"

"We have a fleet of cars and if you have a valid driver's license then you can choose one to use or we'll issue a driver for you…” Chris stops her before she can get worked up again.

"I'll take her. Problem solved." Adam's not that keen on having one of his guys drooling over his girl while they drive her to work.

"I can drive, Adam. It's just been a while since I've had a car." Angel's not used to having a male take the reins and isn't happy with Adam. She's glaring daggers at him.

"All the more reason for you to let me…” Adam's not used to people not falling in line, just like my guy.

"I have never had a ticket in my lifetime. Not one accident. I am a model driver." Angel's got a temper and backbone, good to know. She'll fit in perfectly.

"Babe, I'm not trying to say that you're not, just that I would be more than happy to drive you to and from work…” Adam's staring at her in alarm and tries to do some damage control.

"Ana, Christian, I would love to take you up on your offer to use one of your cars that was very kind of you…” Angel ignores his groveling and turns back to us.

"I'll be more than happy to arrange that for you." Jason smiles warmly at her. "I'll have a car seat put in for Hope."

"Consider it an indefinite loan and feel free to use it for all of your needs." Chris grins as Adam sulks on the couch with his sleeping charge in his arms.

"Do you like Audi's, because Chris is obsessed with safety. Our fleet are mostly modified SUV's for everyone's safety. You'll never have to worry when driving them, because Adam and Jason are just a touch of a button away. OnStar has nothing on them." I grin.

"Awe…Look Mia. Big Brother's pouting. Maybe Grace needs to give him a lollipop to make him feel better." Kate snickers. This is payback for tormenting us when we were kids.

"He's just not used to having an Alpha female stand up to him." Mia giggles. "Angel, we bow to you. No one and we do mean no one makes Adam Welch go off and sulk like a three year old. You're are hero." She winks at Angel and she blushes.

"I'm just used to taking care of things on my own…this is all new to me…I'm more than aware of Adam's stubbornness to want me safe, but I'm a grown woman who can more than drive myself to work and back. This isn't like walking to the bus stop late at night, so an escort isn't needed. It was a lovely gesture, but I'll be fine. The Daycare is located in a safe area, but its piece of mind that you'll be there if I need it." Angel goes over and kisses Adam on the cheek.
"I know, but I can't help if it's instinct to take care of what's mine." Adam locks eyes with her and yep she's blushing again. I am so glad that I'm not the only one who suffers from that telltale condition.

"Adam…"

"I do, Angelica. From the second I walked into Dina's and saw you that was it for me. I fell hard for you. It was like lightning had struck me. After what happened that night in the diner I've done everything in my power to make sure that you keep your sense of security. The Diner is under GEH's umbrella, the bus stops now have functioning CCTV cameras and security lights at night. I've had my buddies in the SPD keep a closer eye on the goings on in the area where you lived. Work was insane so I couldn't even think about taking that step with you and settled with us becoming friends. My hours are crazy at times. I'm on call 24/7, but if you'll take me as I am, be patient with me and my job at times. I really want us to become more than just friends. That's if you'll have me." Adam finally speaks from the heart and we're all waiting for Angel to say something. He doesn't do declarations. We're all speechless.

"On one condition. You have to promise not to take unnecessary risks, because I know that you're job is dangerous at times. I don't think that my heart could take another loss. It's why I've shied away from you when you try and hug me or kiss my cheek. I didn't want to risk my heart on another man who chose a dangerous career path. You took down those men holding me at gun point at Dina's like it was nothing and then sat down to eat dinner like it was a daily occurrence. The SPD knew you personally, all signs that screamed dangerous. Hard limits for me, but you kept coming back during my shifts and then followed me to the bus stop to make sure that I was safe whether I wanted you to or not. It was impossible not to fall for you too, Adam. From the second that you walked into the diner and our eyes locked, I felt it. But after you took down those thugs my mind overruled my heart and I fought it. Seeing this side of you with Hope makes me want to risk it all again. Yes, we'll be your more." Angel makes a heart melting declaration of her own.

"Geez, kiss already…" Hope blinks open her eyes, sits up, and yawns out her command.

I guess the princess doesn't like having her sleep interrupted.

"Mommy love Adam then Hope love Adam too. Kiss."

Adam gives Hope a smacking kiss on her cheek. "Love you too, princess."

"No! Nots me, silly!" She squeals and breaks out into a fit of giggles. She scrambles off of him. "Mommy! Kiss Mommy!"

Adam reaches up and pulls Angel into his arms and kisses her.

Oh, how the mighty have fallen. Bachelor for life no more.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

This chapter gives you more Teddy and more pet mischief…

Cin Xxx

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don't do Cannon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it…you have been warned ^^) own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Teddy POV

Here's a good tip when helping with babies wear your rain slicker. Babies love to pee all over you just because they can and believe it or not grownups think it's adorable. What's new they think everything my siblings do is adorable?

I've had my fill of Frozen, so because of that I've been drafted to baby duty. I don't really mind all that much. I like sitting in the rocker and feeding them. I can't burp them because face it I'm too little to set them on my shoulder. Not that I'm complaining because babies puke sometimes when you burp them. No Thank you!

The problem this time is that I missed feeding time and walked in right when it was diaper changing time. Rory and Ari usually don't pee on you and believe it or not they don't have nearly as toxic poo as Alex does.

I have steps that I climb up so that I can reach the changing table, so that I can help. Usually all I do is distract them while they get changed, but there are times like this when I get the honor of actually changing a diaper with supervision of course. They forget that once I see it that's it. I have it down. Though, some of these diaper changes are that of nightmares and I so wish to un-see those.

"Teddy? Why are you wearing your rain slicker?" Gran Carla has her phone out and is videoing this. Really? Do they need to record everything? It's insane.

"It's in case they wanna pee or poop on me. It's armor." I shrug, rolling my eyes as I wait for Nana Ella to get Rory ready for a new diaper. Please not a poopy one? I can't smell anything toxic so that's a good sign.

Rory's kicking and cooing and blowing little spit bubbles at me. Her eyes are getting lighter and are almost a blue-grey in color, her hair is crazy curly and coppery like mine and Daddy's. Other than those two features she and Ari look identical.

"All set, Teddy bear." Nana Ella is blowing raspberries on Rory's tummy, because it wasn't a bad diaper and those I get to change myself. With a little help, but I've got it down. They use the wipes, powder stuff, and lotion, because I go crazy with it and use way too much. My job is to help put the diaper on and I get to fasten it. Not really that big of a task, unless you end up with pee or poop
everywhere because they go when they wanna go.

"How about purple with hearts?" I hold up one of the diapers for approval. Rory kicks her tiny feet. I quickly slide the diaper under her tushie, pull up the front, and fasten it. Ya gotta be fast or you'll need a new diaper.

"I think she approves." Nana Carla grins, while I help get Rory into a matching sleeper. Ya gotta match that's what Aunt Mia always says. She would know. Half their wardrobe was bought by her and there had to be matching diapers too. She's all ready for bed.

One down two to go.

Ari's next. She's got Mommy's hair and her eyes are still pretty much dark blue, nearly purple in color. I choose hot pink with hearts for her and like Rory she likes the choice. She's diapered and in her matching sleeper. All and all, my baby sisters are pretty easy, it's Alex that will get you when you aren't looking.

And then there was Alex. He looks just like I did when I was a baby. He's like a mini version of me and Daddy, only he's gonna have the same color eyes as Mommy and Ari.

He has uncanny aim. He's got this pee cover, but he likes to kick and move around, so it never stays put for long. Good idea, but not for him. If you aren't fast with a washcloth then he's got you. I'm ready. I've got the washcloth and am on guard as Nana Ella goes to take off his diaper. He's peeing everywhere as he's moving around and kicking his legs! I didn't even get the chance to cover him with the washcloth!

"Xander strikes again." I roll my eyes, good thing for my rain slicker. I'm dry. He's got this wicked gleam in his eyes and I blame it all on the grownups who laughed and cooed when he did it the first few times. "It's not funny anymore, baby brother."

"He can't help it, Teddy." Gran Carla is all smiles. "You couldn't either."

"Your Daddy was the same way. He isn't doing it on purpose." Nana Ella kisses the top of my head.

"He's got that look that says he is…" I get out a blue diaper with airplanes on it and get ready to move fast. Just when I get it on him, zap right between the eyes!

"Next time I wear my swim goggles!" I focus on my task and finally he's covered and so is his weapon of choice. Next time, I grit my teeth and watch Frozen!

"He loves you." Nana Ella scoops him up and sure enough he's reaching for me.

"Fine." I take off my slicker and sulk over to my chair. It's a smaller version of mommy and daddy's rocker ones, just my size. "Give him here." I get myself comfortable and he's set in my arms. "You're so lucky that you're my baby brother and I love you." I begin to rock.

My sisters are already asleep. Alex is holding out for Mommy or Daddy. He's making his grouchy face.

"Mommy's coming home anytime now, but Daddy's gotta stay at Nana Graces job place. He's gonna have funny looking stuff on him, but that's so he can get better. Daddy's got bad owies, but Nana Grace and Uncle Paul made him lots better. It just takes long time to get better if you got bad owies." He's staring intently at me with his nearly violet eyes and the grouchy face goes away. He's yawning and stretching his arms all good signs that he's gonna go to sleep.
I look outside and it's snowing so hard that you can just make out the backyard. We'll have a whole bunch of snow animals and people at this rate. I've never seen this much snow in my whole life! Maybe even a snow fort! I doubt that they'll be able to put up the Christmas stuff, not if it keeps up like this.

Alex makes his sleepy baby noises and I know that he'll be out for a few hours at least.

"Good job, Teddy. You're a fantastic big brother." He's carefully taken out of my arms and put into his crib.

"Mommy and Daddy aren't here, so seeing me helps." I shrug and quietly leave them to their sleep. It's my job to help watch over them. A promise is a promise.

TJ POV

If you would have told me that my girlfriend was gonna taze Luke and Logan? I would have told you that you were mental. Chloe Felicity Danver is a sweetheart. Yeah, maybe, she's fiercely protective, and trained by Claude too as we train together, but she's really even tempered. Add that she stripped them down to their boxers and tied them back to back? I'd have had Flynn on speed dial.

Frankly, I don't know what the hell to think about my angel accosting a Fed and a former Black Ops sniper, because she thought they were tossing her big sister's apartment.

Honestly, when I asked about where she lived, she flat out refused to even give me the address. Granted, I don't even have a learners permit yet or a car to take her out with, and I'm still grounded for basically forever...I was just curious and she shut me down flat and didn't speak to me for days, until I hacked the schools computer making Pizza Friday's. Hey, she loves their pizza! It worked! She started talking to me again! Yeah, I got grounded for life, but now we have Pizza Friday's! Yes, I'm the man that can!

I was going to go right inside, but that little fact that she stripped them down to their drawers has me a little pissed right now. So, I'm taking my temper out on shoveling this endless white shit from the walkway and Sam's driveway. If this was Aspen I'd be itching to hit the slopes, but shoveling this shit is a pain in the ass! They're focusing on the keeping the main drive clear and driveways don't count. I get a shovel and have at it while they get to drive the toasty warm Bobcats. Uncle Jason thinks of everything. Too bad he didn't include a fleet of snow blowers! Then again they're probably in use at Grey Meadows. There is no way in hell that I'm tackling shoveling that!

"Steele!?" Chloe's standing in the doorway staring wide eyed at me. At least I think she is, the snow is making it hard to get a clear look at her. "What are you doing here?"

"Trying to pretend that I'm Marshmallow from Frozen! What do you think I'm doing, Danver?" I roll my eyes at my girl.

"Smart ass," She stalks outside in her Uggs and gloves, but no coat.

Shit! It's fucking freezing outside! "Get back inside, Chloe! It's a fucking blizzard out here!"

"I've been through worse. This is nothing." She takes the shovel from me and starts in on the walkway. "Carrie and I have to visit our relatives on the East Coast every Christmas and they get way more snow than we do. Try feet and it can snow for days sometimes weeks. They rarely see the sun during the wintertime."

"Jesus Christ, woman! You'll get frostbite or pneumonia!" Now I know what the guys mean when
they say that their women unman them all the time! Shit! She's making me look bad here! "Go back inside, Danver!"

"I'm wearing my thermal silks, a heavy sweater, flannel jeans, and gloves." She completely brushes me off. "I'm fine, Steele. You're the one that looks like he's auditioning for the part of Christophe in Frozen! You go inside and thaw! I'll finish the rest!"

"I was taking a breather for a second, because I've been at this for over an hour! And I'm wearing snow gear that I wear in Aspen when I shred on my board!" That's like admitting surrender! They'd never let me live it down!

"I didn't know that you knew my sister's CPO? Kinda crazy to come visit during a blizzard isn't it?" Time to change it up and focus on her instead of me.

Her gorgeous green eyes are now staring wide eyed at me and she's suddenly very quiet.

Yep, let's see how you talk your way around this. Chloe is good at taking control of a conversation, so that she's not the center of it.

"CPO?" She's biting her lip, that's her tell when she's nervous.

"Close Protection Officer." I nod, narrowing my eyes. "Prescott is my sister's shadow. I have one too Brice Black. You've seen him, he's massive, Native American, quiet, and if he needs to be lethal as hell. I doubt that he has to carry a Taser. I hear that they really hurt if you get shot by one in the ass."

Chloe's blushing crimson and she's looking at everywhere but me. "Yeah, I saw that on Youtube…"

"Here's the thing," Oh, no you're not gonna sidestep this one, babe. "Two of my sister and brother's security had that happen a few hours ago when they were doing a solid for a member of our family. Both got it in the ass. TKO. Complete lights out…" She's attacking the snow on the walkway now, anything not to look me in the eyes.

"Family?" Is all she squeaks out, so unlike her. Oh, yeah there's a lot of guilt there.

"Yeah, her dad saved my dad and my uncle's lives in Iraq when they served together. They got out for family reasons, but he stayed in and got seriously messed up from it. Major PTSD. They lost touch, but Ana, my big sis, heard her crying today in the ER…Ana is always for taking care of anyone in need. It's her nature, so when she talked to her things came to light…It's another big sis for me and I get the bonus of a niece." I grin when she looks at me like a startled doe.

"That's really, uh, great…TJ…" She stammers, because she knows now without question that Logan and Luke were doing a solid for her big sis.

"Yeah, I can't wait to meet them tonight. Angel sounds a lot like Ana and Hope's already smitten with my nephew." I say, before going in for the kill. "Christian Grey that would be my brother-in-law and Ana's other half. Basically Big brother. Is big on making sure the family is safe. It's why he hires ex-special forces, FBI, the best of the best for his private army of security. Most of them are pals with Elliot, his big brother, making them all big brothers of sorts and family."

"Christian Grey?"

"Yeah, I've known him all of my life. Our families are super close always have been. Ana and Chris have been tied to each other since they were one and two. I'm named after my godfather Jason Taylor and he's the General to the family army. Logan, his oldest kid. He's former FBI Special Unit and Special Forces, took out some really bad dudes that messed him up pretty bad. He's still not a
hundred percent, but after he heard her story...he wanted to personally see to packing up her place
and bringing it here to Grey Meadows. Sam, that would be Logan's other half, made Luke Sawyer.
He's another badass, Special Forces, I think he's a sniper. He's also Sam's partner, as they both guard
my sister and the kids. Still with me?" I try to keep a straight face, but it's so hard because she's now
in, to coin a phrase from my sister's cult sci-fi DVD collection, Fire bad Tree pretty mode. Ana's a
big Buffy fan and Chloe's face sure mirrors hers when the hell mouth opened and she had to blow up
her school to defeat the big bad. Yep, that's the look on my babe's face.

"Oh, god..." She whimpers, really biting down on her lip.

"Yeah, tell me...It gets better." Still no confession yet, you are one stubborn girl.

"Um...does it?" She's squeaking again.

"Yeah, it's epic." I grin wickedly. "Angel lived in a boarding house in a sketchy neighborhood, but
then you do what you have to do to get by. No judgement here. They liked the security set up that
they had going, because it meant that Angel and Hope had been living in a safe building. Someone
cared a hell of a lot to put that set up in place."

"Giving someone peace of mind is priceless..." Chloe mutters softly.

"That's a White Hat at their best..." I agree.

"Or doing what's right..." She's back to attacking the snow.

"Logan and Luke had to flash their badges and ID more than once to get to Angel and Hope's
apartment all good signs that they had been safe. Here's where it gets good. They were packing the
apartment when the girl in the apartment next-door went Lara Croft on their asses with Tasers before
they could even reach for their ID's. She took it up an even higher notch by stripping them down to
to their boxers while they were knocked out and then tied them up back to back with USB cables..."

"Fine! I went postal on them! Yes, it was me! I did it! You can't trust any strangers in my
neighborhood! ID's! Badges! Can all be faked if you have the bankroll to do it! The cartel rule it!
They buy off practically everyone Fed's! Cops! It doesn't matter! Everyone can be bought if you give
them a number with enough zeros behind it! We all don't live in rich Ville! Reality sucks! I get to go
to Seattle Prep because Carrie works her ass off giving me some sense of normalcy after our
grandparents died and then locked the money away until we experienced life first! Carrie takes me to
school and I take buses to get back home! Are you happy! Now you know!" She's screaming and
crying and I pull her to me.

"Babe, you're a badass. I'm in awe of you. Keeping those you care about safe that's epic. Your watch
tower is off the chain. I don't care where you live, Chloe. I never have. I wasn't raised to act like the
social elite. My family pays it forward. Chris and Ana give twenty-five percent of their Net worth
every year to their charities and other worthy organizations. All of the adults in our family do. If I
want something I have to work for it. Earn it. Doing chores. Helping out at the shipyard. Working at
GEH as an intern for Barney the head of IT. Wait till you meet him. I'm his willing Padawan. I talk
his ear off about you and your skills." I wait out her tears and then pull her away just enough so that
we're looking at each other. All the while brushing away tears with the pads of my thumbs. Shit! I
did not want her to cry like this, it's killing me.

"For f**k's sake! Taylor Jason! Give the girl your fucking coat before she freezes to death!" Logan's
parked his mini-tank and is stalking over to us with his coat in his hands. "Are you that fucking
clueless when it comes to taking care of your girl?!" He takes his coat and puts it around Chloe. "I
don't know if I want you dating my baby sister, Steele. Not if you're this clueless."
"Huh?" Chloe's looking at him like he's losing it.

"What the hell, Logan!" Shit I hadn't thought about it that way! I'm so screwed! When I finally do get my license and can take her out on a proper date, we'll have chaperones from Hell!

"My dad is one of Angel's guardians and would have taken both her and Hope in if she would have followed her father's instructions in the letter that he left her in his will. Making her my little sister and Hope my niece. Angel won't leave Carrie or Chloe behind, as they are both her sisters, again making them my sisters too. Is that clear enough for you, kid?" Logan spells it out for both of us and stalks back to the Bobcat, but not before tossing another shovel in my direction.

How many of those is in that thing?

"The snow won't shovel itself!" He snarks before closing himself back inside his fucking heated Bobcat.

"Yeah, thanks!" I flash him the universal symbol and reluctantly let go of Chloe to go get the other shovel.

"He's not even pissed at me…" Chloe's still stunned by this new revelation.

"Nah, he's an in the moment kinda guy. You're a girl. There's a code. Now, if I had pulled that shit on them. They would've retaliated in a way that would teach me to never pull that stunt on anyone again. More than likely Weekend Boot camp from hell…" I take my temper out on the drive way.

"Steele!" She shouts and I look up and get a snowball in the face.

"You're dead, Danver!" She gets me three more times in the chest and face. My girl has excellent aim and takes off around the house, as I give chase.

"Like I'm scared, Steele!" She's laughing and squeals when I grab her by the waist and we both fall back into the snow.

Teddy POV

I keep racing to the front windows to see if they're here, it's been forever and they're still not here yet. I can't sit still. I wanna see Hope.

"Why aren't they here yet?" I can't see anything because the snow is coming down so much.

"Cool your jets, squirt. The roads are bad and the snow isn't letting up. They will be here when they get here. Go watch the movie with your cousins." Logan's covered in snow, weird because he's been driving one of the snow machines, and I know he was wearing a coat when he left the house.

I've never seen them, except in the big hanger, because we never get snow like this. Not since I can remember. It took them a while to figure them out, but now they're fighting to take turns on them. They have blowing snow machines, but the tanks are their favorite big kid toy right now.

"I've watched it a zillion times! Ava's addicted to it and makes us watch it. There's only so much Let it go that a kid can handle…" I roll my eyes at him and he shakes snow all over me. "Cut it out! That's cold!" I giggle.

"Then be nice." Logan takes off his boots and then scoops me up under one arm and carries me back into the Great room. "If you hate it so much then why are we making this place into a Disney Frozen
"Christmas?" He tosses me up and catches me and I'm trying not to squeal like a girl, but it's fun.

"I didn't wanna hurt Daddy or Nana Ella's feelings..." I laugh and squeal when he swings me upside-down and starts tickling me.

"Teddy, if you don't want it then we can..." Ah, man, I didn't see Nana sitting here! Crap!

"Ava loves it and the animatronics are cool...it's fine...!" I laugh and snort out my reply, because Logan is blowing raspberries on my belly.

"Sweetie, we're doing all of Grey Estates with different Disney themes...Winnie the Pooh, Mickey Mouse and friends, Toy Story, Disney Princess, all the iconic characters. It's why the hanger is packed with shipping crates. Frozen fit here because the Grey Meadows design and grounds were perfect for that theme. Ava's getting Disney Princess, Gabe's getting Toy Story, and everyone else is getting the other themes for their homes." Nana wants this Christmas to be everything.

I can see it in her eyes and again I giggle and snort out. "Frozen Christmas is a go! I like it, just not the movie so much anymore...I've seen it a zillion times...I know it by heart...Hope likes it too..."

"You two really bonded over that phone call, huh, kiddo?" Logan rights me again and slings me over his shoulder. "No movie then it's bath and then bed. House rules."

"I'll miss seeing Hope!" I protest trying to wriggle free.

"Kiddo, it's gonna be a while before they get here," Logan heads up the stairs two at a time and carries me to my room. "You can see her in your PJ's."

Leo and Max are already curled up in their dog beds asleep with the kittens curled up next to them.

"Even the pets know it's bedtime." Logan sets me down on my feet next to the tub. "Get to it while I make your bath."

I go over to climb the steps to reach the sink, so that I can brush my teeth. "They're hiding from Daddy..." I manage to retort as I brush.

"Good plan..." He tosses some of my bath toys in, but I'm too anxious to enjoy bath time. "Strip and get in." He points to the tub.

I reluctantly do as ordered and get in the tub as the two kittens streak into my bathroom and jump in with me and start batting at the tub toys with their paws. "Don't cats hate water?"

"Some breeds love it and this is one of them," He scoops them out, but they just jump back in with me again. "Out you go." He scoops them out again, bundles them up in a towel, and then takes them into my room.

Before he can close the door the two zoom back in and splash in the tub they go. "Mage and Mystic like bath time." I giggle.

"Yeah, well, people soap, and cats aren't a good combination." He takes the hand shower thing and turns it on the kittens.

Mage and Mystic keep their ears flat, but are basking in the shower of water as they rear up and bat at the water with their front paws. These two think they're dogs. I think we could train them like the pups. How cool would that be?
Max and Leo bound into the bathroom and seeing their pals in the tub decide to join in the fun with a big leap and then splash, causing the floor to get drenched.

Daddy calls my bathroom a wet room, it has a drain in the tile floor, so all of the water doesn't pool all over, and that's good because I love to splash water everywhere when I take a bath.

"Change of plans!" Logan scoops me out of the tub and sets me on my feet. "Don't move." He strips down to his shorts and walks over to start the shower.

I guess we're gonna use the shower. I can't use that alone until I'm bigger, but if I have Daddy in there or an uncle, it's fine. It does make sense, seeing as it has that big glass door that you can close and a bench that I can sit on. Mommy and Daddy's you just walk in one side and it's like huge and their tub is so big that I can swim in it.

"If they want the tub, we'll, take the shower." He gets the bottle of everything bath stuff and herds me into the shower. "Your choice. Standing or I hold you."

The shower has a sprayer on the top like rain and two on the wall. One really tall that I can't reach and then a lower one, plus a hand shower. He's got my size one going.

I figure standing is faster than being juggled around by Logan, so I choose that option. "I'll stand like Daddy does."

"First move your tush over to the bench so that I can soap you down, little man." He scrubs me from head to toe. "Under the water, squirt."

He rubs my hair to get all of the soap out of it and I stand there and watch all the bubbles go down the drain. All and all showers are really fast. Good to know when you wanna get it over with as fast as you can.

"Squeaky clean." He scoops me up and we're met by four pairs of curious eyes staring at the shower. Side stepping them he towels me off and then bundles me into my hooded teddybear bathrobe. "Who needs a bath when you can have a shower? You're loss, kids."

Slinging me over his shoulder we head back into my room and he sets me back down on my feet.

"Boxers or briefs?" He's holding up two pairs of underwear.

"Boxers like Daddy."

"Turtles or Superhero?"

"Turtles."

He tosses them at me and I catch them.

"Need help?" He arches a brow.

I arch a brow and glare at him. I'm a big boy. I can dress myself and use the potty without someone telling or asking me if I have to go or not. Unlike Gabe and Ava who still wear pull-ups and still have uh-oh moments. I do not! I don't wet my bed either!

He holds his hands up and grins, "Whoa, buddy. Just checking. Have at it."

I scramble into the boxers and then take my PJ's from him and shove them on.
"It was an honest mistake." He has me tossed over his shoulder again and is carrying me out of the room. "It's my first go at bath time, cut me some slack, okay?

"Fine." I grumble and growl. "Just once. I'm a big boy, not a baby!"

"We'll settle with little boy, until you're six. Okay, little man?" He swings me around so that I'm looking at him.

"Little boy. Fine. Just not baby." I accept his peace offering.

"Deal." He hugs me then puts me down. "Wish me luck. I gotta go deal with wet furry babies now. If I don't Mom's gonna have my butt…"

Four wet streaks of fur zoom past us and down the stairs.

"Logan Jason Taylor! Teddy not the pets! They're getting water all over the furniture and the rugs!" Gail's really, really, mad.

"Sucks to be you." I grin and head back down the stairs.

"They're your fur balls!" Logan grumbles and I can hear him stalking off to clean up my bathroom.

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Gabe and Ava race over to me. "Why they wet, Teddy?"

"They love the bath and wouldn't get out, so I got a shower." I grin. It's big to be able to take a Daddy shower.

"Nana's! We shower!" They race off to the grandmas, because they shadow whatever I do. I'm the alpha of my little pack. I get that from Daddy.

"You're too little for the shower." I can hear them shoot that request down.

"Teddy! Shower! Me shower!" Ava's throwing a tantrum.

"Why Teddy shower?" Gabe is a bit wiser than that and chooses to negotiate terms. I learn all kinds of words and stuff when I'm at GEH. Daddy and Aunt Ros do this all the time to get what they want. It doesn't always work like now, but that's what he's trying to do.

I roll my eyes and head into the Great Room. "Mage and Mystic got in the bath with me then Max and Leo got in too. Logan chose the shower. Not me. The bath was full."

"We shower!" Ava screeches in fury.

"Want shower!" Gabe's near tears now.

They are so loud that none of us hear the front doors open.

"What in the world is wrong in here?" Mommy's back with the aunts, Angel, and Hope.

"Shower!" Gabe and Ava are screaming and crying now.

Mia scoops up Gabe, "Bath and bedtime. No shower. You're too little for them yet."

"Same with you, little miss." Kate's scooped up Ava.

"Teddy shower! We shower!" They aren't giving up, as my aunts leave the room.
Mommy, Angel, and Hope are greeted this time with wet shakes hello from Max, Leo, Mage, and Mystic. Before they streak off away from Gail.

"Um…they joined me in the tub, so I had to use the shower with Logan…” I blink innocently up at Mommy when she scoops me up for a hug.

"Oh dear…” Mommy is trying not to giggle at this whole situation and so is Angel.

Hope's not. She's giggling like crazy.

"Your Daddy's really not gonna like that…” Mommy's biting her lip. "So, two kittens?"

"They're twins…” I shoot her my best puppy dog face.

"And they love the tub?" She kisses my nose.

"Uh-huh, they were sleeping with Max and Leo. Logan left the door open and splash into the tub they went. Logan got them out, but they just went back and the pups got in too. Logan let them have the tub and we took shower…” I babble like really superfast.

"Tub for girl. Shower for boy." Hope's not like Ava at all. She listens and then speaks her mind. I like that. So do I. "No shower. No have bubbles or toys. No splash too."

"Yeah, toys and bubbles good. Need room to splash, play, and bubbles not good for pets." I nod and smile shyly over at her over my Mommy's shoulder.

"Down please, Momma." Hope's ready to go exploring. "I wanna see Teddy."

"Mommy, I need down to show Hope everything." I plead with my eyes.

"It's fine. The house is baby proof." Mommy smiles at Angel, gives me one more hug, and kiss then puts me down. "Why don't you two go round up the kids for Gail first and then you can give her a tour?"

Angel sets Hope down and she goes over and gives me a hug. "Hi Teddy."

Usually I can't stand Ava hugs, but Hope's I don't mind all that much. "Hi Hope." I hug her back.

The pups streak past us with towels in their teeth, but the kittens spy the mommies and decide that being held is safer than being chased by angry Gail.

"We'll catch them, Gail! Let's go get Max and Leo, Hope. Then I'll show you your princess room!" I take her hand and head off after the pups.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed the chapter! ^_^-
A/N: family tree…the main players…

Immediate Family (Matriarch and Patriarchs)

Dr Grace Elizabeth Trevelyan-Grey m Carrick Alexander Grey

Elliot Johnathan (35)

Christian Alexander & Amelia Ella (Mia) Twins (25) Adopted

Carla Rose m Raymond Jason Steele

Anastasia Rose (24)

Taylor Jason (TJ) (15)

Gail Marie m Jason Logan Taylor

Logan Jason (35) Adopted

Sophie Gail (6)

Michael Jason (still to be born)

Ella Aurora James-Walker –dating- (don't worry that mystery is gonna be solved)

Christian Alexander and Amelia Ella (Twins)25

Jessica Katherine m Eamon Ethan Kavanagh

Katherine Jessica and Ethan Andrew (Twins) 25

Big Brothers and Sisters

Elliot m Katherine

Ava Grace (2)

Elliot Johnathan Jr (unborn)

Logan – dating- Samantha Danielle Prescott

Adam William Welch (35)- Dating- Angelica 'Angel' Marie Sanders (22)

Hope Elizabeth (3) Angel's with another man died in Iraq before Hope was born

Luke Eric Sawyer (35) engaged Hanah Anne Winters (24)(Ana's Andrea at GP)

Ryan Reynolds (35) engaged Sara Patricia Summer (Teddy's former Nanny/teacher)

The Scooby Gang (Minus Kate as she's already above)
CPOV

I might be hospital bound for the night, but that doesn't mean that I still can't keep an eye on things at home. Thanks to the wonders of technology I have the means on my laptop and phone.

I took my pain meds without any protest, but turned down any sedative flat. I get nightmares at times, more often than not when Ana's not sleeping in my arms. I loathe hospitals. They to this day still freak the hell out of me and bring back memories of the fire and burning. Yep, a nightmare is a given, so no sedatives wanted.

Jason is working while sprawled out on the couch in the room and Adam is parked outside my door. Neither one of them wish to incur the wrath of my moms, so no escaping for me. Ella's talking with Paul and Weston my primary care physician, but promised me that she'll be curled up in the easy chair after she's done. Weston has been my doctor since I grew out of the need for a pediatrician. Let's face it. You don't want your Mommy checking over your person after you hit nine, ten tops. He's a close friend of the family more like an Uncle and Elliot was already seeing him, along with the guys, so Mom didn't put up too much of a stink about it.

Why Dr. Marcus Weston is doing rounds this late, not a clue. Then again he is the best in Seattle, so that has him in high demand. Mom could have called him too. He seemed to know Ella and had her actually blushing. There's history there that's obvious. I don't know exactly how I feel about it, but Ella can more than handle herself, and Ana would geld me for sticking my nose in when I don't know what's going on.
Marcus is a good man, early forties. Never married. Mom's single friends and those in her circle have been after him for years and he doesn't even give any of them a passing glance. That wasn't the case a little while ago when Ella walked in and their eyes locked and Ella actually blushed. I felt like I was intruding on something just being in the room. Though, after a moment or two they acted like nothing had happened. He introduced himself as my primary doctor and then after a few brief words. Wished me goodnight then turned to Ella and informed her that if she had any questions about the procedures that had been done that he was going to be around in the hospital for awhile and just have him paged. His card was given and then he left us.

Paul came in later to check on me and she had questions. Specific medical jargon that I hadn't clue one what they were saying came out of Ella's mouth. He offered to answer those questions while he was conferring with Marcus about my recovery.

Ella walked over kissed my forehead. Told me she'd be back in a bit, and I was left with even more questions. I would call in every favor that I have just to get my hands on her full background check, but to be honest I'm kinda terrified of her. Yeah, she's my birth mom, but she's got to be the, if not one of the top five deadliest females on the planet. Just when I think I know everything about her I find out that I haven't even scratched the surface. Was my birth mom having a secret hot affair with Marcus between ops? It sure felt and looked like it to me. How? I mean, where did they meet? There are a million questions that I want to ask and I am too chicken to even start.

Ana's gonna write a book on Ella's life or that's her plan anyway. Yeah, Good luck with that. Baby.

She brought me stuff from home, my tech, night clothes, robe, slippers, and clothes for when they let me leave, and even 'backup teddy' for me to cuddle from Teddy to keep the nightmares away. He's so much like Ana and her nurturing ways.

I need to get my mind off Ella and Marcus, so I fire up my laptop and click the program to access the CCTV footage at Grey Meadows. Six squares appear on my screen each LIVE feed for various rooms in the house.

Gail's enjoying a large glass of Welches finest in the kitchen and indulging herself devouring Ana's sinfully chocolate cake. She looks like she's been through the wringer.

"Jason? Gail's hitting the Welches and it's midnight." I shoot a look at Jason and he looks like he's trying not to laugh. What gives?

"Nothing alarming, Chris. It's just been a long one today and grape juice the closest that she can get to wine." He clears his throat giving me his poker face, but his shoulders are a dead giveaway that there's more to this than he's letting on.

"What's going on at home?" I narrow my eyes.

"Nothing. All's quiet at the homestead. TJ and Chloe are in the theater watching a movie. Logan's chaperoning. He was stopping to collect Carrie and Chloe for Angel and found them playing in the snow instead of tackling it and his big brother instincts kicked into overdrive." Jason's evading, but I will find out what went down at home.

I click on the feed for the theater to check on the teenage lovebirds and it's showing me Baby brother cuddled up with a pretty girl who seems to favor colorful hair choices. Hers is streaked from what I can see. Logan's got his legs propped up on the back of their seat and is not even trying to watch the latest Hunger Games movie. What the hell were they doing that has big brother glaring at TJ?
"Teddy and Hope are all tucked in for the night…" He continues.

I change to the feed for Teddy's room, but he's not in his bed. "He's not in bed, Jason." I growl.

"You didn't let me finish. He's with Hope…" He grins.

I choose what Teddy calls the sky room and sure enough I find my son cuddle up with Hope in her princess castle bed. The pups are snoozing with the kittens at the foot of her bed.

What the hell?! "What happened to one kitten?" I glance sharply back up over at Jason.

"Teddy named the kittens Mage and Mystic and it's love for the pups…"

"Yeah, I can see them snuggling at the foot of her bed on the screen. What about Sophie?"

"Kismet had five kittens. Gabe, Ava, and Soph are all covered kitten wise. Give in this is a battle you can't even try to win. Think of this as karma for all the pets that you both rescued when you were kids." Jason is trying to get me to read the writing on the wall. The cats aren't going anywhere and to just live with it.

"Allergen free cats? Is that even possible?" I'm still on the fence.

"This breed is not unlike allergen free dogs. Russians and Maine coons are more like dogs than they are cats and they get along with dogs because of that quirk. They're also highly trainable and excellent family pets." He's spouting out the research to me and I haven't got a leg to stand on.

Cats plural! Fuck!

My phone pings and it's from Ana.

**Babe, I know that you're still up, click on the link that I sent you! This is so cute! Ax**

I glance at the time it's past midnight. We can't sleep unless it's with each other, but she needs to sleep while the babies let her.

**Baby, sleep while the kids let you. Rest is key to your recovery and nurturing the babies. C :(**

**Me?! Speak for yourself, Babe. I'm not the one healing broken bones. I'm in the Great Room feeding Alex while Angel and Carrie feed Ari and Rory. Worry wort. Just click on the link that Carrie made for me. Please. A :P**

Jason's not able to contain his laughter now at whatever he's looking at.

My guess is that it's whatever Ana wants me to see, so I check my messages on the laptop and click the link that she sent titled crazy antics and adorable. I'm rewarded with a home video compilation of this evenings CCTV footage.

Holy shit! The kittens love water?! I can't help but laugh along with Taylor at what's playing on my screen. Logan didn't stand a chance against four water loving fur balls! No wonder Gail's hitting the Welches and cake after midnight the whole house was a zoo. All that work to get it ready for the new family members dashed by four wet mischievous pets. Never in my wildest dreams did I think Max and Leo would willingly ever snuggle up with two felines, but the proof is there in front of me.

Hope and Teddy are too cute for words and so like Ana and I were at their age. She's bright enough
to be a match for him that's for sure. Flynn has told us that he needed a balance to keep him grounded and I do believe that Hope is exactly what the good doctor ordered. They worked together in perfect harmony to catch the pups with treats and their favorite chew toys.

"You're getting old, Jason." I grin at him. "Out smarted by six month old pups."

"Hyper, wet, puppies will run anyone ragged. Age has nothing to do with it. They even exhausted the kittens. Logan didn't stand a chance in hell against four water loving pets." Jason rolled his eyes at me.

I watch as the kittens spy down at the babies from the safety of Ana and Angel's shoulders. Who needs a fur wrap when you have Mage and Mystic lounging across your shoulder. "How old are the kittens anyway, Taylor? A year?"

"Hardly, try six months if that, Chris." He shrugs.

Fucking hell? They're already the size of small dog and not even a year yet? How big are we talking here?

"They're a Russian/Maine Coon cross, so we're talking medium size dog or bigger when they reach their full size. They're also as intelligent as a poodle and as trainable as a dog." He ripped the bandage right off.

"Fucking fantastic. Gigantic dog sized trainable felines, well, we have plenty of room for them to prowl. Are they chipped like our pups?" I arch a brow.

"Chips with tracking just like all the family pets. More so with cats, they love to roam. Luke took care of that during their last vet visit." Jason nods.

"We'll see about invisible fence collars for them, can't have them getting lost." I sigh, resigned to the chaos of what was once my orderly castle. "See if we can get doors added to my shower. The tub isn't feasible, but I believe the shower can be modified."

"I'll check into it in the morning. Worst case, just fill the tub." He suggests.

"True, but they looked like they had shower envy in Teddy's bathroom." I point out the obvious.

"Stop focusing on the pets and watch Teddy with the babies. You're growling about a battle that you cannot possibly win." Ella makes herself known in the doorway.

"Mom, My entire household is turning into utter chaos and I thrive on order." I mutter under my breath.

"Yes, I know. You get that from me, however with children come endless challenges and pets happens to be on the top of that list." She settles herself into the easy chair and gets comfortable for the night.

"I never thought that cats were even a possibility, because we're severely allergic to felines. I got my OCD from you, good to know. Now as for the challenges part, Mia and I never had pets when we were with you that I can remember and I think that I would have remembered a fur ball even at two. So just to clarify here, exactly what context are you drawing from to back your lecture on child-rearing?" I know that I'm being a snarky ass, but seriously lecturing me about raising my kids? It's too soon for that.
I'm still trying to process that Ella and my doctor have been…Nope not going there…Note to self. Start vetting a new Primary Care Doctor ASAP!

"We had fish…you and Mia were sensitive to anything with fur, so fish were the safer route. Momma and Gran had massive aquariums in all of the main rooms and in the bedrooms as well. Yours was a night light to keep the monsters away. Corals, bright colorful tropical fish, and even a few eels lived in your tank. You wanted a shark but then we told you that he'd eat the other fish in the tank and that changed your mind right quick. It was built into the wall between yours and Mia's room. She wanted it to have a princess castle and you wanted a pirate ship in yours. It was two aquariums, very complex. Gran and Momma arranged for them when you turned one. You also tended to bring up to the porch whatever your little fingers had discovered on the grounds. I had dealt with more than my share of surprises before you even hit two. That's the knowledge that I'm drawing from in giving you advice about dealing with pets and kids." Ella takes a moment before handing me my ass, in a calm, cool, motherly manner like she's dealing with a kid not a grown man.

"That explains my severe reaction to aquariums…" I shudder and blow out a breath that's one phobia that's always stumped me. Why I can't stand aquariums or that being around one causes me to have vivid flashes of the fire and often will trigger me to feel like my skin was on fire again. Mom and Dad had one when they first adopted me, but after me freaking out had it removed.

"That's why you have those flashes? They remind you of the fire?" Jason's brows raise at that little nugget of information.

"I can't even walk into a pet store, because of it…Teddy desperately wants fish like he's seen on Tanked, but that's a hard limit for me. I can't even be in the room when something like that is on the TV. I can fish with the rest of the guys, because that's not the same, but I grit my teeth when we put them in the holding tank. Flynn's tried to use hypnosis to break me of my phobia, but it's hardwired in my brain." I mutter under my breath. I hate weakness and that's one that has never made any sense until now.

"I got you bundled up in wet sheets after finally being able to reach your room. You were shielding Mia with your blanket…You were already getting burned from the fire and I had to get you out of there. You tried to wriggle out of my arms to go save them…you screamed at me while I got you and Mia out…It was too late the house was fully engulfed in flames, but you cried for your lost friends. It was heartbreaking and then to have me leave you and your sister must have wired your brain into believing that all aquariums were bad. All of those happy memories were erased by the pain and loss." Ella's barely keeping it together and her voice is breaking.

"I'm sorry. Grace was bringing you home finally from the pediatric burn ward and I wanted you to have something familiar. I suggested the aquarium…" She buries her face in her hands and breaks down into heart wrenching sobs. "I didn't know…"

"Mom…I'm sorry…I didn't mean to make you breakdown like this…" I'm helpless and can't even get out of bed to hug her like I so desperately want to right now. I can't even reach out to touch her, because the easy chair is by the window not the bed. "Please…you didn't know…" I croak out hoarsely. I need to rein it in or Ana's gonna clue in and hightail it back here regardless of the treacherous road conditions.

"Ella? I brought you some extra…" Marcus opens the door with his arms loaded with blankets, but drops them on the floor as soon as he sees that Mom's in emotional extremes.

"What the hell did you do, Christian?!" He's glaring murderously at me, after racing over and pulling her out of the chair and into his arms. "Well?! Answer the fucking question! Why the hell is she
What the fuck?! Mom's got a shiny expensive rock on her left hand?! Well, shit! Like I wanted to break in another father & Doctor! He works fast or was he waiting for her to finally retire and that's why he remained dateless all these years. He was taken already! He's clearly gone over my mom to threaten me with Jason sprawled out on the couch and Welch outside the door.

"That's private between mom and me. We're going on a little over a month since she's been back in my life and with that comes emotional strife at times like this one. Mentioning a fear of mine led to answers to long unanswered questions and those questions and answers to them caused revelations that resulted in tears and unneeded guilt."

I shoot him my coldest CEO glare that usually results in immediate answers. "What the hell are you to my mother, Weston? You two just met this evening, yet you wanna kick my ass because she's crying about something that's frankly none of your fucking business!"

"Christian Alexander, not now." Ella's shooting me an identical glare and no longer crying. Shit! I got the mercurial mood swings from Mom too!

Fuck that shit! She's sporting a million dollar rock on her finger and I want answers now! "You weren't engaged when you left my room and now you are and I wanna know just how long Weston and you have been…"

"Don't even go there…" She shoots me a warning glare.

"Having intimate relations…" I ignore it.

"Nearly twenty-six years since we've met and started our relationship beginning with friendship, but most of our lives…I was an orderly during my breaks from Med-school when she was brought in after the attack. We struck up a close friendship, after not seeing each other for years, and I was there when you were born. Our families knew each other quiet well, but Ella was always away at school. Our Grandparents encouraged our friendship and we kept in touch after you were born, but I was away at Harvard while she finished High School. I was an Intern starting my first rotation when she was brought to the burn ward at Seattle General…the other, well, that's none of your business. She's my soulmate. As soon as the retirement paperwork was signed and filed I got the ring out of the safe and was waiting for the right moment. That's never going to happen anytime soon, so I chose carpe diem, and asked her over coffee while discussing her mule headed son." Marcus has her settled in his arms in the easy chair and is daring me to have an issue with him asking my mother to marry him over coffee and a patient consult.

"Fuck! This explains why you willingly volunteered to chaperone us all these years! You've been a part of our fucking lives since day one and said nothing…" I glower at my 'Uncle' this is just fucked up!

"My focus was on Ella and her recovery first and foremost. I wanted to adopted the two of you myself, but Grace and Carrick had already petitioned for that honor and Ella had already signed the paperwork, before we could even discus it. She believed that anyone connected to her was marked for death and her babies were her first priority. I wasn't established yet, still an intern, and it wouldn't have been easy on any of us, but I was willing to put the two of you both before my career. Grace and Carrick had both acclaimed and established careers and a son, making them the perfect fit to adopt you. I did have one ace in my pocket that could have put a wrench in their adoption application, but I never used it because Ella convinced me that the Grey's were the perfect fit and that you and Mia would thrive under their care…" Marcus is locking eyes with me and Ella is not happy that he's coming clean at all. Ace in his pocket that could stop Grace and Carrick from adopting Mia
and me? The only way it could have been stopped was if a blood relative came forward to claim us as their own.

What the hell?! He had better not be saying what I think he is! I'll have Taylor take him out to sea and deep-six his ass! I'm glaring murderously at him.

"Damn it, Marcus!" Mom's ready to strangle him. "This is not how I wanted either of them to find out!"

"That I'm their biological Uncle and have looked after them since day one. Whether you liked it or not? My brother was a sick son of a bitch and confessed all in his suicide note. All of his prat frats were vile evil monsters and deserve to burn in hell for eternity for how they preyed on innocent girls. For what they did to you! Hyde loved to watch, but those monsters…my twin brother…liked to do vile, unspeakable, things to innocent girls and you were their last victim. The nails to their coffin were already being struck home the second that they dared touch you. They had no idea that you were a Walker-James and when Hyde broke that to them they all went into hiding for their lives. My brother cleaned out his trust fund and headed to South America. All of them fled the country. None of them ever came home alive. All of them committed suicide, sans Hyde. He remained the last one standing until he received his poetic justice." Marcus is filling in the blanks to so many unanswered questions.

My phone rings and its Ana. Fuck! She's not skyping meaning that she's felt my rollercoaster of emotional hell and is speeding her way to me. "Chris, I'm on my way! The babies are all down for the next few hours. I've pumped and have the fridge supplied with my milk. I'm taking my Range Rover it can handle anything…"

"Anastasia Rose, I'm fine…” I glower at Taylor. Luke fucking dropped the ball!

"Save it for someone who that works on, Christian Alexander! You are anything, but fine! Teddy woke up demanding to see you and he's not taking no for an answer! He's so upset that he's not even zonked out in his car seat! Grace has cleared our way to see you, as soon as I park in the underground parking area! Wanda2 is by far the safest off-road vehicle period when it comes to tackling winter roads of any kind and I have taken every driving course there is! You are in extremes, so much so that even Teddy is tuning in! We will be there in thirty minutes or less, seeing as there is zero traffic at this time of night and because of the road conditions!" She hangs up on me and I hurl my phone so hard that it smashes against the wall.

My wife and son are speeding here at risk to their own lives, because Ella still thinks that Mia and I aren't capable of hearing about her life after the fire! To say that I am livid is the understatement of the century! I am nuclear level furious at being kept in the dark like a fucking child!

"How many other fucking secrets are you keeping from us, Ella?! How many were your eyes and ears!? How man of the suicides weren't?! Not that I give a fucking shit about those monsters and their demise! I saw it all! Fucking Hyde sent me those horrific home movies! Teddy walked into my fucking office and heard them! I can't ever un-see them in my head! All of them were wearing creep ass Joker masks, except for Hyde! How the hell did any of them get found?" I snarl through gritted teeth.

"DNA." Jason answers before either of them can. "Alexandra was one of my first clients. She had my team collecting evidence before the cops even stepped foot in the basement after the attack. She wanted justice and knew that senior had eyes and ears everywhere including the SPD. I had all of them tagged in less than twenty-four hours. My team was the best in the country, so the police had no choice, but to follow through with an actual investigation. This they couldn't tweak for the cartel, because I had them cold. We never ran a paternity test, because Ella refused to allow one. I wish that
I could say that I persuaded them to end it, but that wasn't my task. Alexandra had relatives who took care of that for her that I was never in the know about. I lost five good friends that night three of them were brothers to me and Alex was like a mother and Aurora a little sister. When I say that I will always have your back, no matter what shit rains down on you it's because Ella's always been a niece to me and you two have always been mine to protect. Ray's my brother blood relation or not and Ana's mine too. It will be the same with Angel, Hope, Chloe, and Carrie. I protect what's mine at all costs. Marcus has patched up your mother more times than you can count on all of your digits. Not unlike how many times he's had to patch up you. He covered for you and your motley crew more times than not. Went and got you from a concert that you were banned from seeing. Drove you and Ana on your first date, because we were all swamped getting ready for Coping Together. Chaperoned your dances. Co-Coached little league, football, soccer, and basketball when you were in the peewee leagues. Carrick and sports besides hiking and fishing don't mix. Do I need to go on…?" Fucking hell! Now Jason's handing me my ass! He's right though, Marcus has more than done his share of looking after us as an honorary uncle and close family friend. Ana will have my hide when she gets here for going nuclear on them.

I scrub my face with good hand and resist the urge to start pulling my hair out. "Fine! I'm sorry! I was being an ass! But you have to make it official because going on twenty-six years is more than enough time to avoid taking the plunge. I'm shocked that you didn't give in and secretly elope! I'll even throw the party! We'll have a Frozen Christmas Wedding! Go catch up on quality time! Jason's here and Ana's not gonna leave my side…"" My head is starting to come off and I've burned off my meds, so I am one big ache.

"What part of no sudden movement did you not understand, son. You're one massive bruise. How you're even moving defies the imagination, but then you're as resilient as my Ella and as stubborn." Marcus rolls his eyes at me in exasperation. I'm not exactly the model patient. I loathe hospitals.

"Let me go home, as soon as Ana gets here. It's not like you don't know the codes to the front gates. The walls are closing in on me…" I decide that seeing as he's stepping up to play the dad card and has basically all of my life that I can pull out all the stops to get me sprung from this room and home to my big comfortable bed, with my Ana.

"It's not like he isn't used to the drill, after going through it in October. It's just the other side this time round." Jason doesn't like hospitals any more than I do.

"You're alert…" Marcus gets out his penlight and blinds me while checking the reactions of my pupils. "No signs of head trauma and the CT scan was clear…"

"How old were you when you went to med school?" I try not to wince as he continues to poke and prod me.

"Young…" He checks my pulse.

"You're evading. Are we talking teens or younger?"

"I was a teenage Doogie Howser. I tested out of secondary and primary school when I was twelve. I was nineteen by the time I graduated from Harvard Med with top honors. Ella's two years younger than me. Practicing Medicine runs in the family and has for generations." Marcus is updating my chart and the one on his tablet.

"Doogie who?" I have no clue who he's talking about.

"Neil Patrick Harris played a character called Doogie Howser, only I was the real deal. Google it. I've gotta go see about getting you released. We'll talk about physical therapy tomorrow." He takes a
sucker out of his pocket, unwraps it, and sticks it in my mouth, following that with a happy face sticker to the forehead. Then goes over and plants one hell of a kiss on my mom, before striding out of my room.

"Is it ethical to have a relative as your main doctor?" I arch a brow at Jason.

"Kid, Grace is your mom and has never stopped being your main doc. So, yeah, Chris, looks like you're stuck with the two of them." Jason's going to give Adam and the others the heads up on me getting to go home. Leaving me and Mom alone.

Ella's eyeing me like I'm a ticking time bomb ready to go off if you make any sudden moves.

"Mom, it was just a lot to take in and this hasn't been the best twenty-four hours for me. I'm broken again. Ana's never gonna let me hear the end of it. My kid thinks that I enjoy getting broken. My honorary Uncle and Doc is actually my Uncle. He's been courting you since before I was born and you finally put the poor sap out of his misery and said yes." I carefully make room on my bed and motion for her to crawl in, so I can hug her.

She instead carefully sits on the bed and gives me a gentle hug and kiss on the forehead like she used to do when I was little. It makes me feel warm inside. "He didn't ask. I had my hand on the table and before I could blink it was there and Paul gave him hell because that was the worst proposal ever, as he didn't actually propose. Then again he's asked every year since I turned eighteen and it's always different. He's run out of ways, so times up. He misses you guys and has been staying clear while we bonded. He gave me a month to tell you and Mia and the family. Today was times up. The answer has always been yes and he has to be the most patient suitor in modern history. Half of his vacations were anything, but holidays. Marcus and Grace were the only ones I trusted and either of them dropped everything to see to my treatment. Those spur of the moment medical conferences that both attended when you were growing up and in college. Try patching me up again. I was relentless on my mission and tended to take unnecessary risks if it was just me on the hunt. They gave me a team to rein me in and added Logan to make sure of it. I would never risk others, not if I could help it to achieve vengeance. Logan's just as wild and reckless as I am, but we've always taken down the monsters. This was the only mission that went south to the point of losing half the team, by no fault of our own. The only positive is that the Director is under investigation and will face charges. Logan's and my deposition will make certain that he's going to pay for his actions."

"Now you can focus on family, friends, and relaxing." I hug her close. Fuck. Counting back in my head, going by memory, she's been patched up more times than I wish to even fathom. "I love you, Mom." I kiss her forehead.

Well, hell, there goes the water works again! I gently pat her back with my good hand while she cries against my shoulder. "I love you more than the moon and the stars in the sky, baby boy."

Now, I'm leaking! She used to say that to me when I was little and it flashes clear as day in my head. More and more happy memories long buried come flooding back and I'm crying like one of the kids. "I love you more than chocolate, candy, ice-cream, and all the treats ever, Momma." I mummer hoarsely in her ear and she carefully sits up and stares happily into my eyes.

"You remember?" She sobs out, these are happy, happy tears.

"Everything…" I nod, managing a watery smile. It also brings back memories of Gran and Nana and how much Mia and I loved them. "I miss them so much, Momma…” I sob like a baby in her arms.

"They would have been over the moon with pride at what you've accomplished in such a short
amount of time. You are so much like Gran in so many, many, wonderful ways. Momma was happier with her causes and charities than running JWET. You get that from her the wanting to save the world. Daddy was more driven and ran JWET with Mac more than Momma did. You get a lot of the drive, we both do, from Daddy and Gran." She carefully rocks me in her arms and kisses my head. "Happy, memories, baby boy. No more sad ones. Only good from now on." She croons.

Ana and Teddy must have just arrived and can hear me blubbering like a baby, because she rushes in with Teddy in her arms.

"Babe! What's wrong? What's going on? Why are you both crying?! Marcus said that you're clear to come home, as soon as gets the discharge paper work in order. Holy crap, is Ella sporting engagement bling? Is that why you got so upset?" She's firing off questions at lightning speed and doesn't even pause when Teddy wriggles out of her arms and makes a mad dash to me and mom.

Ella scoops him up and gets him settled in the crook of my good arm. "Daddy needs a hug, Teddybear." She kisses the top of his head.

"Where's backup Teddy? He's suppose to make you safe and not scared? Mommy! Find Daddy back up Teddy, please! Uncle Jason didn't give it to him and he needs it really bad!" My little guy is gonna take a strip off Jason if I don't bail him out of this.

I produce backup Teddy from the covers and he instantly calms down to a confused frown. "Easy, Teddybear, he's right here."

"Then why are you crying?" His cure all for everything, his plushies isn't working and he's lost.

"Daddy's had a lot happen to him in a short amount of time and it all caught up with him at once. I'm not even sure that a Teddy could keep the tears away right now, baby boy." Ana croons to him, as she carefully peels off the happy face sticker from my forehead.

The sucker I trashed, as soon as he left the room. It was candy apple, yuck! He gave that one to me on purpose! I saw the cherry, orange, and grape sugar free ones in his lab coat pocket.

"These are happy tears, not sad ones." I kiss his forehead and he burrows against me with the bear in his arms. "Daddy remembered some happy memories from when I was small just like you." I croon softly, now that he knows that I'm safe and it's all good, he's out like a light.

Ana get's settled in the chair beside the bed. "Who's the lucky guy and where have you been keeping him?"

"We've known him all of our lives. He's my Doctor. Try over twenty-six years. Oh, and here's the best part. He's my Uncle. Mom's been leaving him hanging since she turned eighteen. He let Grace and Carrick adopt us, but remained in our lives so there is that little gem. You know how you always joked that he was testing out his Dad skills on us growing up, well, that's exactly what he was doing. He and Mom have also been secretly jetting off to patch up Ella when she was injured enough to warrant it and their cover was those spur of the moment medical conferences. We're throwing them a Frozen Christmas Wedding in the backyard." Ana jumps up and runs over to give Ella one of her I am so happy for you hugs. She'd be jumping up and down squealing with glee, but Teddy's sleeping so she'll do that tomorrow, along with all the other females.

"We'll make it happen. I'm so happy for you both. Jose and Andrea are miracle workers when it comes to making something happen in short periods of time. Chris and I married in a month. Elliot and Kate three weeks. Mia was even shorter than that try a week. Ethan wasn't taking any chances
and Elliot wanted to best Chris. When Logan and Sam finally give in it'll be hours. They'll be in Vegas and we can do anything there in record time, so no worries. We've got Tyler Crowley and his crew coming in the morning to set it all up for us or that's the plan if the snow ever stops. The plane's grounded in Aspen, so the trees are on standby. But we've got twelve days to get it all done. The creator of this design assured me that her crew can work under any conditions that snow isn't a problem at all." Ana's been busy while at home.

"Have Jason and Adam cleared this Crowley and his crew?" I arch a brow.

"I know them and they aren't a threat." Ella answers soothingly. "His boss was the fellow that built Grey Meadows and Mia's dream Victorian."

"Yet another mystery that you refuse to fill in the blanks for." I sulk.

"Let's just say that his clan have been friends of the family for generations and leave it at that. Two of the boys are teens and star extreme athletes, so I've given Gail fair warning that she's gonna be feeding high metabolisms. One has been drafted into it and he's their big brother and a vet by trade. With him and the boys usually come two brilliant young ladies that Teddy will adore, as they happen to be very similar in nature. One in particular has an eidetic memory as well and focuses on art and music more than academia. Her partner in crime is also quite brilliant and a musical prodigy as well. Brilliance and gifts run high in their family. We may just be graced with the designer herself, but then she's a free spirit and does what she pleases. One minute it could be fashion, the next a big event." She's being on purposely vague and it drives me nuts.

"Not even a first name or a clue?" I grumble.

"The boys are Olympic winter games champions. The girls attended Julliard as well as the Sorbonne before they even turned sixteen. Their big brother WSU and he specializes in exotic animals as well as domestic and graduated in six years top of his class. Tyler graduated from UW with an architectural engineering degree and his wife is a specialist in natural medicine. Tyler's boss loves to build things as well as tear them down and is unusually strong, but brilliant at what he does. His wife is a lawyer. Nope already gave you enough about the designer, her husband is a tech-head as well as a troubleshooter of sorts. Loves to dabble in technology and is a councilor to youth." Ella muses as she taps her chin. With no dates to go by this gives me nothing, not really. "Her brother excels at whatever he sets his mind to, as does his wife. The oldest brother enjoys protecting the vast outdoors and his wife could give Ethan a run for his money. Their parents are out of this world and one of a kind. Though, Grace and Carrick come a close second. Our family has been close with theirs for generations and one of them is a direct relation to our family tree. The list is long and their family is vast, but that gives you something to sink your teeth into."

"Come on, momma! A last name at least!" I whine in frustration.

"One more clue and that's it, baby boy. Two of them have given you healthy competition." She kisses my forehead and scoots off the bed then bolts out the door with that parting shot. "I'll leave you to help get him ready to go."

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" I am pouting like Teddy when he's denied a cookie before dinner.

Ana carefully takes Teddy and gets him settled on the couch. "She gave you so many brilliant clues, now all you have to do is piece it all together. Let's get you ready to go home. Do you want to change or we can just get you bundled in your robe, coat, and cozy Prada moccasins? We're leaving using the underground parking area, so you won't be exposed to the elements."
"Baby, I ache from the roots of my hair down to my toenails, even the thought of having to change makes me want to whimper like a baby. I burned through my pain meds…all I wanna do is go home, crawl into our bed, and hold you and Teddy."

I file away that it's obvious that she knows or has an idea as to the identity of the individuals that Ella was giving me vague clues about and I will persuade her to reveal all to me that you can bank on, but all I want is to go home and get the hell out of here. The rest can wait.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you loved it

Cin xoxox
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

For those of you who aren't twilight fans and wish that I wouldn't integrate the characters into my story, sorry but I love them too much and well it's my style. They aren't nearly the same as Meyer's not in the least. They're cured you might say they don't, um, sparkle anymore…and enjoy the sunshine whenever they want to…all the perks are still there just no thirst for red stuff. I'm very good at it and its fun how they interact with one another. Let's put it this way I'm using the names and places more than actually going by the characters that both authors created. Again this is not SM's Edward! Just like this isn't EL's Christian! Mine is mercurial as always, but he's not the brooding, sulking, stick up his ass, Cullen. He's very AU. They all are . Seeing as this is set in late 2014. They've had plenty of time to live, love, and raise a family.

All mistakes are mine…Happy reading. Hope it makes you laugh and smile.

Cin XoXo

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don't do Cannon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it…you have been warned ^^) own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Teddy POV

It's been days and the snow's finally stopped and we have enough to build a whole castle and dozens of snow people and animals with lots left for us to still play in. Daddy doesn't even need to use those snow makers either, but when it's all gone we can always make more so we can have snow when we want it all the time.

The Disney people are gonna be here anytime now and Daddy wants Jason to do something with their ID's as soon as they arrive. Daddy is big on checking everyone's ID's and having Adam or Barney run something called a Background check.

Nana Ella isn't staying with us anymore, because Uncle Marcus is lonely and needs her to keep him company. That's code for they wanna be all mushy. I saw them kissing when he came to check on Daddy. They kissed for long time like Mommy and Daddy. They hold hands like them too. Well, like all of the grown ups and even TJ gets all mushy with Chloe. The only grown up not getting all mushy is Carrie, but my aunts are gonna fix that real soon. Whatever that means.

The only one not happy for some reason is Aunt Mia. She didn't like that Nana Ella and Uncle Marcus are together. There was lots of screaming, crying, and door slamming. Mia can really throw a tantrum! Like Ava! I didn't hear much, but would you believe that she's jealous that Nana is getting married and doesn't wanna share her with anyone else. Marcus tried to get her to calm down. Big mistake she called him some unrepeatable stuff in French for keeping their mother hidden from them all these years. There's more, but she changed to a language that I haven't learned yet. Nana knew what she was saying and I guess that she wanted to put Mia in timeout, because she left and hasn't
been back. She's watching over Ethan.

Hope's with Nana Grace and her mommy getting a check over, cuz she can't breathe sometimes, but it hasn't happened since she and her mommy came here to Grey Meadows. Her old home had bad spores that caused lots of others to get sick like she was, so mommy and daddy have given them all a new healthy place to live and safe too. He's even arranged for everyone to have buses to take them where they need to go and lots more to help.

Gail is cooking up so much food that it could feed a whole army, but Ella says that the Disney people will need it during their lunch and dinner breaks to keep their energy. Wow. Disney people must use a lot of energy to eat all of that. Huge sandwiches, all the sides that you can think of, tons of her homemade chips! And that's just for lunch! If they stay for dinner she's got like five hams in the ovens and then all of the fixings. I'm not even going to describe the desserts that Mommy's been making while we've been snowed in.

"Gail? Do you think that it's enough? I mean, I can have the guys go out and get you the entire deli meat selection at Costco's? I know that Ella mentioned that they had healthy appetites, but this is extreme!" Daddy's gaping at the kitchen counters and the island. He's in one of those fast chairs, so he can go all over the house and even outside even though he got's the bad owies.

"Out!" Gail's not in the mood for Daddy's sass.

"I came in here looking for Teddy!" Daddy scoops me up into his lap with his good arm and we both flee the kitchen. "It was just an observation! Eat some chocolate or a cookie! Maybe a Nap!"

"Daddy, she's been working really hard to make sure that the Disney people get fed for lunch. She's not in the mood for sass." I frown up at him.

"Teddy, that's enough to feed an Army for a couple days. No one can pack away that in one sitting. It's not humanly possible." Daddy looks at the time and heads for the front doors. "Unless they're running late they should be at the gates."

"Chris, that's not the great room." Mommy's having a time trying to keep Daddy from zooming around in the chair instead of resting. "Go watch over the babies. Jason and the rest of the uninjured will handle our visitors."

"I'm off my feet, as ordered." Daddy reluctantly heads the chair back to the great room. "I can't even work. Ros has banned me from GEH's servers. I'm bored out of my mind, Ana!"

"You're on leave until spring by your own choosing. Ros is only following the protocol that you put in motion when you handed over the reins. Don't give into my pleas, no matter how much I beg. I need to focus on the Homefront. Only if you absolutely need my signature or to handle a client were your final orders…It's not her fault or anyone else's that you can't relax and focus on healing and all of us. This crew has been personally vetted by Ella. We're fine, there is no threat to be found. Please, Babe, let them do their job." Mommy's getting Daddy all settled on the couch again for the fifth time this morning.

"That was before I ended up laid up again. I need something to focus on, before I go stir-crazy." Daddy's climbing the walls or that's what he keeps telling everyone. Not that he can climb anything seeing as he's broken.

Mommy hands him a pencil and a thick book. "Work your brain with that and stay put!"

"Fine." Daddy takes the book and pencil then locks eyes with mommy. "But I still want to meet
Mommy scoops me up ignoring Daddy. They've been growly for days, cuz Daddy's driving her mental and threatening to have Flynn commit him until he comes to his senses. "Let's go get you out of your PJ's and bundled up to play in the snow."

"I'm waiting to see if Hope can come outside and play…" I protest, shaking my head.

"Angel's getting her ready. Grace gave her the all clear. Luke and Logan are going to help you with your snow people and animals. Then maybe Sophie and Chloe can take you both sledding on the hill when they get home from school." Mommy kisses my nose as we head to my room.

"Mommy? Are you mad at Daddy?" I decided to play peacemaker.

"No, baby, Daddy and I are fine." Mommy hugs me then sets me down on my bed. "He's just being stubborn about his treatment and Nana Ella gave him a puzzle that he can't solve and thinks that I can."

"Can you?" I scramble out of my PJ's.

"Teddy, what Daddy doesn't know can't raise his blood pressure and that's a very good thing. Okay, little man." Mommy's helping me put on my winter thermals.

"Oh, you mean if he figures it out too fast he might have a stress attack?" I hold my arms up and she puts a turtle shirt on me. It's soft like my blanket.

"Well, he'll be pulling his hair, saying naughty words, and yelling. We don't want him doing all of that while he's still healing." Mommy helps me put on some Jeans with soft stuff inside. I think its call flannel like what they used to make my PJ's.

"If it's that bad then why are they coming here to create our Frozen Christmas?" I hold my arms up again for my Olaf sweater.

"They happen to be experts at what they do and Nana Ella trusts them, so that's more than enough for me. I know a few of them and they are very nice people. They just happen to be related to Daddy's, um, rival…" Mommy bites her lip, as she puts my warm socks on my feet.

I can usually handle all of this, but Mommy seems like she needs to help me so I just go along with it. Rival? That means something like competition or competitor? Oh, boy! The only one that Daddy goes crazy about lives in that town named after a fork? And his last name sounds like colon.

"Do you mean that Colon person? That lives at that fork place? That rival?" My eyes pop wide.

"It's Cullen, baby. And they are very nice…" Mommy giggles and kisses my nose. "Into your snow pants…"

"Um, how do you know they're nice?" I step into my blue snow pants.

"I've met them, baby. So have you, when you were really small. They came to GP to work on a project with me for a worthy cause. Daddy happens to do the same thing as one of them loves to do. They sometimes compete for things and Daddy's a really sore loser." Mommy helps me with my coat.

"They got the Seahawks? Didn't they?" I frown. Daddy was really mad and he was crying on
"Yes, baby, but in Daddy's game it's the one who bids the fastest wins. Daddy didn't bid fast enough." Now it's time for my boots. It takes a lot to go outside in the winter!

"Is this like Alex? Cuz I can't keep that from Daddy. It wouldn't be right." I narrow my eyes. This seems like bigger than Alex.

"The crew that's arriving any second now doesn't include his rival, just family members who are here to make Christmas awesome for everyone. They even built this house for Nana Ella to give to Daddy and me. Sweetie, if you want to go tell Daddy then go ahead. He can't stop what's already in motion and will brood and sulk all day that his rival is doing something nice for a change."

Phew, I'll have to think about it. On go the mittens, hat, and scarf. I have so much on it's a miracle that I can even move, but I can.

"We'll see what happens when they…" I stop because it sounds like Charlie Tango is coming, but he's far away cuz there's no room and the landing pad is all covered.

"Holy crap!" Mommy's nearly jumping up and down like I do when I want some cookies.

Wow! That's way bigger than Charlie Tango! I think I saw it on TV! The president has one! This one is coming from across the water! The Disney people came in a helicopter! It's the color of Gryffindor too that's so cool! "Mommy, are they coming here?"

"It looks like it." She scoops me up into her arms and races out of my room and we make it downstairs in record time. "Mommy just added another wish to her Christmas list, Teddybear."

Daddy's back in his chair and heading towards the sun room. "What the fudge?! Is someone landing on Charlie Tango's pad?!"

"Yes! It's an AgustaWestland AW101 and I want one for Christmas!" We race by daddy and she opens the sliding glass doors. She's already got her boots on so we're outside before Daddy can answer her.

"Anastasia Rose Grey! Get the heck back here with our son! We don't know who they are!" Daddy's roaring from the doorway.

"Dial it down, baby brother!" Logan's standing outside with Jason, Luke, Sam, well, almost everyone who isn't hurt is outside staring at what's landing on Charlie's pad. "The Disney crew decided to fly in instead of drive. The roads still aren't plowed and it was easier for them. We're not being invaded, so go back to convalescing on the couch! Now or I call Ella and Grace!"

"How the fudge did anyone from Disney score a billionaire's dream helicopter! Ours won't be ready until after the New Year! Who the heck is setting up Frozen Christmas and don't fudging tell me that they're from Disney!" Daddy's staying put in the doorway.

"We're getting one?!!" Mommy is squealing like I do when I get the toy that I want really bad. Like my R8 Power wheel!

"I'm adding to the fleet. We've both wanted one and with our growing family Charlie Tango isn't big enough for us. It was supposed to be a surprise." Mommy hands me to Logan and then races over to get mushy with Daddy.
"Um…Hope and I will just scoot around…” Angel's all red as she squeezes by Mommy and Daddy. Hope's all bundled up in her Frozen themed snow gear. They walk over to where we're all still standing staring in awe at what's landing on the pad. "Did I just hear a chopper go over head? Is it landing?"

Adam's with Jason and takes Hope from Angel. "They called ahead to warn us, but that's not what I was expecting to land. That's a wicked cool helicopter isn't it, Princess." He sets Hope up onto his shoulders so that he can kiss Angel hello. "Morning, beautiful."

"Morning…” Angel kisses him back.

Mush is everywhere around me! I can't escape it!

"I kiss Teddy!" Hope likes to hug and sometimes kiss my cheek. She doesn't cling like Ava, so I tolerate it.

Logan's got me on his shoulders and moves me within range so that she can reach me. "Take one for the team, buddy."

Adam holds her so that she can hug me and then kiss my cheek. "There you go, Babydoll. You've gotten your morning Teddy fix, let's go check out the chopper and see who's here."

"Love my Teddy!” Hope isn't gonna let go until I give her a hug and kiss on her cheek. So I do. "Love you too, Hope!” She giggles and let's go.

Everyone who isn't holding a kid has their phones out and are making a home video.

"Can we go see the helicopter please?” I sulk and my face is getting hot.

"Let's go, kiddo." Logan chuckles. "We'll be nice and as soon as we greet the crew. It's playtime in the snow."

"We're just waiting for the snow to clear before we head towards it." Luke grins.

The helicopter has created a mini-blizzard of snow and we can't see it.

Since Jason had the paths cleared Mommy couldn't ban Daddy from going to see the helicopter either. The superfast chair has wheels that let it go through snow.

I guess they were waiting for the snow to clear too, because the door that has stairs sort of like Daddy's Jet is opening just when we all get to the pad.

Two men dressed in Team USA sweats skip the steps and jump onto the pad.

"That was epic! I can't believe that big brother took us up in his new toy!” One high fives the other. It's hard to tell them apart they look so much alike. They remind me of the werewolves on TV and the movies, only they're like lots, lots, bigger.

"Tell me, bro!” The other guy is grinning at his friend.

"Seriously! Brady! You too Collin! The stairs are for stepping down not vaulting over! Act your age! You are supposed to be professionals not teenage daredevils!" We can a hear girl growling at them from just inside the chopper. It's familiar somehow and so are they, but I can't remember how yet.
"Don't bother, Nessie. Those two are on an extreme high right now, because big brother let them fly it for like two minutes and now they're on adrenaline highs." Another girl seems just as unhappy with the two men, but we can't see her yet. Again the voice is familiar.

"Like you two weren't all smiles while getting a turn too." A deep low growl echoes behind them. "Collin and Brady will fall in line that I promise you. Now, the rest of us are getting old standing here while you two sulk that the boys are acting their ages. Being daredevils is in their job description and they both excel at it. Move your fannies or I'll carry you both down the stairs."

"Jacob! Lorelei! Renesmee! Enough!" Oooh…that sounds like a Mommy!

"The kids are just excited to help tackle this project." Another Mommy voice!

"Mir's right. The build isn't gonna get done unless we get out and get started." He sounds nice.

"Move. We're burning daylight and I'm taking off! Emmett's already coming up the drive!" That one sounds like a Daddy too a lot like my Daddy! What gives?!

"What the fudging heck!? Ella's family friends for generations! The ones that built that house behind me! And Mia's are all Cullens!" Uh-oh! Daddy's figured out the clues! Not good!

"Chris, relax. He isn't getting out of the chopper. He's leaving. Breathe." Mommy's trying to soothe Daddy, but he's CEO mad right now.

"That bastage in there lives to torment me for no gosh darned reason! I've never even met him! He doesn't know me! Yet, because of some fudging book series the man has vowed to make my life heck! I didn't make her write the books! I wasn't a Social Media addict! You girls were and it's come back to bite us all in the butt! I can't even sue her because she put that legal garbage in the front of her books! We can't go out without getting ambushed and he's pissed because she used his wife's characters in her fudging fanfic! That's BS! He still gets to have his privacy! He needs to grow the fudge up and move on! He acts like a sulky seventeen year old and I'm supposed to just grit my teeth while he shoves the fact that he out bid me for one of my childhood fantasies to own my favorite NFL team! To top it off the bastage is a fudging family friend of my mother! My kid wants Frozen Christmas and that's the only reason why I'm not telling everyone who isn't family to get the fudge off my property! You hear me, Cullen! Grow the fudge up! It isn't funny anymore! Find someone else to torment because I'm done!" Daddy's gone what TJ calls nuclear and everyone in the chopper has come out to hear it.

Wow one of them looks like Daddy and he's even got the same CEO are you finished look like Daddy does when someone is trying to get out of being in trouble. Then standing beside him is a woman that looks like Mommy and she's glaring at him like Mommy does when he's done something that makes her mad. Then there's a man with his arm around a woman that kinda looks like Angel. Oh, and then two girls, both of them look like Mommy too, only one has hair like Daddy! Wow! I think I know what Rory is gonna look like when she's TJ's age! The one standing with his arms around the girl that looks like Rory is like the Alpha Werewolf on TV and the other two, only he's huge!

"Bella, I'm not tormenting him on purpose! I collect sports teams, as a hobby of mine! The Seahawks were too good to pass up! Jaz wanted the tech company, not me! I needed the shipping yard for getting supplies out for the foundation! Mergers and Acquisitions is cutthroat and he has to grow some thicker skin! Master of the Universe my butt! He's still in diapers! How he managed to make that first million by seventeen boggles the mind! Yeah, he's my cousin's kid and brilliance runs in the family, but he's whining like the kids when we take away their tech!"
I'm guessing that he's Edward. Daddy's rival. They look so alike they could be brothers. Daddy's staring at him in shock that someone is actually going CEO on him. He's pacing the tarmac and pulling at his hair just like Daddy does. This is unreal! My Uncles are all getting this with their phones!

"Granted, it's true that I loathe that book series with a passion, but it has nothing to do with a vendetta against him! He's bloody paranoid! It's not like I don't make up for it by helping his causes when he loses! I'm not heartless! I am the CEO of the Elizabeth Mason Foundation! I make the blooming planet a better place to live on! I give more than all of his foundations combined!"

No one says a word, so he keeps snarling at Daddy. He's almost up to his chair and then he starts pacing again. Another thing my Daddy does when he's mad.

"Who wouldn't wish to own the Seahawks or the Mariners for that matter!? I just happen to have more contacts than he can possibly imagine and when a team comes up for sale I get the first call. It's not personal! Now as for about being able to walk freely in public that's BS! We just don't choose to live in a major metropolitan city! By choice! They've been in the social spotlight since social media became a cult following! He's a Grey and she's a Steele! You both come from very affluent families and because of that have always been in the public eye. That's why she chose to use your names and likenesses. You gave her the perfect characters to spin her tale to the masses. She fell in love with Bella's characters at first, but then you became an international sensation over night and she switched them towards you. The only one that needs to grow up and put his big boy pants on is you, Grey! If I had a vendetta against you! GEH wouldn't even be standing right now! I would have stopped your little empire before it even began! Remember that the next time a deal falls through that the two of us are both after! I'm the Master of the Universe! You are nothing but an apprentice still learning the ropes! My Net worth could buy GEH a thousand times over and not even make a dent in it!" Now he's stopped to glare down at Daddy!

He reminds me of Damian and Stephan. I've seen them on TV and all he's missing are fangs! That and Mommy and my Aunts were watching a movie while I was napping in her arms and he really looks like him a lot too!

"How are the two of you cousins?" Mommy makes this noise with her throat like there's something stuck in it and is the first to say something, because Daddy's still smarting and he hates being wrong about anything.

"Ella's a Walker and so was my birth mother. It was happenstance that Ella's great grandmother or thereabouts became close friends with my adopted family and it's continued through the generations, until tragic circumstances be felled her family and our own for a time. Her twins were adopted. She had another path to follow. However, the family connection was there for her to draw upon, as her family had been there for our own over the generations. Our sources are unimaginable and our reach is infinite. No one harms what's under our protection and those who do pay a heavy price." He explains in a soft tired tone.

"You…South America…holy fudge…" Daddy's not making any sense and he's gone really pale. I think he broke him.

"Family takes care of family when they come under attack…" Edward seems to understand, but I'm lost.

"Yeah, okay…" Daddy blows out a breath and holds out his hand. "Sorry… losing the Seahawks stung a lot…Cousins…holy fudge…Ella's more mysterious than the Bermuda triangle and Area 51 combined! I'm Christian Grey nice to meet you."
"Edward Cullen. Nice to meet you as well, as for the Seahawks that's more than understandable." They're shaking hands. "I may be willing to sell you half of my stake in the team, as you're family, and my actions seemed to have caused you severe mental trauma. Rosalyn Bailey your acting CEO recently lost a deal against me that I might also be willing to go fifty-fifty with you as well. I believe that it's something she was trying to surprise you with for Christmas? Again. I have excellent contacts, so I got the call first, no hard feelings meant. Like I was telling Isabella, I collect sports teams for a hobby and then make them into the best in their fields. I excel at it. Baseball, football, soccer, basketball, hockey. Minor or Major league it doesn't matter. I collect them all and they thrive. It's why when I bid the answer more often than not is yes."

"What was Ros after and is that why I've been locked out of my own fudging company?" Daddy's focusing on Mommy now and she's looking really guilty.

"We didn't want you to lose your mind again if the deal didn't happen…"

"Anastasia Rose…"

"The Mariners…we got word right after the triplets were born that they might be going up for sale and it wasn't until last week that anyone could even make a bid…They tried, but we've never gone into the sports business and they wanted someone who knew what they were doing…I think that's what happened when you went after the Seahawks…Edward has more experience and success than anyone who bids and they want their teams to continue to thrive." Mommy blurts out really fast in nearly one breath.

"She's right, Christian. You'll never acquire a team, unless you partner with someone who excels at it they won't take you seriously. I'm a seasoned pro at Sports Entertainment. You aren't. You focus on Green Technology, agriculture, hospitality, publishing, to name a few. You're still a minnow swimming around with seasoned sharks. Buying into Sports Entertainment isn't just about following a childhood dream. There is a dark side. Gambling. Serious money changes hands in the big leagues. There's the underworld side of it and your squeaky clean, boy next-door, Boy Scout attitude isn't welcome in that world. Players will do anything to keep their contracts. Those decisions can and often do come back to bite the owner in the posterior. I know how to deal with issues as they arise and I could careless what the underworld likes or dislikes. I have the power and the reputation and they know that I mean what I say. You have the power and quite a reputation, but you let your security handle your problems. They are the force behind GEH. Aribella, sorry, Ella. Your mother, Jason and Logan Taylor, Adam Welch, Luke Sawyer, Ryan Reynolds, to name a few are names that send even the darkest bottom dweller scurrying back to their dens in fear. They are the reason why no one and I do mean no one will even attempt to take you down. I have no such fear nor does anyone in my family. Our reach is infinite and even you know not to challenge us, wise move cousin. We make excellent allies, but if you cross us we're the worst nightmare imaginable…" Edward get's hit in the head by Bella several times.

"Edward Anthony! Enough, he gets the idea! You've got the babies clinging to their Uncle and Daddy! We are not here to threaten or scare toddlers! He thinks that you are out to get him, because you send a calling card every time he loses to you! That's not sorry, Lion! That's rubbing it in his face! You will share ownership with him, as he's family, and that's the last time that I wanna hear about this! You got me, Cullen!" She's grabbing and twisting his ear! Ouch!

"Ana and I are friends and cousins on our moms' side of the family tree. This resemblance isn't coincidence neither is the fact that you and Christian look like mirror twins! We see and talk to each other at publishing conventions and symposiums. On Skype. Texting. Email. We met during the Shooting Stars charity book project. I met Teddy when he was barely two and I brought Jake, the
girls, and the boys, as they all excel in what they set out to do. I would have introduced you then, but you'd gone and ruined everything by buying the Seahawks that afternoon. Christian would never have forgiven her and seen it as betrayal, so we've had to be secretive ever since!"

"For the love of God, Isabella! Let go before you rip my bloomin ear off! Fine! We'll play nice! I already shook his hand! I was just explaining the playing field!" He's tough, that looks like it really, really, hurts.

"That goes the same for you Christian Alexander! Ella's a staple in your life now and she'll make you fall in line and be nice!" Mommy growls at Daddy and then turns her glare at Edward. "He'll get his feet wet with the Mariners and then we will see about the Seahawks after he gets his footing. It won't take him long. Chris is a natural at what he does and excellent at it. And to correct your statement about the first million. He was sixteen and it was a group effort. GEH and GP are both the result of endless hours of hard work by all of the younger generation and recently my baby brother TJ has begun to get his feet wet in the IT department with Barney as his mentor. Chris is ruthless when he has to be and earned the title Master of the Corporate Universe and the cover of countless prestigious magazines. He's not a destroyer unless you cross him and he's known as the savoir of failing companies, because whatever he acquires thrives under his watch. My Flyboy is not and never has been a minnow and it's insulting for you to insinuate that because he's a good man he can't play ball with the big boys!"

"Truce. We promise!" Daddy and Edward know when to surrender.

"Good." Mommy and Bella growl.

"Having a showdown on the tarmac is not breaking the ice and you promised Ella that you would be civil. That was not civil, Daddy! He has a right to be cross with you and grouchy. Look at him! He's clearly healing and doesn't need you telling him that he's not up to your standing! In front of his son! How would you feel if someone did that in front of us with a whole audience of family members? It's embarrassing and juvenile." The girl that looks like an older Rory is growling at her Daddy.

"Renesmee, it is not juvenile to defend oneself, which is precisely all I did. No blood was shed. I consider that very civilized. I seriously doubt that the little ones understand what we're talking about, as they're both toddlers." Edward defends himself.

"Um, I'm crazy smart and so is Hope. You took Daddy's dream away twice and now wish to share it with him, because he doesn't know all about sports business and stuff. Oh, and you out bid him for a yard with ships to help send stuff for your company. Um…Daddy's more of a tiger than a minnow that's a really small fish. Daddy thinks that you're being mean, because of some lady's books and you think that it's because Mommy and my aunts use the Facebook, twitter, Insta, and Youtube social stuff…” I pause, because they're all staring at me in shock. It's a common reaction and it doesn't bother me that much anymore.

"Teddy, they be good…not dark…” Hope's been staring at them and finally chimes in her opinion. "They be meeting for first time. Sometimes they have to growl before be friends. He needs to share. Not nice to keep good toys to self. Family means be nice, no be mean. Not right."

I wasn't really thinking that they were dark, just not what they seem.

"I apologize. Had I known that the two of them were so bright…they're what three if that? Being the father of six little wonders myself, I should have surmised that Theodore would be no different. You and Ana are brilliant, so your children would be bright as well. I was only aware of your son and recent newborns…” Edward looks like Daddy does when he's in trouble with Mommy.
"Angel and Hope are new members of the family." Mommy speaks up. "She's Adam's fiancé and he's adopting Hope. Teddy and Hope are both three and soak up everything like a sponge. Teddy has an eidetic memory and Hope's isn't far behind. She also has this uncanny talent to know if anyone is bad or not and has never been wrong. That's high praise you should be flattered that you've passed as one of the good guys."

"Baby brother! You promised Mom and Dad that you'd stay in the chopper! I'm already setting up and that needs to move! It's in front of the hangar!" Wow! He looks like Uncle Elliot! Does everyone in their family look like a member of ours?!

"I landed with enough clearance so that you can easily access the hangar. Emmett, I was going to stay in Lionheart as promised, but Christian and I needed to come to an understanding, which we have." Edward growls at his brother.

"Baby brother, never misses a chance to come face to face with a rival, so this doesn't surprise me in the least." This one looks like Uncle Ethan! Who's next? "Howdy, all, I'm Jasper Hale. My Alice is swooning over the little ones inside while chatting with, I believe her name is Gail, over nursery design and maternity fashion. She brought along a whole slew of her latest for the gals to take a gander at while we focus on making this place sparkle like our homesteads back home." He tips his Mariners baseball cap at us and is smiling.

"Emmett, you said that this was gonna be an easy undertaking. You lied. It's a bloomin castle! Not only that it's Eddie and Bella's place on an epic scale! We should have brought the whole pack to tackle this monster! Making matters worse the layman didn't know jack what they were about and were putting clips in backwards and upside-down! This might take more than the day you promised it would..." He looks daddy too, only with superman like muscles! He must be the head Alpha! "And I thought Eddie and I looked alike?!

"Nah, Van, we pretty much have this memorized after doing the white castle and Edward and Bells place since Frozen took over the kids minds." One of the ones wearing team USA sweats grins. "Hi, I'm Collin Wilder."

"I'm, Brady Storm. This beauty in my arms is my fiancee Lori Swan." The other one introduces himself and the other girl who looks like a younger version of Mommy and Ana. "No worries, yeah, this place is epic compared to Bella and Edward's, but we're not nearly as breakable and heights don't shake us ever. Collin and I have a stack of gold medals to prove it. That and we've summited Everest this is nothing."

"Hi, Nessie and I are here to help make this place sparkle too and can more than keep up with the boys." Lori rolls her eyes at Brady then smiles at us.

"I'm Renesmee Cullen. Their oldest daughter and this one behind me is Dr. Jacob Black, my fiancé." Nessie is next to introduce herself and the alpha standing behind her. "All the females in our family excel at keeping up with the boys and this will be no exception. Delicate flowers we are most certainly not."

"We're an equality for all kind of family. I'm Tyler Crowley and this is my wife Dr. Miranda Frost. We'll have this place looking better than Disney."

Leo, Max, Mystic, and Mage come zooming from the backyard and to all of our surprise the four of them screech to a halt and laid down right in front of the new arrivals with their heads between their paws whimpering! And I mean even the kittens are cowering at their feet! What gives?
"Holy crap! How the fudge?" Daddy's in shock. The pups are never this calm around company ever.

"The pups more than likely smell the wolf pack that we protect and or Misfit our rescued lynx-ocelot hybrid and resident couch potato. Then again they might smell the wolf hounds. I let them out for a run this morning before we left. Scents that these four have never experienced, but are hardwired in their minds that caution is best." Edward calmly gets down to pet and scratch the pups and kittens.

"Or they sensed all the Alpha pheromones that hosed the tarmac a little while ago." Bella snorts under her breath but loud enough for us to hear, as she scoops up Mystic.

"It's enough to overload anyone's acute senses. Isn't it cutie. Don't worry they don't bite." Mir scoops up Mage.

"Daddy? Can we go to Forks? I wanna see the wolves, wolf hounds, and that cat!" Wow they have a wolf pack in their backyard that is so cool!

"See, puppies and kittens like, so they be good." Hope chimes, happily clapping her hands. "I wanna see too!"

"We have hybrid dogs that are part wolf that we've rescued and the wolves that Daddy mentioned are a rare breed that are usually shy around humans. Jacob is a veterinary practitioner, but also excels in zoological medicine as well. Our family has a way with all creatures and we specialize in wildlife conservation and work closely with Fish and Wildlife as well as other government agencies." Nessie walks over to Hope and me and shows us pictures on her phone. "See, it's from a distance, but they do run quite on the large size of the scale. Poachers were trying to hunt them and that's why we've created the Olympic Peninsula Wolf Sanctuary. Now these are my kids Rad, Lady, and Misfit. The next ones are their kids Tosh and Ranger. They are Irish Wolfhound/Red Timberwolf hybrids."

"Those are like werewolves on TV. Don't see bears or big eagles like movies? Are they there too? Why's you all look like movie characters? Do they turn into bears like in movie that 'tant Chloe likes to watch lots of times? She has books and reads them lots of times. She and 'tant Carrie went to big 'ventions to see ones that play in them and had to sleep outside for nearly week. They really like that movie and books."

"Sweetie. I wrote the books and believe me when I say that they are pure fiction. There are no wereanimals roaming the forest. No Sparkling Vampires with golden eyes. These wolves are just really big and extremely timid around humans. I based it loosely on our courtship. The rest was done using lore from the stories that I've been told about Quileute tribe legends. I moved the town from Forks to Squamish, British Columbia where their legends focus on Bears and eagles. It's all make-believe and from short stories that I wrote in college that turned into something more. The Cast resembles us, because they were going by how the characters looked in the books and as I fashioned them after us they searched for suitable actors and actresses to play the parts. They were as close as they could get." Bella seems the only one doing what Daddy likes to call damage control of the situation and walks over next to Nessie. Though, looking into her eyes it seems like she's telling the truth and not trying to what's the word, um, pacify us with false information.

"Mommy says that all legends and tales are true, just changed so they don't scare people when they tell them over and over. I think change ones would want to hide cuz people no like when other be strange. They be mean that way." Hope isn't really convinced and that makes me wonder too.

"She's right. They are, but in most cases a story is more often than not spun for the reader's entertainment. In The Singer Saga Bella took her courtship with Edward and spun it into one of the best selling Young Adult series of all time. Native American tribes are full of legends past down for
generations and through books like Bella's we get a glimpse of those stories that we would never have been able to hear before. Then other tales of Shining Ones live on through writers such as Shakespeare, Tolkien, and Rowling to name a few. Pixies, Fairies, Hobbits, Wizarding folk all come to life through their writings. Bella draws from family stories and lore making them come to life. She put her own spin on vampires and weres enough that we have to question whether or not there is truth to them or not, just like with Rowling's Wizarding world as she based her characters off individuals that she knew as well. Daddy and I know firsthand and can assure you both that Bella is telling the truth. It's only stories not real. Okay, sweeties?" Mommy's really good at damage control.

"Oh..." Hope's eyes get wide and her mouth forms a big O shape. "Secret. I no talk about it. Stories not real. Just stories. Understand. You light, not Dark." She's nods her head at Mommy, Nessie, and Bella and then sticks her thumb back in her mouth and goes back to watching. She does that when she's nervous or thinks she's done something naughty.

"Hey, you're good guys, its fine by me. Hope says you are, so stories it is." I shrug my shoulders like my Uncles do when they know that there is no way to win the argument.

"I'm so sorry..." Angel's face is really red and she thinks she needs to say sorry, but I don't know why. We didn't do anything wrong by asking questions. That's how you get answers.

"Hope has a natural radar when it comes to measuring someone being good or bad. She has no filter when it comes to telling someone her verdict. If they're dark she turns them in to the nearest police officer. She's never been wrong and has been doing this since she could talk. It started when she was barely one she said that this man in the park had black or dark color all around him that he was bad. Carrie took a picture with her phone then ran him on her laptop and he was wanted for a list of crimes. It spiraled from there and every time she was spot on with her verdict. She doesn't have a problem turning them in either. She usually stops with a person being good. This is new..."

"There's no need to apologize. She's an extremely gifted child, as is Teddy. They can't help but ask questions and expect answers in return. We're flattered that she thinks we're colorful and good guys. We're also quite accustomed to curious questions, as we've extremely gifted children ourselves. All of whom have no problem speaking their minds or asking questions. Miranda might be able to answer any questions that you have about the colors that Hope is able to see, as she specializes in Natural Medicine. She's a lucky little one to be able to see a person for who or what they really are and protect herself from them by turning them in to the proper authorities. Let me assure both of you that we're not nearly as fascinating as you two believe we are. We're just as flawed as everyone else. The outer appearance is never something that either of you should base your first impressions by. It's what's inside that matters. To quote your dad's post on social media. It's just a face." Edward's very wise like Daddy then again if they're cousins...I guess they'd be sort of alike.

"I believe what this little pixie is seeing is what is called an Aura. The energy that radiates around all living creatures. Depending on the individual the colors can be vibrant or black. The darker the person the darker the color. In some cases the person is able to get a feeling from the colors and gauge from that like our little pixie here. My big brother Donavan could probably explain it better as he specializes in gifted children and all aspects of the mind. Donnie is often called in to observe and treat savants who are locked away in their own worlds but are brilliant beyond words. He also consults with psychiatrists and psychologist who need guidance in dealing with highly gifted young patients. The mind is a delicate instrument and needs guidance to maintain a healthy balance. He's developed games that train a brilliant mind to be able to navigate through what he calls static. Those memories that they can't forget or cause distress for them can be filed away. He's worked with agents as well. Isn't that right Agent Taylor?" Miranda's got a nice soothing voice. I like her.

I think I've met her big brother when I was playing a game with him at Dr. Flynn's while Daddy was
talking with him in another room. He reminded me of Jack Frost. He has silver blonde hair and ice blue green eyes just like Miranda and Angel. He was really nice and drew a funny picture of me while we played our game. He's there whenever Daddy goes to talk to Flynn and I play games with him.

"Donnie's quite the character and fantastic at what he does," Logan nods.

"Doctor Donavan Ryan Frost is your brother? He works with Teddy at Flynn's." Daddy's thinking the same thing I am. "John recommended him as soon as Teddy tested off the charts and he sees him while I have my sessions with John. He makes the sessions into fun interactive games. Someone like him worked with me when I was Teddy's age, it was after the fire for I guess a few years and then John took over when I was nearing my teens. Aiden McCloud."

"I would imagine that Ella had sent word that you needed guidance and Aiden heeded the call and it would be the same with Teddy. One call and Donnie wouldn't hesitate to answer it. He's mentioned that he's been working with a brilliant little boy. I admit that I was curious, but then he's bound by his oath as are all of us in the healing profession. Donnie has his hands full, as off the scales intelligence runs high in our family." Miranda has that soothing tone that makes you feel like you're wrapped in a warm blankie when she talks. "Angel, may I ask what your mother's maiden name was?"

"Momma? Sure, I don't know how it would hurt any. My Daddy was Patrick Michael Sanders and my mother was Dr. Ariel Angelina Donavan-Sanders. She was a parapsychologist and taught at UW. Growing up was fun with Momma. We got to go to some very interesting places. It's why I love sci-fi and fantasy so much and I don't even bat an eyelash at Hope's little talent." Angel smiles her warm welcoming smile at Miranda.

"My Momma is a Donavan. Nice to meet you Cousin." Miranda winks at her.

"Small world…Momma had a falling out with her family when she married Daddy. Neither of them talked about it all that much and really it was their loss. Daddy was a wonderful, loving, gentle, man. It's true that the wars that he fought broke him, but he never let that influence his relationship with Momma and me. We were his world. His balance. Anchor. It's lovely to meet all of you. One can never have too much family. Hope and I have been on our own, well, we had Carrie and Chloe. Now, I thank the powers that I have them all…" Wow, no wonder they look so much alike. They're cousins!

"Fantastic! We'll have a feast when this build is finished! Right now we're burning daylight!" Wow! Emmett's a grouchy pants. "Baby brother, take them up in the chopper. Show off your new toy while we get the shipping crates out of the hanger. They aren't boxes that ain't nearly enough room to get them all out and sorted…Take some aerials for Mom of Walker Crossing. I'm having serious doubts that Grey can handle the rebuild. He can't even handle putting up lights and deco. How he's become my competition boggles the mind. Ella's gone soft because he's family…"

"Elliot had us for his crew and none of us are professionals. There was a puppy/Kitten incident that got us all broken. We wanted to attempt it ourselves, because it means more to have us put it up than to hire professionals. Yes, we should have heeded the blaring warnings all over the instructions, but it's the principle of the matter to be able to take credit for something that our kids are going to be in awe about. Our efforts have nothing whatsoever to do with my brother's building mastery. He was working with what he had." Daddy's defending Uncle Elliot's honor.

I climb down Logan's back and stomp over to glare up at Emmett. "My Uncle Lelliot is the greatest builder in the universe and has built huge ones like GEH and it's like one of the highest ones in Seattle! Lots and lots of people come from everywhere to see it! It's gotten awards and everything!
Where are you awards? What have you built? Did it win any awards?"

Emmett gets down to where we're looking eye to eye and I can tell that he's trying like mad not to smirk at me. "You're living in one of my award winning designs, kiddo. Your Aunt Mia is in another. The Mile High is on the top floor of another. JamesWalker Plaza. Our team renovated the Quileute reservation. The Venus Storm Olympic Training Center and the Olympic Peninsula Sports and Recreation Center…The Sara Black Public Library…I built the new schools in Forks and the surrounding towns…Those are just a handful of the local ones…Want more?"

Yikes! Damage Control, Teddy. Give him the works on anyone pout and puppy dog eyes.

"Um…I really love my house…thank you for making it for Mommy and Daddy…I'm sorry…please…please…make my house like Frozen Christmas…" I all but sniffle and whimper like the pups when they've been caught chewing Daddy's really expensive shoes in his closet that's like it's own store.

"Just Frozen Christmas? Aren't you being a little selfish there, Mr. Grey? I've got more than just Grey Meadows to Disney-fi and it wouldn't be good to make Santa mad this close to Christmas now would it?" Wow! He's good! I'll get coal and nothing if I don't say something quick.

"I was just thinking that you'd have ta do one at a time, cuz if you don't then you'll get everything mixed and that would make you have to do everything twice. I wasn't thinkin that the others weren't gonna get all Disney too…" I bite my lip and stare back at him.

"That's enough, Mr. Grouchy pants." Edward growls from beside Daddy's chair. Huh? How? I was thinking it and never said it out loud? "Teddy was only defending his Uncle's honor and scaring him into submission was bad form. Santa indeed. Play nice or I'll tell Mom. She'll cancel Christmas for your sorry hide. You know she will."

"I was just teasing the little guy…" Emmett winks at me and grins. "You little guy are golden compared to our boys and girls. Edward and Bella have their very own tween Caesar and Alexander in the making. So far they've managed to commit GTA twice with their Daddy's toys."

"GTA?" I have no idea what that means.

"Grand Theft Auto…They borrowed Daddy's prized wheels twice in less than a span of two months." Nessie scowls.

"They even crashed our Senior Prom. Complete with the county sheriff and local deputy giving chase…" Lori rolls her eyes.

"Rory, our Dances on Air, prima ballerina in training, got spooked and went to find her folks that last time and in their defense they were chasing after their baby sister…Rory, Tony, and MJ are Edward and Bella's triplets." Collin grins wickedly.

"Then the science geeks pulled the mother of all pranks and nearly everyone was hit with a modified version of Poison Ivy, Poison Oak, and Poison Sumac. They called in the CDC for that disaster." Brady is shooting Ness and Lori a look and they're both turning red. Something tells me that they had something to do with them all getting itchy.

"Momma and Daddy were far from pleased. It took them more than a week to sort them all out and even then some of them weren't completely rash free for most of the summer. They even called in family from across the pond to lend a hand in solving it and still it took a while to set right. Thank, the goddess, Taylor Swift or any of you weren't inflicted by that outbreak." Miranda is also giving
"Mom was called to consult on that as was Marcus, as many were taken to Seattle Grace to be quarantined. I remember it happening once before, only it was some rare strain of Chicken Pox. Forks sure has its share of outbreaks." Daddy's giving them all very odd looks. I believe he's thinking naughty shouty capitals right now.

"Teddy caught the chicken pox last May and Chris turned the wing here at the Meadows into a mini clinic so that we wouldn't be exposed to whatever was happening at Seattle Grace…I'm not kidding he had Grace, Paul, and Marcus go through a clean room that he had Jason set up, before they could enter the house…well, that and anyone visiting." Mommy finally chimes in her take and it has nearly everyone, rolling around on the ground laughing hysterically. I'm just staring wide eyed at them all, because itchy spots aren't funny, not at all.

"It's not funny and Ana was expecting the babies too! You can never be too careful when it comes to the health and safety of those who are your world! Yeah, it was extreme, but I'd do it again in a heartbeat! At least my children aren't committing felonies before they've even hit their teens!" Daddy's sulking and his face is red like a tomato.

"He's three…give him time, Grey!" Edward gasps then he's laughing again. "Fair warning. Never…sit him in your lap…let him steer or work the gears on your cars…it will come back to bite you in the tail end when he's old enough to reach the pedals…"

"Um…Uncle Lelliot and Uncle Ethan already showed me how to do that…was that a bad thing too?" Uh-oh!

"They are never! I do mean never! Going to be left with him or any of our kids unsupervised again! You got me, Grey!" Mommy's mad.

"Baby, that's not gonna be a problem. They'll be laid up for months and then after they're fully healed they'll be put through hell and back again that I promise you." Daddy's worse than Mommy mad wise. Who knew that having fun could get you in this much trouble.

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"Daddy?" Two little heads peek timidly out from the doorway of the chopper. "Mommy?"

"Our little Houdini's are up." Bella rolls her eyes at Edward and goes to answer the mommy call. "Childproof my fanny. Jasper you need to go back to the drawing board on their seats."

"It's not my fault that Dromi and Mason take after the other side of the family tree. They're little two year old escape artists and have been since they could crawl." Jasper shrugs.

"The chairs are fine. I unbuckled them after we landed the bird." Edward has a little girl now in his arms. I guess she's Dromi and she's staring wide eyed at us. She's a mini-version of her Mommy.

"Who be, Daddy?" Dromi chimes out.

"It was loud, Mommy." Mason frowns up at Bella. He's like a blending of both his Mommy and Daddy with his mommy's hair. Though you can see that these two are twins, as they really look alike.

"Family reunions can get loud, baby boy. We're all done now. Promise." Bella kisses him like Mommy kisses me on the head.

"These are our cousins and their family, angel face." Edward kisses her on the nose. Daddy's like to...
do that when it comes to little girls.

"They go see Santa too?" Dromi and Mason ask.

"Fantastic idea, guys." Emmett is grinning. "Your Daddy can take all of you to see Santa in the bird while we work on Frozen Christmas here.

"Can we go, Daddy?" You never miss out on a chance to talk to Santa again this close to the big day! Snow people can wait! "Please, please, Mommy!"

"Can we please see Santa?" Hope's joined in and is giving Adam and Angel the eyes and pout.

"It's fine by me…" Mommy said yes. Now it's up to Daddy.

"Go inside and shed your snow gear first that's overkill for visiting Santa and you'll be too hot." Yes! Santa here we come!

"I don't see why not." Angel smiles at Hope.

"Give us a bit to get things sorted, princess. In the meantime, why don't you and Teddy take your cousins up to the main house for cookies and hot coco while the two of you shed your gear?" Adam kisses her nose and sets her down beside me.

"Coco that's brown drink that's hot and not yucky! Good with GG's yummy cookies!" Hope grabs my hand and drags me off towards the main house. "Let's go, Teddy!"

"Dromi! Mason! I'm Teddy! This is Hope! Come with for some yummy snacks!" I call back to them, as Hope's on a mission for yummy goodness.

"Cookies!" The second that Bella and Edward set them down they give chase after us.

We'll let the grownups figure out who stays and who goes. Cookies and yummy chocolate marshmallow goodness awaits!


Chapter End Notes

Well, that happened...

Until Next time

Cin xoxox
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Okay here's how Christian, Mia, and Ella are related to Edward. Edward's birth mother was a Walker-James and married Edward Anthony Mason Senior. Thus, they are distant cousins. Ana and Bella are also distant cousins and no Carla was not Renee's sister. Charlie's adopted parents the Swans were related to the Steele side of the family tree. So to clear up they are cousins. Now as for the other characters resembling each other, well, it's just a happy coincidence.

Edward and Bella- have six kids. Nessie, Rory, Tony, MJ, Masen, and Dromi. (One set of triplets, one set of twins)

Alice and Jasper- have four kids. Allysia, Amelia, Wyatt, Casey (Two sets of twins, as of now in this story the boys are with grandma and grandpa as they're nearly three.)

Emmett and Rosalie- two kids. Devlin and Juliet.

Jake and Ness, Lori and Brady have no kids.

Collin doesn't either.

The others at least for now aren't relevant, but they do have kids back at Forks.

Hope that clears any confusion. I know it's a lot, but it's how I roll in my stories. And I make it work. Don't ask me how. It just kinda does.

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don't do Cannon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it…you have been warned ^) own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine.

Ana

It's a good thing that the Teddy and Hope went with Edward, Bella, and their little ones to see Santa because we would have had to have them taken to get their hearing tested, because when Jose Brian Rodriguez arrived he screamed like the biggest fan girl on the planet.

Usually JB, yes, I know what's wrong with calling him Jose you ask? Well, when we hit our teens he wanted his name to be changed to a symbol sort of like Prince, but his parents forbid it saying that this phase would run its course and he would be growling about getting it changed again, so they settled with calling him by his first and middle initials and it stuck. Now, he thinks it makes him sound more professional when he meets with clients. Though, he still gets called by his full name when he's in trouble or if one of us is mad at him.

As I was saying. JB arrived at the Meadows with his design team to start the tedious process of decking the inside of the mansion. This place is enormous it takes days for it to be completely transformed for holidays. We're behind this year because the historic snow storm caused the trees from Aspen to be delayed until it was over. He'd even dragged Paul along to help, as he was going
to be checking in on the boys later anyway.

I guess it slipped my mind, with all that's been going on these past few days that the Disney crew would be here as well, because he nearly lost his mind as he drove up the drive and took in all the man candy working on making our home a Frozen Christmas. Paul being the sanest of the pair had chosen to take video of the action with his phone and lots and lots of pictures for the gang back at Calliope and at work.

I get that seeing demigods at work does take ones breath away, but JB took it to an entirely new level. It didn't help that said demigods were walking around in t-shirts and skin tight faded aged denim jeans along with the required tool belt around their waists. He wasn't watching where he was going and if it wasn't for Paul's quick reflexes he would have taken out the fountain in front of the house. Granted the entire drive was practically taken and that's saying something, as we have a massive driveway and it was full of vehicles, but taking both hands off the wheel to fan yourself so you won't faint that's just wrong! To make it worse he nearly ran over Luke, who was trying to direct him away from the front drive, but JB had his eyes glued to whatever ass was in his view!

Then the demigods proceeded to go over and help with getting the trees into the house and yes, JB fainted in the driver's seat. Demigod overload.

It's not like JB or Paul aren't demigod material in their own right, because they are. JB and Paul both make single girls weep and have all their teenage lives, because in all honesty that's one hell of a waste a fine male flesh. JB is six five, with jet black hair, hazel eyes, natural bronze skin, chiseled features due to the Native American side of his family tree, and has a wicked killer grin. Paul's six foot four, sky blue eyes, chiseled features, very much the combination of McDreamy and McSteamy. Both of them can easily keep up with the boys if they wanted to and were right with us when Jason was training us to be able to defend ourselves in any situation. JB and Paul also took classes along with us girls like dance, gymnastics, ballet, yoga...Did I mention that they were both star athletes along with the rest of the Scooby gang?

Though, we all took dance and etiquette class because our Grans wanted us to be proper gentleman and ladies. After we graduated poor Mrs. K moved to Texas. The boys nearly drove her to a nervous breakdown, but she did claim that she could turn the wildest young man into a perfect gentleman, so she was asking for it in a way...I guess because she survived Elliot and his crew that we would be nothing to worry about, uh, nothing could have been further from the truth. None of us willingly wanted to go.

Sorry, lost my train of thought...Demigods are eating lunch in my dining room. Hot sweaty yummy demigods. Hey! Don't judge me! I'm quoting JB and Chris is napping with the babies! I'd like to see you try to stand here and not drool! It's harmless seeing as they're all taken and most of them are cousins by marriage, so it's not wrong! I am not actually related to any of them so I can look as much as I want! Kate and Mia are on baby watch and can't come join in the fun, because seeing this much male perfection would send them both into early labor.

Hercules, Apollo, Poseidon, Ares, and well the others are every girls fantasy of Indian Warriors come to life. I nearly swallowed my tongue along with JB, Paul, Angel, and Sam when he and his little brothers stripped down to t-shirts! Miranda was seeing to Chris at the time with needle therapy and I cringe at just the thought of needles, so I went to enjoy the, um, activity going on outside. Paul was filming it for those sorry souls who were working or stuck elsewhere.

Nessie, Lori, and Alice were happily taking over decking the manner, as the rest of us were all suffering from visual sensory overload. One would have thought, since I live with my very own Adonis that I would be immune, but alas they would be wrong!
They don't even use fork lifts, because they don't need them. Emmett placed Marshmallow all by himself and that's saying something as that thing huge. The boys are nearly done with the front of the house and their older brothers are halfway finished with the back. Nessie and Lori already finished with the trees and snowman that line the entire drive and the rest of the lawn and animatronics too. They weren't kidding when they boasted that they could easily keep up with the boys. They were heading up on the ladders to tackle the roof, but Chris put his foot down and nixed that before it started. I think it's because seeing the two of them is making him see what our girls will possibly resemble when they're teens and it's brought out the protective side big time. He's broken, so of course the girls humored him and went to tackle the inside instead.

Lori couldn't help but tell him to google Carlie Mason and or Lori Xavier on his tablet and then set off to start in on the staircase banister.

My Flyboy apologized to Ness and Lori, but still remained firm that the outside ladders were off limits for all females period. That got him a kiss on the cheek and a roll of the eyes. Stating that he was way worse than her Daddy and a lecture that women were actually more coordinated body wise to handle balance issues then men, complete with quoted facts and figures. She and Lori were perfectly proportioned and didn't suffer from being busty, so there wasn't any problem with them being able to navigate ladders or in their case even a tightrope, as was shown in one of the Youtube videos. He still wouldn't budge and turned his focus on listening to their Musical repertoire using his noise canceling ear buds.

"Annie. There is so much hotness sitting there right now that it's a miracle that there's still snow on the ground." JB hissed in my ear, as we sat watching from the breakfast bar.

"I've heard the rumors, but its mind boggling seeing it in person." Paul agreed as he set four smoothies on the counter in front of us. Paul makes a health smoothie taste so yummy that you don't even care what's in it.

"How are they doing that?" Angel whispered gaping at how fast our guests were devouring the feast that Gail had prepared for them.

"High metabolisms." Tyler and Miranda were done and bringing their plates to the sink.

"I'm sorry…" Angel blushed. "It's just that all of that food and…"

"Holy hell…" Chris growled beside my ear. "It's all gone…" He's up on crutches. Wow needles really do work!

"They've got to have extraordinary metabolisms to be able to process and then burn off all of that…" Paul was watching with the fascination of a physician. "I thought that Dr. Cullen and Dr. Frost were exaggerating when they were speaking about a non-contagious genetic childhood disease, so rare that it was next to impossible for anyone in the medical field to document called Accelerant Vivacitas during a medical conference last spring." They were both experts for personal reasons that they didn't care to elaborate on, but from what he was seeing the ones chowing down at the table must all have gotten it when they were children. "My colleagues often referred to it as nature's answer to the fountain of youth, rapid and sudden growth or ageing occurs where in six to ten years the patient goes from toddler to adult. After which the disease goes dormant leaving the one inflicted in a state of youth for the remainder of their lives. They also jokingly call it Immortal syndrome. They were gifted in intelligence, strength, endurance, and speed as well. Demigod is right on target."

"Well, that and some special talents, but for the most part your observations are spot on, Dr. Clayton." Miranda smiled serenely at him. "Daddy and Uncle Carlisle don't normally do
symposiums, but some lunatic started spouting lies about vampires, weres, and such that they decided to clear up any misunderstandings on the matter. It's just the luck of the genetic draw and has nothing to do with myth or what have you."

"It runs in some First Nation tribes as well, but often skips a generation or two. It doesn't occur the same either, more often than not it hits around thirteen or in your late teens and doesn't take six to ten to run its course. Try three and it ain't fun." Jake rolled his eyes and there are nods around the table from various individuals, Lori being one of them.

"It's like a growth spurt on a mega scale and before the Docs came up with a name for it we used to make up the excuse that we'd come down with mono, so that no one would get curious and face it most people believe anything." Brady shrugged.

"At least in our tribe it's rare that girls get the luck of the genetic draw, but it does happen." Lori chimed in.

"There really is no time span it just occurs somewhere between extremely young and late teens. It's just happenstance that our family hit the genetic lottery." Van interjected his take on it.

"Well, that explains that battery of genetic tests that we all got to take when we were kids. It runs high in the family gene pool. Our parents were visibly relived that whatever it was we didn't have in our genetic make. I was thinking that it was really bad by the way they were celebrating." Chris and I lock eyes. Alex is cuddled against his chest sound asleep in the baby wrap.

"Well, you did get the demigod looks, so maybe that's why they started panicking, thus those tests." I smirk.

"Look who's talking Athena." JB snorted, rolling his eyes.

"Um, neither you nor Paul rank below a twelve on the hotness scale… Nearly all of the males in the family are off the charts…" Angel blurted out then realizing that she said that out loud blushed crimson.

"Angel, don't count yourself lacking in the looks department. You are the embodiment of Selene the goddess of the Moon." JB winked at her and she blushes even darker.

"Goddesses do run in Mir's family tree." Tyler winks at Angel. "Isn't that right, my enchantress?"

"It's just the luck of the genetic draw nothing more and nothing less. Looks are only just that looks. It's what's on the inside that matters." Miranda rolls her eyes.

"Like I've said nearly half of my life. It's just a face. My mind, body, and soul are all the property of the goddess Anastasia Rose Steele and have been since the day that I held her and her eyes locked with mine." Chris kisses the top of my head, because Alex does not like it when we squish him.

"Now that runs in the family." Ness winked at Jake.

"More than my life, angel mine." Jake crooned back.

"Lori and I locked eyes at thirteen and that was it for both of us." Brady kissed Lori's cheek.

"Lily calls it Kismet." Lori kissed him back.

"Mom calls it a soul bond and it can happen anytime and at any age." Van nodded. "And those fortunate enough to find their soul mate are the luckiest couples on the planet. It boggles the mind
how someone can settle for anything less than their other half. Then again it's as rare as snow in the Sahara."

"Peer pressure. The instinct to fit in. Comfort. Security. Those are reasons as to why some of us choose to settle instead of searching out for something that only happens once in a blue moon." Angel answered softly. "Daniel wasn't my soul mate like Adam is, but he was my best friend and first love. I have Hope because of that love, so there is that to take into consideration too."

"Sweetie, he wasn't saying that to be mean…" I glower at Van.

"Charlie and Renee wouldn't have had Bella. Elizabeth wouldn't have had Edward. I could go on stating relationships that weren't meant to be, but a blessing came out of each and every one of them. My parents included. No offence was meant." Van eyed Angel's teary eyes in alarm.

"I'm just being silly. I knew that you didn't mean anything by it, but I had to put that in there that even if you don't get happily ever after the first time round it doesn't mean that it wasn't special…" Angel brushed away a stray tear.

"Darlin, truer words were never spoken…" Jasper smiled, toasting her with his glass of lemonade.

"What matters in the end is that you find your true happiness…" Alice got to her feet, dancing over to give Angel a big hug.

"Amen." JB and Paul downed the rest of their smoothies.

Crying echoed from the monitor in Chris's pocket, but amazingly Alex stayed asleep.

"The girls are awake." I carefully take the monitor from his pocket and quickly turn down the volume. "Be back in a bit." I head up to the nursery.

"We'll help!" The girls give chase.

"Back to work, boys!" I hear Emmett calling an end to lunch.

__________________________________________

Christian

"Baby fever. Strikes again." I chuckle softly.

"You, couch now. Sun Room, Great Room. Choose one and go." Paul shoots me a look.

"We'll bring Master Alex his bottle." JB peeked down at Alex then headed to the fridge to get out a prepared bottle to put in the warmer for his afternoon meal.

My little man is starting to stir. "I'm fine. Miranda poked me with those herbal needles and I'm even able to handle walking with crutches." I sulk as I make my way to the Sun Room. My afternoon place of recuperation until Max shows up for my torture session. I mean rehabilitation exercises. Nope torture about covers it.

"Max will be over the moon." Paul followed me to make sure that I do as ordered.

"I'm not a toddler." I grumble under my breath.

"So, Ana's exaggerating when she reports to Grace and I that you're up and around or in that chair more than staying off the leg?" He's got his doctor's satchel already sitting on one of the easy chairs and is getting out that Star Trek type gadget that lets him see how I'm healing. "Rest is the best
"Natural medicine works wonders. Not that you don't have naturally accelerated healing, but Miranda's treatment gave it a boost." Paul's happy with what he's seeing, but with Alex snuggled against my chest I can't sit up and see for myself.

Alex is a little devil if you wake him before he's ready and will howl his protest until his point is made.

"You'll be back to CEO strength in no time, as long as you rest and take it easy." Paul knows all about not waking Alex and keeps his tone low enough, as not to disturb him. "I'll email Max, Marcus, and Grace with the latest scans, so that he can modify your sessions."

"Oh, joy, thanks." I groan. "More torture, lovely."

"We'll be fitting you with a boot and then you can really start with the TENS and hydrotherapy for your leg. The hand, wrist, and arm is going to take longer, as the breaks were more severe." Paul updated my chart on his tablet and sent off the email to Mom, Marcus, and Max.

Max isn't entirely pleased with me seeing as he'd just helped get me healed and I'd gone and broken myself again, so he's not going easy on me at all. More like balls to the walls until I wanna scream for my Mommy. He's a light weight compared to the two that Elliot and Ethan have to contend with. I asked for bad ass take no names male nurses and Taylor found them. Who knew that Paul and JB's friends also were former MMA fighters who train regularly with Bastille and moonlight as drag queens at the club to let their hair down?

"Can't be soon enough for me these things itch like hell." I kid you not the cast scratcher that Ana got for me is what's keeping me from going out of my mind. I have this spray, and stuff to keep it sanitized, but that simple device is brilliant.

"Use the gadget that Ana got you and do not even think of sticking utensils under it to relieve the itch like you did last time." He shoots me a look.

"Teddy was helping me scratch it and things got stuck..." I start to protest in my defense, when Alex starts squirming and whimpering against me. Thank you, Alex.

I peek down into the wrap and two striking blue eyes peer up at me clearing telling me off with the message of like I was trying to sleep here. Thank god, he chooses to whimper instead of howl his displeasure. Well, that and he craped his diaper.

"Oh, Uncle Paul..." I lift my grouchy son out of the wrap and hand him off to Paul to go change the toxic diaper. Hey, I'm marooned on the couch. Doctors orders. Sucks to be him right now.

"I deal with everything in the ER! This is nothing!" Paul has him at arms length and is trying not to breathe as they race out of the room.

Alex wasn't in the mood to be raced anywhere and the howls commence.

"In the diaper, Alex! Jose a little help here!"
"I'm getting his bottle ready! There's supplies under the bassinets in the Great Room!" I hear JB shout back. He's done his share of changing Alex and Paul's been slammed at the Hospital these last few weeks, so he hasn't gotten his turn yet with Alex. Teddy had some crazy scary diaper emergencies, but Alex tops those nearly every week. The girls are little ladies, but still have their share, just not as many as Alex.

"Oh, buddy, that can't be comfortable." I hear Paul talking to Alex. "Not to worry, little man. I take bullets out of live bodies for a living, so we'll have you cleaned, changed, dressed, and comfortable in no time… change of plans we need the sink for this situation…"

"We've got a baby bath in the downstairs bathroom off the Great Room and all the supplies." I call out. Man that must be one hell of a shitty diaper that or he doesn't wanna touch it with wipes.

"Honey! Remember to check the water temp before you set him in!" JB calls out from the kitchen.

"Yeah, yeah, I know how to bath and diaper a baby! Alex is just more of a challenge! Christ! Alex hosed me!" Paul shouts back his retort and then nearly screams like a girl when my kid uses him for pee target practice.

Newsflash, buddy, it's not that easy not with my kid when he senses fear or fresh meat.

JB tosses me Alex's bottle and then races outside so that he can let out all of the laughter that he's been barely holding inside. While I myself am biting down on a pillow, because I know that Paul will hurt me and I'm wounded enough.

"Yeah, he does that a lot, because the Grandmas, Aunts, and Ana thought it was adorable. We're trying to break him of the habit, but that's gonna take awhile. He loves the attention!" I choke out trying like hell not to burst out laughing.

"Good god! Next time I'm wearing gloves and my mask! Have either of you thought about changing him to formula? He's already had the good stuff from Ana, and it might help with these toxic emergencies!" Paul calls out.

Now that sobers me right up instantly. "You think that Alex is having a bad reaction to Ana's breast milk?" I grab my crutches, maneuver myself to my feet, and head for ground zero.

"It's a good bet that her milk is way too rich for this little man's tummy and could very well be the cause of the frequent diaper emergencies. How often is he having them?" Paul's in Doc mode as he finishes up getting Alex clean.

"More than the girls do and more frequently this past week." The thought that Alex is sick or hurting is like being stabbed in the gut.

"It's a good bet that her milk is way too rich for this little man's tummy and could very well be the cause of the frequent diaper emergencies. How often is he having them?" Paul's in Doc mode as he finishes up getting Alex clean.

"Hey, Chris, relax. It's common and easily remedied. He's healthy, so it's nothing severe and if I'm right catching it now will save you both a visit to Grace or my ER…"

"Mom brought us some formula last week in case Alex started to refuse to drink Ana's milk. He's been fussy during feeding time and now we know why. I'll go fix him a bottle…"

"No, you and this little guy are going back to the couch. I'll go fix him his bottle, after I clean this bathroom, go raid your closet, and take a fast shower. Can't have Gail scalping me for leaving a disaster in the bathroom or contaminating her kitchen." Paul set's Alex back into the baby wrap and once again I'm banished to boredom on the couch.

"She's moody as hell and will geld you on site when she gets up from her nap." I call out fair
warning.

"She's allowed! She's carrying precious cargo!" He answers back.

"What did you two do now?" Gail's walking in through the Sun Room and giving me the stink eye.

"Alex had another toxic diaper and Paul was designated changer...He used the, uh, downstairs bathroom, as it was an exploding diaper emergency...But he's cleaning it as we speak..." I wisely spill my guts to my other momma, as she's moody right after a nap and you don't want to endure the wrath of Gail Taylor. "He thinks that Alex needs to change to formula. That Ana's milk is too rich and he's having a reaction..."

"The poor little lamb. I'll go fix him a bottle. Grace was worried about that and told Ana that we might have to switch him to formula..." Gail goes from growling straight into nurture mode.

"Paul was going to make one after he cleaned the bath, raided my closet, and took a fast shower..." I continue to report, as I gently rub circles on my little guy's back.

"I'll get his bottle. You park yourself on the couch and stay there. I'll bring you out your lunch and smoothie after you feed Alex." She heads off to her kitchen and I count to five and she calls out. "It's all gone! And there's no mess to clean up either! Oh, my stars! Someone prepped the rest of dinner for me too!"

"Yeah, about that...Sorry, Gail! Do I need to call the Mile High to shore up offerings for Dinner?" I call back.

"Jason and Logan are bringing back supplies to stock the kitchen again and sides to go with dinner from all of the various places that you own!" She's always one step ahead of me. Ana and I would be lost without her and Jason. "Teddy and Hope are having the time of their lives with their cousins at the Children's Museum...Adam's taken point. There were some issues that had to be cleared up after they visited Santa..."

That has me back up on my feet and crutches and heading for the kitchen. I instinctively reach into my pocket for my phone, but come up missing! Shit! Ana took my phone when she was thanking me for the new helicopter.

She'd make one hell of a cat burglar. The things she used to borrow when we were teens would boggle your mind. Ray's keys to various vehicles aquatic and wheeled in origin among the top items. My baby loves those fast and furious movies and took it upon herself to learn how to hotwire any vehicle, as one never knows when that particular skill might come in handy. She loves those badass girl movies and, well, you get the idea. Lara croft is her favorite iconic character, well, that and she loved Sydney from that television series Alias.

"Christian Alexander get back on that couch!" Gail narrows her eyes to slits at me and gives me the stink eye.

"What happened to make Jason and Logan jump ship on Adam?" Hell no not until I get some answers.

"Well, Barney, Ros, and Andrea had a slight bit of a problem with a school tour back at GEH..." Gail goes from stink eye to avoidance, but GEH is my baby and I had a right to know if something big was going down. Hell, what could a bunch of school kids do that would cause Jason and Logan to leave their posts to handle it.
"There was a small group of kids who went AWOL from their tour group..." I turn and Ana and the girls are back with our daughters.

"Just rip the Band-Aid off before he looses it like Edward does." Alice rolls her eyes at my wife.

"Did a bunch of teenagers trash GEH?!" I want to pull at my hair so badly, but it scares the babies so I'm trying to break the habit.

"No, nothing like that...they, um, went exploring and used our elevator to do it..." Ana's biting on her lip waiting for me to lose it.

"How the heck could they even get past reception in the first place? Let alone hack our elevator..." Fucking hell! Heads are gonna roll for this fuck up!

"Well, seeing as the two ringleaders looked like tween versions of you I think that was more than enough distraction for them to follow through with their personal tour of GEH." Ana's speaking to me in a soft soothing tone, like I'm a ticking time bomb.

I count to ten and manage to keep my tone civil. "What school was touring GEH today?"

"Forks..." Ana reaches in the wrap and pucks Alex out and gets him settled in the wrap against her chest. "Middle School..."

"So our younger cousins hacked my elevator and went exploring, because the assigned guide was too boring for them?" I get now what Nessie meant by her siblings being little troublemakers. Shit! Hacking GEH is virtually impossible! Hell, Barney's tech and security protocols are a decade ahead of all our competitors! And a group of tweens cracked it?!

"They tested out of primary and secondary schools at six, but our parents feel that attending public school is a way for them to acquire life experience. It's only during field excursions that they tend to not fall in line. They know that you're our cousins, so to them that means that Grey House is fair game. The two of them idolize your head tech guy and would hack your elevator to be able to go in search of their idol." Nessie tried to do damage control.

"You need a specially encrypted key card to access my elevator and only a handful if that possess one...who was doing the tour?" Six?! Shit! No wonder they're bored out of their minds. The tour differs depending on age group, it would be like watching paint dry to a teenage genius.

"Babe, the flu and cold season is hitting GEH hard because of that snowstorm and both Ros and Andrea, now that we're dialing it down for the holiday's decided to take on one of the tours. Middle School seemed to be the easiest choice..."

"Both have access to our elevator...so our cousins picked one of their pockets?" I arch a brow.

"It was a group effort. " Lori smirked.

"Group effort?" I gulp. Holy hell! How man geniuses are we talking here?!

"It's not just MJ and Tony. Andrew, Dev, Leo, and Harry as well would have fallen in line. The girls wouldn't even dare as they're going to be appearing in the Nutcracker for Toys for Tots this weekend and would not risk getting grounded for eternity." Nessie rolled her eyes. These boys must drive them insane.

"Ali!" Jasper comes running into the house and he is pissed. "Those little devils stole my wallet this morning! Why in tarnation would those little hellions want my wallet to begin with?!"
"That solves that mystery." Nessie grimaces.

"Jazz don't you keep your skeleton encryption keycard in your wallet?" Lori smirks.

"What's that got to do with them and my wallet?" Jasper growls.

"They hacked my elevator today and then went exploring around Grey House. I'm not clear on the specifics, but my two top guys were called back to GEH and Adam was left watching Teddy and Hope. They must have tripped the failsafe. Then again we're not there, it's our elevator, so security would have flipped seeing them on the CCTV. That and two of them are my teenage doppelgangers." I as Alice put it rip off the bandage and get straight to the point.

"Barney Sullivan works for you right?" He arches a brow.

"Yep, since day one. He's like a brother and we've known him and Andrea since kindergarten." I nod.

"He's like one of the sharpest tech minds on the planet and the boys are his greatest fans, well there is him and then Carrie Danvers…both of them are worshiped by the online gaming and hacking community." Jasper groans.

"Not just the boys but my girls adore her and there is no doubt in my mind that Amelia and Alicia were right there with the boys in search of their idols. Ally and Mia can easily hack anything and have been since they first got their little hands on Jazz's laptop." Alice chimed in that little gem.

"True. Ally and Mia love their tech far more than their toe shoes. Rory's playing Clara and Nicky the Nutcracker while the girls are playing minor roles this weekend. Lori, Daddy, and I are doing a concert this weekend as well and all proceeds go to toys for tots and other local charities. While I mainly focus on composing than concert halls, I do tend to agree if the cause in right." Nessie's good at damage control, but not good enough.

"That's all well and good, but if Jason and Logan both were called back to Grey House then they must have explored in areas that are classified and off limits. Barney's floor has security that rivals the pentagon and any attempt to hack or access his office would set off alarms not just all over GEH, but the police would have been notified as…" Ana cuts me off and I just know that it's bad.

"Babe, it wasn't them getting into no-no areas that was the problem…Barney was up on the roof checking his babies…Andrea was growling at Ros during their tour that he loves those flying menaces for them her and that he could freeze up on the roof, seeing as he chose them over her during his lunch hour…" Ana rolls her eyes.

Barney has a fleet of drones that he loves to play with when he has free time and they have their own little hanger up on the roof of Grey House. Hell, we all like to play with them when we want to get our minds off or work on a problem. It helps clear the head…who am I kidding. Those things are fun to play around with and we're all big kids at heart! As long as you know what you're doing and take the proper classes to operate them they're brilliant.

"Yeah, we know how you ladies feel about the toys on the roof…what happened." I narrow my eyes.

"The kids took our elevator to the roof and Barney loves to show off his toys to brilliant young minds…"

"Ana! Did they cause someone to crash?! Fudging hell!" This is bad! This is a fucking disaster! I could have the FAA on my ass for this!
"No, no…nothing like that! He calls SeaTac informing him that he was piloting drones in the area before he ever starts to play! You know he would never risk innocent lives!" She hisses back at me. "They're playtime wasn't appreciated by the viewers on the Space Needle. Drones aren't really as loved as you boys think they are."

"They buzzed the tourists on the observation deck of the Space Needle with the drones!" This is just…I take a few months off and my whole company turns into a fucking casino and playground! Shit! Indoor voice! My girls are glaring at me while sucking on their bottles and Alex is too. Christ! This fucking sucks! I can't even snarl without the three of them reacting to my voice! Shit! I'm gonna need anger management therapy or they're gonna make our lives hell!

"Well, that and took it for a joyride around Seattle Center to see if they could catch sight of their parents and siblings…It's Barney's fault, really, he tweaked them to be long range and was just asking for it when he let the boys each have a turn. He's signing them up for our summer intern program…" That's got me terrified out of my mind! Half the security would up and bail or I'd have to give them a fortune in bonuses and it wouldn't matter if they're big brothers or sisters or not! They'll be screaming hazard and PTSD therapy pay!

"Fudging heck, Anastasia! Jason's gonna jump ship and so will the rest of our brothers and sisters! That's a disaster waiting to happen!" I lose it and the babies are not happy at all.

"Lower your tone!" I get snarled at from every female in the house.

"No! Not happening! Grey House will be a fudging zoo! My order will be shot to heck!" I do the intelligent thing and retreat back to the couch in the sun room.

"They idolize you too, Christian! Anyone who can make daddy pull his hair out and that's a heck of a feat to accomplish, as Daddy has the patience of a saint. Momma's got this bad luck thing that pops up when you least expect it and well nothing fazes him not really. Gets top marks in their eyes."

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"It wouldn't have been so bad if one of the sightseers hadn't freaked out thinking that they were being attacked by ISIS and dialed 911. That's why Jason, Logan, and Edward were called back to Grey House. They had to call off SPD and calm them all down. They handled it as always and left to bring home more food for dinner, after I text him that we would need more food, as lunch was a hit and there wasn't even a crumb to be found. When they left Barney had them working on the game that he's making for Teddy and Hope for Christmas. Edward was heading back to join Bella, Adam, and the kids. There was no reason for you to go nuclear and upset the babies. Anger management classes with Flynn for you, Grey. The babies won't tolerate the barking when you get upset. Indoor voices at home or go into your office and roar. It's sound proof." Shit! Ana's handing me my ass.

"I know and I'm sorry. I'm just going stir-crazy and that puts me on edge. There is only so much, TV, reading, and word puzzling that I can handle before I go out of my mind." I try to placate my wife, but then it hits me that I'm not in the wrong and she's driving me out of my mind with her TLC. They all are! And by damn they're gonna listen to what I say. I listened to Ana when she called me on my hovering, well now it's her turn.

"Chris...." She gasps, eyes wide. Yeah, sorry, baby. Not gonna work.

"I know that you all mean well, but banishing me to the couch or bed is gonna send me to a padded cell! I need to be able to move around and that chair helps me be mobile. I know my limits and will rest when I need to. It's no different than you when you were carrying our kids or recuperating from your C section." "I can't even sit outside and watch them transform the Grey Meadows without being bitched at to go rest! I am resting in the bloody chair! I love you, Ana, but enough is enough! No more hovering! I am not one of the triplets! I am a grown ass man, who has been through this before and managed fine, even without the chair! I need air! I need my phone! I need my laptop! I need access to my fudging company! Just give me some fudging space!" I grab my crutches and stalk off to my office to brood in peace and check in with Ros to get caught up on my damn company.
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Just in case this happens here like it did on fanfiction.net...Because I want to explain why I wrote Alex and his formula issue. First of all it's fiction, as in not real! My nephew had an allergic reaction to his mother's milk similar to Alex and they switched him to formula which helped him...babies do have allergic reactions to mother's milk... I personally have dealt with diaper situations such as the one in the last chapter and was going for angst comedy nothing else. It's a one off little situation, Alex is on formula that's not gonna change.

Again this is fiction! For fun and entertainment and to keep my sanity while I continue to battle an on and off reoccurring illness. I love writing and sharing it with my readers.

This chapter runs the gamut of emotions. Ana's my muse at the moment, so it's still through her eyes. I never know what's going to come out when I write or which direction it's gonna go. It just does and I'm along for the ride. Errors are all mine.

Cin

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don't do Cannon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it...you have been warned ^^) own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine.

Ana

Alex glares up at me as he angrily chugs down his bottle. "I know, I know. Mommy's got some damage control to do. He's broken and instinct makes me want him to stay put until he heals, instead of joyriding around the grounds in that chair." I sigh heavily. I know firsthand what he's going through and when he was broken before we were both taking it slow, so he didn't mind as much. Then when he was hovering after the babies were born driving me mad.

"You banned an Alpha male from being able to protect his pride? That's like lighting the fuse to a ticking time bomb. It's no wonder that he lost the plot a few seconds ago." Nessie's not exactly on my side.

More like putting me in my place, and I'm not sure that I like it.

"I live around too many to count. They don't like losing control and being hovered over makes alphas feel weak and vulnerable. Two things they absolutely detest. They're like big cats or wolves, protecting their pride or pack is hardwired into their brains. Christian's also had new members added to his pride and instinct is screaming at him to take care of his own. Now that he's broken that's been taken away and he will rebel every second that you try and force him to heel. Alpha's do not. Heel. They compromise. That chair over in the corner is his way of compromising and none of you seem to be listening. I'm willing to wager that he acquired that chair for you during your recovery as a way of compromising and allowing you mobility rather than bedrest." Wow she's wiser than her years and seems to be drawing from life experience. How boggles the mind she's barely eighteen.
"I'm just following doctor's orders. His mother and Paul have both ordered him to take it easy, stay off his leg, and rest…” I toss back a weak, yes, pathetic defense, even Alex is looking up at me with disgust.

"I expected a far better argument than that from a woman who has been running her very own publishing empire since she was my age." Ness walks over to the chair and takes in the make and model, before turning back to me and snorting. "This isn't a run-of-the-mill electric wheel chair. It's a rolling SUV. It's no wonder that he's telling all of you off if he has that to get around in. Mir has worked her needle medicine on him which will accelerate his healing by half. He doesn't need bedrest or to laze on the couch. He needs to keep his mind sharp and remain active or he will continue to snarl back at anyone like a lion with a thorn in his paw. Just as you yourself hissed and clawed at him when he treated you like glass after your babies were born, only since he's male try ten times worse." She leaves me with that to chew on and heads out to see the progress outside.

"That girl is too smart for her own good. It's all dead on, mind you, but stings just the same.” JB puts an arm around my shoulders. "Sweetie, you knew that Chris was gonna blow after three days of captivity. He's not a tiger that can be caged up. Stealing his phone and laptop was cold. Honey, that's his sanity. Yes, he took time off from being head boss, but that doesn't mean that he wants to be completely kept in the dark. GEH is his first baby. He needs to be able to take its pulse while he's on leave. Telling him that he has no choice on something involving his own company made him snap."

"Um, I'm so sorry about Ness. She's very outspoken and tends to call it like it is. We're talking zero filter. She will hand you your tail end without even batting an eyelash. She sees a problem and wants to fix it. You're family, so that just makes her all the more determined to set things right. Don't feel like you're the first to get the Nessie treatment. She does it to royalty, heads of state, world leaders, no one is left out. She does mean well though…” Lori apologizes for Ness handing me my ass and heads outside after her.

"Sweet Jesus. Those girls could probably rule the world and we'd be better for it in the end." JB whistled under his breath.

"They do have quite and impact on the world already." Alice is next to come check on me. "Lori and Ness while away at school did more good than most people achieve in a lifetime. Those two are out to save the world not rule it and heaven help anyone who tries to stand in their way. Not unlike you and Christian with all of your foundations that you started when you were teenagers. Nessie likes to tell it like is when she's trying to mediate a problem and it stings a lot to have the issue dissected and analyzed with cool calculated precision. Her father tends to do the exact same thing, thinking that having all the puzzle pieces helps solve the issue at hand." She gentle gives my shoulder a squeeze.

"Alpha's loath being wrong or told they can't do something and when it goes badly they lash out. Christian blatantly disregarded every single warning and tried to tackle the project anyway and ended up broken. Now he's like a lion licking his battle wounds and you his lioness are only trying to take care of her pride."

"Maybe we are being too careful with Chris, but you have to understand that he just got healed from his last decorating disaster and now he's gone and broken himself again. I'm running on fumes trying to take care our kids and a brooding sulky husband. On top of that it's the Holiday's and I have so much that still needs to be done. I haven't been able to tackle everything, because I just got cleared by my doctor that I can finally have some amount of freedom and that was not even a week ago. I'm not even close to one hundred percent yet and need Chris to at least try to follow doctors' orders for my sanity. Hanna and Andrea are handling most of it for both of us, but Teddy's three and he doesn't understand why we can't bring him to all of his favorite holiday events while his friends and cousins have gotten to go. Frozen Christmas is meant to appease him. The only silver lining to all of this is that we've gotten bigger as a family and that Chris and Edward have called a truce…” Postpartum
hormones make me burst into tears and I'm sandwiched between Alice and JB in a hug.

"Sweetie! Delegate!" JB croons.

"Leave Ella's wedding to me." Alice grins.

You're suppose to be focusing on healing, the babies, Teddy, and Chris. We've taken care of all of the foundations holiday needs. The kids spent a few hours with Charming and Snow buying presents for all of the kids on the list. Charming took the list from Andrea after dealing with the tween wizards and assured her that he'd take care of it for his cousin. Word has it that even Ros was swooning, as well as nearly the entire female staff of GEH married or not. Barney seemed highly amused by it all and sent me video proof of them swooning over him." Charming and Snow? Well, yeah, it does fit Bella and Edward to a T. Chris and I have gone as the fairy tale couple, as well as other Disney icons for various charitable events and during Halloween throughout the years. Though, JB usually sticks with Adonis and Athena for the two of us.

"Snow and Charming?" Alice giggles at JB.

"Well, you have to admit that it fits them to a T." JB winks at her.

"Jessica and Angela gave them that title back in high school, so it's stuck over the years. Though, no one outside of family would ever dare call him that to his face. Edward detests nicknames. Bella calls him Lion and Logan calls him Eddie. Other than that it's Edward or he bares his teeth at you." Alice warned JB.

"Good to know." JB nods.

"God, they really are alike. Christian tolerates Chris and that's only family and close friends. I can get away with Flyboy and Tiger, but no one else can. JB's family so he gets away with the occasional Adonis, but for the most part it's Chris. Everyone else it's Christian, Grey, or Mr. Grey." I roll my eyes. "We're lucky that Teddy loves his nicknames at least for now. Heaven only knows if he'll tolerate it when he hits his teens, as father and son are so very much alike that it's scary at times."

"I'm leaving of you stocked with my herbal teas and I can easily stop in twice a week to give him more natural healing treatments. There's a tea for him and one for you, which I have told Gail how to prepare. I would offer the same for your brothers that are also healing, but then after listening how the two of them put your child in peril decided that they can make do with modern medicine. Though, I did give Gail a healing tea for I believe his name was Ryan that will speed his healing as well. It will also detox his system to clear it of any residual poison left over from his battle with the thorns." Miranda joins us in the Sun Room.

"Ana. I told you that we've got it all covered, so please quit worrying." Angel shoots me an exasperated look. Great. I've got Angel flustered too.

Before I can say anything a scream echoes around the house. Followed by yowls and howls? Sorry, it's hard to tell, but it's coming from the upstairs. "What in the world was that?" Amazingly enough it doesn't even phase the babies from their bottles.

"All of you stay put!" Luke's shout echoes over the grumbling coming from upstairs.

"Paul's upstairs taking a shower!" JB ignores the warning and heads to save his man.

"Shower?!" I start giggling and then those giggles turn to howls of laughter. Alex is looking up at me like I've lost my mind.
Angel is also howling with laughter and has to sit down, as she's got Rory.

Gail's howls of laughter are echoing from the kitchen.

Alice and Miranda are looking at us like we've lost our minds.

"The kittens…" I manage to gasp out between hoots, and snorts of laughter.

"And the pups…" Angel barely gets out before laughter overtakes her again.

"Love water…Took bath…with Teddy…" I get out more, but then I'm laughing again.

"Logan…was soaked…" Angel hoots.

"Paul…has…company…" I gasp, eyes streaming with tears.

Alice and Miranda's eyes widen and they start giggling.

Chris hobbles into the Sun Room with a perplexed look on his face that sets us all off even more.

"Have all of you lost your minds?"

"Shower…Paul…kittens…pups…" Is all I manage gasping for air and then I'm howling with laughter again.

"Doors…" Chris turns on his heel, phone at his ear. "Andrea? I need you to get a hold of Gwen and arrange for them to design doors for all the showers in Grey Meadows! Why? It's a kitten and pup issue…they love the bath and shower…Andrea? Hello?" Chris gapes at his phone in alarm. "I've broken Ros and Andrea…"

That sets us off even more.

"It's not funny, ladies! You don't have anything vulnerable within reach!" Chris hobbles back to his den muttering under his breath.

"Gail's gonna have my ass! Get back here!" Luke's shout from upstairs is followed by the sound of paws hitting the stairs and happy yips and barks.

"Sucks to be you." JB shouts back. "I've got mine."

"I thought cats hate water! It's in their genetic make!" Paul's not happy in the least. "Keep them out while I raid Chris's closet and get dressed!"

"Next time lock the door." JB calls back and we can hear him heading down the stairs talking to the kittens. "That wasn't a scratching post. Naughty kittens…Let's get you dry, before my honey decides to skin you both alive."

"Scratching post!" We all burst into hilarious laughter again.

After we finally settled down we appeased Paul and Chris with Christmas cookies and fudge and got the babies settled in their swings. That done we set to work on transforming Grey Meadows into a Christmas wonderland. Our furry babies were napping in their playpen tuckered from their water adventure and chase.

I hear several phones ringing throughout the house and groan inwardly dreading to know what call to alarm has happened now. It doesn't take long before Luke and Parker run past us heading for
Chris's rehab room. Crap, it's bad. "Anyone who has sensitive hearing I would suggest that you plug your ears or run outside now, it's gonna get really loud in a few seconds." I call out a warning to those not in the know about my man's famous temper.

Angel's got her phone and is looking at something with Alarm. She's texting back at lightning speed.

Crap and double crap! I toss down the natural garland that I was draping across the hearth of the great room fireplace and dash upstairs to retrieve my phone from its charger. Unlike Chris I can live without my phone on my person at all times. Seriously, I caught him sleeping with it beside his pillow and put my foot down that it has to go off and on the charger at night. If it's an emergency then night security will wake him or us up. Home time is family time and then office time is allowed after the kids are asleep.

"Ana! Turn on the fudging TV! It's on every fudging channel!" Chris's bellow echoes throughout the manor and right on cue the triplets react to their Daddy's temper by howling in outrage that their snooze in their swings has been disturbed.

I grab the remote for our flat screen and hit on. Then stalk over to the in house intercom to growl at my man. "Chris! You were the one that wanted this state of the art intercom system installed so use it instead of bellowing like an angry lion! You're terrifying the babies!"

"I know and I'm sorry, but the kids took down the rest of the international slave and drug ring and it's all over the fudging news! Anonymous tip from a trusted SPD source gave them the heads up on their activity near Seattle Center! Mom! Edward, Bella, and Adam are at SPD headquarters and the kids are coloring in the commissioner's office! Logan and Mom dropped the ball bigtime! The kidnapping contract on Teddy was still in play! Hope happily pointed out the baddies. Teddy recognized them from Emerald City! Adam called in the troops! Edward has more connections than my security team does and I didn't think that was even possible! They have higher clearance than the President! He called off the contract on Teddy and warned that anyone that touches any of us has to answer to them. Shit! We belong to...I don't even wanna know! Plausible deniability! He texted me saying it's been handled and that he helped Ros with a few issues at GEH! She's Team Edward! Thank fudge that we own GEH, because he'd come after us and win! Fudging Heck! Max! What'd ya do turn it up to max!" Chris is still hooked to the TEN's machine, but I have no doubt in my mind that if he were mobile he's be pacing the room and pulling his hair out in frustration.

"Cool it, Chris! Before I sedate your sorry hide!" Paul has a syringe in his hand.

"You're on leave! Ros is acting CEO! Let her handle it! Be thankful that Edward was there to put out the fires at GEH and with SPD! Adam is handling it too! The kids are safe and that's all that matters! PR can handle the press! He's your cousin for fudge sakes, not your enemy! You always snarl about your adoring female fangirls and should be happy that Edward is taking that honor!" I narrow my eyes and fold my arms at my caged tiger of a husband.

"That's not the point, Anastasia! He's ruling over my turf! My territory! We heard it on the news, Ana! No one called us!" Chris is roaring, not a good sign that he's even close to calming down.

I fold my arms and glower at him.

"Our kids were in the center of a fudging police take down of International Felons and no one called us! Adam! Jason! Logan! Not one call! Jason gave me the heads up about Drone Gate! Adam not even a text! I'm his boss not Edward Fudging Cullen! I pay his ungodly salary! All of their salaries for that matter and out of this universe benefits and not one text to give me a fudging warning?! Mom! Mom! Called me! Adam's fearing for his existence right now for not getting them out of there as soon as Hope pointed out the baddies! I don't care if they wanted to go to the children's museum!"
International Felons wanted to kidnap our kid!"

The doghouse glare isn't even working not a good sign.

"Deals, Ana! My deals! Nearly a year of pulling teeth and he makes one fudging call and they signed for Ros! I worked my ass off and he brings home the prize!? And he got them all for fifty million less than what they were all demanding! Who does that?! He's a fudging mind bender! He has to be! That's fudging cheating! Jedi fudging mind tricks are bad form! Now, I now why he never loses a fudging deal! He fudging cheats!" He's so adorable when sulks like Teddy. Paul's got that syringe, so he's sitting up with his arms folded across his chest and scowling. Fudging adorable! It's hard to stay mad with him when you just wanna give him a hug and kiss him until our minds shut down.

"What exactly were you gonna do if you got the text, babe? You are broken. Say it with me B.r.o.k.e.n. You can't drive. The guys have been ordered that if they let you leave the house unless it's to go to the Hospital that Ella will shoot them where they won't father children ever. They took point because you can't. Edward saved you, Ros, and the team months and saved us millions. Babe, you use that uncanny ability to read people, so it's not like you don't cheat too. We have a link that we use all the time, so what if he's gifted. It's not against any law to use whatever ability that you have, unless it's for personal gain. Now that's bad form. Going to Vegas and cleaning up would be wrong. Helping Ros deal with those tightwads not in the least. He's family. He was there and pitched in where he saw a need and more than likely felt guilty that his sons caused havoc today. No one is out to dethrone you. The kids needed a distraction while the police descended on the scene and Jim knows that you are under doctors orders to take it easy and knows that Adam is your proxy. I know that it's frustrating being benched. Believe me, babe. I know. But you have to delegate and trust that they've always got our backs. Chris, throwing a tantrum isn't helping you and all it did was terrify our babies." I school my face and tone to that of dealing with Teddy when he's throwing a snit.

"My order has become chaos. I have lost complete control and it is slowly driving me insane. The media is having a field day wondering if GEH is in for a hostile takeover, because of the chatter coming from Grey House about his visit this afternoon. Ros has been putting out fires right and left all evening, because members of our staff can't abide by their iron clad NDA's. Assistant PA's and a few Interns won't be reporting for work in the morning and seeking legal representation. I don't tolerate leaks to the media period. There are no second chances. Their careers are history. College has been for nothing. I'm a mean SOB when you cross me or threaten what's mine. I may not be at the office, but I am still at the helm and everyone best remember that I don't need to be at Grey House to kick their asses. My office here works just as well as the one on the 20th floor, as was proven the last time I was laid up at home. I still ran GEH. Olivia, Susanna, and Leia will have to search far and wide to find another job without a glowing recommendation from us. Far from it. Their future employers will be well informed of why they were fired from one of the most prestigious companies in the world. No trust from you former employer, being sued by them for breach of contract, and no one will hire you. They will be a message to the rest of the staff that breaking your NDA will ruin their lives as they know it. Your Daddy could be a governor, Senator, retired CEO, that means jack to me you break it I will ruin your life as you know it." Chris is in full CEO mode. It's unnerving how he can go from thermal nuclear to cold as ice in a heartbeat.

"Hallelujah! I'll personally see to making their lives a living hell. Their Daddies won't have a chance in hades of saving them either." I back him fully on this because the three in question are all tramps that would give their souls to have my man.

Two of them are daughters of elected officials and one is the daughter of some company CEO that Chris bailed out as a favor to his Dad. Their fathers all but got down and begged for Andrea, Chris, me, and Ros to give them a chance. I left it to them, because GEH was their baby and GP was mine. No way in hell were any of them working for me, but then I didn't have Carrick driving me batty
either.

I did shoot down any chance that they had in their heads to lure Chris away from me, by putting the
fear of god into them when Barney caught them on CCTV plotting in the break-room and via their
company issued computers and phones. Two of the little hussies dyed their hair my color and started
wearing contacts. Andrea and Ros put the fear of god in them during a weekend mandatory team
building event and then played out their humiliation on social media. I would have eagerly joined in,
but was carrying precious cargo and Chris wouldn't let me out of his sight for five minutes. Not that I
was showing at the time, but he was in protective mode major, as were the rest of the men in the
family.

"Ana? Did those three tramps do or say anything to you?" Shit! Way too much enthusiasm! Should
have skipped the Hallelujah.

"Tramps?!" I hiss, my eyes narrowing to slits at his image. Those little harlots tried something on my
man! "Did those hussies put the moves on you, Grey!?"

"Whoa! Down, Tigress!" Chris's eyes widen in alarm. "You own me, baby. No other female exists
in my eyes! They were written up a few times for dressing inappropriately by Andrea and Ros. I
never noticed nor did I look at them if they were around me! I'm just going by what I've heard and
the fact that they've tried to hit on Luke and most of the security staff."

"You never noticed that they were trying to become copies of me?" I snort, rolling my eyes.

"The only pain that I had to ever deal with was scatter brained Olivia and she was mostly Andrea's
nightmare. Leia was Ros's headache and Susana was Tobias's problem to deal with. Why the hell
would they mirror you anyway? Did they think I wouldn't clue in instantly that they weren't you?
Shit? Why didn't you tell me? I could have canned their fake behinds months ago. All it would have
taken was a word from you and they would have been history." He's hopelessly clueless when it
comes to the female adoration that follows him, but then it's my job to protect him from their amorous
advances.

"GEH is your domain. Ultimately it was Andrea and Ros's call and they had their own way of
dealing with those three harlots. I knew that Carrick guilt tripped you into hiring them and didn't
want you to be at odds again." I shrug.

His dad has caused more than one battle between the two of them regarding his archaic gentleman's
agreements with his golf and college cronies. He just has a difficult time saying no, unlike my Daddy
who will tell them to leave their crap at home where it belongs. His advice was to cut them off,
which they did. Carrick's advice was for them to get a job and even went as far as promising that
Chris would welcome them to GEH with open arms, as they were friends of the family. That was not
a happy Sunday dinner at Grey Manor and Chris and his Dad were on the outs for months
afterwards. Grace came to our place for dinner or to see Teddy because Carrick was banned for
basically playing the you-owe-me card, thus guilting Chris into hiring the tramps.

"Carrick will never play that card on me again. He can't. My trust fund, everything, was all Ella.
Mom tore a stripe off of him for it. GEH admittance is based on merit, integrity, honor, skill, not
because you're a silver spoon in need of a paycheck. That was my one and only favor granted never
to happen again. I loathe playing the political game, but I excel at it too. In fact it's time for the three
of them to face the fire along with their daughters." Chris is out for blood and I have no doubt in my
mind that he'll be shoving this all in Carrick's face when we go for Sunday dinner.

"He still sees us as kids who have to heed to the wishes of their elders. Pandering to his college
cronies is just part of being the good son or daughter. The only problem with that is we have never fit
the mold of silver spoon kids. We fight for those who can't fight for themselves. We help those who truly need it and we don't ask for anything in return. We take on the 1% who do nothing but make money off those who are just trying to get by. I say give Ethan what you have on the three of them and let them pay for their misdeeds.” I do my best to mediate. The fact remains Carrick was duped into that favor by his cronies and the cost was far more than favor granted. In the end it cost him the respect of his family and after the dust settles the careers of his cronies as well.

"Don't worry, baby. They'll get what's coming to them. That's all you need to know. I don't want you anywhere near what's about to blow the State of Washington's political scene sky high. I'm told that Dad's clear, but if he's not then I'll be there to be the shoulder for Mom to cry on. Ella tells me he is and that's good enough for me. What she doesn't know isn't worth knowing and she has her fingers in every branch around the globe. Then again when Dad gets slammed by this news, he might just lead the charge one never knows with Carrick Grey." Chris is being cryptic, but it doesn't take a genius to know that those men were involved with those same fiends that Ella and Logan took down.

I'm stunned by this and am staring at him in horror.

"Barney was doing the back ground checks on the new arrivals at Sanctuary for Averi and discovered some alarming information that he gave Jason to give to the proper authorities. It takes time for the authorities to amass the evidence to take down high powered officials and make sure that they will go down for their crimes instead of getting a slap on the wrist and a fine. Ella's in the know because she took down the ringleaders and because of that their patrons will get what's coming to them too. They're fathers with children, yet they prayed on children to get their rocks off. It's because of Sanctuary that their voices can be heard and they will get their justice, but as I said it takes time and endless work. Flynn and his team have been working with the kids and its taken months, but they are finally ready to speak out against the monsters who victimized them. They're wellbeing's and safety came first. There are quite a few social elitists who belong to a dark secret society that are going down, because finally their victims have a voice and the power to have it heard behind them.” My god! No wonder he's been stressed out of his mind for months! He's had to hide this from me and it must have been eating him alive!

"Ana!?” Chris's shout echoes from the screen in our room, but I ignore it.

I race out of our room and take the fastest means to get to the rehab room. I'm in excellent health now and I want to know everything that he was shielding from me while I was carrying the babies.

"Ana! It was need to know and you were under doctor's orders no stress!” Luke's chasing after me.

"I'm fine now!” Now I know that it's worse than I even imagined if Luke is giving chase to do damage control! "What the hell did they make him do?! That was a lot more than just Barney digging up evidence, Sawyer! What did Christian sign up for in order to take them down?! It had better not be anything that could have gotten him killed or all of you are fired and I don't give a flying fig if you're family or not! There should have been another way!"

"There really wasn't and after seeing those kids at Sanctuary, nothing could have stopped him from doing everything in his power to bring them all down! Chris is a big boy, highly trained, and a weapon himself. He's also not one to turn a blind eye when he can do something to stop it. Like mother, so like son….” Luke's really not helping matters, try making it worse!

"He's got James Bond envy always has, but never in a million lifetimes did I think that any of you would cave and allow him to live his crazy boyhood fantasy!” I'm so pissed off that instead of opening the doors I take my fury out on them sending them crashing open with a kick. "Paul!
"Anastasia Rose! Enough! I'm fine! They're all going down! It's done!" Christian narrows his eyes at me and the now splintered doors. "So is their sick secret club! You, our blips, and Teddy were safe at home while I made sure that no other child would be subjected to the evil villains! I get that you're pissed, but this was all on me! I came up with the plan and they made sure that everything went off without a glitch. Yes, there are countless things that I can't ever un-see that will haunt me, but it was a necessary price that I will gladly endure if it means that they all pay to the max for their crimes! It sickens me that I've had to do business with them, gone to charitable events, sat at a dinner table across from them! Because they run in the same social circle as our parents! Some were even invited to our wedding! Money doesn't excuse you from preying on innocent kids! It doesn't exonerate you from wrong doing and these creatures, because that's exactly what they are have been doing this for GENERATIONS! Be pissed off all that you want, Ana! Banish my ass to the boat house for all I care, but I would do it over again a thousand times if the outcome was taking down those elitist monsters and that sickening club of theirs!"

I race over and throw myself into his arms. "I'm not pissed…" I whimper against his shoulder. "Baby, try that again…" He makes me look at him, by cupping my face in his hands. "Those two doors say otherwise."

"I'm way passed pissed and heading towards scared out of my mind!" I burst into tears and pound my fists against his chest. This is too much for a postpartum hormonal female to handle. "You can't risk your life like this! We need you alive! I can't live in a world without you in it! I won't!" I sob against his shoulder.

"Jason was with me the entire time. I wasn't wearing anything that they could have detected. I wore a pair of high-tech spy glasses, took measures to conceal my identity…I was observing behind one way glass…while that was happening Barney was able to help them get the information they needed from their tech…I was wearing Kevlar. My pen was a Taser. Oh, and I was wearing a signet ring with enough knockout juice to take a few down if I had to…” he's crooning and rocking me to calm me down.

"That has Ella written all over it…" I sniffle and he chuckles and kisses the top of my head. "Yeah, pretty much." He cuddles me closer. "Though, they always referred to their boss as ma'am while I was around and they never had her on speaker. One of them was talking to her while they were gearing me up and I did catch the voice on the other end of the call…they sounded familiar, but I couldn't match a face to the voice…I had dreams for weeks after that and started seeing Flynn again. Jason knew that I needed to detox my mind and Flynn was a safe means for me to vent about what I'd seen. I was not bringing that home to you or Teddy. I think the reason why I was so pissed with her was because the second I heard her voice I knew that she was the ma'am at the other end of that call…"

"She was juggling a lot of balls at once, so it was better that you didn't know. Did all of this go down before or after you hired the bimbettes?" I sniffle up at him.

"A month or so after and before you start…the three of them were not members of their parents' sick club…I don't think they trusted the little gossips to keep their mouths shut. The entrance fee was steep just too observe 1.5 million cash and then to join 5 million a month. I doubt their daddies would have shelled out that much cash. Maybe they got the idea that they had a chance from overhearing their parents talking. I was playing the role of filthy rich, bored unhappy husband in need of some entertainment, with a preference for watching…when in truth I wanted to end them all." I look into his eyes and I see so much mirrored in them. At first there's a haunted look in his eyes, then it
changed to relief that he can finally confide in me what's been eating him up inside, and now he's pleading with me to let this go.

"Escala…" It hits me that those nights when he had to work late and crashed at the penthouse were when he was playing this role to get the bad guys. "Those times when you stayed there instead of coming home to the Meadows…then afterwards you'd have nightmares for days and wouldn't talk to me about them. Your moods were hyper mercurial too…"

"It was killing me that I was hiding it from you and my nightmares were that you'd take Teddy and leave before I could explain…that's why I was working so much at home…guilt…playing that role made me feel dirty…I took a dozen showers just to feel clean and I had Jason destroy the clothes that I had worn. Looking at them made me physically ill…"

"I'd geld you if you ever strayed, babe. Not leave you. We're stuck with each other for life." I rub noses with him to assure him that we're good. It's been our thing since we were little and kisses were taboo, but Eskimo kisses were acceptable.

"Good to know, baby. Though, I still plan on having Marcus give me a vasectomy…"

"You're still experiencing the joys of labor, flyboy. That's set in stone. It should be a requirement for all expecting fathers, so that they can share in the experience and truly understand what their wives or girlfriends are enduring to bring their kids into this world." He's still set on taking the knife, but I still plan on him experiencing the joys of labor when he's fully healed. He was scheduled to experience it this week, all three of the guys were, but it's been put on hold for now.

"Anastasia, you forget that I share your pain when you wish me to and that I have gotten a taste of labor when you were trying to have Ted naturally, before the emergency C section that…nearly cost you your life…Going through that twice is my limit…it's never happening again…you're done risking your life…we'll adopt if we want more. I'm getting it done. And that my love is nonnegotiable." He kisses my nose.

"Fine. Elliot and Ethan can endure it together. I was just saving you the grief of the two of them calling you out for not doing it." I wrap my arms around his neck and give him the doe eyes.

"You're right they'd never let me hear the end of it. Fine. I'll do it. I know what I'm in for, but those two clowns won't last to active labor. We did wear the belly when the three of you were carrying our first bundles of joy, so this time around it's only fair that we up the ante and share in labor too. I can endure a hell of a lot pain wise having endured more than anyone can imagine after the fire, but Elliot and Ethan when it comes to pain are little pussies…I will expect a choice push present afterwards though." Christian seals the deal with a kiss.
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

This was the chapter that just didn't want to end. To say that Grey Meadows is bursting at the seams with new family members is an understatement. I do have a character list for my SMeyer characters up on my Facebook page Twilight Forever Character List it's under notes. Just search Cynthia Dudley as that's my Facebook ID, If you get confused. I know I juggle a lot of characters in my stories, but then I'm good at that in my writing. I just go where my muses take me. Hope it's not too crazy, but then it is what it is. Hope you all enjoy.

Okay here's just in case you need a recap this is how Christian, Mia, and Ella are related to Edward. Edward's birth mother was a Walker-James and married Edward Anthony Mason Senior. Thus, they are distant cousins. Ana and Bella are also distant cousins and no Carla was not Renee's sister. Charlie's adopted parents the Swans were related to the Steele side of the family tree. So to clear up they are cousins. Now as for the other characters resembling each other, well, it's just a happy coincidence.

Edward and Bella- have six kids. Nessie, Rory, Tony, MJ, Masen, and Dromi. (One set of triplets, one set of twins)

Alice and Jasper- have four kids. Allysia, Amelia, Wyatt, Casey (Two sets of twins, as of now in this story the boys are with grandma and grandpa as they're nearly three.)

Emmett and Rosalie- two kids. Devlin and Juliet.

Jake and Ness, Lori and Brady have no kids.

Collin doesn't either.

The others at least for now aren't relevant, but they do have kids back at Forks.

I know it's a lot, but it's how I roll in my stories. And I make it work. Don't ask me how. It just kinda does.

Cin

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don't do Cannon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it…you have been warned ^^) own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine.

CPOV

"Chris, we promised each other full disclosure…" Ana breaks off our kiss and make up session to lock eyes with me. Shit! This is gonna get dicey!

"I was playing a role, baby. It was a means to an end, but odds are that those bastards and the rest will retaliate by sending you damning evidence that I am not the man that you married…" I blow out
"Chris, they can bring it all they want, but you could never stray from me anymore than I could stray from you. If it had been me in your shoes, well, I would have done the same thing no question…" She runs her fingers through my hair to calm me and her words are like always a soothing balm, so much better than any drug on the market.

"Baby, there is no way that you would have been a part of any of this, because where I have no problem playing the role of a Dom. You, my love, don't have a submissive bone in your body and you abhor senseless acts of violence making it near to impossible for you to even attempt to fill the role of female Dom or a Submissive. It wasn't just pedophiles praying on innocents, it was far reaching into the darker aspects of The Scene. None of it was consenting all of it was slave to master. Watching it was bad enough for me…” She has no clue, not really and I bite the bullet and spell it out for her.

"Chris…Kate, Mia, and I were all, um, approached the summer before senior year and while I told them to fuck off…Kate and Mia were curious about what they were talking about…” Ana's not making eye contact with me and that's really, not a good sign.

What the fuck! Ana and I couldn't even officially date until she turned sixteen and even then it was like having the chaperones from hell shadowing us! Now, she tells me that The Black Lotus society tried to get their claws on the three of them!

"What the fuck, Anastasia! Tell me that the three of you did not step a toe in Crimson, Obsession, Thrall, or Dominion!” The fury radiating off me is palpable right now, but Ana doesn't move from my lap. Retreating would only make this worse and she doesn't want that nor would I ever lay a finger on her in anger.

"You were off to some mandatory sport camp with the boys for a month that summer while our Cheer and Dance camp was held near home. Kate was on a mission to get El to notice her and Mia was crushing hard on Luke, because Ethan was terrified of ruining their friendship like someone else I know…”

"I valued my life…” I narrow my eyes at her for trying to stall.

She rolls her eyes and blows me a raspberry.

"Don't push it, baby." I growl.

"Fine. But you're not gonna like it." She blows out a breath and sighs heavily.

"I don't like it already, Anastasia! My baby sister and little sister of sorts were lured onto the dark path…”

"Before you finish that sentence remember that I am not a sheep and if I did happen to go with them it was only because I wanted to make sure that they were safe! I never once skived a self-defense course that Jason forced us all to endure like the two of them were prone to do and by the time I was nearly sixteen could easily take on a clan of ninjas, so don't even go there with me, Grey!” Ana hisses at me, her eyes flashing sapphire blue fire.

"Fuck that, Ana! You had panic buttons! Why the fuck didn't any of you press them! Teen or not! Lethal or not! Never go with strangers still applies! You could have become victims of the white slave market! Fucking hell!” I roar at her.

"Stop barking!” She screams back.
"Hell no! You could have…I could have…” Not even counting to ten in my head is working. "Curiosity killed the kittens, Anastasia! Kittens like you were go missing every day no matter who their parents are! Three walking goddesses and innocent ones at that and you thought that it would be a kick to take a peek at the dark side?!" I school my tone to lethally soft, a clear sign that I have passed my limit. "Go sit over there, Ana. Now!"

"Chris…” Ana's staring wide eyed at me in alarm.

"Now…” I hiss and she scrambles off my lap and blots over to the chair by the window.

"It was nearly ten years ago…” She whimpers.

"I don't care if it was twenty years ago! It was fucking stupid! Who the hell got you out of there! Once you enter only a member can let you out! That's how they lure in their prey!” I'm so pissed that I slam my good fist down on the rolling wooden tray and easily break it in half.

"ELLIOT!” She screams back at me and all I can do is stare gobsmacked at her. Elliot!? Big brother is a member of The Black Lotus society!? Fuck! This is bad!

"That's not all…” Ana's pacing the room. "Logan…Sam…were there too! We barely made it into the lounge! Though, they did have some sort of glass room towards the back for their members viewing pleasures that freaked the shit out of us! Now do you understand why I've never said anything until now? I didn't know that Sam and Logan were agents or that Elliot had the bankroll to help them…All I knew was that three of the people that I looked up to were into some really freaky shit and I didn't want to break Gail's heart that her son and his girlfriend liked to…” She shivers. "Play…”

I'm stunned speechless so she continues while I try to wrap my mind around this.

"We avoided them for the rest of the summer…If they were in the room I'd race over to you and climb into your lap…”

"That's why you clung to me when I got back? Not because you missed me, but because you were scared of our older siblings? That hurts, Steele." I don't know whether to beat the tar out of my brothers or hug them. On the one part Ana stuck to me like glue. Win-win. On the other it was because she saw something that even to this day scarred her for life. Then again that ordeal could have spooked her into joining a nunnery, so I count myself lucky that she chose me to keep her safe from the freaks of our family.

"Oh, please…” Ana snorts, rolling her eyes. "I did miss you and it did give me an excuse to cuddle with you, even while you were terrified of our chaperones…”

"So the three of you weren't late for emergency cheer practice that summer when you tried to swim back home from your dad's boat?” I choose to evade, as the truth is that I was waiting for Ana to make the first move and wasn't about to risk our friendship and rush into anything she wasn't ready for.

"Logan, Elliot, and Sam cornered us in an attempt to explain and we freaked…nice deflect, babe.”

"Good thing that Ethan and I were on the rowing team, because we were about five miles out and even you can't swim that far. That wasn't fun by any means and the three of you just sat back and let us row home.”

"No, but I had fun being your coxswain. Mia and Kate were spent and collapsed at the back of the dingy. In my defense there were only two oars."
"How did they finally manage to come clean with the three of you?" This I have to know.

"We were early from cheer practice and swimming in the pool to cool off, as it was a hot late summer evening. You were stuck with weight training that evening and they had us trapped in a spot where we couldn't run away. Logan and Sam flashed us their badges and we had to sign this NDA. To say that their bosses were on their asses was an understatement and they'd been ordered to get us to sign those for weeks. Elliot was all but groveling on his knees in front of Kate and she wasn't having it. Mia and I couldn't look at them without turning red. No one wants to see their siblings… just gross…I know why Sam's favorite weapon of choice is a whip and just leave it at that…" Ana's the shade of an over ripe tomato and I have to bite the inside of my cheek to keep from chuckling.

She races into the en-suite of the rehab room to go splash her face with cold water. "Baby, I'll beat up Logan and Elliot when I'm fully healed. Promise. You do know that you could have come to me…"

"And say what, Christian? That Kate, Mia, and I found our way to a private club that catered to the exotic and that Logan, Sam, and Elliot were active members? And I knew firsthand, because Logan and Sam were giving a LIVE demonstration…uh, no, I don't think so!" She's pacing again and her blush has deepened even more. "Enough, stalling! Your turn!"

"Oh, no, not until you look me in the eyes and swear to me that the three of you didn't research what shocked and awed you." I shoot back. Kate and Mia can't stand not knowing everything about anything that freaks them out and that was a big one.

"I didn't research it! For Fucks sakes, Christian! I was already blinded for life and freaked out of my mind! Kate and Mia are the bloodhounds! I just hack! It was bad enough that they got caught researching by Jose and Paul! Andrea, Barney, and I were working on the rescue website in the clubhouse while Kate and Mia were inside working on their summer homework in the library! I think Jose's scream will forever be etched in my brain!" Ana whirls on me, shooting me a death glare.

"Logan was Jose's first crush and Elliot was mine and we were not expecting to see that…" Paul makes himself known with Jose beside him.

"My brain went on total meltdown…” Jose is fanning himself.

"It was eye-opening." Paul winks.

"You'd be surprised of the special design requests that I've had to make happen..." Jose grins, eyes dancing, wiggling his brows.

"TMI!" Ana's once again in my lap, with her face buried against my chest, hands covering her ears. "Make them stop!" she whines.

"Baby, if you can't handle talking about it…" I croon, kissing the top of her head.

"It's not The Scene that bothers me it was seeing them…" She sniffs.

"Well, I promise that none of them were there while I was playing my role. I only recorded when the scene players were underage to gather the Intel that they needed. Other than getting a facial recognition of the members, the first few night were fairly tame. They gave me something that would allow me to drink anyone under the table and not become effected by what I was drinking. I'd watch then we'd go into the back room and play poker where they would indulge in drinking the gift of fine scotch that I had brought with me as a thankyou for inviting me to their secret order. I don't know
what the hell was in it, but they confessed a whole load of fucked up shit that made my blood run cold and I captured it with my glasses during every meeting. Jason had to have air barf bags in the SUV because as soon as I got in I was physically ill and then to make matters worse I had to lie through my teeth to you while I told Teddy goodnight over the phone and that I was working an all-nighter and would crash at Escala. Ros was aware of the operation, so she would have covered for me if you'd called GEH." I cuddle her closer to me and she kisses my neck. We're good, so I continue.

"I was near my breaking point after the fifth and final night. I didn't even have to fake it when I broke down at the elite club that I couldn't keep hiding things from you and this wasn't for me. I was just frustrated about having to share you with another kid and was having an early life crisis. This happened during the final card game and they started talking about the latest crop that was fully trained and ready for shipment…” I swallow down the bile that is trying to force its way up my esophagus and Ana hands me a bottle of water.

"Easy, Tiger. It's over. We're safe. The world is safer now because you stepped into your mom's shoes and that's all that matters." She croons soothingly, as she runs her fingers through my hair. I take a few deep calming breaths and then continue on. "I broke the tumbler that I was holding and it took everything in me not to use the signet ring or the pen on these monsters. I looked like I was drinking myself to death and it was clear that I couldn't handle it. It wasn't like they were worried, if I said anything I'd destroy my marriage…”

"That was the night I was called to Escala to sew up your hand, after you'd taken your anger out on the crystal over a deal gone wrong…” Paul blows out a breath. "Your eyes were bloodshot. Your blood alcohol levels seemed fine, yet you smelled like you'd downed a case of scotch…You had dark streaks in your hair too…”

"Temporary hair dye that was a bitch to get out and contacts that irritated the fuck out of my eyes…I hadn't shaved either…” I shrug.

"Bitch about the aftercare after you finish with the deets!" Jose growls.

"They didn't have clue one that I'd been planting bugs in every club. Barney specials well beyond any known tech, so tiny that they were like microdots. I had to plant something a little more complex in the last inner sanctum, so a breakdown was in order. I was more than ready to comply. I also made it crystal clear that if word ever got out to any of my family members or my wife that I'd happily bury them. They threatened the same. Then I pulled out my phone and showed them LIVE footage of my office at GEH where you could clearly see Ros and myself burning the midnight oil hammering out a deal. I confided to them that I never go into anything without a backup plan and that I had an ironclad alibi for every secret meeting. It was their dumb luck that they hadn't the brains to wear a mask or disguise their identities and that the nearly ten million was mere pocket change and left.” I finish the cliff notes version of my op and she hugs me fiercely.

"You had twenty stitches! Nightmares! Mercurial mood swings to the extreme! I made you start seeing John again and put an end to GEH all-nighters! No wonder John urged me to be patient with you. That all you needed was TLC and you'd be yourself in no time." Ana's back to pacing again and is throwing one hell of a snit. "That's why Hyde sent you those nightmare movies and went after Teddy! You rattled the vipers den! Logan and Ella must have wanted to string you by your balls, but couldn't stop you either! No more 007 for you! Your time of walking in Mommy's boots is over! You got me, Flyboy!"

"I promise that it's completely out of my blood and not nearly as badass as they make it seem in the movies. It's the stuff of nightmares and I can't even imagine the hell that Logan had to endure for
three years. Five nights over two week's was hell on earth for me. It's like Everest has been lifted off my shoulders, being able to finally confide everything to you." I swear on everything that I have to her.

"You aren't finished, Tiger. The parents and sibs need to be read in too." She shoots me her don't even fight me on this glare.

"Nah, Luke told them to start recording in the security office as soon as Ana asked for full disclosure and your make up session was done…” Jose shrugged.

"Jason wanted a heads up on what was wrong now, so that he had a chance in hell of mediating…” Paul, now that the dust had settled, walked over to the TENS machine and started it up again. "Max headed back to the hospital, so I'll finish up."

Ana's eyeing the torture machine with fascinated interest. "Can I help?"

Oh, fucking hell! I knew that was too easy!

"Ana, baby, shouldn't you go check on the babies?" I wince as the Machine kicks into action.

"They're snoozing in their swings while the ladies deck the halls. The guys are finishing up the back, as the front is completely done. Alice has been working with Gail and Angel on the wedding, as dinner prep is done. Everything is wrapped at SPD headquarters and they are all on their way home. I set the formal dining room for the feast we'll be having tonight. The family wing and guest wing and will be at capacity. Chloe all but fainted when she saw those two teenage Indian warriors working on the roof shirtless and she was on the phone with TJ, so yeah he's trying to bribe his CPO to take pity on his sorry ass and drive him over here after practice. Brice Black is the cousin of Jacob, Brady, and Collin so he might have mercy on him. Carrick's going to be burning the midnight oil over some high profile case. Grace has been dividing her free time between Mia and Elliot, as Chris growls when anyone hovers, and the other two are needier. Ray and Carla have a VA charity benefit tonight, so TJ will be getting his wish or worst nightmare. That's a lot of man candy out there to contend with and Chloe is far from immune, as are nearly every female in this house." Jose ticks down what's been going on while Ana and I were making up. None of it helps me get my wife away from that bloody torture machine!

"Sure, Ana. You can hold the big Wuss's hand while he growls about how I'm torturing him with mad-science." Paul motions for Ana to have a seat on the stool beside the bed.

Wuss! That thing hurts when you're still mending your bones! I am not a wuss! I glower at him.

"If you and Max wouldn't crank it up to maximum all the time then he wouldn't growl at you as much. He's still mending and the two of you are still pissed at him for getting broken again when it wasn't his fault this time. Ethan squashed him flat, so take it out on his hide not Christian's." Ana makes sure that I'm good and comfortable by adding more pillows behind me before taking a seat and linking her fingers through mine.

"We're not it just seems that way, because of the mending bones, and it will fill more intense until the breaks are fully healed. His body is so bloody acute that anything at first is more intense than with any other patient. It takes him a few minutes for the therapy to work its magic. His mind is playing tricks on him, it's just that simple. Anything health related is hard wired into his skull that it's gonna hurt regardless if it actually does or not because that little boy that was badly burned is still very much alive and well inside that thick stubborn skull of his. Daddy Labor is a hell of a lot more than this you won't last an hour let alone two." Paul's placing the pads on my hand, wrist, and arm.
"Chris shared in the joy of trying to have Teddy for quite some time and never complained not once." Ana growls, narrowing her eyes. "That he knows what to expect. This is a more advanced TEN's unit and you know how he is with anything like this…" Paul's phone saves his ass from the wrath of my wife.

"Seattle Grace is about to get slammed with incoming from a multivehicle accident on the I-5…" Paul's turns off the machine and then quickly starts removing the pads that done he turns to Jose.

"With this crazy weather it's bound to happen. We'll see you tomorrow. I'd say save us some leftovers, but there won't be any…" Jose fishes out his key fob from his jeans.

"Drive safe." We both call after their retreating forms and our three year old bundle of energy races passed them into the room.

"Daddy! Mommy! Guess what! Me and Hope got's real police badges, hats, and jackets too! We got's the baddies! Just like Uncle Logan and Nana!" He's jumping up and down with so much energy that Ana and I look at each other and roll our eyes before giving him our full attention.

"Wow, Buddy, sounds like you had a really big day." I catch him with my good arm and haul him up on the bed.

"Nana and Uncle Logan had to stay at the police place and then Grandpa Cary walked inside while we were leaving! We even got to ride in a police car with the lights and everything! We had cake and ice-cream and lots of candy! Cuz they were having a Christmas party for the kids from Safe House and Sanctuary there at the police place! There was all kinds of trucks and cars with lights all over where the Needle is and we were even buzzed by one of Uncle Barney's toys! Mason and Dromi are really smart too like Hope and me and we got to go buy lots and lots of presents for everyone on the huge list that Bella and Edward were reading! I like giving presents its fun! Are you done with therapy, Daddy? We brought even more food and lots more cousins too! Some of them had to go back to Forks, but Mason and Dromi's siblings came with us!" Teddy's on such a high it's hard to keep up and I'm trying not to think of why Dad was called in to police headquarters.

"Are you hungry, Teddybear?" Ana reaches over and scoops him up for kisses and hugs.

"Bella only let us have a little piece of cake, two scoops of ice cream, barely any candy, and lunch was hours ago! I'm starving that's why I raced in here to come see if you were done or not! Everyone is starving and it smells so good!" Teddy whines his answer like he's been deprived of food forever.

"Well, buddy, she's a mommy and all mommies have that rule about sweets before dinner." I carefully lever myself up to my feet and grab my crutch.

"Daddy's right, baby boy. Count your lucky stars that you got to have cake, ice cream, and candy before dinner." Ana kisses his nose.

"It's because we were really brave and didn't cry, not once. I wasn't scared, cuz Adam was there and Bella. Edward is crazy scary like you Daddy. He can also swear in like a zillion languages and boy did he when that drone buzzed us and made everyone act all crazy. Logan, Jason, and Edward had to go to Grey House, because the police came and the drones scared a whole bunch of visitors. We stayed and wandered around the Center while they did damage control that's when Hope started pointing out the baddies. We had to go to the children's museum, but that was fun too. Then when Edward came back we got's to go to headquarters and sit in the Comish chair! He's like the CEO of all the police and got's one sort of like yours and Mommy's, Daddy! Logan and Jason came there with Nana. After they all checked on us we got's to go to the party and Santa was there too that's like
three times already! But I think that's just someone helping out Santa, because it's super close to Christmas and he's really crazy busy, so he has his spies come down for him instead! Santa has a real beard and the Santa at the police station didn't and you could fill the pillow that was taking the place of a belly…Oh, and he was wearing a wig and I could see his real hair which was blonde not white! It must be an honor to fill in for Santa." Teddy's trying to pull us down the hallway chattering nonstop all the way to the main dining room.

"Tony! He looks like Dad!" A boy with my face and hair stares at us with wide eyes and his carbon copy rolls his eyes.

"Duh, MJ! Teddy looks like our min-me, so it was a given that his Dad would highly resemble our Dad! Didn't have a clue that his Mom mirrored ours though, now that's unreal!" His brother's snarky retort changes when Ana comes into view from behind me.

"I've met Ana when I helped with the Shooting Stars project. You know the one that you both thought was lame. Then again neither of you have done anything noteworthy that isn't against the law, so you couldn't contribute to the content. Borrowing our parents vehicles doesn't apply nor does it make one a role model for future generations. The next book maybe, seeing as you both have your heart set on becoming CEO's." This must be Rory. She's so much like my Ana was at her age. "I wish you all the luck in the world trying to rein my brothers in. Then again you have their Tech God and Goddess working for you, so you might just survive next summer after all."

"Hey!" Tony and MJ narrow their eyes at their sister. "We work at the animal shelter and help all around Forks and the reservation! We ace our classes! We are star athletes at school and are members of Team Lonewolf-Storm! We got our Little League team to the World Series three times and we won! We didn't steal Dad's car the second time round for fun! We were chasing after you and the girls! Little Miss Dances on Air!"

"Time-out!" Bella's growl ends their, well, it was sort of like a pissing contest when you think about it. "Indoor voices! We are not at home! Every one of you is special in their own ways! The three of you are already in it up to your necks and sinking!"

"Mom! I didn't buzz innocent citizens with those drones! They did!" Rory's not so snarky now.

"No, but you did leave the tour that's guilt by association and we've heard enough sniping out of all three of you for the evening." Edward walks in with the twins on his heels.

"Santa's listening." The twins warn in their tiny voices.

"We'll work it off at Uncle Aiden's next weekend." Tony shrugs.

"Yeah, nothing like mucking a zillion stalls to make up points for Santa." MJ rolls his eyes.

"I'm dancing this weekend for Toys for Tots and helping out at the Shelter and Children's wing at Grandpa's hospital." Rory can't be bested by her brothers not happening.

"It might help that my staff were very impressed with all of you and really all that you were doing was taking in how GEH works. Barney took full and complete responsibility for Drone gate. He and Carrie also were impressed that you were able to help them with the glitch in their new game that their team is working on. All major brownie points with the big guy up North." I decide to bail out my miniature clones. Truth be told they are so like I was at their age that it's kinda scary.

"We have an excellent summer internship program at GEH or GP. We give teens a taste of everything that we have to offer career wise and you would be able to shadow Chris, Barney, Ros,
and Carrie. We try to fit our interns where they will be able to soak in the most experience and to what suits them. You'll have to take the intern exam just like all the applicants, but if it's something that you wish to take on. Ros, Barney, Andrea, and Carrie all are onboard with having you at GEH this summer. TJ and Chloe both have internships during their breaks and Holidays. Oh, and it's a paid internship not just something that looks good on a college application. We believe in rewarding hard workers and you will work your tail off just like any other summer job. You'd stay here at Grey Meadows for the summer, as Forks is quite the commute to Seattle.” Ana's really selling it and Edward and Bella look like they really want their boys here this summer. Rory's practically dancing in place with glee. Christ! How bad are these little demons!

"Ana's left out a few details like we have our interns work with our foundations during certain days. We've found that it opens their young minds and eyes to the reality of the world around them. It also encourages them to serve their community and help those who can't help themselves. Though, I would imagine that Edward and Bella have already gotten you entrenched in The Elizabeth Mason Foundation, so that little factor shouldn't be a trial for you in the least. You'll have to dress the part and depending on who you're shadowing it could mean suits and ties. Kicks as long as their not blinding are allowed, but if you are shadowing me then you have to look that part. Barney, well, he's eclectic when it comes to what he wears. Whines that suits stifle his synapses and make his brain shut down. That he's allergic to Saville row and seeing as he keeps GEH's heart going we indulge him and have since kindergarten…" I'm not about to let them run around GEH looking like they've come from the beach or skate park. They also know that we encourage interns to give back and pay it forward. God help me, they might be running GEH by the end of next summer and I'll be out on my ass fishing with Ray, Dad, Jason, and the guys.

"Can we shadow Jason, Logan, and Adam?" MJ is the first to respond of the three of them.

"You'd have to join ROTC for the summer, because all of my security are former Special Ops, CIA, FBI, NSA, Interpol, MI-6, MI-5, or Secret Service. We're an International Company, so my men come from all areas of the globe, but I can guarantee that a few of your weekends will involve working with them. We call it Taylor's Weekend Bootcamp. Spartan has nothing on it. You'll definitely find it challenging and it will give you a taste of what his team trains like." I answer with my CEO face on.

Shit! Hell no! They are not running wild with my Security! It would be a fucking zoo! My order will be shot to hell and I will never get it back! Shadowing me I will have a leash on them.

"The boys compete in Spartan Kids and have their heart set on climbing to the top of Mt Midoriyama. Venus has a training dojo for ninja's in training…” Edward has to just rain on my parade! Fucking Ninja Warrior teens! Fucking fantastic! They'll be treating Grey House like a free running playground!

"Brady and Collin made it to the end of the third stage in the finals, but the Flying bar beat them and they ended up wet." Tony snarks.

"It's fudging rigged!" Collin and Brady snarl from the great room.

"Butter fingers!" The twins sing back.

"The bar was greased!" Another snarl.

"You used too much force on those bars and that's why you made a splash on LIVE TV! You should have learned your lesson from Sauske, but no you both just love showing off for your adoring fans!" Whoa! Rory's not a fan of the Ninja!
"Enough! We're discussing next summer and the boys being offered an internship, not what went wrong during a national or international broadcast. This is not home. We are guests act like you were taught manners or I will be reporting this to Esme and Lily when we get home." Bella's threat works because instant order ensues. Impressive that two women strike terror in the hearts of these kids. Must be like Grace and Ella. I'd be terrified too.

"Dearest, I wasn't trying to start a battle. I was only clarifying…" Edward's attempt to soothe his wife's feathers isn't gonna work.

"You were trying to start up another pissing contest, which is crazy seeing as his son is three and ours are tweens. Christian was trying to point out that the boys will not be bored and that MJ would be able to see his security team in action while they trained during the weekend. He was not suggesting that our sons weren't super athletes! You promised to behave, Lion! This is not behaving!" She's hissing at him and he's actually cowing.

Edward Cullen is just as whipped as I am who knew!

Teddy's had enough and he nearly makes us all deaf by demonstrating how he calls the pups. The only problem is that the formal dining room has a glass wall and great acoustics. Yep, we're gonna be having ringing ears for days. "Rory's right! I watched it with Daddy in the Man cave. You goofed and ended up wet because you missed the catch thing for the bar by a lot! Everyone makes mistakes! No one is perfect! Can we please eat now?" There's my future CEO doing the folded arms and fierce glare stance.

"Yeah! Can we stop barking and eat?" Hope stomps in with her little hands planted on her hips. It's too cute for words what these two are doing. Thank god for CCTV we'll have this forever to torture them with when they're teens.

"Oh, we'll eat alright…" Shit! When did Mom get here?

"Grace? Have you met our newest family members yet?" Ana quickly scoops up Teddy and carries him over to his chair to get him settled in his booster seat at the kids table by the floor to ceiling glass wall.

Edward scoops up Hope and settles her next to Teddy, while Bella gets the twins settled across from them. Their boys a sit on the far end and Rory takes a seat beside Hope.

"Mom? I thought you were on baby watch?" I don't even make direct eye contact.

"Christian Alexander!" Shit! I forgot to make introductions!

"Dr. Grace Trevelyan-Grey, I would like you to meet Edward and Bella Cullen and their kids. Rory, MJ, Tony, Mason, and Dromi. Everyone, my mother Grace." I hastily straighten up and make introductions before she boxes my ears.

"Grace, It's a pleasure to see you again. We saw Carrick while we were leaving police headquarters." Edward walks over and hugs my mom.

What the hell?!

"Dad, sends his regards and the offer that he's only a phone call away if you need him at Seattle Grace. Mom sends her love and looks forward to seeing you next weekend at the Twilight Ball. Bella and I are sorry that we haven't attended the Coping Together Ball or other foundation events, but now that Christian and I have buried the hatchet I don't see how it will happen again. Our wives will skin us alive if we don't follow through with our truce. Now seeing as we're blood relation on
both sides of the family tree I don't think that will be an issue for us going forward."

"Ella reassured me that when the two of you finally met that things would level out between our families, but knowing my son's temper I was having a difficult time believing it to be true. Though, Ana and I have found ways around your rivalry it's a relief to know that it's over. Ella's never actually said how you were related, but having met you both it was clear that your resemblances to my kids were uncanny. Carrick suspected that you were at least distant cousins though whenever he asked Ella or even Carla both of them never really did answer." Grace returned his hug and I'm stood gaping at them like a fish out of water.

Then it hits me that I've been doing the exact same thing that Edwards been doing to me when it comes to his foundation. The check is in the mail and sorry, but we're booked solid. Well, hell, that's not any better than when he donates to mine because yet again he's kicked my ass in a deal. Fuck! We really are alike!

"Mom and Carla don't really get along that great. She's super mom and well, mine wasn't when I was growing up. I was the parent and she was the child and it started when I was young. Then again I wrote it plain as day in my saga. I do know that Carla and Renee are cousins, just not close by any means. I think that my Gran and her Mom had a falling out or that's what Mom growled when I asked why I never knew that I had family in Seattle. She just said that not all family were as close as the Cullen's and what brought that up. I told her that I had just met my twin mirror image all but for our eyes and it spiraled from there that Carla was her exact opposite and that they never stayed in touch because they clashed. I told her that Ana and I were the exact opposite of that and that we liked the same, well, everything and were instantly friends. She promised to play nice if and when she saw Ana's mom again, but don't expect miracles because it won't happen." Bella gets straight to the point about why the two of them had not met before they were adults.

"Tell me about it. Mom rolled her eyes at me and said she was fine and was in no hurry to touch base with her flighty, selfish, scatterbrained cousin. She said she could only imagine what Bella had to go through having her as a mom, because she would basically have to raise herself while Renee chased after whatever caught her fancy. I shot back that everyone changes and that your mom finally settled down and has a very successful bakery/cafe in Florida with her husband Phil who manages the Florida Suns. To that she snarked miracles do happen. Hell had frozen over that Renee had finally put down roots and stuck to something long enough to achieve high praise. I am curious though as mom said something alarming. Did she really take you and run while she was married to your dad and he was nursing dying parents at the time? That's just wrong." Ana was next to confide in what Carla thought of her estranged cousin.

"Yes, and she basically lied to me until I was nineteen that Charlie didn't have time to be a dad and that's why he let us go without a fight. When in truth he was always keep watch even from a distance and that everything she'd spewed about him was a lie. I was an extremely accident prone and klutzy kid. Seriously, Google Klutziest Teenager in America and you'll see the award winning home movies that got my dad set for life. Renee wasn't alarmed by any of my countless visits to the ER, but Child Services in Arizona was and if it wasn't for Daddy coming down to clear things up Mom would have been in big trouble and I would have been living in Forks sooner than planned. It's my curse in life that trouble follows me, but thank the goddess that I've outgrown my klutzy side."

Holy shit! She's the girl that we used to tease Ana about because they looked like twins and then Ana would kick our asses in the sparing ring to prove that she wasn't. Who knew?

"If my Daddy had done that to me I would have sunk his classic hot rod car collection in the Sound and that's just for starters..." Ana snarls darkly, glowering at me. "The boys used to tease me about those videos..."
"It was a long time ago and we were teenagers! You got your revenge in the sparing ring! We weren't wrong! She could be your twin! And you were an adorable little klutz when you were little until you started on the ballet, gymnastics, and martial arts. In her Dad's defense. He sent those videos in for her college education fund and by the sounds of it invested it into a fortune." I growl back in my defense.

"I took it and invested it for him for baby sister's schooling, but that was before Edward met Bells and when baby brother became her everything, well, it wasn't needed anymore." Jasper stuck his head in the dining room. "Suppers on. Can we table this until after our bellies are full? Your Mommas don't mesh, it happens. Let's eat."

"We're starving!" The tweens devils growl from the kids table. It's a good sized table and runs the length of the floor to ceiling windows. Why it's loaded with dinner wear escapes me.

"Mom's coming to the ball next week, so this is gonna be interesting. I will say this. Carla is not gonna recognize her at all when she sees her. She's done a 180 for the better and is striving to make up for all of her past misdeeds. She's a wonderful grandmother. She's a wonderful mom now. She's a devoted wife to Phil. She did achieve a teaching degree and taught while I was growing up and for her new career she's a culinary school graduate and is sought after by the A-listers for her creations. She specializes in sugar work and specialty cakes. We had a major falling out a few years back and after we came to an understanding she changed for the better and hasn't backslid yet. Edward and I trust her with our kids and that's saying something. Now let's eat."

"Finally!" Two adorable tween fashionista versions of Alice race into the room and join the kids at their table. "Hi! We're Allysia and Amelia! Your house is awesome! So was GEH! We borrowed Daddy's keycard and we're sorry for any trouble! Can we work there this summer too?! We love to tinker and hack! And are more than ready to hang up our toe shoes. It's too much work and we want to rule over a lair like Barney and Carrie and tinker whenever we want to…" They chime at lightning speed.

"I'm Julie Cullen thank you for having us. I'm sorry if my cousins and brother caused all of that chaos today." The spitting tween image of Kate walks in with the spitting tween copy of Elliot.

"Yeah, that did go south…sorry about that…I'm Devlin Cullen…we're grounded for life, so yeah, not gonna pull that again. Dad's bragging to your big brother on skype that he got this job done in hours with no on the job injuries. Mom's going crazy over your babies, which is good because she'll focus on them and not on us." They go over to the kids table that's nearing capacity.

"And you thought that your family was big. This isn't even half of them." Bella winks at me and Ana.

"Carlisle and Esme are blessed with a wonderful family." Mom smiles.

"That they are and they love every single second of it." Edward smiles warmly.

"It's never dull in Forks." Jasper winks. "The troublemakers got suspended until the New Year and there was nothing that Rose could do to fight it. They broke off the tour, Hacked GEH, terrorized tourists with drone gate, and it all ended up LIVE on TV, not to mention the authorities were called into action. Their vice principle and principle couldn't turn a blind eye, so we'll keep them busy decorating the rest of the homesteads."

"And I thought that my kids got into mischief when they were younger…” Grace can't believe what she's hearing. "I just stopped in to say hello to everyone, before I head over to check on Mia, Ethan, and Elliot. The house looks as amazing inside as the outside. All of you did a wonderful job
transforming the meadows. Cary would have been with me, but he got an emergency call from three of his clients. He was going to talk to you about some of his cronies daughters being fired, but then he got the call and raced out the door."

"The bimbettes sexually harassed staff and broke their NDA by mouthing off to the press. It's the last time that Dad will ever pull the 'you owe me card' on me again." I growl not the least bit sorry to see them burn. "Their fathers are being charged with serious crimes that Dad will not be able to get them out of…"

"Ah, yes, the three desperate debutantes with nary a brain between the three of them. Ms. Bailey and Mrs. Sullivan took great pleasure in seeing those three thrown out of Grey House in front of the endless lines of media circling it. If it had been our wives they would have been black and blue and scalped bald, as all three slipped me their number with a detailed description of why they were better than my wife and insinuated that you'd tasted their wares. Having dealt with my share of brainless tarts in my lifetime I handed the notes to your right hands and they took it from there. Mr. Sullivan added to their doom, by showing them CCTV footage of the three of them trying to seduce countless males working in the company, all of them turned them down flat. He also showed visual of them plotting to seduce Christian away from Ana while she was carrying their precious cargo and of them wearing inappropriate work attire and lastly caught leaking GEH info to the press clearly breaking their NDA. All grounds for immediate legal action and dismissal without prejudice. Their fathers are being charged with heinous crimes against innocents and we shall leave it at that. Carrick will want to stay clear of this altogether for there is nothing that he will be able to do. The Lotus Society is finally meeting its demise thanks to Christian's determination to see that innocents were finally gotten justice. His undying loyal security force, and Ella's team of special federal officers kept him safe and out of the line of fire." Edward locks eyes with me and it's like staring down Batman.

"It was a one off, never happening again. James Bond envy satisfied. The fallout caused them to go after Teddy and that can't happen ever again. I wasn't thinking clearly, I just wanted those kids hurting in Safe House and Sanctuary to have justice. That and for the kids that they already had to be rescued, which Logan and Mom's team took care of on their side. It was a team effort…" I meet his glare with my best Arrow one.

"Daddy got to play Arrow too! Awesome! Can we please eat now?" Teddy's done with the grown up talk and has scrambled out of his seat and ran over to glower at me.

"Ella and Logan will be having a talk with you too, after they finish consulting at the Federal building here in Seattle. She's proud. We all are, but you took a risk that will never happen again. I'm going to make it so that they all pay for what they've done with everything they hold dear." Dad's ditched headquarters and has arrived just in time to hear my kid growling that I played hero. He scoops him up and carries him back to his chair. "We'll talk more about this after the kids are in bed."

"And I am going to take great pleasure in helping you make them pay." Kate's twin vows, carrying in a tray loaded with toddler friendly plates of food. Rosalie Cullen one of the best if not the best female attorney in the country. Dad's tried to poach her for years, but she's loyal. You do not want to face her in any court of law.

"Who's ready to feast!?" In comes tray upon tray of food along with Gail, Angel, Alice, Ness, Carrie, and Chloe and this discussion is tabled until the kids are tucked away. Not saying that I'm looking forward to that. The triplets are snuggled in their Aunties arms.

Emmett's easily balancing two massive trays loaded with ham in either hand and is grinning from ear to ear. "Don't sweat it, Chris. Edward's played Batman too. You did a solid. The bad guys are going down. It's part of the family business. Now, let's eat and then we'll all go outside and bask at the
glory of the spectacle that may or may not be able to be seen from space."

"Chevy Chase has nothing on Frozen Christmas." Jacob and his brothers grin.

"Let's hope that it doesn't blow the power grid." Lori smirks.

"Grey Estates is geo thermal and solar powered to begin with, and even uses wind as well. Their generators are beyond state of the art, so I don't see an issue power wise. The electric companies pay them for energy, so I don't see it being an issue." Nessie counters before I even get the chance.

"Please, don't get him started." Ana groans, knowing that I will talk endlessly about my passion for Green energy. "This looks wonderful. Let's all take a seat and enjoy."

"It would have been midnight, before we'd be able to eat." Adam, TJ, and Jason roll their eyes. All three of them have a baby swing which they put down a little ways from the formal dining room table.

Ana and I both get the babies happily settled and snoozing in their swings, while the family settles down at the table that's only ever this full during holidays and special occasions. They've even added the eves to accommodate everyone. Too say that we've got a packed house is an understatement, but I never tire of breaking bread with family and friends. Besides, we're celebrating meeting new family and that's always a good thing.
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

This is a short one, but all Teddy! Feel free to tell me if this made you laugh and smile!

Remember these are not your normal everyday tweens and while they are quite impulsive never do they not think things through before they put their ideas into action. Conditions change at the drop of a hat on the Sound and the wind changing being a factor that the boys hadn't planned for and chaos ensues. This chapter was is meant to be crazy fun as seen through Teddy's POV. He's still a little guy so the way he sees things isn't matter of fact. It's not gonna make complete sense it's not supposed to.

Cin

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don't do Cannon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it…you have been warned ) own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Teddy POV

I never knew that having older cousins could be so much fun! It's like having the most coolest big brothers in the world! They can do anything and I do mean anything! And super fast too. We have Disney snow people and animals all over the backyard! They've even scouted out the perfect spot for a treehouse and are gonna build it for me next summer during their free time. Not just one, because Hope needs one too for when she'll wanna play dolls and stuff or so they tell me.

Rory wasn't amused and growled at them that their action figures and robots were the male versions of dolls and they rolled their eyes at her and went to check out the area for a nice place to build a snow castle.

Hope and Sophie are gonna be taking ballet, because Rory and the rest of the big sisters showed Chloe and them how they can stand on just their toes! Ouch! They say that it doesn't really hurt, because of their special slippers, but get real! You are standing on just toes and then spinning on them really fast! Rory can leap into the air and then land on her one foot on her toes!

Us guys are outside in the snow while the girls are in Mommy's dance studio rehearsing for the Nutcracker. I didn't even know that Mommy had a dance studio or that she can dance on her toes too! My Mommy is awesome! Nessie and Lori are in there playing the music, but even they can dance on their toes! Bella, Alice, and Rose are in the kitchen baking up a storm while GG (Hope calls Aunt Gail GG, so that's her name now and I kinda like it. Uncle Jason is just Grandpa J and well he kinda is like a grandpa to me more than an Uncle, so I'm all for that too) puts her feet up in the Great Room because Grandma Grace ordered her to take it easy for the rest of the night.

Something big is up because while the females in the house are baking and dancing. The males are down in Daddy's man cave and we aren't allowed. The man cave is sound proof like his office, so what goes on in the man cave stays in the man cave. Or that's what Uncle Elliot loves to say.
Our Disney Frozen backyard is wicked cool! It lights up everything, so that you really can't tell it's dark unless you look up at the sky! More play time for me! Dad says I'm wired tonight, so I get more time to play outside in the snow!

Teddy POV

"Tony! Fire it up!" Tony's turning on the snow machines, because they need more snow for the Frozen Castle that they are building.

"Turn it on full blast! We need a mountain of snow in the meadow so that we can make a slide for the castle!" Devlin shouts from inside Ella's frozen castle! I'm serious they are recreating her castle in Mommy's meadow! Using the tools and stuff that they found in their Uncle's truck!

"One blizzard coming right up! I'll start this one first and then go start the next four! That should give us enough snow to work with for now!" Tony shouts back at the.

"Tony! Hold up for a sec! Gotta get the baby bros out of range first!" MJ scoops me and Mason up under his arms and sprints really fast to the Frozen Bouncy castle. "Play inside there for a while okay, boys?" He sets some too big for us ear muffs over our ears and adjusts them so that at least they aren't falling off by putting our hats snugly over them. "Keep those on! You got me!"

"Does Daddy know you play with snow maker?" Mason's giving him the one eye-brow stare.

"Nah, baby brother, but we know what we're doing, just play in here, alright." MJ kisses the top of his head.

"We don't have a mountain, so all five is gonna bury everything." I mirror my younger cousin and add the folded arms CEO stance. "I like my playground."

"It'll be fine, Tedster." He playfully tosses me and I squeal and bounce around inside the castle. "You two stay put and keep those on! I don't wanna face the wrath of the Moms because those hurt your ears!"

"Clear?!" Tony shouts out.

"All clear!" MJ shouts back and jogs back over to them and all three are wearing ear protection.

"Hold those to your ears Mase this is gonna get really loud!" I shout at Masen as we giggle and bounce in the castle.

Tony starts up the first machine and the roar of it echoes for like miles.

We cover our ears.

MJ's firing up number two.

Snow is starting to fly everywhere! There are like dozens of wires and hoses all over the meadow and I don't even know where it all came from, but the three of them are way older so hopefully they don't blow anything up like Daddy did and make Grey Estates and half the Sound go dark!

They've got three going and it's really, really, snowing like mad in the meadow and this is the Sound in winter so it's getting blown everywhere! I think five would be too much, but they're going for all five!

"Anthony Edward! Michael Jacob! Devlin Carlisle! What in the name of all that's holy are you trying
to do blow up the electrical grid!? That is not watching the little ones!” We can barely hear the roar of I think their Daddy, but boy are they gonna get it! Not that we can see the house, my playground, the meadow, it's all pretty much a white blur. Wow! He must be really mad for us to hear him with these things on our ears!

"Daddy's really mad!” Mase is shouting and hiding behind me. This is not good.

"Cullen! They've created a blizzard in my back yard!” I think I can barely hear Daddy roaring at Mase's Daddy.

"Grey! Get back in the house, before you end up in traction until spring!"

"I'm in my chair! Christ! We've got thirty mile per hour winds coming off the Sound! I can't see the path!” Daddy's in his super chair.

"We've got this!” Two more shouts, but I couldn't tell you who they are.

"Remind me to kill, Emmett for including professional snowmakers in this build! Talk about over kill! They've got all five going at once!” Another one and all three just past our bounce house.

"They never do anything half-ass…” Ah, another adult term I can't say meaning I think something halfway.

"You owe me ten dollars in the naughty jar!” Mase shouts out.

"Ten dollars? You mean they have to pay you whenever they say no go words?” Now that's something I've gotta look into!

"Uh-huh! Cuz they like to say bad words a lot!” Mase nods.

"Hold up, Jake!” I think its Brady. "I think we past the babies back there!”

"Yeah, that was Mase! He's got the ears of a bat!” Collin I think shouts back.

"You go check on the little guys. I'll pull the plug on the Freeze Misters!” Jake I think this time.

"Well, you can't say this isn't a Frozen Christmas!” Brady snarks.

"Not now, Storm!” Collin growls back.

"Just saying, Wilder!” Brady sounds like he's having a blast. "Chill. This is nothin. We've handled worse going down mountains.”

"Yeah, but we weren't deaf and blind then either!”

"Yeah, not really liking our acute hearing right now!”

"Little dudes! Call out so we can find you!” Collin and Brady are shouting over the roar of the machines.

"In the bouncy castle!” I shout back.

"In castle!” Mase echoes me.

"By my playground!” I decide they need more to go on direction wise. I think the big brothers broke the snow machines, because this is way too much snow!
"Christ! I just plowed into Goofy and Donald!"

"Crap! Was that Daisy and Minnie?!"

"It's like a midfield of snow characters!"

"You fix! If you hurt! Snow people!" Mase growls.

"They can't see where they are, Mase. It's not their fault." I shout in their defense. "We wanted all the characters and the meadow is filled with them!"

"Masen! Theodore!" That's the Mommies. I think we're down to three machines, so it's easier to hear. Just not see.

"Chris! Stay on the deck!" That's my mommy!

"SNOW!" That sounds like Hope and Dromi.

"Get back here!" That was the Aunts and I think Angel.

"No! I find my Teddy!" Yep, that was Hope.

"I don't think so, little ladies!" Yikes that's Uncle Adam!

"What the fudge is going on now!" Uncle Logan's back.

"I swear I packed those back in the crates!" I think that's Dev's Dad now.

"What have those demons done this time!?" We're down to two now, so the echo from the house is clearer that was I think the big sisters, all of them.

"They fired them up and we missed it!" Well, some of them seem to like the snow.

"Missed it! There is a blizzard in their backyard! Did they use them all?" That's I think Lori and I think Ness.

"What were they building that needed five snow machines anyway?" I think that's Julie.

"Ella's Castle…" TJ answers. "I told them to wait until I asked the rents!"

"Oh, my stars!" That's Grandma Grace and GG.

"Holy Hell!" That's Grandpa Carrick.

"I know that I locked the hanger!" That's Grandpa J.

"They hacked GEH! I think the hanger wouldn't be an issue, Taylor!" Daddy's using his sulking voice.

"I left for ten-fifteen minutes tops!" Uncle Luke's growling too.

"Drone Gate! Hacking GEH! And you left them to themselves! What the hell, Sawyer!"

"Taylor, they were building the castle in the meadow! How the hell did they get that all set up that fast! It's not possible!"

"With our brothers anything and everything is possible!" The big sisters snark back.
The machines are off now, but with the wind it's still blowing it all around making it really hard to see anything. Brady and Collin have plowed over six of our snow characters. The Mommies are faster than they are and Mase's Daddy is standing in front of the bouncy castle glaring at it. We aren't supposed to be inside it if it's windy, but it's safer in here than out there!

"I think the two of you have had more than enough excitement for one night. It's bath and then bed for you." Edward opens the door to the castle and we both scramble outside.

"Babies!" Our mommies scoop us up in their arms.

"Medic!" Brady and Collin have finally made it through the frozen character maze.

"What happened to you?" Edward isn't really feeling sorry for them either.

"Don't ask. We're collapsing in the sauna! I saw it during the tour!" They limp back to the house.

"They killed our snow people!" Mase whimpers and sniffs.

"Well, more like ice characters, cuz they poured water over them so they would set." I sneeze. Great! Like I wanna be sick for Christmas! I sneeze again.

"You've both been outside too long. It's bath and then bed." The Mommies have spoken.

"Get them inside. I'll handle Blizzard Gate." Edward stalks off and we head back towards the house. Snuggled in our mommies arms.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, I know that the machines may or may not work like that in real life but this is fiction! And it was a kick to write!

Have a Great Weekend!

Until Next Update

Cin
Carrick POV

My phone is blowing up with Texts from former clients of my firm demanding that we take on their defense, but it will be a cold day in hell before that will ever happen. Some say that secrets can never remain hidden and that they will come out sometime and tonight is one of those nights. I have sent every colleague that I know the files that I have seen tonight and they won't be defending them either. No, they will just have to be happy with a Public Defender who will have no choice but to take up their defense.

Now to figure out how to explain to our kids about something that none of us have partaken in since Elliot found out what was inside the locked storage room in the basement while prepping for an end of senior year party and Logan came home earlier than expected from a date with Sam catching Gail and Taylor by surprise. The boys sat through our talks, but after being discovered by our kids we all decided that we were done with The Scene.

It wasn't until years later that Elliot, Sam, and Logan came to me requesting everything that I knew about the Black Lotus Society. Ella sat in on that meeting too, only she revealed what I honestly hadn't a clue about the darker side of Black Lotus. I didn't want the kids anywhere near that, but they were targeting teenage girls around Seattle Prep and other Seattle Elite Schools. Elliot wasn't an agent by any means, but Ella assured me that all three were quite proficient in their roles. The three of them pointed out that none of them had kids and left it at that. Ella kicked me out after I signed an NDA and that was that. I couldn't even tell Gracie that our son, Logan, and Sam were seasoned in The Scene.

"You can stall all that you want Dad, but I am gonna find out the truth. I've already got Barney on it. Adam's in the big brother/big sister club, so for all I know he's as seasoned as Elliot, Sam, and Logan are! Now I know why he was able to go dark so easily! Why Sam was pissed at him for leaving her behind! God help me! My Mom is too!" Chris is glowering at me from his chair. It's just the two of us in his home office, but I know that Jason and the others are all packed inside his Watch Tower listening in.

"If any of us were ever in the Scene that was long ago, we all had stressful jobs, and that's all you need know about it." I down my scotch and pour me another. "I can't say about the other three or Ella because I signed an NDA."

"Bullshit!" Chris throws his glass of welches at the fireplace and it shatters on impact. "When ANA!
MIA! AND KATE! Were all targeted, got curious, as in went to a club where Elliot, Sam, and Logan were active members to the point of demonstrating a fucking scene that the girls got a look at before Elliot got them all out, then any and all NDA's can go to fucking hell!"

"When?! When were the girls targeted!? Who the bloody hell told you that they were?!" My glass joins his, and the fire roars from contact with the scotch from my glass.

"ANA! Dad! Ana told me tonight in the rehab room! As to when the summer Ana was fifteen and Kate and Mia were seventeen! We were off to Football camp and they were here at Cheer/Dance camp! Ana told them to fuck off, but Amelia and Katherine were curious! That's the reason why they bolted whenever those three showed up! None of them wanted the talk! Not about that! No wonder Elliot had to work his ass off to win over Kate! She was skittish as hell after their eye opening experience! Honestly, I don't really care about what fetishes you all are or were into that's on you!

All I want to know is that all of you are clear of the clusterfuck that is about to blow up on a shitload of your old college cronies and friends! The Moms were your mistresses that's great! I could give a fuck, but I swear, Father! If any of this leads back to us! I will move my family to the East Coast! Hell, London! Across the Pond! You will never see your Grandchildren again! Ella had a mission! Revenge! She gets a fucking pass! Everyone else not a chance in hell! I've seen the deepest darkest secrets of that Society and the monsters who reside in it! I followed in Ella's footsteps for a few weeks to bring it all down! And no I did not partake I observed while wearing a disguise! Planted Barney Bugs! And Owned them all at high stakes poker while those drunken bastards sang like canaries for the FEDS! I signed an NDA too Dad! But seeing as Ella is my Mom I think that's void around those in the family who need to know!" Chris locks eyes with me, his tone cold as ice.

"Christian Alexander! That is enough!" The door to his office nearly flies off its hinges, as Ella stalks into the room. "Carrick is clear! You are clear! The entire family are clear! Yes, some in highly stressful careers like variety that's just fact! The very subject sells millions of books that's fact too! What matters is that the monsters are being vanquished and that the innocents are being vindicated and rescued, because you acted as their champion! We can all sleep easier at night! Knowing that we made a difference!"

"Chris, you have a miserable little boy who's asking for his Daddy to cuddle him." Gracie walks in. "Ana's busy with the babies…"

"Mom? Is he worse?" Chris wheels himself towards the doorway.

"It's just a little case of the sniffles. He'll be fine in the morning, but he's fighting the medicine that I gave him. He's sulking because he can't join in with the other kids who are 'camping' in the playroom. Hope's tried to sneak in to see him five times so far…sound familiar." Gracie reassures him.

"Yeah, mom, it does. It would be easier on both of them if we just give in and let her see him. If not Angel will be chasing after her all morning. Ana climbed out her window, down the rose trellis, across the grounds, through the rose hedges, and wiggled her little butt through the pet door to get to me. I believe I was five, she was four, and I had a case of the itchy spots." Chris recalls fondly, as we all head out to join the others still up in the Great Room.

"That to this day isn't funny. You gave all of us who hadn't had itchy spots, itchy spots! It was sheer hell on earth for a teenager let alone having to live it down at school!" Logan growled from where he was sprawled out on one of the sectionals with Sam cuddled in his arms.

"Well, Logan, you and Elliot did infect half of the school…" Sam grinned.

"We were teens they looked like zits! How the hell can you tell the difference until it started
spreading everywhere?" Logan whined in his defense.

"It was unusual to have to close down Seattle Prep due to a chicken pox outbreak as severe as that one was." Grace curls up with me on one of the Lazyboys.

"I don't think any of us got any sleep for a few weeks…" Marcus has Ella cuddled on his lap.

"Good times…" Chris heads for the elevator and up to Teddy.

"Word of warning, Chris and Ana both know…" Seeing as it's just us and our visiting family are all off in their rooms. I give them all a heads-up on everything.

"Yeah, our Chris played spy for a few weeks. El and I got front row seats thanks to Barney and Adam…Like Mother like son…damn he was a mean, heartless, bastard during that op until he'd had enough of the charade then for that performance he could have won and Oscar. For the record he helped us immensely in taking them all down and he was never at any time in any danger, because Barney is a Q addict and expert spy tech maker. He had gear that would make even 007 weep with envy." Logan was the first to break under Grace and Gail's glares.

"It gave us incentive to come home and O'Connell and his team are all loving their new posts in the Artic North. No one puts my children in the crosshairs and doesn't read me into the operation without paying the price. The Director rushed that op and that's part of the reason why we lost half our team and Logan ended in a coma for over a month. Hyde Jr. was there that final night…" Ella mutters darkly.

"What's done is done. No sense rehashing it. You can't go back and change it. I was there the entire time. That last night SWAT and Bureau tactical teams were on standby. No one touches Chris on my watch ever if I can help it. I have to agree with Logan though, Chris is a natural." Jason growls, shooting Grace and Gail his drop it glare.

"Gracie, all that you need to know is that he's done playing James Bond…" I cuddle her closer. "And I'm going to make sure that each and every one of them never sees the light of day and loses everything. You have my word on that."

Hope POV

Teddy's got sniffles, so I can't see him to cheer him up. I tried to, but Daddy caught me and tucked me in with him and Mommy. I just have to stay really, really, still with my eyes closed until they fall sleep.

Daddy's taking forever! Mommy is too!

"Angel, I think she's finally given in…" I can hear Daddy whispering to Mommy.

"Well, she's basically ran out of ways to escape…" Mommy yawns and I can feel her snuggling into her pillow. One down. Daddy to go. "We've had long days and I for one could use some sleep."

I can feel Daddy move so that he can really look at me. "Nope, she's in dreamland. Finally. Teddy might be the future CEO of Grey House, but Hope's a slam-dunk for my job…even I have issues with the baby safety stuff, but not our princess. She even outsmarted Edward's boys. The only thing that kept her from sneaking outside to try that route was getting spooked by the alarm system. T and I alarmed it after attempt number five."

That was loud and hurt my ears!
"Did Ana really escape to Chris when they were both toddlers or was Jason exaggerating a lot?"
Mommy whispers back over my head.

"Oh, it happened. Those two stopped at nothing to see each other if one of them was sick or even grounded. What Jason was referring about was four year-old Ana escaping Steele Manor in order to cuddle with her Chris while he was down with itchy pox. She could pick a lock easy thanks to watching Logan and Elliot that and she learned how to climb from them too. Ninja's have nothing on her either even at four. She's a natural born cat burglar. We should thank the Powers that she chose the side of good. The security cameras got it all on tape too and Jason still has it. It's one of many that he's collected over the years. She used the pet door to get inside Grey Manor then up the staircase to Chris's room. Carla freaked out bigtime, so did Ray. Jason not so much. Ana had tripped the silent alarm and he was out checking things in his robe and boxers….

Lucky Teddy's Mommy. The ones here are loud!

"She probably thought that someone had taken her baby. I would have been out of my mind."

"Ray was outside giving Jason hell that some kidnapper had cracked his security system and got Ana. Carla called the police and woke up everyone at Grey Meadows. Carrick was the only one home. Grace was doing double shifts because of the chicken pox outbreak that was hitting Seattle hard. The Commissioner was just a patrol officer and he was the one who was first on the scene. Mind you that Chris and Ana slept through this whole thing. Elliot and Logan believe it or not searched Chris's room first, but Annie was so tiny at four that she just curled up in a ball under the covers next to Chris. There was no sign of an intruder, nada. Half the neighborhood and police force was out looking for her. Dawn was breaking. Grace had the scare of her life pulling into the driveway full of police cars and even an FBI team had arrived. I think Ana had gotten thirsty or something, because when Grace raced inside to check her babies there was Chris holding Ana's hand while he tried not to flood the kitchen by trying to get them ice and water from the fridge….

Mommy's buried her face in her pillow and I can hear her giggling though. "Stop. That did not happen…."" It did and I will show you proof in the morning…nothing keeps Ana from her Christian. There is no obstacle that she will not scale or infiltrate to get to him. Kevin, from home alone, has nothing on Ana. It's where Teddy gets it from. They had them in separate classes, well, grades. Ana skipped kindergarten to be with Chris."

"So this little angel's antics don't surprise me in the least."

"How ever did her parents manage when they were Teddy's age?"

"Chris was over at Ana's one day and Ana was over at Chris's the next until it wasn't cute anymore and Ray put an end to the sleepovers. Jason got sick of them trying to outwit them all, so he had live video feed in each of their rooms where they could see each other. Chris had wicked nightmares and Ana is and always has been his dreamcatcher. There was night security so they couldn't abuse the feed when they got older."

"There had to be times when the two of them were separated like family events or vacations?"

"They tried that once when Chris and Mia were 10 and it was hell on earth for their parents and the long distance international phone bill wasn't pretty either on both sides. Not to mention that Chris tried to convince the airlines that he was lost and missed his flight back to the states with his parents and he did that more than once. Ray had this big shipping contract with Japan that he was trying to iron out and they couldn't go and that was the year they had TJ on the way and flying is tricky with
any pregnancy, but a tricky one it's even worse. Ana sulked for weeks, because she had to stay home while Mia and Chris were in Paris and London too. Ana was a bookworm London was her dream, but nine was too little and Carla was under no stress. Having your daughter that far away equals mega stress…” Daddy's yawning a lot now.

Good! Finally!

"Well, I can understand why she was sulking, if the two of them were always together or at each others homes…” Mommy yawns sleepily.

Go to SLEEP already! Geeze! There's scratching and whining at their door! Yes! Perfect timing! I always sleep with one of the pups!

"Puppy…” I whimper in my sleep, just so they get the hint. "Cuddle puppy…”

"She sleeps with Leo or Max. She and Teddy take turns…” Mommy hisses.

"Lovely…” Daddy groans and carefully gets out of their bed, as the whimpering gets even louder. "Yeah, yeah, cool it…” I hear him open the door and seconds later Max is up on the bed cuddling up by me. "Oh, no that's my spot…” Daddy growls and I feel him move Max down by my feet. "Stay."

Max grumbles, circles like five times, paws the covers even more, noses them too a lot, and then lays right by my feet. More grumbles come after that.

"Leave the door cracked in case he has to go out…” Mommy's nearly asleep.

"Already done…Night, Babe…” He tucks me back into his arms, as he settles back under the covers.

Mommy doesn't answer she's asleep. I can here her making soft sleep noises and it's not long after that when Daddy starts making even louder sleep noises and finally they are asleep! It took forever!

I nudge Max with my toes and he pops his furry head up at me. "Max crawl…” I whisper the command really softly, as I move like I wanna curl next to Mommy now by kicking Daddy enough so that he grunts and loosens his hold on my middle. I act like I don't want covers and kick at them too. It gives me just enough room, so that Max can wiggle up next to me under the covers. "Stay, Max. Guard Mommy and Daddy.” I whisper as I wiggle to the end of the bed and hop down onto the plushy floor.

Max goes back to sleep and I sneak out the door to go see my Teddy!

CPOV

I'm laying here with Teddy cuddled on my chest, as I gently rub his back. He's restless, but the medicine is doing its job, and he's not coughing of sneezing anymore. He had a low grade fever a little while ago, but that's broken too.

Ana's in our bed sleeping while the babies let her with three of our fur babies curled around her. Max left a little while ago from Teddy's bed via the puppy door. I'm thinking to go check on his other charge. Adam's gonna be grouchy tomorrow if Max kicked him out of bed.

Movement from the pups' door catches my eye and I have to muffle my chuckle when seconds later the tiny head of one determined little girl pops through it followed her tiny little body. The doors are quite large as the pups will be big when they are fully grown, so Hope can easily squeeze through
one. Well, I wonder how Angel and Adam are gonna feel waking up to Max's slobber kisses instead of a little angel between them.

It's adorable really. She's crawling on her belly towards Teddy's bed thinking I can't see her. I know that Jason's got the CCTV in her going, so this is being captured for the family archives.

Hope's made it to the bed and I know she can't see me because I'm pretty much tucked up near the wall. Teddy's bed is by the wall because he's an active sleeper and would fall out of bed if it wasn't.

We learned the hard way when he first got his big boy bed and kept rolling off it in his sleep. Teddy wasn't a fan and slept with us for a week until I finally moved it against the wall and he felt safe in it again. Kicking kicked in the balls by your active sleeper son isn't a happy experience, well, that or socked in the eye, nose, or mouth by tiny hands or feet. He's got a toddler safety bar along the edge to keep him in bed and that is what Hope's trying to figure out.

God this is adorable. She's dragging the little stool that Teddy uses in the bathroom over to the bed. I guess to peek into it to see where Teddy's sleeping and now she's staring wide-eyed at me.

I shake my head at her knowing that it's pointless and lift the cover so that she can crawl in. It's like Ana and me all over again, so when she and Angel move in with Adam it's gonna be hell. "In you go, princess."

"Teddy better?" Hope whispers, as she takes in how I have Teddy on my chest.

"He's getting there, angel face. Now, it's way past bedtime for you. Close the little eyes and sleep while I watch over both of you." I whisper softly and she snuggles up and like most toddlers is instantly asleep within minutes.

Hope one, Adam zero. And it's only just begun. Hell, I'll more than likely have to give them the third floor and turn it into a flat for them. Why fight it and just give in to the inevitable. Otherwise, we'll being sharing visiting rights of the kids until its not adorable anymore and they can talk to each other on skype.

The plus side, we know from experience how to handle this, because we did the same thing to our parents, only it was easier because Ana was next door. Adam's place isn't far as it's in Grey Estates, but that's still a few houses down Grey lane and nowhere near across from the rose hedges. Mia would never give up her dream house for the cause, so making part of the third floor a flat is far better than having the two of them trying to sneak to each other in the middle of the night or having Teddy sleep over there every other night like Ana and I did at their age.
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Multiple POV's in this chapter and there's Teddy and Hope! Extreme Laughter warning!

Cin ; )

Chapter Notes

All mistakes are mine ^^

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don't do Cannon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it…you have been warned ^^) own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine.

Christian

I jolt awake when I get a one two toddler punch and kick. Teddy grumbles and wriggles in his sleep and bam a tiny fist to the jaw. Followed by Hope's kick to my balls. Christ! Jesus! Note to self when watching over the kids wear a sports cup to protect the family jewels. Clearly, neither one of them like it that I'm taking up precious space.

Teddy's cool to the touch and isn't coughing, sneezing, or sniffing nearly as much as he was, so that's good news. He and Hope are still dead to the world so I gently coax Hope over a little bit and settle Teddy in next to her. Not an easy task, but I manage it, even with my injuries. I carefully maneuver myself out of his bed and gimp my way towards my chair. It's six AM. Teddy and Hope are snoring away as I quietly leave to go check on the babies.

Ana's up and feeding the girls and for once Alex is still sound asleep. "Teddy kicked you out, huh?" She giggles softly.

"Oh, you have no idea." I grin, shaking my head as I set a burping cloth on my shoulder and wheel myself over to take Ari, as she's done with her morning breakfast, and is ready for Daddy to burp her. "Adam and Angel are gonna get one heck of a wake up call."

"She didn't." Ana gaped at me.

"She did and is currently snoozing away next to our son. I was sleeping until Teddy socked me in the jaw and then Hope kicked me in the jewels." I yawn, as I gently pat my little angel's back.

"It's not like it's the first time, so who's Angel and Adam cuddling with..." Ana grins.

"Max." I grin wickedly. "He went to check on Hope and never came back to Teddy's room. Nope. Hope's the only little one that came crawling through the pet door."
"That does sound vaguely familiar." Ana grinned, as she burps Rory.

"We're in for it…" I nod.

Ari finally gives me a burp and then settles back to sleep against my shoulder, so I go and get her settled back in her crib. "Sweet dreams, little princess." I croon softly and then go and check on Alex. Nope, still in dreamland.

"Alex will be rousing in a little bit, Chris, be a sweetie and go fix him a bottle for me, please." Ana's trying to rock a wide awake Rory back to sleep again. She's fascinated by my chair.

"Sure, baby." I whisper softly, heading for the open door.

Rory starts fussing, so I turn around and head back over to Ana.

"She loves that chair doesn't she?" Ana shakes her head when Rory settles down.

I head to one of the changing tables in the nursery and grab a baby sling. "We'll take her with us downstairs."

Ana gets her settled against me in her sling. She pockets a baby monitor in her robe and we as quietly as possible leave the nursery.

No one wakes Alex unless he's ready to wake up or you'll be deaf for a few hours that's if he settles down. Though, it could have been because he was miserable and we were clueless about it and now that he's on formula all's right with his world. Oh, wouldn't that be a wonderful thought, as he's a little demon when you wake him up.

"He's so much better, Chris. I think switching to formula is exactly what he needed." Ana's clueing in to my thoughts, but that's how we always are.

"Yeah, I was just thinking the same thing…" I nod, as we wait the few seconds for the Elevator and then I roll inside. "His little inner clock will be chiming in a few that much is a given. Hopefully, he'll be a happy baby and not an ornery little guy."

"He's been fine and his diapers have been good too. He took his bottle from Grace and slept right through Ella changing him. How's the Teddybear?" Ana yawns, as we head towards the kitchen.

"A thousand percent better and will be running around the house and begging to go outside to play with the others today." Rory's starting to fall asleep until I stop and then those big blue eyes open and gaze up at me, so I'm doing laps around the island and going in and out of the kitchen. When I can drive again I just know that I'll be taking early morning drives in the R8 to replace the chair when it's no longer needed.

"His fever broke?" She asks, as she prepares Alex's breakfast.

"It was a low grade one and yes that and the sniffles, sneezes, and coughs are going away as well…" I answer, as I head to the Great Room. Maybe, the lights on the tree will work to settle her back to dreamland, because the chair's going to run out of juice at this rate. I didn't get a chance to charge it, because I was focused on Teddy.

Rory's entranced by the twinkling lights and just as I hoped off to dreamland she goes at least for a few hours anyway.
Leo pads down the stairs and is off to his pup door to go out and do his business. Adam's wake up call is any time now. Max will be needing his morning pee break really soon if Leo's already headed outside.

Sure enough down the steps goes Max followed by a disgruntled Adam. "Morning, sunshine. Missing someone?" I snark, arching a brow.

"Shut it." Adam stalks off to the kitchen and the Keurig to get his morning hit of coffee. "Max needs a breath mint! Or those doggie-breath bones…"

"Awe, did someone get a French kiss and it wasn't Angel?" Ana giggles, not the least bit sympathetic as she shakes Alex's bottle to mix up the formula.

"He was under the covers with us and Angel's still sleeping. The mutt poked me in the ass to wake me up and when that didn't work he pounced. My little princess closed the door after she snuck out, so Max couldn't get out of the room." My Adam's a grouchy pants this morning.

"She's snuggled with Teddy like I said she would be…" I come back into the kitchen. "Lower the tone…you wake her you'll be doing graveyard security at GEH for a fortnight." I growl.

"So what days are good for you two odds or evens?" Adam settles for a double shot espresso pod, as not to wake up Rory by grinding up fresh beans.

"Oh, cripes, he's right, Chris…" Ana bites her lip.

"Already on it."

"Now this I gotta hear." Adam takes a hit from his coffee.

"We turn half of the third floor guest wing into an apartment for the three of you…" I state my brilliant plan.

Ana's staring open mouthed at me like I've lost my mind.

Adam's giving it some thought though

"What? It's win-win. No FBI or Police force get called. No false alarms going off. No trips to the ER. It's a brilliant solution."

"It's crazy. We'll have them be able to see each other on skype and that will have to do. You had nightmares, went through a horrific life changing ordeal. Teddy and Hope have never experienced anything like that…" Ana's not on board, but give me time I'll change her view on this.

"Says, the little imp who stopped at nothing to be with her Chris…" Adam snorts, taking another shot of coffee.

"This can't be the same…" Ana's in denial. Adam and I far from it.

"It's not that big of an undertaking the third floor has everything, but a kitchen up there. It's already like a flat. All we need to do is cordon off one side for Adam, Angel, and Hope. The living room up there can be the divider between the guest side and their apartment. All we need is to put up doors. No major renovation needed." I explain what I want to do.

"Chris, if and when we have to take that step we will deal with it…"

"Hope was determined to get to Teddy and didn't stop until she made it to him. You were right next
door. Adam is four houses down from us that's a big difference and she could be hurt trying to get to him…” I counter.

"A monitor in their rooms so they can see and hear each other. We have tech now that we didn't then and we will try that first before moving on to drastic measures. Each of them wears a tracker especially devised by Logan. He can tweak it so that it alerts us if either one of them try to go to the other. Like a special tracker activated during the night time hours." Ana counters me with a plan of her own.

Basically we're putting something similar to an ankle monitor on the kids. It's sad that in this day and age you have to go to that extreme to insure the safety of your children.

"Anna we might have to compromise and let them have at least weekends or that is never gonna work. None of us are gonna get any sleep unless the two of them are happy little campers. Hope would get on her tricycle and pedal to the gates and then because she's such a tiny little imp could easily squeeze through the gate and head straight to Teddy. You've gotta see the footage when Jason wakes up…” I don't think her plan is foolproof, so I change tactics a bit.

Jason walks in with bags, upon bags, of IHOP! Please, don't let this be Gail's early morning craving! "She wanted a little of everything and is contently enjoying her snack. This is to feed the masses, it's gonna be a long one. Ros wants you to know that even though she's Team Edward that doesn't mean that she's not still Team Chris. She's shot down any attempt that those monsters are trying to implicate you in this massive takedown being felt around the world. Dante has released footage of the two of you burning the midnight oil with time stamps clearly showing that you were at GEH. Barney and Andrea deserve Bora Bora for going above and beyond creating that mask facade for Ryan and creating the voice over as well. For all purposes you were at GEH and all they look like are desperate fools. The man they have video footage of claiming to be you doesn't look like you at or even sound like you. The Feds took credit saying their man was good at playing whatever character is needed for special operations as this one. That you were more than willing to let them use your name to take down the bad guys. Hell, now they think it was never even you. Ryan's starting a new video collection for you Adam. The score is Hope 1 and sorry you've got nada. She played you both like a fine tuned fiddle. The second you started sawing logs, she switched with Max, and then was home free to go cuddle with her Teddybear. Teddy's room is even better. Chris knew it was pointless after she dragged the stool from the bathroom over to the bed to get up with Teddy. Do the two of you need ice for your balls? They both have excellent aim when they want you to let go don't they?" He grins.

"I don't know why you're so darned happy about it. You'll be chasing them too, T." Adam downs coffee number three.

"That's what you kids are for. I'm just the tactical commander of the operation. Now, get your butt in gear and go to work." Jason orders his number two. Logan's taken the number one spot.

"Dad, do you think you bought enough?" Logan and Ryan walk in with arms loaded with even more bags of IHOP nirvana. "We've still got two more trips to the car to go. Then again after yesterday feeding our new family members is like feeding a ravenous pack of wolves. I'll head out and get more. I've already put an order in to cater lunch. Mile High is doing dinner. Grace ordered Mom to put her feet up today."

"We're use to feeding an Army." Bella and Alice join us looking fresh and ready for the day. "We have weekly deliveries just to keep the bottomless pits happily fed. Pikes Market and I are like this." She crosses two fingers. "I've brokered deals with all of the best for years and can put a word in if you want me too? Ma and Pa Pearl are handling lunch, caterers not needed. We set them up for life
and they feed us well. I craved their chowder when I was carrying the triplets and twins."

"Gail's our house manager and does pretty much the exact same thing, but we usually just send the guys out for chowder. It was you who set them up for life and nearly all of the best venders in Pikes Market? That was you?" Ana gapes at Bella and Alice.

"Nope, that was all Bella and Jake. We were all dealing with a poacher situation back home and the pack of teens from La Push pretty much were adopted into the family after Bella married Edward, so a different means of filling the pantry, freezers, and fridge was desperately needed. She's your girl. They adore her and Ness for choosing them over their corporate competitors. Mom and I use them for all of our events. Giving back. Paying it forward. Are key family values. You'll find that the boys are gonna do their best to make up for Teddy getting the sniffles." Alice chimes in as her and Bella are setting the isle and breakfast bar up buffet style.

"Chris isn't any better when it comes to things with more power. They didn't mean any harm, not really. The boys were tucked in the bouncy house which they reinforced to the ground. The only glitch in their plan was that they didn't put the protective panels over the screens and the Sound is a cruel mistress when it comes to changes in weather…" Whimpers are coming from the nursery. Master Alex is awake, but he's not howling so that's always good.

"The boys tend to forget that they're still children and are supposed to ask first before tinkering with someone else's stuff. Trying to make up for Drone Gate by creating a Frozen castle in the meadow for the kids made them forget, but Emmett's putting them to work and Edward took away their tech. For them that's like taking away their air supply. Jaz came up with a leather wrist cuff embedded with a jammer for when they step out of line, so even if they try to borrow someone's tech they're still under a dead zone. It's much better than grounding and gets the point across." Bella gives us the heads up on what they decided as a proper punishment and I've gotta say I'll be hitting up Jasper for that in the future. Hell, I'll ask for some for when we need to keep our resident teenage hackers in line.

Alex is getting a little more vocal and Rory's starting to whimper in her sleep as well. "You sure you've got this?" Ana arches a brow torn between racing off to tend to Alex and being the proper hostess.

"We're good here. Go tend to your little ones." Alice smiles.

"We'll be back in a bit." The two of us head to the nursery.

"Take your time. We're seasoned pros…" They call after us.

Teddy

Waking up I feel lots better than I did and my sniffles are nearly all gone. Hope's curled up beside me. I hope she's not in trouble with her Mommy for sneaking in my room. I get why she wasn't pose to be here with me, cos she just got better and doesn't need my sniffles.

Daddy left the baby radio here in my room and I can hear Alex making baby noises, but so far he's not screaming where my ears hurt. I really hope Mommy and Daddy are there soon or I'll have to race in there before he goes postal. Again an adult saying that makes zero sense. What does being really angry have to do with mail?

Hope rolls over and buries her face under the pillow, not that I blame her because she knows that Alex will be screaming anytime now.
"Um, Hope?" I lift her pillow up and look down at her. "Aren't ya gonna go sneak back in with your Mommy?"

"Max is there. It's fine. Daddy and Mommy have someone to cuddle…" She opens one eye to look at me, yawns, and stretches out like one of the kittens before grabbing the pillow and going back to sleep.

"Max is where?" I shake my head like daddy does when he can't believe that someone has said something and try again.

"Go sleep, Teddy…" Wow! She growled at me! Yikes!

"Where's Max, Hope…" I decide that I'm taking my pillow back and lift it off of her head, but she's got it and is not letting it go.

"Under da covers with Mommy and Daddy, so's I come in be with you…" She rolls on her side to glare at me from where I can just see her face under the pillow.

Oh, that's not good! The pups aren't allowed under the covers! "Your Daddy's gonna be really mad at you! We need to sneak you back in with your Mommy, so when he goes back to tell her what you did. You'll be where you pose ta be." It's the perfect plan, but Hope's glaring at me.

"You Daddy know I come in here already, so how me sneaking back with Mommy gonna work?" She grumbles, as she sits up rubbing sleep from her eyes.

"Daddy knows that you sneak in here?"

"Uh-huh…It not like they don't get why I do it…they did it too…when they be little likes us." Hope grumbles, as she scrambles down from my bed.

"My Mommy and Daddy sneaked in with each other…" I arch one brow like daddy does when he wants more info and it usually works for him.

Hope rolls her eyes at me, but keeps talking as she heads for the potty. "Oh, they's did lots and lots of things when they be little like us…police…Feds…hood watch had to go and search for you's Mommy. Cos she's like hamburgar from McD's, buts Daddy said she more like a cataburger that he's thanks powers she be on good side." She finishes before closing the door.

I stare after her, as my mind tries to figure out what she's chattering at me about. Mommy was a thief when she was little like us? She took burgers and cats? Adam is happy that she's a good guy? And the police, men in suits, and whatever a hood watch is had to search for her? It makes no sense.

Hope

"She be good at climbing and picking locks, so she was good at escaping ta see you's Daddy." Teddy's really not getting it at all! I gotta think of an easy way to get him ta understand. Must be the medicine makin his brain slow.

"You mean cat burglar like in Pink Panther…Mommy?" Teddy's finally getting it!

"Uncle Leliot and Logan show her how ta pick locks and climb when she be little like us…" I call back as I stand on my toes to reach the sink. Drat! I didn't think to move the stair thingy back and I can't wash my hands.
"They like to show lots of stuff that we're not pose to know, well, Lelliot and Ethan do…I bet she got into lots of trouble cos of them too…didn't know that Logan was like that…then Ollie did stuff in Arrow too…makes sense that they taught Mommy stuff that they shouldn't…bet they got's in big, big, trouble too." Teddy says between sneezes and a few coughs, but he sounds lots better.

I put the lid down on the potty climb up on it and finally am able to reach the sink to wash my hands. "They made whole school gets the itchy spots…" I hop off and go open the door.

"Itchy spots?" Teddy looks lost again, as he goes past me into the potty room and then closes the door.

"Yep, you's Daddy had 'em really bad, so you Mommy couldn't see him cos they's didn't want her ta get spots too…she not see him for days…they gots to sleep wif each other, cos he had bad dreams. She be his dreamcatch…so's she sneak out to go be wif him…" I'm getting better at talking like Teddy does, cos I'm just as smart as he is. It's safe here, so I don't have to not act like I can speak lots of words.

"Hope? Where's my stair thingy? Did you take it?" Teddy's trying to reach the sink.

"Climbs on the potty then you can wash…" I call back. Maybe, I told him too much.

"Not really pose to do that, but gotta wash my hands…" Teddy's grumbling to himself.

"I took it ta reach you bed." I growl back.

"Yeah, figured as much…" Teddy opens the door and yawns. "Let's sneak you back with your Mommy."

"It all true, Teddy. Daddy told Mommy while I wait for them to sleep." I fold my arms like Mommy does when she wants to be listened to.

"Daddy got burned when he was little, so the dream thing makes sense. Gramps says they were joined at the hip. Meaning I think together a lot…" Teddy's over by his bed listening to the little baby radio. "Good… Mommy and Daddy are with Alex and my sisters…" He goes over to his wall and gets his robe. "Here…"

It's blue. Has a hood with Teddy ears. And is soft. "I fine. You be sick…" I give it back.

He goes into his clothes box and comes out with one like the blue one, but this one is grey. I think, but it's got blue too. "I'm lots better. Let's get you back with your Mommy before she gets worried…" He only sneezed once, so that's good.

"Daddy, say Grandpa T has it all on video…" I scramble into the robe. It's like being hugged by a Teddybear. He gots lots of Teddy stuff in his clothes box. I wonder if they think he needs to remember his name. "You really likes Teddies lots and lots of 'em…" I'm staring at his clothes and stuffed toys.

"Nah, they keep getting me Teddy stuff, but I like lots of other things too…" Teddy shrugs, rolling his eyes.

"Well, they want ya to really knows you name a lot…" I nod and drag out a my size purple Teddy with me.

"It's Aunt Mia's fault. She buys lots of stuff all the time. She thinks it makes me look adorbz…" He tosses the Teddy robe and takes out a Tigger one instead.
"Maybe, you's and you Daddy cans go gets you some other stuff that not Teddybear?" I really like this bear lots and I can have it when I can't gets to Teddy.

"Take all the bears that ya want. All I need is number one Teddy and the ones in Mommy and Daddy's offices. I gots so much plushy stuff that it's taken over my closet. Everyone who comes gives me a plushy or Teddy…sometimes both…Daddy and Mommy get them from work too…" Teddy's digging out all kinds of Teddies and they are flying everywhere!

"Um…they just trying be nice…so they give you plushies and Teddies…" I scramble around scooping up Teddies and plushies that I shove under his bed, so that he won't get in trouble.

Teddy turns around and narrows his eyes. "Where'd they go?"

"Messy room means you can't play. I puts them under bed, so you no gets sent ta naughty corner." I glare back at him.

"Fine." He grumbles and the two of us put the plushies back in the clothes box.

"You better and you Daddy better. We goes with the Daddies and gets you new stuff with no Teddies on it." I give him big hugs. "Aunt Mia gots me lots of dresses…" I wrinkle my nose.

"Aunt Mia's a girlie girl or that's what everyone says. Ava loves dresses and sparkles, so she gots the same for you." Teddy's rolling his eyes again.

"I likes ta wear more than just dresses. You no play in a dress. You gets tears and dirty. Then Mommy gets all frowny. Dresses no fun." Teddy helps me drag the bear with us to the door.

"Hope, how you get in my room?"

"Watch." I wiggle through the doggie door and see if there's anyone there, but its fine, so I go the rest of the way out of his room.

The bear follows next and then finally Teddy.

"Okay, but just so you know that its pose ta be for the pups and we're not pose to use them…" Teddy goes over to another door and listens. "They're still with the babies. Let's go." He goes back to me takes one arm of the Teddy and we're off to sneak me back with Mommy. It's not gonna work, but Teddy's set on it and he's sick, so we'll try it his way.

Adam

"Forget about breakfast. The main show is in the security office!" Luke races into Chris's office where I'm trying to eat while checking in with my Team at GEH.

"What now?" I narrow my eyes, as I munch on some bacon.

"Hope and Teddy are awake and he's trashing his room!" Luke grins.

I nearly choke on my bacon and stalk after him. "It's six that kid doesn't even stir until eight and he's sick. Hope's a little terror if you try and wake her before ten…"

"Alex woke him and then he woke Hope. They've been plotting how to sneak Hope back into bed with Angel…Hope's not a fan of Teddy's wardrobe of Teddy bears…after that the bears started flying…she's stuffing them under the bed so that he won't be in the naughty corner for trashing his room…" Well, Mia is obsessed with buying him everything Teddy bear and Hope's basically calling
the poor little guy a pansy.

"He's not even four and she's got him by the balls..." Jason, Luke, Logan, and Ryan are all trying not to choke on breakfast watching as my princess shows Teddy how she escaped. Christ, at this rate she'll be after my job by the time she hits her teens.

"Kid doesn't even stand a chance..." I shake my head and head out of the watchtower and straight for the back staircase to catch them in the act.

"Adam, Ross wants you at GEH like yesterday!" Jason calls after me, but I ignore him. Not a chance in hell. I wanna see what they do when they get caught. "Gotta be a Dad first! I already checked in..." I call back and head up the stairs.

"I told you it not work! That be my Daddy!" I can hear Hope hissing at Teddy.

"But it's six and he's got ta be at GEH really early ta put out all the fires and stuff..." Teddy hisses back.

Kid does have a point, but that was before Angel and Hope.

"You go in the doggie door really fast and then crawl into bed with your Mommy..." I'm at the top of the 2nd landing, but I'm a x-special forces sneaking is what I do, so they don't see me watching them.

"You gonna gets into trouble..." Hope frowns.

"It's a little late for that don't you think?" I walk into the hallway.

"Daddy..." Hope pours on the pout, eyes, and even waterworks. "Teddy needed me..."

God help that poor kid when they get older. He doesn't stand a chance. "The reason why you both were separated was because he has a cold and you can't be exposed to that, angel face."

"No one was being mean by keeping you both apart. We don't want you to have an asthmas attack that can be brought on by a cold. We just got you better, baby girl." Angel opens the door to our room and looks over at me. I shrug and give her my I told ya so look. She rolls her eyes.

"Theodore Raymond Grey, what are you doing out of bed?" Ana's coming this way.

"Yeah, like he wouldn't have tried to smuggle her back to Angel as soon as he woke up." Chris isn't the least bit surprised, but then he was watching them all night, so there is that.

"I'm better, Mommy." Teddy's pouring it on now too, only he can't pull it off because he ends with a few sneezes.

"Oh, he's well enough to send his teddies flying all over his room, so I'd say the little guy is on the mend." I smirk.

Teddy and Hope go from sad and sorry to guilty in a blink. "He remember his name real good now, so he no wants all the Teddy stuff..." Hope's the first to break of the two.

We try. We really try to keep a straight face, but after that explanation the whole house is more than likely either choking on food or rolling on the floor laughing. Because, believe me the four us of are losing it.
"It's not funny!" Teddy growls, red faced. Well, I don't blame him being three and having his best girl emasculate him over his closet it smarts a lot.

"Aunt Mia needs to stop with the bears and teddy clothes, cos there's lots more stuff like Vengers, Flash, Batman, Superman, Green Arrow, Turtles, Paw patrol, boy stuff...just no more bears." Hope folds her tiny arms and stomps her tiny foot glaring at us and that just triggers us all over again.

"Yeah...sure...alright..." Chris gasps for air takes another look at Hope then loses it again.

"It's just been..." Ana tries to catch her breath. "His thing since he was a new born...Teddy bears for our Teddybear...He's never growled about it until now and he does have clothes with heroes and characters on them too..."

"Mia went shopping again...and must have reorganized his closet." Chris finally pulls himself together enough to talk. "We'll bring all of his boy stuff front and center and then see about donating what he doesn't want anymore."

"Hope wants play clothes not dresses and sparkles like Ava..." Teddy grumbles, not about to be the only one in the spotlight. Ana scoops him up.

"You no be able ta play outside in dress..." My princess pouts and I scoop her up and kiss her nose.

"You can do both, baby girl. Have tea parties and play with dolls sometimes and go outside and play others." Angel tries to get her to see both sides.

"Fine...just nots all times..." She sighs as if she's just had to give up candy or dessert.

"Even Teddy and Gabe attend Ava's tea parties..." Ana just through her kid under the bus.

"Mommy!" Teddy's face is so red that it could give a tomato a run for its money and he goes from her mother's arms to his Daddy in one leap.

"Ana, he's already been called on his man card once and you had to bring that up in front of Hope?" Chris shoots Ana a look and then turns to head for the elevator. "Let's go, Teddy. Jason's brought the entire IHOP menu for breakfast this morning. Then if you're feeling better, we'll see about expanding your wardrobe away from the animal kingdom and more towards some of your favorite heroes and characters.

"Not like he had choice ta play with Ava. She's really bossy." Hope snorts, rolling her eyes.

"You just ordered Teddy to change his wardrobe, baby girl. That's being bossy too." Angel admonishes her.

"He knows his name, so why make wear all those Teddy stuff? That all I was thinkin...I no try ta be bossy like Ava. Just that his close box got lots of Teddy stuff..." Hope's not happy at being compared to her younger cousin. "Sorry...if I hurt Teddy feelings. I no mean too." She buried her face against my shoulder

"Well, baby girl, he gave you that giant bear, so that's a good sign that he's not too hurt by what you said. He's just embarrassed. He'll get over it." I kiss the top of her head.
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

More laughter and fun with Teddy and Family!

Chapter Notes

A/N: What's happening here in the States is ruining my mojo to write as I'm scared out of my mind, but I figure we all need to laugh so I forced myself to break through and write again.

To all my fellow Americans who are as furious and scared as I am about being our Election being hacked and bought and paid for by Russia. That Idiocrasy is happening before our very eyes! Up the Rebels! Viva La Resistance! Oh and on a lighter note Happy Holidays! Happy New Year and fingers crossed for 2017!

Love you guys!

Cin

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don't do Cannon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it...you have been warned ^^) own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine

Teddy

I should have settled for having Teddy bears on my clothes, cos it's a lot better than having ta where a suit that makes me look like a penguin! I can't growl about it either, cos I'm a big boy now and they gotta wear suits and even ties that choke you! Daddy wears them all the time when he's CEO and I don't get why? They are the worst things in the world! When GEH is mine it's gonna be t-shirts, hoodies, sweatshirts, jeans, and sneakers! Lelliot gets ta wear jeans and stuff why can't the CEO?

"Doesn't Teddy look sharp in his tux, Paul?" JB is torturing me with suit after stupid suit! I hope that Hope's suffering as much as I am right now! Nana Ella and my new Grandpa Marcus are getting married in our backyard in momma's meadow. I'm the ring bearer and Hope and Ava are both flower girls. So we gotta dress all fancy. Daddy's gonna look crazy all dressed up in a tux that looks sort of like shorts on one side, cuz he's got that bad owie on his whole leg!

"He's Chris's mini-me." Paul is grinning from where he's getting pinned and stuff by the tailor guy and I'm not talkin about Jason…This guy makes suits and stuff and flew all the way from some savy row place.

"Why isn't Gabe here too?" I grumble.
"Because Mimi is being a royal pain and wouldn't let him come with us." JB snarks, rolling his eyes.

"The Princess Brat needs to get over herself. Mom is finally marrying the man that she's been in love with since she and I were born. Twenty some odd years is long enough of a wait to tie the knot. Marcus has been asking her since her high school graduation." Daddy is really mad at Aunt Mia and so is the rest of the family. "Simons, this isn't going to work. I'll look ridiculous with just one pant leg."

JB is circling Daddy and he's got that look that's kinda nutty. "We could do a Magic Mike to your pants?"

"Stripper pants at my Mom's wedding and that's better than half a pant leg?" Daddy's not liking this idea or whoever this magic guy is. Now as for stripper pants not a clue on that one.

"I modified your suits for you the last time you injured yourself, so a Tux won't be any different."

Simons the suit guy is circling daddy now too.

"Why can't you use one of those?" Paul frowns.

"I donated them as soon as the cast was taken off. I wasn't planning on breaking myself again, so I didn't see the need." Daddy looks like he wants to run in terror from them.

"Daddy loves to decorate our house big time." I chime in my take.

"That he does, Teddy. That he does." Paul chuckles.

"And he does it so big that it bites him in the ass…" I quote what Uncle Lelliot said to the Grandpas while drinking that yucky brown drink and playing cards.

"Theodore Raymond Grey! That's not a nice word never say that again or Daddy will be dead, okay pal." Daddy and all of them are staring at me with their eyes really big and their mouths are open like a fish.

"Sorry, Daddy…" I sniffle. I don't want mommy to kill Daddy. The thing is that they all say these naughty words when they think that we can't hear them, but they can, cos they're adults.

"It's not like he can help it, Chris. Once he hears it then it's stuck there in his little head." Paul frowns.

"This is all Elliot. The man has no filter." JB frowns.

"Nope. I hear it from all of you guys…” I sniffle loudly. "Being little bites!"

"TEDDY!"

"What?! I don't even know what that means! I don't get what any of the naughty words mean! Nothing like that makes sense! If you don't want me to say them then don't let me hear you say it! Get this off! I'm done! I missed my snack!" I stomp all around. I feel trapped! It's not fair that I have to wear this and Gabe doesn't!

"Theodore Raymond Grey that's enough!" Daddy catches me by my collar and then scoops me up with his good arm. "We get that getting fitted for your suit isn't fun, yes, you've heard words that are never to be repeated out of your little mouth and that's on us. You, little man, know better than to say them and are only throwing a tantrum because you're bored out of your little mind. I get that you missed your snack and I'm sorry, but we're not doing this to torture you. This is what you have to
wear on special days. Weddings, balls, galas, award ceremonies will more often than not require a tux and work requires that you dress accordingly as well…"

"Nope! When GEH is mine it's gonna be t-shirts, hoodies, sweatshirts, jeans, and sneakers! No suits!" I grumble.

"Sorry, Pal, but everyday can't be casual Friday. CEO's have to wear suits, it's just how it is. You aren't taken seriously in Jeans, sneakers, and a hoodie in the big bad business world." Daddy shoots me down. "You won't mind them when you get older, even Barney has to wear them to work for important meetings."

"Fine. Can we go now? We've been in here forever." Suits for life. It's so not fair! I don't wanna grow up ever!

"I've got him." Paul takes me from Daddy. "Let's get you back into your comfy clothes, Teddybear."

"We're finished, Christian. I'll see about getting you some modified suits as well." Mr. S is done! Finally! Snack time here I come! "The other men in the wedding party have already had their fittings and all will be well on the big day. I'll have the rest of what you requested done hopefully by Christmas…"

"The wedding is priority. The other, well, take your time seeing as the person it's for is not in any hurry to wear them anytime soon."

Ana

I look down at the text from Chris and burst out in a giggle fit. Teddy's put his little foot down when it comes to wearing suits or ties of any kind. He's even touting changing the GEH dress code to casual Friday everyday.

"What?" Angel looks over at me from where she's changing Ari.

"Teddy's threw a snit downstairs and Chris is texting me all about it."

"Teddy no likes monkey suit." Hope chimes in all the while trying to help Angel change Ari. "Teddies bad enough. Now monkey too?" She wrinkles her tiny little nose in distaste that her guy is being forced to wear an actual monkey suit!

Angel and I burst out laughing.

"It true! Why he have ta wear a suit like monkey?" She's not at all amused and climbs down from the steps beside the changing table to shoot us both a hands on hips glare.

"Sweetie, this is what Teddy's wearing to the wedding." I show her a photo that Chris sent me of Teddy in his white tux.

"That no looks like monkey?" She frowns. "Why he call it that it not?"

"It's just a name that tuxedo's are sometimes called by those who don't like wearing them. Teddy must have heard it from one of his Uncles." I bend down and kiss the top of her head.

"Oh, like George wears sometimes in book and show?" She blinks up at me with those big aqua eyes then nods and goes back to help Angel with Ari.
"Something like that." I grin and scoop up Alex out of his crib. He's such a happy little guy and his diaper emergencies are few and far between now that he's on formula and his tummy is happy again. "Teddy's being silly, Alex. You didn't even whimper when we tried on yours for Nana Ella's wedding." He just wants to snuggle so I set him against me in his wrap. Then head over to check on Rory.

"Hope! GG has snacks!" Teddy's shout echoes up the stairs.

"Teddy!" That's all it takes for Hope to make a dash out the open doorway. "Snacks!"

"Walk please!" Chris's gentle growl echoes outside the doorway. "And no running down the stairs either!"

"Sorry! Uncle Chris!" Hope shout's back. "Buts it's my Teddy and Snacks!"

"Nevertheless, safety first!" He calls back trying to keep the chuckle out of his voice and failing miserably. The guys downstairs are roaring with laughter and it is echoing throughout the quiet house.

Angel and I are trying to stem our own giggling, so as not to startle the babies.

"The boy is doomed… heaven help us all when they hit their teens…" Angel giggles shaking her head.

"We're in for it alright." I grin back.

"Karma is paying us back bigtime, baby." Chris gimps into the nursery with a grin a mile wide on his face, as he comes over to take over changing Rory's diaper like a seasoned pro. "Still on the fence about the upstairs flat for Adam and Angel?"

"So far they've been happy with skype. Don't jinx us." I narrow my eyes at him.

"We'll be fine as long as they get to see each other during the day for extended periods of time. Logan and Barney tweaked her purple bear so that it sounds like Teddy is talking to her whenever she hugs it, so that helps too." Angel backs me up on this issue.

"The Supergirl bracelet that Logan made for Hope complete with tracking device and silent alert when she tries to escape is a plus too." I add that while getting out a fresh little hooded outfit for Rory to wear with little kitty faces all over it in pink.

"Teddy makes it as far as the bottom steps, but the baby gates have silent alarms on them as do the puppy doors that only activate if something other than the pups or kittens go through them. Security is determined that there will be no escapees on their watch." Chris blows raspberries on our baby girl's belly and she kicks her tiny feet and reaches to grab a fist full of his hair.

Rory has this thing about trying to pull her daddy's hair out and I'm not only talking the hair on his head either. Nope, she loves to pull out his chest hair when he's cuddling her against him.

"OW! Easy, princess! Daddy likes his hair on his head!" Chris yelps, as I gently pry her tiny fingers from his hair, so that I can finish dressing her.

Alex is enjoying the show from the baby wrap and happily chewing on his fingers.

Ari's contently sucking on her pacifier in Angel's arms looking all around her.
"It's your fault, Babe." I grin at him. "She loves your hair and you were in targeting range."

Alex loves my hair too, but likes to hide in it instead of pull it from the roots like our Rory loves to do with her Daddy.

"It could be worse. At least they aren't freaked out over my casts, so I'll take her obsession with my hair any day of the week over that." Chris has her snuggled against his chest in a baby wrap.

"Daddy! Nana Ella is here with Grandpa Marcus! They both wearing rings like you's and Mommy's!" Teddy shouts up the stairs to announce that we have company.

"They brought's yummy cake!" Hope echoes after him.

"Yay! No Monkey suit for me!" He continues.

"And no silly Dress!" She concludes.

"Well, Ana, looks like I don't have to endure labor after all!" Chris is grinning like a Cheshire cat, eyes dancing.

"I didn't think that Ella was gonna go through with what Alice had planned." Angel smirks.

"Frozen Fantasia did sound over the top." I agree, rolling my eyes at Chris. I made the bet so that he had an out, besides I really wasn't in the mood to actually experience labor again. So it's win-win in my eyes. "I'll just cancel the Tesla Roadster 3.0 that I ordered for your push present." That said I breeze out of the nursery to go greet the happy couple and congratulate them.

"You stepped right into that one, big brother." Angel chuckles behind me.

"Huh!? But…But…Baby…it's the thought that I was going to do it that counts!" He's actually whining like Teddy does when he can't have a cookie before dinner.

"True, but seeing as I went through emergency surgery again to have your progeny, it's only fitting that I get the car instead." I blow him a kiss and then head down the stairs.

"I already got you your push present! You'll get it Christmas Eve!" Chris growls down at me from the top of the stairs. He can't do stairs yet, so he can't give chase.

I arch a brow staring up at him from the first floor landing. "Quit while you're ahead, babe."

"Wow! Mommy's gettin a helicopter like the president, a new boat bigger than the Grace, and now a car! She sure gets choice gifts for having my siblings…"

"Well, she had to grow them in her belly all that's time…he's gots ta give her lots of presents…"

Hope chimes in her divine wisdom.

"Teddy?" I can't believe what he just said to me. "Did Daddy sink our boat and hasn't told me yet?"

I brace myself for his answer. I mean, the Grace isn't even four years old and he went and commissioned a bigger one?! It sleeps eight! How much bigger do we need?! The Helicopter made more sense than the boat.

"No, Mommy. The Grace is in the big boat house. Daddy didn't sink anything…" Teddy stares wide eyed at me like I'm losing my mind.
"Anastasia Rose Grey! I can't believe that you even…The Grace wasn't designed with our growing family in mind…No! I did not sink our boat! I was asked to crew for the America's Cup! How can you even…We love being on the water and the Grace isn't big enough for us, so I commissioned Ray to build the Anastasia Rose because you mean the moon and the stars to me! And no! That wasn't your push present and neither was the Helicopter, again expanding family! Charlie Tango wasn't designed with multipole babies in mind!" His tone is lethally low as not to spook the babies, but his pewter gray eyes say it all. "Your Push Present has taken them a few weeks to come up with something that I could approve of and that's the only reason why I've waited until now to give it to you!"

"Mommy, you went halfsies with Mason's Daddy to give Daddy the Mariners and Hawks for Christmas and that's like a whole baseball and Football team! The Annie Rose is big but it can't be watched on TV! It's big like really big, but nothin like stadium with lots and lots of people watching big." Teddy's spilling all kinds of secrets, the little devil. He's got the ears of a bat when it comes to listening in on conversations.

"Theodore that was supposed to be surprise for Daddy…" Chris is stunned that the reason that Edward has been stalling him is because me and Ros bribed him to keep it a secret with the secret recipe for my peanut butter fantasy fudge that he became obsessed with during his stay here with us. That and just about every peanut butter recipe that I have. The man is addicted to the stuff and not to brag or anything, but those are third generation prize winning recipes. They won National competitions back in the day. I even made him sign an NDA not to spill it to anyone outside the family circle. He laughed at me and said that he was by far one of the best secret keepers on the planet, but signed it anyway.

"Sorry, Mommy, but Daddy was winning in the gift giving stuff and I wanted to even the, um, playing field." Teddy blinks innocently up at me.

"It's not about winning. It's about giving something to someone you love, baby boy. Daddy and I aren't competing on whom can top whom in gifts."

Chris is still in shock. Come to think of it so are Angel and the happy couple who have come in to mediate between Chris and I if need be.

"Doesn't look like it ta me." Hope blinks up at me all the while munching on a reindeer sugar cookie. "He gots you big presents, but you gots him big, big, big, presents!"

"Daddy and I drew plans for the Annie Rose, so that be from both Daddy and me. Daddy and me also drew the neck thingy and charm thingy's …then Mr. Jewel guy took it to get made and everything, so that from me and Daddy too for giving us the babies. You's going halfsies with Mason's Daddy to give him his dream, well, that's way bigger than just a present…"

"Santa's gonna get you lots and lots of presents under the tree for giving a dream." Hope nods sagely before biting off Santa's head on her cookie and skipping off to the kitchen for more snacks.

"Daddy, you's get to cross that off yours bucket list or that's what Ros told Mommy on Skype."

"Chris? Honey? You alright?" Ella's waving her hand in front of Chris's face, but he's frozen there in shock.

"Ana got him half of the Mariners and the Sea Hawks for Christmas, sweetheart. The boy's in shock." Marcus is taking his pulse.

"He offered up both for the price of one. Well, that and all of Great-Great Nana, Great Nana, and
Nana Steele's award winning peanut butter recipes sweetened the pot a lot. He got a taste of them when he was here and was hooked. The only catch being that Chris is a silent partner for now until Edward thinks he's ready to take on the sharks with him. Ros and I sealed that deal while he was still in a giving mood. He's more mercurial than Chris and that's saying something." I babble, biting my lip, because Chris is starting to worry me.

Did I break him by buying him his dream teams?

"Mommy? I think you broke Daddy." Teddy's pulling on Chris's limp good hand and still nothing. Rory's not liking that her Daddy isn't moving and is voicing her concern and finally he blinks and starts gently patting her back. Her job done. She settles back to sleep.

Marcus takes him by the arm and leads him to his chair in the Great Room. "Have a seat for a while until the initial shock wears off."

"Both teams…I've got nothing that even comes close…Phone…I need my phone…and my laptop…" Chris isn't even able to form complete sentences.

"Chris, I'm living my dream everyday. My dream was to own my own Publishing House, Marry you, and raise a family. I'm thrilled that Ros and I were able to convince him to make good on his promise in time for Christmas. I'm more into giving than receiving and that you and Teddy both put your hearts into my gifts is more than enough for me." I go over to him and carefully curl up beside him so as not to awaken the babies in their wraps.

"Silent partner, huh?" Chris smirks, finally snapping out of his daze.

"For now anyway."

"That's fine until I'm fully healed and at a hundred percent again, after that it's game on." He growls softly in my ear, sending shivers up my spine. Then proceeds to clue me in on my push present

"Thank you, Baby. Just for full disclosure your I-8, push present number one, will be here on Christmas Eve along with a matching mini versions for both our little smarty pants. The Anastasia Rose will be here in all her glory, weather permitting, Christmas day. Ray, Fin, and Seamus can't wait to show her off and neither can I. She's a work of art, with all hybrid technology, making her footprint nearly nonexistent." His eyes light up with excitement.

"It's got three floors, special bunks for us kids, and the babies have a nursery. You and Daddy's room has got a big bed, no bunks for you. Then there's a playroom for when it's really wavy. I've got a little pool on deck and then there's this tub with lots of bubbles too. In the back there's place for lots of water toys. There's a place to land Charlie not so sure about the big one…no sails but then Daddy says that the engines make it really fast… It's got so much more than the Grace…." Teddy's just as excited as Chris about our new yacht, as what he's describing is close to super yacht in size.

"We're gonna need a hanger size boat house by the sounds of it…but she sounds beautiful…" I smile at my guys. "I love that you thought of my passion for fast cars, but something small would have worked too. I was kidding about the Tesla it's coming on Christmas Eve too. No wonder Jason was arranging two power stations in the garages. We both had the same thing in mind."

"Our inlet is sheltered enough so she'll be protected if we moor her here for the winter instead of leaving her at the Steele Marina. She's a 145ft beauty…We still have the Grace if we want to go sail… " Chris crows about his work of art.

"Wow, babe. That's impressive…" I blow out a breath. When my man upgrades he never thinks
"Can Finn and the boys handle crewing something that size?"

"It's handled, baby. Finn, Seamus, and your Dad have already vetted the new crew. Jason, the big brothers, and our Dads took her out fishing for her test run and are enamored with the new boat. Dad's offered to Moor her at Grey Manor until and Ray wants to keep her at Steele Manor."

"Chris our Mothers are gonna string you up, because our Dads are gonna be MIA fishing every chance they get."

"She's got plenty of things to keep our mothers content while they fish, so they won't feel like fishermen's widows every weekend. We'll be lucky if they even let us use it they love it so much."

"Our Moms love her too?" I find that hard to believe that my mother who gets sea sick even if a boat is moored to a pier is also enamored by our new boat.

"Chris, Marcus and I would like to put our request in for a week..." Ella chimes in.

"Late Spring if possible." Marcus looks like a puppy that wants a bone. Is this boat really that nice?

"That's really up to Ana. It's her boat." Chris shrugs.

"Chris, she's a super yacht and by the sounds of it poor Finn and Seamus are gonna be living on her as much as the family wants to use her." I snort, rolling my eyes.

"Mommy, they both live on houses with floats on them already and the Annie Rose is so much bigger than the floating houses. It's like a house that moves. They wouldn't be mad if they had to stay on it. They helped make it." Teddy's sulking that I'm not jumping up and down about the new boat.

"Baby, trust me. It's handled. Relax."

I can't help but cringe every time he says those words. "Like I really have much choice. Though, next time I want full disclosure and to be a part of the process. I loved building and helping in the design of the Grace. We were a team."

"Baby, we are a team. Steele/Grey forever." Chris's eyes widen in alarm and he's quick to do damage control. "Teddy needed an outlet. You couldn't play with him as much and were told to be careful during the first trimester. Ray and GEH were launching the new greener boat and ship designs. He had already drawn up a rough design with all of the family and kids in mind. Teddy saw him working on it, saw the name of the boat, and couldn't wait to show it to me when I came to pick him up from Steele Manor. That's how the Annie Rose was born. We were all worried and needed a focus that was it." Well, there's always Alex, Ari, and Rory.

"I liked building Mommy's boat at Grandpa Ray's shop. They no have to wear suits and it's fun. Daddy and Teddy time was fun too." Teddy is also trying to soothe my feelings and is making his stand on formal wear loud and clear to all.

"So she was a keep busy so mommy doesn't go crazy project was she?" I smirk.

"More like so Mommy doesn't kill daddy for hovering, but yeah, pretty much." Chris winks at me, flashing me his heartbreaker grin.

"It kept Daddy sane." Teddy nodded biting his lip.

"Well, seeing as it was a matter of life and death I'll let being left out of the loop on a major family project go this time, but from now on we are Team Grey. Understand me boys."
"Yes, Mommy." Teddy hugs my legs.
"Committed to memory, baby."

"Now that we have that settled who wants cake?" Gail calls from the kitchen.
"ME!" Teddy and Hope make a beeline for the kitchen.

"Let's go celebrate your nuptials." I smile at Marcus and Ella. "Then I'll break the news to Alice."
"Already handled. She still wants to throw a party for us, but after Christmas." Ella smiles.

"We can have it here at the Meadows on New Years Eve." I offer.

"We missed your wedding, but we're gonna celebrate the heck out of it with an end of year blast. Weather permitting we might be able to have it on the Annie Rose." Chris grins.

"With Mia's sour attitude about the wedding, my heart just wasn't in a lavish affair. I wanted simple, small, and would have had the two of you there but you've got your hands full with the kids and Chris is healing. Well, that and Phoebe and Theo are still sailing the world and I really wanted them here...Grace and Cary got it all video for everyone and we had a lovely brunch to celebrate, before coming here to break the news gently with cake."

"You and Marcus can take the Annie Rose for an extended Honeymoon when the weather's nice and warm again, as a present from Chris, the kids, and I."

"Yeah, Mom, she can cruise you up and down the west coast or even to Hawaii." Chris is all smiles boasting about his new pride and joy.

"We're building on to the boat house. There is no way that we're going to have a floating target in front of the house."

"I've talked to Emmett about it and a bigger hanger for the helicopters seeing as El's down, and banned from the Meadows for the foreseeable future. Like I said, it's handled."

I roll my eyes and head off into the kitchen.
"Baby, I swear that it was supposed to be a slightly larger upgrade and it just got out of hand and before I knew it the Annie Rose catamaran turned into The Anastasia Rose mega yacht!" Christian called after me.

"Uncle Chris, you be in big, big, big, trouble! No Santa for you mister!" I hear Hope scold Chris, but I am just too furious to even muster a smirk or a damn straight!

"If you say so, I've gotta go call Alice and see what lovely shock and awe extravaganza that she's going to throw here for our happy couple! We might need to arrange for permits! For the firework show that will no doubt rival Time Square! Because heaven help that they have a better fireworks celebration than we do for New Years!" I choose a tactical retreat rather than say something that might crush their spirits about their shiny new toy. I'll just have to wait and see for myself just how overboard my man went this time.

Gail seeing that I need to vent easily takes Alex and I leave them to the cake and stalk off to my sanctuary. Another one of his over the top presents Bella's Library. Yep, that's right my man replicated it but then it's also something I'd asked for on every gift giving holiday since seeing the movie, so this I rewarded him handsomely for and we will leave the steamy details of that to the imagination.

Ella follows after me. "Sweetie, just grit your teeth and accept that Chris will always try to give you and the kids the world."

"It's a fortunate thing that you took down the bad guys, because with that moored in the cove we'll have a shining beacon that screams target. He wasn't thinking. This had to have taken a year at least to come to fruition. I can't even fathom how Jason was on board with this! It's a security nightmare!" I vent as we step into my sanctuary.

"Ana, what's really bothering you more the shiny new toy or the fact that Chris chose to make it without even asking for your say on the matter?"

"He does this every time! Cars I can understand! A new helicopter fine, Charlie isn't big enough
anymore! A 145ft monster! It's just too much!" I throw myself down on the couch and scream into the throw pillows.

"You aren't talking about the boat now are you, Ana?"

"I'm done with the secrets! The risk taking! The lies! This boat is more about guilt than necessity. He went off to play James Bond and needed an outlet to appease his guilty conscience! I was beside myself with guilt over keeping the fact that there was an Alex as well as the girls, but never once did I channel that into anything, but baking his favorite sweets! If he wanted a new boat then he should have talked it over with me instead of springing it on me like this! We could have designed it together, but no! He has do everything himself! There is no us anymore! No communication! It's like we're not a team and I hate that I feel this way but I do!" I burst into tears and she pulls me into her arms.

"Think of it as a bonding project for Teddy and Chris." Ella croons.

"I like our privacy…" I snuffle. "Something this big means that we'll have to have an onboard crew and with the Grace we could easily take her out ourselves with or without Seamus and Finn…you can't do that with a mini-cruise ship.

"Maybe he just wants you to be able to decompress and let others handle crewing the boat…"

"It's like a floating oasis, huh?"

"I believe that was his aim with the design and it even has a library designed with you in mind. It's not over the top. Its several decks of comfort not a modern eyesore. Its family oriented in every way. I think you'll love her when you finally get to see her." She nods.

"I just wasn't ready for another Christian surprise and this one was seriously over the top."

"Sweetie, buying half interest in two sports teams is just as bad and you both had good intentions in mind. I'd say that the two of you are even." Ella does have a point.

My cell rings and I dig it out of my pocket and don't even look to see whose calling I just answer it.

"What?!" Then I wince its Alice and Bella and she hisses for me to put it on speaker and I ever so reluctantly do.

"Ana, it's not that bad at least he didn't buy you another island…" Bella tries to soothe me.

What the fudge?! How the hell?! Did he call them!?

"Did my husband call Edward?!" I am seething mad now.

"Sweetie, Chris likes his balls to remain on his person, so no I don't think that he called to get advice from his older cousin." Ella croons soothingly. "Some of the Cullens are…how do I explain this…gifted in the ways of the Force?"

"Fantastic…." I grumble.

"None of that…you and Chris are linked, so this is nothing for you to turn your nose up too…" Alice growls over the phone.

"Alice, she has every right to be cross…we looked without her permission." Bella growls in my defense.
"Ana was too loud to ignore...I knew Ella was always going to elope and that was the reason why I spent so much time asking Angel what her dream wedding would be. She wanted it designed with Hope in mind and she loves Frozen." Alice countered in her defense then revealed her ultimate goal. "Now as for what you're steamed at Chris about, well, he's done it all of your life so you might as well grit your teeth and just roll with it. Bella has to whenever Edward goes on a guilt phase, as it is when he sees your new ocean cruiser he's gonna be sulking for one. This time it was a Grandfather, father, and son project, so accept your new mini-ocean liner for what it is."

I roll my eyes as the lecture continues for another fifteen minutes "Fine. I'll apologize…it's not like I didn't get him his dream for Christmas…” I mutter under my breath.

"Well, yes, and no…45% is a start until he gets his feet wet...but if it makes him happy to think that Edward gave him half let him think it…” Bella finally chimed in.

"Let's leave that bit out until after he reads the fine print…” I bite my lip.

"Well, you turned on the water works and that's why he caved and added the Mariners too. He couldn't steel himself against the mirror image of me in tears and would have given you half interest in each if Ros hadn't winked at you on the screen when she thought that he wasn't looking. Near to impossible because Edward is always aware of everything around him." Bella gave me some sage advice.

"It wasn't planned, not really. I was running on zero sleep. Alex refused to go down for more than two hours at a time. He wanted me and only me not Chris and would howl if he tried to take his turn tending to him with his bottle, so he was focused on the girls and had crashed hard from over doing it being on his leg. Ros called me to join her on Skype. I looked like death warmed over and there was everyone at the conference table while I was in Chris's Harvard rowing team sweatshirt, sweats, with a rat's nest messy bun on top of my head. Not to mention that I had god knows what on me from dealing with my endless night up with Alex. Tears were a given at that point…I barely followed what was going on until I heard Ros mention the two teams and that made me cry even harder because Chris was finally going to be able to fulfil a dream of his and that we were able to seal the deal by Christmas was the icing on the cake. Ros winking at me was just her signaling me that Chris had no clue what we were up to and nothing more."

"Edward seriously thought it was planned when she winked at you…I can see if he'll change his mind…though the recipes more than anything sealed the deal to forty five. My man has a major sweet tooth when it comes to peanut butter anything."

"No this is more than enough for the time being…we'll leave how he earns the five percent up to the two of them…Holy Skittles..." My eyes drift towards the windows and my view of the Sound and I can clearly see the Anastasia Rose heading for our cove and it is like one of those super yachts! Charlie can easily land on it with no problem.

"Yes, it is something to behold when you first see it coming into dock…” Ella had been texting Adam this entire time and paused to see what I was looking at.

"Ana? Do you think it will make a big enough reception venue or will we need the tents as well?"

"Uh, what, yeah, I would say that it can handle a reception…tents…weather depending…it's entering the cove…did they dredge it while I was a walking zombie…I know that this house is virtually sound proof, but I would have noticed them putting in that new dock…then again I haven't paid any mind to the boathouse or cove in weeks...it's gotta be over 300ft…it's got a pad for Charlie Tango…it's blue with grey just like our eyes…we might have to keep it at Steele Marina…That's
gonna take at least twelve maybe twenty to crew it...then again all the family are sailors so maybe not..." I still can't believe my eyes, as I watch Jason, Logan, and Luke run out to greet them as they pull to a stop.

"Ella, send me a video or photos of it so that I can get an idea..." Alice isn't getting anything coherent from me, so she's turned her focus on Ella.

"Already sending what I have from her maiden voyage and also what has my daughter stupefied." Ella is literally holding me up, because I don't think that my legs can hold me right now. I'm stunned that what you usually find in warmer climates is docked in my cove, only this one was designed to handle the Sound and the waters where we live.

"Alice! Hide that from...crap...too late...looks like Ray's gonna be building another super yacht..." Bella grumbles in defeat.

I can hear Edward drooling in the background over what Ella sent Alice.

"That's not his, Lion! That's Ana's from Chris, Teddy, and her Dad...no I don't think it's her push present either!"

"Um, that's an I-8. No this was his sorry I'm walking in Mommy's shoes playing agent to catch the bad guys but I can't tell you anything apology, as well as a father son bonding thing. That takes all the fun out of sailing which I love that's taking the easy way out. I would have loved a slightly bigger version of the Grace but they put their hearts into the Anastasia Rose and it's breathtaking to look at even from a far but the size is gonna take some getting use to."

"Seriously! Men and their toys! A car! You nearly die having them and he gets you a car instead of something sparkly?!" Uh, oh, Bella's on a tear.

"Bella, some of us enjoy fast cars." I can hear Alice shoot back. Then I think that Edward is telling her about the garage and that half of them are mine.

"The love for all things fast is something that Chris and I both share as well as the love of martial arts, flying, and sailing. I got him a Tesla for Christmas. Bella, he's getting me something sparkly too that he and Teddy both designed for me. I just don't know how to break it too him that when I said half of the teams it's really..."

"No, it's fifty/fifty. You had to go tend to the triplets before we signed and seeing as you did sweeten the deal literally I agreed to equal partners. Silent but equal, but I don't hold out that he'll be silent for very long. If anything that gave him incentive to heal even faster. Congratulations to you and Marcus, Ella. May this new journey bring you a fulfilling and happy life. I take it that the fireworks that Alice has ordered for New Years Eve pertain to celebrating your marriage. Question, if you eloped then whose getting married on Christmas Eve?" Edward gives me fantastic news and then gets curious about why the wedding is still on.

"Adam is surprising Angel with her dream wedding with both her and Hope in mind..." I answer absently as I try and wrap my head around the mini-cruise ship moored in my cove. It could eat The Grace for a snack. It's too big to stay here. It has to go back to Daddy's marina. We have toddlers. Curious toddlers. Brilliant baby geniuses and that is too much of a shiny new toy for them to resist.

"Welch? Adam Welch? Dressed like a Disney prince..." Edward clears his throat, as he tries to wrap his mind around badass strikes fear in the hearts of men Adam Michael Welch. Black Ops Commander for the most dangerous missions that to this day he can't say a word about is throwing a Disney Frozen Enchanted Wedding for his girls. It is hard to fathom, even for me, but its happening.
"White Tux, ice blue tie, vest, no cumberbun…He put his foot down about dressing the part…” I can hear Alice muttering darkly. "But he'll do anything to make this special for Angel. It's by chance and happenstance that my new line of bridal gowns just happens to have something exactly like she wanted…"

I hear snorts of yeah, right from Edward followed by ripe swearing after it's clear that she retaliated in kind.

"Children behave! I'm on the phone! Trying to calm Ana down enough so she doesn't scuttle her present in the sound!" Bella hisses and grumbles and distinct growls of promised retaliation are heard from Edward followed by a gruff sorry about that.

"Daddy! Really! The twins are within hearing distance!" I think Rory is growling at him now.

"Daddy! Naughty step!" I hear Dromi order her daddy for swearing. "You say naughty words!"

More mutterings as he goes off to sit down on the naughty step.

"Auntie Alice hit Daddy! Go step too!" Mason orders Alice.

"When shall I expect the chaos to arrive?" I wait until Alice has left hearing distance.

"It's not epic! It's a small family and friends affair! Chaos is not what I do! I create magical unforgettable events!" Alice calls haughtily back and I thought that Teddy and Hope had ears of a bat!? "I'm adding fireworks now for that comment! I already have the permits and cleared it with your Taylor just in case! Don't insult my brilliance because your man went crazy designing your new family cruise ship!"

"Sorry, Alice! I'm not having a good day! Teddy is on strike with the whole formal wear thing and is even going to change the dress code when he takes over his daddy's job to casual Friday everyday! Then Chris, well, Teddy sprang their surprise on me and it went downhill from there." I apologize into the phone.

"Ana?" Angel softly knocks on the door.

Crap!

"Email me all the details! Gotta go! Elsa is knocking on the library door! Love to the family…” I don't even wait for them to respond, as I end the call.

Ella walks over and opens the door. "Come in. We can enjoy the tea and cake that you've brought us while the boys fawn over the family boat." She smiles warmly at Angel.

"They can fawn all they want it's going back to Daddy's marina." I glare out at the eyesore in my cove. "It's just too stereotypical for me and we swore that we wouldn't follow along with what's expected of the super rich, it's not who we are. I know that I haven't even stepped aboard yet and that I'm passing judgement, but that's a big decision out there. My kids are going to go out in that and I had no say in it at all. That's not okay with me. Yes, I got him his teams, but it's something that he's wanted all of his life and that's fact. I love to sail. The challenge of it, not having a huge crew to pander to my every whim. Where is the privacy in that? The sharks will be able to spot us anywhere when we're out in it. We can't take it out by ourselves it's too big."

"Aren't nearly everybody in the family sailors?" Angel asks, as she pours us our tea.

"Yes, we are but we'd all have to take refresher courses to pilot that eyesore…"
"Ana, be nice. That's a work of art and you're just sulking because he chose that instead of designing a larger cat or sailboat. Chris never does anything halfway and I am more than certain that he and the boys have already re-schooled themselves on how to pilot it." Ella chides me and I roll my eyes.

"Fine. It's pretty … six decks my ass try ten… it's got a crazy slide more than one meaning a pool big enough to splash into… I'm gonna rename it Overmuch or Overboard." I huff and sulk over to throw myself on my lounge.

"Think of it this way. We'll be comfortable when they drag us all off with them to go fishing. We can take the kids out to see the whales and dolphins or we can use it to escape when we need it."

"Ana, you really have no choice. Teddy helped design it and if you don't show that you love it then he's going to never wish to try his hand at designing anything ever again." Ella goes straight for the jugular, meaning my sulking is over.

"I'll graciously accept it on behalf of the entire family, because I don't want to hurt my baby's feelings. It still can't stay here as it's main berth. I like my view of my cove and it's blocking it." I take a few deep calming breaths and settle myself again, before having to leave my sanctuary.

"It'll be a lovely venue for my surprise wedding to Adam." Angel winked at us.

"How? I didn't even know…” I gasp.

"Sweetie, I'm not as sleep deprived and Ella would never in a million years agree to a Disney Frozen themed wedding. Alice grilled me for half the day and sends me daily emails with examples and text. There's a barge out on the sound and New Years is weeks away. Adam's been asking me odd questions too." Angel grins.

"Bachelorette or not?" I arch a brow, relieved that she's in the know. My poor brain couldn't handle having to keep secrets right now.

"Slumber party. It makes it easier and party girl isn't me. The guys can bunk on Overindulgence outside."

"Overindulgence? Perfect name for it." I grin. "We'll make it a Slumber party shower."

"Mom!" Mia's shout echoes through the house. "You did it again!"

"Here we go again?" I roll my eyes.

"It's her fault. She threw a snit about Marcus, so they decided to elope instead." Angel growls, eyes narrowing to slits. Ella is like her momma too so Mia is in her bad books.

"We'll have a blessing on New Years Eve during our reception and she'll have to be satisfied with that." Ella doesn't pander to Princess Mia like Carrick and Grace or any of the parentals. She's firm with her and doesn't indulge any of her tantrums. Mia's not use to that and has been sulking for weeks.

"Mom!" The door to my sanctuary bursts open and Mia stalks inside, well, as much as you can when you're nearly full term. "How could you!"

"Amelia Ella, you will lower your tone and speak civilly to me…” Ella stands tall and fierce, glowering back at her.

"Damn it! Mia the babies are sleeping…” I hiss at her.
Howls can be heard coming from the kitchen. She woke my babies!

"I don't barge into yours or Kate's places without knocking first, but do any of you extend us that courtesy?! No! You treat this place like it's the Family Gathering center! Well, no more! You woke my babies with your unnecessary and childish tantrum! It's your fault that they decided to elope! You threw a tantrum because the two of them had the audacity to actually have a relationship for years, Mia! Years! As in before you and Chris were even an idea they knew each other! He was there when you were born! Has watched over you all of your life, but isn't worthy of marrying his soulmate, your mother, because you don't want to share her! That's pathetic! Everything isn't always about you Amelia and finally you have parents who are immune to the Princess Mia effect! Marcus never indulged you and warned them that indulging your every whim was gonna damage your perception of reality in the future! Life does not revolve around you and you alone! Get over it!" I stalk over and finally vent out years of frustration towards my big sister/best friend. "I love you, big sister, but you're on your second baby now, so it's time to face the hard truth and grow up!" With that I head out to go soothe my babies with Angel on my heels.

"I'm getting married here on Christmas Eve, not Ella. You should count yourself blessed that you have so many people who love you. Instead of taking it all for granted." Angel hisses at her.

That did it. Mia's bawling now and in her mother's arms. "I'm sorry…!"

We leave them to it and head to go soothe my babies.

cpov

"Ray, she's beyond not happy. I knew I should have kept with my original idea of designing a new cat or even a sailing yacht." I ease myself down onto the couch in my study. But what I really want to do is pace and pull my hair out.

"She'll get over it. All of you are licensed to pilot ships way larger than that beauty." Ray doesn't seem to understand the fury that is coming in waves from inside this house.

"We're talking total freeze out! Like when she was carrying Teddy and nothing fit and she thought that my trying to help her by picking her out something to wear so we wouldn't be late was calling her fat! That's how pissed she is about that outside!" I bury my face in my hands.

"Son, she's just in shock is all." Ray put a reassuring hand on my shoulder and takes a seat in one of the leather easy chairs across from me. "She'll change her tune as soon as she gets a feel of her out in the open ocean."

"It lasted for months and this is in her eyes ten times worse than that! Worse yet I was so panicked by her reaction that I miss counted the number of decks by four, not to mention I downsized her actual length by a lot, so she'll think that I was just trying to soothe her ruffled feathers by lying about the actual size! She's still pissed as hell at me for walking in my mom's shoes!" I'm near tears at this point. My casts will be off before she lets me touch her again! Hell, it might be summer! I'll go out of my mind!

"The safety issues with the kids alone made designing a new Cat or sailing Yacht a nonissue. She can sulk all she wants, but sailing with babies and toddlers is not in the cards right now." Ray just doesn't get it and I take a throw pillow and cover my face with it. "My crew is working on a new Cat design, but it's gonna take time."

"She's not gonna let it moor here that's a given. She's taking up her view of our cove…" I grumble
from under the pillow. "And naming it after her, well, that's made her even worse…She's gonna name it something sarcastic so I never do this again without giving her a heads up or a say."

"Son, it's not like she's not use to you showering her with extravagant gifts. It's your MO. That beauty outside isn't any different than giving her the I-8 or a Maserati." Ray still sees Ana as his baby girl and not the grown independent woman that she's become.

"Both of those were things that she wanted that beauty outside isn't."

"Chris, Ana's baking up a storm. She sent Ryan after Coldstone and we're talking the special order from last time! You are in the pound, baby brother." Logan saunters in and plops down in another leather easy chair while chowing down on a plate of fudge and cookies. "That'll make it what six months if that when she lets you touch her again. Sucks to be you. I thought that she'd lose it when she found out about her namesake. The others thought she'd just let it go as one of your quirks. I won the pot in the betting pool."

"See!" I gingerly roll onto my stomach and scream in frustration into the pillow.

"It's not surprising that she's pissed. The two of you made a pact not to emulate the super rich when you were teens and that little brother screams money. It's also a major target and there is no way in hell that it's being moored here like the Grace."

"She's got her own special berth at Steele Marina, which will be her home when not in use…" Ray sounds like he wants to box Logan's ears.

"Ray, she's a beauty, but keeping her here fulltime is like sending a beacon. Not happening." He waves a reindeer cookie at him then bites into it. "Besides, Ana will scuttle her if she has to stare at it instead of the tranquility of her cove. That's fact." Logan is one of the few that Ray can't intimidate.

"I'm gonna ask Mom and Marcus if they'll let me build a boat house for her at Walker Crossing. Marcus loves her and so does Mom, so she'll still have a home nearby just not within view of Ana." I moan in misery. "This was not suppose to happen. I was gonna break it to her gently. Test the waters, but Teddy submarined that plan right out of the water."

"She still would have gone ape shit, baby brother. The only difference being that she'd have tossed you off in the middle of the sound and left you to swim home."

"Not with the kids and family for witnesses…" I mutter.

"Either way you would have been screwed, because that beauty outside doesn't have a mast to be found. Well, that and you were so guilt ridden that you went out of your mind designing her."

"More like keeping his mind off what he couldn't have…" Ray snickered.

"Six months and counting…not going there…" I snarl.

"Shit, baby bro, keeping yourself busy sentenced you to hell with no reprieve in sight."

"I know…I know…just leave me to my misery…" I just want to curl up and cry for a while without an audience.

"Hang in there, son. I'll take the heat…" Ray finally gets it.

"Not happening, Ray." I poke my head out from the pillows and shoot him a pathetic, pained look. "You're on her shit list too. She's gonna freeze out anything male that isn't a child. Logan's clear he
wasn't even in the know. Everyone else is fair game."

"She's Daddy's girl…" Ray gets up.

"That was before her Daddy showed her husband, meaning me, plans for a super yacht instead of trying to design a safer cat or even a sailing yacht instead."

"Teddy's eyes lit up like Christmas when he saw the model boat…"

"Yeah, Ray, but it's not like we can blame this on my then two year-old son! She'd roast my balls in the broiler and have them for dinner if I even suggested that the reason she didn't get her sail boat is because her son went crazy over the beauty outside with the water slides! Then you showed him the computer model with all of the bells and whistles. A ball pit in the playroom? Seriously, what were you channeling when you came up with the play area nirvana for the kids? Chucky Cheese?!" I sit up to glower accusingly at him.

"TJ helped in the designing the recreational deck for the kids…"

"Well, that explains the arcade and gaming room on that level and the movie theater can't for get that." Logan snarks.

"There's a spa for the wives to enjoy. Annie's got a library to get lost in. Gail's got a kitchen to worship. Water toys for everyone to play on. A helipad for Charlie Tango. She's got everything and she's teeming with Green technology. There is nothing not to love about her." Ray defends his pride and joy.

"It fits the name Ana wants to rename her. Overindulgence. The only sailing craft that she'll allow to carry her name has to have sails on it. It's better than the other two in the running Overmuch or Overboard. I got that much before she froze me out." I go back to burying my face in the pillows of my couch.

"It's the Annie Rose and I'm going to go have a chat with my baby girl." Ray heads out of my study. He'll learn the hard way. Then again he's just as stubborn as his daughter.

"Hang in there, baby brother. She'll forgive you eventually." Logan gets up and leaves me to wallow in my misery.

Teddy comes racing in and carefully climbs up onto my back and then snuggles in. "Don't worry, Daddy. I still love you."

I gingerly reach behind me and roll so that I'm laying on my back with Teddy snuggled up against my chest. "Thanks, Teddy bear." I kiss the top of his head.

"I'll share my presents if Santa doesn't get you any…" He yawns, snuggling closer. "I'll sneak you sweets too, cos Mommy told GG that you're banned…but even Daddy's need sweets…"

"Thanks, buddy." I close my eyes and soak in the medicine that is my Teddy. We settle off to an afternoon snooze.

Chapter End Notes

Not really planning on doing the Wedding or Blessing just not feeling going into that
much detail. Just had to get this one written, so that I can focus on the next chapter. Where a favor for a family member goes seriously awry…
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

A/N: Little bit of a time jump…believe it or not it's the calm before the storm…Had to revise a little bit on when they got married the second time. Valentines day seemed so cliché and wouldn’t work with their class load. So I changed it to March 21 during their Spring Break recess.

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don't do Cannon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it…you have been warned ^^) own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine

Cpov

It's been six weeks since Ana stopped talking to me unless we're in the presence of the kids, but when we're alone nothing. Not just me either, practically every male who crows about the now named Overindulgence is enemy number one.

Ana's quirky that way she doesn't ignore you or treat you like you have a contagious disease. Nor am I banished from our bed, not that anything beyond spooning is allowed, but then we can't sleep apart. It's been that way since forever. I was making progress and was allowed to kiss her on the forehead, cheek, or hold her hand...

That was until she was going through her personal email account and clicked on a disturbing piece of correspondence, containing hours of footage of myself in my covert role, that one of the Black Lotus’s lawyers sent stating that she had a right to know that her husband had strayed while she was at home pregnant and tending to our son. Had I not confided everything to her then this would have been marriage ending material, but they didn't know that critical detail and the fact that they had even sent it was a career ending/financially crippling offence/not to mention a guaranteed ticket to Federal prison.

Six weeks is my limit and like it or not the Overindulgence isn't going anywhere and is here to stay. I'm also fully healed and the guys are getting tired of either me or Ana beating the tar out of them during either of our daily workout venting sessions. The tenth trip to Seattle Grace was their limit. We're all going out on the new eyesore for a weekend of fishing for us men and relaxation for our ladies. The kids will have more than enough things to occupy them and she has no choice.

Ana throws her notepad at me and hits me in my face. "You are going. It's a done deal, Anastasia." I grit my teeth and count to ten after reading the colorful response to our family weekend trip.

To say that she's pissed is an understatement and the colorful language in several different dialects stating for me to Fuck off! Makes it abundantly clear. I should count myself lucky that it wasn't her Tablet.

"If you're gonna act like a Toddler like you've been doing for six fucking weeks then I'll treat you like one! You can keep up the silent treatment on the boat!" I toss it back at her.
She catches it and writes furiously across the pages, her brow furrowed into that V that she gets when she's pissed. If she looked at me her eyes would match the four carat sapphire engagement ring on her finger.

"You aren't staying here by yourself. No security. Not even the pets as they off to be pampered at a posh pet spa for the weekend. I don't even care if you can kick every one in our security forces ass or out shoot them! It's a family weekend and you are going!" I use my alpha don't push me voice and I catch the flying notepad before it can hit me between the eyes.

Not this time, baby!

I read passed the profanity and what she will do to a treasured part of my anatomy if I try to carry her there by force and see that she's already made plans with Bella for the weekend. Where she's going is none of my fucking business. If I can go off and play James Bond all the while watching Live Kinky Dark Adult entertainment then she can fucking go where she wants, when she wants, with whomever she wants. I have no say, because we're not a team anymore and that eyesore out there proves it. It's not the Christian show it's supposed to be the Ana and Christian take on the world together.

Her words stab me like a thousand knives. She's not even close to forgiving me if ever and it's not just about the boat. She's feeling like I cheated on her by going undercover for the feds. She doesn't trust me anymore that's clear.

"I agreed to help the Feds in order to insure that our kids would have a safer world to live in. I saw those broken kids and wanted to put an end to it anyway that I could. I had the means. The power. The influence that they didn't. I was playing a role. That wasn't me and yes Ana I would do it again if it meant taking them down to protect the innocents that they were preying on. You were lucky that our big brothers and sister were there to get you out of the trap that they were trying to ensnare you and the girls with that summer day when you were teens. I haven't lied about any of that it just brings it all home seeing it with your own eyes. Every second of that disgusted me, but I promised to help bring them all down and that's what I did. You were under strict doctor's orders to avoid any and all stressful situations, so there was no way that I could have confided any of it to you. It had nothing to do with not trusting you either, it was a classified operation and I couldn't have legally talked to you or anyone not on the taskforce."

"If you didn't feel like you were betraying me then tell me why we have that outside in our cove? It screams guilt to me." Ana mutters under her breath, but after six weeks of nothing. I'll take her mutters any day. This is progress.

"You want full disclosure well here goes." I want her to trust me again, so I give her the honest to goodness truth about how the Overindulgence came to be. "I walked in Ray's office with every intention of coming up with a new design for a catamaran or even a sailing yacht. Teddy saw the model on Ray's desk and was hooked the second he saw that you can put a crazy waterslide on a boat and it spiraled from there into what's moored outside."

"Teddy?" Ana folds her arms and narrows her eyes at me. "Really, Christian?"

I get down on my knees and beg her to believe me, giving her my wounded look. "I swear! I am not throwing our son under the bus, Ana! He saw it and nothing else would compare. Ray showed him the design on the computer and it even had a ball pit in the play area and that was that!"

"Teddy does have an obsession with jumping into ball pits…" Ana kneels down in front of me and cups my face with her hands. "I'm trying to warm up to it…now that I know that it's Teddy's dream outside it might make it easier…this weekend was the Publishers Conference in New York…"

"It's just that I've never missed one since GP's conception…" She stares into my eyes with her soulful baby blues. Nope. Not happening.

"Ros is handling GEH. Hannah is handling GP while we focus on Teddy and the babies. Family time. Remember." I will not crumble to that look.

"More like healing time, but yes I remember…" She rolls her eyes and lets out an exasperated huff. "You're still wearing those braces, Chris. How are you going to enjoy fishing if you can't join in with the guys?"

"I've taught myself to be ambidextrous…” I shrug. She doesn't have a clue that at this point the braces are just for show or support and I'm not about to correct her on that yet.

"Well, then have a lovely time fishing…"

"We'll take The Grace. Just you and me while the others watch the kids." Hey, I don't have to go fishing and she's talking to me again. Gotta work with what you have to maybe move on to actually being able to cuddle or kiss my own wife again.

"Bella and I are gonna take advantage of the quiet this weekend. She's working on the final draft of her next book and I'm gonna proof it for her. I just want Zen for a while and getting to read her next best seller is just that for me. We'll be fine here go enjoy your new toy with the rest of the family." I stare intently into her eyes for a minute or two and wait for any sign that she's lying about her plans with Bella this weekend and there are no signs of her usual tells.

“Fine, baby, you win, but it’s you and me Valentine’s Weekend on The Grace.” My compromise earns me my first hug by my baby in six weeks and it feels like heaven to gather her into my arms and hold her close again when she’s not dead to the world sleeping in our bed.

“Are you sure they always throw a party to take the heat off all you guys on Valentines Day and so that those who are single don’t feel left out. Our fifth anniversary is also coming up on March 21. Knowing our Moms it’ll be a surprise renewal ceremony. They still want the big show.” She snuggles her face contently into my shoulder and I kiss the top of her head.

“Till I test the waters this weekend about my plan to sweep you off for a romantic Valentine’s weekend on The Grace, even if we have to wait till after the party. It’s gonna be you and me. Alone. No kids. No family. Just Chris and Ana. Finding each other again.” I nearly purr when she wraps her arms around me so that we are flush against each other and dives her fingers into my hair. This is nirvana. I can feel her letting me in again and it’s like this suffocating weight has been lifted off my shoulders and I can breathe again.

"They have Alice now, so anything and everything is possible, and she loves any excuse to throw sensational parties. Technically we'll be married six years next Halloween as we got married in 2009 not 2010, but our parents were never the wiser. Our big brothers and sister not so much as they were our shadows, but our parents to this day think that we said our I do's on our beach in Bora Bora. It wasn't what everyone had planned, but all who mattered were there and it's not like they didn't enjoy fun in the sun on the island escape that you bought us." Ana giggles, eyes shining happily into mine for the first time in weeks. God have I missed her giggle.

"We'd hit the billion dollar mark. GEH was thriving, Ros was manning the helm while we busted our asses towards our goal to graduate in three years, GEH/GP, and squeezing in us time. We had
just acquired our jet…” I kissed her nose.

"We were trying to kill ourselves by trying to do it all at once. Our class load was murder, so when Elliot begged Ros to let him have the plane so that he could take it to Vegas with the guys, we all jumped at the chance for a weekend of downtime. Our mother's would cringe if they ever saw our real wedding photo seeing as we were all dressed like zombies."

"Yeah, but at least we fit the part while the others were zombie iconic characters and they have seen them. They just don't know that they're looking at a real event. It was fun and spontaneous…” I'm this close to kissing her when someone pounds on our master suite doors.

"We're growing old here, Chris!” Elliot whines.

"The Sound is calling, man!” Luke echoes.

"Edward's here with Bella and the twins. The rest of their brood is off visiting family in the UK. Dromi wanted to see Hope. Mason wanted to see Teddy. Their coming with, but Bella's staying here with Ana?” Logan isn't happy.

"What's with that when we're taking everyone with us?” Elliot growls.

Ana wriggles out of my arms and I feel like strangling my big brothers. She stalks over to our doors and throws them open. Three men come sprawling face first onto our floor at her feet. "I'm not going in Teddy's real-life tub toy! Bella and I are gonna stay here and you're going fishing! I'm a big girl with extreme Lara Croft envy! I'll be fine! I've been kicking your asses for weeks and you have the medical bills to prove it! I wish to read her latest masterpiece and help proof it for her! I'll be working on my book and will finally be able to finish the rough draft this weekend! I know that this was an intervention because John was invited along…” She's spitting mad at Logan. Better him than me!

"Baby sis, the whole point of a family weekend is to enjoy it as a family. Teddy…” Luke narrows his eyes at her.

"Knows that I'm not going and I've more than stocked the freezer with my milk for the girls and there's plenty of formula for Alex. Gail's stocked their nursery on the boat with every baby need. Teddy's loaded down with his must haves. So unless there is a code red threat that I'm not aware of I'm staying home with Bella relaxing and working on our books.” Ana stares him down.

"Enough!” I vault up to my feet and stalk over to stand beside Ana. "Ana's staying home with the drawbridge up! We talked! I'm fine with it! I'd rather she be happy and content here working on her book then miserable on the Overindulgence with all of us! She's still reeling over your extreme Fuckup, but we're not going there because believe you me Logan if you Barney and Adam weren't my brothers your asses would have been blacklisted from here to eternity and back again for not catching that email before it got to my wife's private account! That they could even gain access to her private Fucking account is a clusterfuck in itself! I'm tempted to let TJ and Chloe take the reins! You're all getting rusty!” I vent out all of my frustration over the past week on Logan.

"Barney, Carrie, hell, nearly all of their team and mine were out battling off the stomach flu that's been running wild all over Seattle. Yeah, it was a clusterfuck, but we got more bad guys because of it! Baby sis, needs to get over it! You are too much of a pussy to put your foot down with her! She was in the know! Full and complete disclosure about your team up with the agency! Dad was with you the whole time! Ella was watching your ass from across the pond! She needs to get over her insecurities about something that saved countless lives! Hell, saved my ass and Ella's too when it comes down to it! He wasn't doing it to get his rocks off! He was doing it to help take down the bad
guys! And as for you sulking for weeks over a fucking ship that your son, husband, and dad built so that you're kids could safely go out and enjoy the water with you and Chris, well, that's just plain bitchy! Get over it you're channeling Mia!" Logan roars back.

"It's a fucking floating Chuck E Cheese/Gameworks with a spa and hotel thrown in just for kicks and giggles! Screw that it's a Cruise ship only miniature size! Yes, I will eventually give in and except it, but that won't be until it gets nice and warm again! And Logan! You're only bitching because Sam's in New York with Hanah at the Symposium and you're a newly wed and miss her! Elliot just wants a distraction to keep his mind off what he can't have! Luke's pouting because Hanah's not here! Roar at me until you're blue in the face! I am not going! Love you, Christian! See you on Monday!" Ana shoves them out of her way and stalks out of our room.

I glower at them "Keep one eye open, boys, because it's coming when you least fucking expect it!"

"Bella! I'll be in my library!" Her voice echoes throughout the house.

"Payback will be mine! Let's get this fucking weekend over with!" I stalk out of our suite and head down the hallway to the stairs.

"Chris! You aren't gimping! What gives?!" Elliot notices the obvious. He's still in a cast. Kate re-broke his hand when she was in labor with EJ.

I ignore him and stalk down the stairs. I am so gonna throw them all off the ship the second we hit open water and they can fucking swim back to shore!
Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

A/N: Um…Bella is this your manuscript or Edward's journal? How will Ana react to that much Need to Know information? Read and find out it may just surprise you…This is just leading to the worst day ever! Oh, so much fun… ^^

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don't do Cannon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it…you have been warned ^^) own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine

Ana

They've finally gone and I feel zero guilt that I've ditched my family for the weekend. I'd already reasoned with Teddy and cuddled and fed my babies before Chris had gone all Alpha male on me. Bella's fixing us a pitcher of yummy Sangria while I happily fix us a Mexican feast to munch on while we work.

"This is Carmen's specialty, but I'm going easy on the amounts of liquor and wine in this and going more with fruit and orange juice. I've seen this knock members of my family flat on their ass and that's not what we're going for. We want mellow. Relaxation. Not drunk out of our minds." Bella adds the sliced fruit to the pitcher.

"Chris and I aren't really drinkers. The occasional glass of wine with dinner, but we've never been that crazy about getting blackout drunk unlike other members of our family who have no problem indulging." I put our enchiladas in the oven to bake. Then start on the nachos.

"I'll really go easy on the liquor then…" Bella's stirring her concoction.

"So, how does Edward feel about you continuing the Singer series using the male protagonist point of view? It doesn't take a genius to clue in that you're drawing from both of your lives. Did he have a journal or something for you to go by?" I have her laptop on the counter and am reading while I'm cooking.

Bella sets a tall glass of her creation beside me and starts in on making the tostadas. "He's been keeping a journal since he was a boy and has reluctantly allowed me to use his thoughts in Tony's point of view of the series."

I take a healthy sip and try to wrap my mind around what I'm reading. This isn't her manuscript more like the digitized version of his actual journal. Her book was based on fiction right? I mean that's all myth and lore not reality. Isn't it? What I'm reading says otherwise. Her blood sang to him. He was willing to take out an entire classroom of students…I down the glass and reach over to pour me another one, as I fast forward to the recue with the truck and the entire hospital scene. Carlisle?! No way! I go forward even more and what the fuck! Esme?! Rose and Jazz were gonna do what?! Well, at least Alice and Emmett weren't on team take out Bella she knows too much! This is fantastic! I reach for my glass again. I go back to where I skipped forward my eyes glued to the screen. You can't make this stuff up! Fuck we really are walking around in the fucking mist! Like in Percy
Jackson's or Harry Potter's worlds. Hell, does this mean that the Wizarding World actually exists too?! The thought is mind-blowing. Hope can see right through it no wonder they were freaking out that day!

Bella stares at me in alarm when I down half of my second glass and nearly miss pouring the cheese over the platter of nachos. "Ana? You've drowned the nachos and the taco meat is all over your feet. Is everything okay?"

I down the rest of my glass and then reach over to pour me another which I immediately down half of as I continue to read. This stuff is fantastic! Jasper was off the chain and Alice was firmly yet gently holding his leash, because they have a bond like Chris and I do! I was rereading the whole thing having to endure High School on rewind for decades would be like a living hell and to be able to hear everyone's thoughts even worse. He couldn't hear her? Unreal and she's his soulmate too! I was so glued to what I was reading that I didn't even notice that the Sangria had changed to tall glasses of ice water and I'm munching on soggy nachos.

Bella walks over to look over my shoulder and gasps in alarm. "Oh crap! I opened the wrong document!"

"Who the fuck cares this is fantastic!" I shove more soggy chips into my mouth.

"You aren't even the least bit terrified right now?" Bella leans over to look at me.

"Why? You're the good guys, right? You're like my big sis and we've been friends for years! We're cousins! This doesn't change anything. Chris already suspects and your twins are little chatter boxes just like my Teddy and Teddy has a memory like mine and Chris's he can't forget ever. Chris thinks that Edward cheats and always has using Jedi like mind tricks or hypnosis and he wasn't far off the mark. Try Vampire influence and mind reading. This is…I can't stop reading. Maybe it's in the bloodline to not let stuff like this freak us out. I love the supernatural always have this just makes me grin and wanna do a happy dance all around the kitchen." I turn around and give her a hug.

"You can hug me back, just don't break me." I snark and she give me a gentle hug.

"I haven't yet have I." She rolls her eyes and before I can blink she's got the enchiladas out of the oven and then like the Flash she's got everything filled and topped in less than two minutes. She's muttering to herself and my mind isn't sharp enough right now to focus on what she's saying, but I did get. She's fine. Just like I was. Chris knows.

I blow her a raspberry and then go back to reading. "Show off."

"After we get some food in you, we'll wait a little while, and then go for a run on the treadmill to sweat some of that Sangria out of you." She sets a plate beside me and some really strong tea.

I sniff it and my nose wrinkles. It's Gail's hangover prevention tea, but I'm not drunk just a little buzzed. I push it away.

"You've had nearly three tall glasses of Sangria. Indulge me, please and drink your tea." Bella slides it back towards me.

"Fine," I pout at her like Teddy when I force him to eat a veggie that he hates, but it's good for him. I steel myself and take a sip and shutter. This stuff is bitter and just yucky. "God, that's vile." I dig into my food, anything to mask the taste on my tongue. The screen in front of me blurs for a second or two, but I shake it off and focus.

"Did you at least eat breakfast and Lunch today?"
"I'm breast feeding my babies, so yes, I ate today." I snort, cross eyes and stick my tongue at her again.

"Eat and drink that or I take the laptop away." Bella growls, in her Mom voice.

"You're the one that put it in the Long Island Ice Tea glasses instead of a wine glass!" I hiss as I plug my nose and down the rest of the vile disgusting brew.

"I didn't think that you were going to chug it down like a guy sneaking milk or juice straight from the bottle or jug in the Frig!" She takes the laptop away and sets it on the other side of her on the breakfast bar. "Eat and drink some more water and I might let you have it back tonight."

"It tastes like Fruit Punch!" I grudgingly clean my plate and down another glass of water.

"That's what makes it so lethal. You can't taste the booze." She grabs our dirty plates and in record time my kitchen is spotless. Everything is put away.

Just watching her makes the room spin. I lay my head down on the cool marble of the breakfast bar and will everything to stop spinning. Maybe, I am a little more than buzzed.

Bella turns on the flat screen in the kitchen and there's a report of wide spread outbreak of the Norovirus in New York City. It seems to be hitting all over the country and it has Health Departments Scrambling to get control of the situation. "Aren't Hanah and Sam in New York this week for the Symposium?"

"Yeah, at the Marriot on Broadway. She and Clair were going to see Kinky Boots tonight. They've been taking in a new show every night this week." I sigh, the coolness feels good on my cheek.

"That's where the bulk of the people getting sick are...Something about it closing down Grey House NY...Schools...some really ritzy hotels in that area too..." I think she's reading the ticker.

I lift my head up and squint at the screen to get it into focus. Yep, more than buzzed. "Did you just say Grey House NY?" I try and get my mind to focus.

"That's what it said on the ticker." Bella frowns.

It takes a few tries, but I manage to unlock my phone. Houston St John runs our NY GEH branch and Austin his twin sister handles GP NY. Nothing shakes either of them nor do they get sick. Ros is in the Orient, not sure what country. Andrea is manning Grey House…I try and clear my mind, but it's all muddled and my eyes won't stay focused.

My phone rings and belts out Ros's ringtone, Sisters Are Doin' It for Themselves. I drop my phone, but Bella catches it and hits speaker for me. "Hi Big Sister, how's the Orient?"

"Ana, Hannah's down. Grey 2 is at JFK, so Andrea's booking you first class seats on a flight..."

"Wait, slow down, Hanah's what? I can't go anywhere I promised Chris that I'd stay home...First Class? Ros, everyone went fishing. Sam's in New York. I have no CPO..."

"Hanah's in the hospital and so is Claire with a severe case of the Norovirus, so she can't give the keynote tomorrow. You have to do it. Austin and Houston are down too. They're dropping like flies just like they were here all last month. GP is your baby. Chris will just have to suck it up and deal. What do you mean they all went fishing?"
"They took the Overindulgence out for the weekend. I'm here with Bella working on my book and proofing hers. That was the plan anyway…I'll need two first class tickets. See if you can find a flight where we can book the entire first-class section that way they won't lose their shit when they find out I flew commercial with no CPO."

"He's gonna lose it anyway. You have no choice GP has to be represented. You are the CEO. Maternity leave or not, there is no other way. Andrea will text you all the details. You've had your Flu shot so you should be covered. Check out a show while you're there. Safe flight."

"Stay safe and kick ass, big sis."

"You too, little sister." She hangs up.

"Well, that explains why Alice insisted that I pack heavy even for a weekend. She was firm on my packing extra shoes too?"

"Shoes?" Why would we need extra shoes?

"Don't ask me. I just roll with it." She shrugs.

I raise my brows.

"I'd offer up our jet, but it's in the UK. You've got me and you're as trained as any CPO. My guess is it's either gonna be Untied, American, or Alaskan. Text Andrea and tell her that she if she can't buy all the seating in any of the flights that we'll be fine. Alice also packed wigs and glasses for me to take. We'll put them on and no one will have a clue."

"Should I text Chris?" I chew nervously on my lip. We were just having the whole we're a team, trust talk, but this is business. I am GP it has nothing to do with Chris, well, he's my silent partner like I am with GEH, but we don't ever step on each others toes.

"Ros had a valid point. You are GP. Emergency trips happen all the time regardless if you're on maternity leave or not. You can't even tell that you had them nearly three months ago and you're back in fighting form." Bella shot that idea down immediately. "He's had to drop everything and fly half way around the world before right?"

"All the time until we had Teddy then only when he had to, now that we have the triplets too Ros handles the travel. Gwen goes with her whenever possible. The two of them love to travel. Not sure how Chris and Ros are gonna handle it after the surrogate delivers Ros and Gwen's baby. Houston maybe?" I give myself the sobriety test right there in our kitchen and I pass barely.

My phone pings and I race over to grab it on the counter and nearly sprawl face first. Bella easily catches me and steady's me on my feet. "Crap! I'm gonna have to hit the treadmill hard before we leave. Hopefully, I have time to sober up before the flight."

Bella looks at my phone. "It's eight now our flight takes off at midnight. She's sending a driver. She's got everything set for us. We're going as Rose Swan and Anastasia Steele?" She grins at me, wiggling her brows, and I giggle. "I've got ID to match that so I'm set. Jasper is always prepared for any and all situations. Everyone in the family has several ID's."

"I use Anastasia Steele when I'm traveling without Chris it's protocol and a Black Amex to match just in case…god forbid they lose our stuff…it is a commercial flight…anything can will and does often happen…first class or not…" I glance up at her after texting Andrea back. I hope it made sense.

My phone pings immediately afterwards with an alarmed Andrea's text. Holy shit balls, Anastasia
Rose are you sloshed?! That made zero sense! Can you even function enough to do this?! You can't get on a public flight buzzed out of your skull! Is Bella sober or are you both wasted!? :o

Andrea

Nope guess not. I text her back, my face three shades of red. Hopefully that one was better.

What were you thinking!? Almost three Long Island sized glasses of Sangria!! You're a light weight! Can you even walk a straight line!? You turn into a teenager when you drink! I need coherent CEO Ana not attitude Ana! :Andrea

I make a face at my phone and text her back that I'm just a little buzzed. It was mostly fruit juice and I can still walk a straight line as long as I don't run. Then ask if she texted Chris.

No, Ros told me not to. GP is yours. This is a GP matter and doesn't involve GEH. Hit the treadmill or the elliptical hard for an hour! I don't trust the Marriot with this bug going around so I've booked you and Bella at The Waldorf. William knows that you're coming and was chuckling that Chris had dropped the ball renovating Grey on the Park this winter. Though, he assures me that you and Bella will be in excellent hands. He was in a hurry because some movie is premiering tomorrow and the paps were circling like vultures for a shot. :Andrea

Paps! Shit! I rack my brain to think of any movie coming out soon, but I've been in baby mode for weeks. Nothing comes to mind. "Bella, we're booked at the Waldorf, but we might have a bottom feeder problem. A movie is being premiered and the stars are staying there."

Bella's eyes widen as something clicks in her head, but she says nothing. "It's fine. We're seasoned at handling the sharks."

I shoot her a dark 'what are you not telling me' look, as I text Andrea back asking if we need to check in first or go straight to the Symposium.

With the time difference you'll have to head straight to the Marriot and give your keynote. Mr. K is there. He's been appraised of the change in plans and will meet you in the lobby. The only areas effected so far by the virus have been the conference rooms where they're holding the seminars for the writers. They assured everyone that the keynotes were safe to continue. Still unsure about it though. -- :Andrea

Papa K is there too. That makes me feel a little better, seeing as I haven't any idea what's going on. I text her to email me everything that I need to know including my speech. Hopefully, Hanah had Clair copy it back to Andrea. If not I'll wing it.

Like you had to ask? Are you insinuating that I'm getting rusty? :P It's all there. I've even made you a new speech. Hitting on all the key areas and for whatever you're being honored for that Hanah was accepting on your behalf. Wear flats! Heels and drinking are an ER trip in the making! Love ya little Sis. Safe flight. 3 :Andrea

"It never ceases to amaze me how in February you can be rewarded with Innovator and Publisher of the year." I text her back. Thanking her. Promising her a Girl Day and then lock my phone.

Then it hits me. I have no clue if anything is gonna fit! And panic sets in, as I can't do a keynote unless I'm wearing my sapphire blue Channel Power suit. It's like my security blanket, as Chris gave that to me back when GP was still in it's infancy and I was still wet behind the ears and scared out of
my mind that I was gonna fail everyone who was counting on me to succeed. It's a classic and never goes out of style.

"What if nothing fits…?" I bit down on my lip.

"You look fabulous, Ana! Trust me everything will fit again!" She all but drags me back to my room and into my dressing area. "Strip! We'll take care of your nothing will fit attack first. Then focus on sobering you up, before we have to leave." She rifles through the rails and before I know it I'm all packed.

Everything fits if anything they fit better than ever before. My favorite suit is out. Bella thinks that skirts are so last season and pants show the men that it's the mind not the skin that's showing that counts. So the Armani pant suit is in and the Chanel is out. I'm sulking, but she told me that I'm passed needing a security blanket and need to be more confident in myself.

I hit the gym and sweat the junk out of my system. Down another shot of Gail's tea and then go get ready. Bella's making sure that the house is secure and erasing any and all CCTV footage of her showing off her enhanced skills. No need for Jason or anyone to have a coronary. It's not fair really. I'm a sweaty mess and she's fresh as a daisy. Hell, her sweat even smells like Shalimar. It's unreal.

When all is said and done and triple checked. We're ready just in time. I slip my Louis Vuitton flats into my carry on and stubbornly slip on my Louis Vuitton Ella's instead. I've had to run from the paps in these babies it should be fine. I don't even feel buzzed anymore, as we head out to the car that's taking us to Sea-Tac.

Here goes nothing. Deep down I just know that Chris is gonna go mental, but a girl's gotta do what she needs to for the good of her company. Part of me is feeling even more guilty for not texting Sam, but for all I know she might be in the hospital with Claire and Hanah.

Sam's POV

(JFK-the next morning)

If I ever have to come back to New York it'll be too soon! It's like god's been raining down his wrath since we touched down. The weather has been icy and bone chilling all week. Hanah and Claire were just asking for it by taking full advantage of their freedom and shows every night. It's almost a relief that they're miserable in the Hospital, because they'll stay put. Next time I take Logan, Sawyer, Ryan, and Reynolds!

I glower at the loiterers until they take the hint and scram. Scurrying away from the luggage claim area hoping to get a money shot, after flight attendants posted on twitter, Instagram, and Facebook the pics that they snapped of Ana and Bella. They're wearing pixie cuts and cats eye glasses of all things. Like that would work, the face remains the same. A face mind you that was just on Time Magazine's front page as Person of the year. I've already had words with their office here and the two ladies are in boiling hot water with their bosses. Well, that and I assured them that Mr. Grey could always use an Airline under the GEH umbrella and that when he saw those pics that they should brace for the wrath of Christian Grey.

I'm not here to collect my naughty little charges for not giving me the heads up on their arrival. Oh, no, I'm here to teach them a lesson. Step one. Taking the luggage out of the equation and seeing how these two independent sisters of mine deal with that without having any assistance.

Ana will make a mad dash for the Brownstone that they have here in New York, but that's under
renovation until late spring and everything has been safely put into storage. No help to be found there!

I check my watch. She needs to be at the Marriott in less than two hours. It's raining icy buckets. No driver I took care of that, so it'll be a cab. Uncle Murry is doing me a favor, so it's not really breaking any rules. They'll be safe and secure and I'll be shadowing behind them.

The conveyor finally roars to life and in a minute or so their luggage appears. I load it up on my trolley and head off to find the perfect spot to watch the show. Ana's gonna go nuclear and GEH will be acquiring an airline to their portfolio.

I'll make sure that she sees me, but then blend in just to keep her guessing. My wrath is gonna be nothing compared to the guys when they catch wind of their weekend adventure to New York. I get that she didn't have a choice, but she still should have informed me.

The passengers are arriving from the gate and sure enough here come my charges. Let the games begin.
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

A/N: Ever heard of Alexander and his very, very, bad day? Well, that's what is gonna happen to Ana and Bella in New York. ^~

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don't do Cannon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it…you have been warned ^^) own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine

Christian

Teddy is crawling all over me trying to wake me up. He crawled into bed with me last night, because he knows that I miss Ana. "Daddy, it won't stop making noise! It woke me up make it stop! There's pictures of Mommy and Aunt Bells too buts they got's short, short, hair like Tink and are wearing weird glasses like kitty eyes. They look like they're on a plane like on the TV. Not like ours. Why? Mommy said she was gonna write Nana Ella's story?"

"Slow down, buddy. Mommy's what?" I cuddle him against me and he snuggles in. Then it hits me and I'm wide awake. Plane. Ana. Bella. Pictures. Tink hair. Cat's eye glasses. No. She wouldn't not after flaming my ass about trust. Then again that's the ringtone for alerts with Ana in them.

He takes my phone from me and uses his little finger to call up one of the google hits. "See! That's Mommy and Aunt Bells. On a plane. With Pixie hair and weird glasses!" He shoves it right in my face. "Did Uncle Franco cut their hair?"

She's dressed in one of her 'CEO I am woman hear me roar' suits? They both are? Meaning, she lied to me in my face! New York without security? A commercial flight!? That better be a fucking wig!

I scroll through all the alerts. Why the hell is she drinking coffee? Ana detests coffee? We're they fucking drinking before they left? Her eyes sure show it! "Mommy's in big, big, trouble Teddy Bear. She lied to me." I growl

"Mommy doesn't lie, Daddy. Unless she got's good reason." Teddy stares solemnly up at me with his big grey eyes.

"Something must have happened to Hanah." He's right. Something's up. "I've got to go talk to your Uncles for a bit."

"I'm still sleepy, Daddy. I'm gonna go back to my bed. I'll be fine with the Grans and so will the babies. Go get Mommy." He crawls off the bed and sleepwalks back to his bunk.

I check my email. I knew that Grey House New York was down. Andrea and Ros keep me well informed. We're having it thoroughly cleaned while nearly half the staff are down with Noro. Hanah and Claire too? What the hell is going on in that City?! It's a germ cesspool and Ana's flown right into the middle of it. I read Andrea's email assuring me that she arranged for everything and that she
left plenty of time for her to sweat the Sangria out of her system before the driver came to collect them. What the hell? Ana doesn't drink? When she does its like dealing with a bratty teenager for days and she's giving the keynote today? This is a disaster in the making.

Good thing that I've got Charlie Tango with us, so much for a relaxing fishing weekend on the new boat. I say a silent pray to the powers that be to be kind to me today and then go to get dressed.

I take a quick shower. Dress for comfort. Jeans, jersey, leather jacket, and converse. I'll land back at the house. Grab what I need and then god help me fly commercial to New York. I have no plane. Edward's is across the pond. Grey 3 isn't ready, won't be until spring.

I grab my phone, wallet, and keys and head out of my room. I creep quietly through our common room as not to awaken sleeping little ones in their rooms and then walk outside onto the deck where the brothers and Edward are dressed and evidently waiting patiently for me to wake up. Wise move. Logan and Luke didn't like power swimming back to the boat after I followed through with my threat and tossed them off as soon as we hit open sea. We weren't really moving and it was on the lowest deck, besides they are Special Forces they've been through worse.

"Hanah…" Luke's pacing and running his fingers through his short cropped hair. "She and Claire were admitted to the hospital…"

"Sam's on the warpath, because baby sister didn't give her the heads up that she was going AWOL without security. She canceled the driver that Andrea ordered to take them to the Marriot. She threatened Alaskan airlines with a lawsuit, since their attendants took photos of Bella and Ana making them targets as soon as they left the plane. Pixie cuts and cat's eye glasses are trending on social media now, seeing as they were trying to go incognito by using their maiden names and failed epically. Instead it's all over the news that Anastasia Steele and Bella Swan both are in New York where the cast of Fifty Shades is premiering their Movie tonight. TMZ is crowing that your wives wanna see if Dornan holds a candle to the two of you, even though Ana and Bella are both publishers and the Publishers Symposium is being held downtown." Logan runs down what is turning into a day of PR hell.

"Damn it, Logan! This is no time for Sam to carry out her threat of teaching my baby a lesson!" He shoots me his not finished glare and I brace for the worst.

"Oh, she's doing it in spades." Logan takes a deep breath, several in fact, closes his eyes, and counts backwards from twenty?

Not ten? Oh, holy fucking shit! It can't be that bad can it?!

"Well, she was asking for it by not following protocol that's drilled into to her since forever! She has every right to be pissed at the two of them. Lethal weapon or not she is still a walking target! We always have our phones on us unless our location requires us to turn them off. Sam was at Mt Sinai watching over Claire and Hanah while getting checked out herself, but she still could have texted her regardless!" Luke's hanging in there by a thread. Hanah must be really ill.

"Sam's always carried out her plans in meticulous stages. One of which in this case is to leave the girls with no luggage, along with not having a driver waiting to take them to the Marriot for the Keynote. I get that with Hanah down she had no choice, but not telling us anything. You I understand because you're still halfway in the pound, but not even clueing in Dad, Luke, or me that's just Ana being a brat and not taking her safety seriously." Logan's gonna clip my baby's wings for this and she'll have to take her medicine like a good girl for going rouge.

"One doesn't act rationally when they've consumed nearly three tall glasses of Carmen's lethal
sangria recipe, even if my Bella did water it down with juice." Edward calmly speaks up in that tone that makes you think of those vampire movies that sends chills down your spine? Yeah, not exactly comfortable with Cullen at the moment.

"Ah, Fuck! We're dealing with teenage Ana?! Shit!" Luke and Logan eye Edward and I in horror.

"Yeah, it's gonna be a clusterfuck today, but let's all suck it up and get in Charlie Tango, so that we can be there to clean up the impending disaster in the making." I narrow my eyes, at them.

"Fuck! Commercial?! Shit! You and Edward flying first-class!? Shoot us now!" Luke just had a horrifying lightbulb moment that we have no jet right now.

"Fuck that shit! We'll borrow one of the JWE jets. Mac can't be using all three. We are not flying Commercial period!" Logan snarls and stalks off to borrow one of mom's jets? I really did get my toy addiction from my mother.

"I'm gonna go see to my babies first. Give everyone a heads up as to where we're off too, and we'll eat before we hop in Charlie and head for home." I head back inside to tend to my babies.

"I'll go fix us some breakfast. It's early yet. No one is up. No sense waking anyone when we can fend for ourselves." Edward heads off to the galley. Cullen can cook? Who knew?

"We'll lend a hand…" Luke and Logan follow after me. "We need all the practice we can get."

I stop and whirl around to gape at them. "Andrea, Hanah, Ros, and Sam? Good god I'll be running GEH and GP all by myself when I'm back at the helm! Christ, I might have to have Houston and Austin relocate here and then seek out two new candidates who can handle the New York branch. Is it in the water?! Who's next my Mom?" Then it hits me Sam's on duty while pregnant and that's a big no-no. Parker should have taken her place. "You let Sam go while with child?"

"It hasn't been confirmed officially until last night, but she's been biting my head off for the past few weeks so I had a feeling that she was. Now as for forbidding her. She'd cut my balls off and feed them to me and she's not even a month gone yet. There were no threats it was just routine babysitting." Logan rakes his fingers through his non-regulation shaggy hair cut then can't help himself and adds a zinger to the mix. "Ella can have a kid if she wants to, baby brother. She had you at what fifteen?"

"But…” I can't even fathom it and head into the nursery. "She's a grandmother of seven!"

"Mom's due in May and she's older than Ella…" Logan scoops up Rory.

"You and Mia are all grown and she missed it. Marcus and her love kids. Just embrace whatever comes. You're the ultimate big brother, so don't sweat it if it happens." Luke's scoops Ari up.

"Yeah, you're right. I just never. I mean, who wants to think about their parents…" I scoop up Alex. He's looking at me like Dad you're losing it. Focus on me first. "Sorry, buddy. Daddy's having a bad day and the sun isn't even up yet."

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Ana

(JFK)

I'm standing at the bagged claim area and our bags aren't anywhere to be found! First-class all but makes that next to impossible, yet here we are and no bags! I don't have time for this crap!
"I seriously, am gonna buy this fucking airline and then make them all undergo training as to how not to act around guests flying it! That and ramp up security so that bags don't get stolen or actually make it to the fucking jet! It's not like it was booked solid! It was the redeye for Christ sake! Granted it was packed with women. Why I don't know and frankly I don't give a flying fuck!

"I'm gonna have someone's fucking head for this fubar!" I stalk off towards the Alaskan Airlines desk.

"Ana, breathe. We still have our carry-ons with all the vital necessities and our tech. We can shop after you give your speech." Bella's trying to stop me from jumping over the counter and strangling the clerk at the Alaskan Airlines desk.

"Holy shit! That's Anastasia Grey and Bella Cullen! Their hair looks fab!"

"We so have to go get ours cut like theirs!"

"Love the cats-eye glasses! That's so retro!"

"Do you think they're here for the special showing?"

"Why? They're married to the walking gods already?

I stop just feet away from the gawking clerk to turn and shoot the fangirls stalking us a smirk. "Oh, ladies, we do and trust me when I say that there's nothing like waking next to a demi-god who makes sure that you are more than satisfied everyday!"

"OMG!" The fangirls practically swoon to the point of fainting. Eyes wide, mouths gaping, fanning themselves.

"Ana! Behave!" Bella hisses, her face an alarming shade of red, and drags me away from them.

"Ana! Can we quote you on that?!" That worm from TMZ snarks.

I flash him the finger.

Bella gently but firmly moves us towards the waiting clerk manning the desk. "Hi, Shelia is it? We're in kind of a rush and…"

"Our luggage is missing! We were assured that it would make it safely here and it's nowhere to be found! There were irreplaceable items in there too!" I hiss at the startled clerk and slam my credentials in front of her.

"Mrs. Grey, Mrs. Cullen, I can assure you that your bags made it here and were checked and unloaded…" She stammers shakily, as her fingers fly over the keys to see what happened.

"Then where are they! I have to give a speech…" I glance at my Rolex and growl. "Less than two hours from now and I have no bags!"

"It say's that a Sam Taylor already picked them up for you…they had credentials when they went through security, as your personal CPO." She gulps.

"Sam's in the hospital getting over the flu that's spreading like wildfire all over this city! Are you telling me that someone! Some stranger! Who has ID can just come and claim another person's luggage! That's unacceptable! You'll hear from our lawyers for this screw up!"

"She was here earlier chewing out my boss about our attendants taking pictures of the two of you. It
had to be her. I'm sorry, but maybe your signals got crossed or something. She is your CPO is she not? She's seen in all the pictures with you. It was her. I spoke with her first, before she demanded to talk to my superior." Shelia is nearly in tears and really it's not her fault that Sam's playing a practical fucking joke on me for not alerting her of my arrival.

"Yes, she is…” I take a calming breath. "I'm sorry. I'm having a cruddy morning our flight was not a smooth one and my nerves are fried as it is. I forgot to inform Sam of my impending arrival and she's making me pay for it." I open my purse and look through my card wallet where I keep my cards with comps to various businesses that we own. I take out the one for a free weekend at Grey on the Parks and slide it over to her. "Have a spa weekend on me this spring when the hotel opens again as an apology for losing my temper with you. It's all expenses paid and full access to all amenities…”

"Thank you, but I'm really not…” She gasps at my sudden change in temper. Crap, I forgot about that snarky Ana likes to take over whenever I drink.

"I insist. I was out of line and you didn't deserve being treated to my wrath. It's not me and I make amends when I wrong someone. I'll eventually get our bags back after Sam thinks I've learned my lesson. Sorry, again, have a pleasant morning." I turn on my heel and head off.

"I hope she gives you back your stuff! Enjoy your stay in the city!" She calls after me.

"You're more mercurial than Edward!" Bella hisses at me as I stalk towards the escalators.

"Sorry! I turn into bratty Teenage Ana when I drink and it takes a long time for the effect to wear off." I hiss back. I'm looking everywhere for Sam, but nothing yet.

"Crap! Can you rein it in long enough to give your keynote!?" Bella bite's her lip at the thought of having to leash a teenage me in New York.

"As long as they don't give me lip, I should be fine. Anyone snarks while I'm talking then it's everyone for themselves." I shrug.

"Oh Goddess…." She groans.

"Papa K's there he knows how to rein me in when she's out. It'll be fine." We're going down the escalator stairs and I finally spot her near some huge sculpture. I'm so busy glowering at her smirking face that I don't pay attention to step off on time. The heel of my favorite shoes get caught and snaps causing me to wrench my ankle and land sprawling on my ass. "Shit!"

"Ana!" Bella cries in alarm and quickly helps me to my feet. "You okay? Who were you looking at? Can you walk?" She leads me over to a seating area so that she can check me for damage.

"I'm gonna make her pay dearly for this crap!" I vow, ignoring the twinge of discomfort when she removes my ruined pump. I glare over at the sculpture but of course she's scrambled off.

"This is why I wear flats at airports to avoid situations like this." She gently probes my tender ankle and checks it for swelling. "I think it's just a slight sprain. I can wrap it, just give me a sec to dig out my kit."

"You carry a stocked first aid kit in your carry-on?" I stare at the case that she takes out of her bag.

"It's habit. I was very klutzy as a kid and it was a necessity." She takes out an elastic bandage and expertly wraps my ankle. "We'll ice it if it starts to swell. Anything else hurting?"

"Just my backside, but I'll live." I frown when she pulls out a pair of navy blue converse the exact
shade of my suit and in a blink I'm shod in high-top sneakers and the offending shoes are stowed away. "Well, this explains why we needed all those shoes?" I shake my head and roll my eyes.

She helps me up and I test out my foot. It's tender, but I can easily manage. "Alice never misses anything. Let's go see if Andrea has a car waiting for us or if Sam's next lesson is for us to endure a cab instead?"

"Andrea swore that she had it all arranged, so there should be a car waiting for us." We head for the pick-up area and no one is holding up a sign anywhere. "She'll be on desk duty at GEH…I'll have her doing the tours!" I hiss, as we head outside to catch a fucking cab.

"Breath, Anastasia." Bella soothes and leads me into a minivan taxi. She makes me take the back so that I can prop my foot up and she digs back into her bag for an ice pack which she sets on my ankle. We lucked out this cab driver keeps his cab clean. "New York Marriott Marquis, please."

"Welcome to New York. I'm Murry, sorry that we're not showing our best today, but I promise to get you ladies there safe and sound." Murry the smiling friendly older cabbie smiles at us and we're off.

"Thank you, Murry. We're running a little behind schedule do to some bumps at the airport." Bella makes conversation.

"Well, I'm sorry about that. So that's why no luggage, huh?" He nods in response every once in a while glancing at us.

"My big sister is playing a practical joke on me for not calling ahead and having her pick us up at the terminal. I had a little tumble at the bottom of the escalator and snapped off the heel of my one of my favorite pumps. The car service never showed and I'm just gonna make it to deliver my Keynote as it is. I'm wearing sneakers with Armani and might just start a new fashion trend." I glance behind us and I swear I can see one of our Audi's not far behind us. She's covering her ass, but it's not gonna save her from my wrath.

"I'm real sorry to hear that you're having a crappy day and am honored that Ana Grey and Bella Cullen chose my humble cab. I promise to get you there safe and on time. It's nuts downtown right now, because of the movie premiere tonight at the Ziegfeld. It's pandemonium with all the crazed fans trying to catch a glimpse of the actors. Fifty Shades of Grey…" Murry's just full of eye-opening info.

"Excuse me what's going on downtown…” Bella and I both exclaim in unison not believing our own ears.

"It stars this Dornan guy and some Johnson lady…they're in town and so is the lady who wrote it. Not my thing, but it has downtown going crazy, well that and everyone's dropping like flies because of the bug going around. Not to worry though, I keep my cab pristine." He is only too happy to answer us.

"Oh, god…” I lay my head back and close my eyes.

"We'll just steer clear. It'll be fine." Bella pats my hand reassuringly.

"Bella, we're staying at the Waldorf." I growl.

"Amelia is our friend and Jamie and Christian aren't exactly strangers either. He's civil towards him at charity events. It'll be fine. Trust me."

"Please, don't say that…” I moan, burying my face in my hands.
"Hey, that's right. The book had characters with you and your husband's name in it…" Murry cuts in.

"Unfortunately, that book series is the bane of my life. Knowing that the movie is being premiered tonight is just another check mark on this very, very, bad day. I can assure you though that EL took her imagination and went insane, because that isn't even close to our lives. If he even tried any of that dark kinky shit with me he'd be a eunuch." I snarl darkly.

"It's a lifestyle that we do not partake in, but other family members who shall remain nameless more than fit in the world that she weaved." Bella echoes after me.

"Well, I guess it comes down to whatever sells books, right?" He nods.

"As a publisher I'm all too aware that erotica sells books and I have no problem with that. However, when the book stars characters with my husband and my name and nearly all of my close family members it's too close to home. Not to mention a never-ending paparazzi and security nightmare." I glance behind us again and Sam's right behind us now and shit she looks beyond pissed. I'm pissed too so I flip her the finger and then go back to resting my eyes.

"Did you just flip someone off?" Bella narrows her eyes at me.

"Sam's right behind us." I hiss back.

Bella glances out the rear window, but the Audi is several cars down now. "Ana, we're in New York! There are Audi's everywhere! Just close your eyes and relax."

"It was Sam." I'm brooding now like Teddy does when he wants to stay outside and play and its dinner time.

"Head back, eyes closed, and deep cleansing breaths. Get yourself in the zone so that you'll be ready to give that speech." Bella orders softly and shoots me an 'I will put you in time out' glare.

"Fine…" I close my eyes and try to focus on my speech and not on throttling my big sister.
A/N: Just too clear things up Edward and Bella and family are based off of my Twilight Forever story and yes they are pretty much cured of all the bad side effects of their former ailment. Well, everyone accept for Bella who's bad luck jinx tends to activate when you least expect it like now. In this world there was no Twilight no Meyer. Bella wrote her Singer Saga under the name Rose Swan…Erika made a fanfic from that and then went on to create Fifty Shades. Ana's a teenage snarky brat when she drinks with no filter, but other than that she's harmless.

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don't do Cannon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it…you have been warned ^^) own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine

Christian

Boeing Field

Mom's jet is better than mine!? It's like Airforce One! It has a SIT room inside it for fucking tactical operations! It has a conference room! Cabins with bunks and a few bedrooms! A full kitchen and pantry! We can even ship vehicles in this baby. The main cabin isn't posh, but designed for long distance comfort, it feels like a flying home. This can't be JWE's jet, more like Mom's flying home base between missions.

"What the hell, Logan? Are we going on an OP? This thing is a fucking flying fortress!" Luke is practically drooling at the cabinet that he opened in the SIT room. Yeah, figures, tactical gear, supplies, weapons. Mom was ready for anything.

"Nah, this was my home away from home. The Bureau doesn't care how you get there just so you do and that they didn't have to spring for a ticket that's even better. Ella hated to fly unless she was the one flying and this baby was the answer to her phobia. We never had to worry about security on flights or security breeches not with this baby. We could decompress on our way to the next location and not have to endure having to fly with pedestrians. It's always upgraded with the latest tech. Sometimes years ahead of what everyone uses today. She wants all of us safe, so we get to take this baby to go get our girls." Logan heads off to the cockpit. "Oh, and it's everyone fends for themselves on AIR Ella. It's stocked, but we have to fix everything or reheat it. Well, that and it had better come back the same way it left. You trash it you clean it. El's rules."

"Logan, get your ass out of my cockpit! You know the rules!" The pilot growls and has Logan by his ear. She's Mom's age and dressed in jeans and a sweater. No uniform on Air Ella. She's an amazon like my mother only she's blonde with a pixie cut.

"Go damn it, May! Let go of my fucking ear!" Logan hisses in pain.

"Language! Young man!" She twists even harder. "The last time you flew you almost crashed her, so go strap in!"
"It was a fucking super cell and it wasn't my fault! I landed her fine not a scratch on her or the team!" Logan sulks.

"Only, because you thought that you could take a short cut through the bloody storm when I told you to stay clear! Go sit down!" May is a bad ass like mom.

She lets him go.

He stalks off to plop down in one of the chairs. "I had to get to Ella! It was necessary! This plane was made to endure any and all weather…"

"It was insane and she'd gone dark for a reason…you jumped the gun!" May hisses back and I snicker. She narrows her clear green eyes at me and looks me over. "Well, hell, you and Eddie could be bloody twins!" She shakes her head.

"Cousins, May. We're cousins." Edward goes over and hugs her. "It's good to see you, May."

"It's good to see that you're looking better than the last time I saw you when I flew you to Italy from Rio was it? Your clothes look better too and you don't need a shower." She smirks and hugs him back. "Sunshine feels good. I bet. Finally, have that HEA too I hear."

"Yes, to all of the above." He chuckles and she lets him go to turn her attention on me. "And no we're not being overly protective. My Bella's a trouble magnet and it can occur when you least expect it like today and you can call Alice if you don't believe me."

"Loved her books. It's a wonder you're still sane. You'd think that with the vaccine that your grandfather created that that little factor would be history." She shakes her head at him and rolls her eyes. "Then again he never was good at perfecting stuff, so there is that."

"It's an on going process that all of our grandparents are working on and it's still hit and miss. Our girls have the occasional incident, but nothing like their mother." The two of them continue with their cryptic conversation. Truthfully, I don't wanna know.

"This place would make Jason cry!" Luke's still off exploring the plane.

"Well, I'm sure that Chris here can get him one for his next birthday!" May calls out, highly amused.

"Uh, I haven't the slightest clue how I would even go about ordering something like this…Is it even legal…I'd have ATF and Homeland at Grey House's front doors…" I really don't know how to respond to that and frankly this woman scares me more than my mom. I do however suck it up and offer my hand in greeting. "I'm Christian…pleasure to meet you."

She ignores my hand and gives me a crushing hug that literally takes the wind out of me. Shit she's strong!

"Enough, with the formalities. You're Chris. El's baby boy and the big shot of the corporate universe. El and I have been like sisters since forever! Mac's my big sis! I've known all about you since you and your sister were babies. After the fire Mac and I were at odds with Ella's mission to leave you and keep you safe, but in the end it was the best thing and the Grey's were the perfect surrogate family to put you with. Mac stayed here to run the biz and we went off to take down the bad guys. Meantime, you and your sister were safe and sound none the wiser with Jason watching over you." She lets me go and then drags me with her to the cockpit. "El says that you're as good as a flyer as her and I. Let's put that to the test, kiddo! You too, Eddie. The rest of you boys best strap in!"

I'm in flying nirvana, as I take the Captain's chair and Edward takes the Co-Captain's seat, while
May get's settled with a book behind us.

Ana

New York City

Murry has us downtown in record time. I ask him if we can stop by the brownstone and freshen up before we need to be there and Murry has no problem waiting for us. That was until I saw that it also seems to be getting work done. Then it hits me that Chris was showing me the new plans for the brownstone and that this winter would be the perfect time to do the renovations. Meaning, all of our stuff is in storage, so I can't raid my closet here and still have no clothes.

"Never mind, Murry. I forgot about the renovation this winter. Let's head for the Marriot, please." I feel pulling my hair out when I glance behind us and sure enough there's Sam right behind us again. I'm starting to think that Murry's not your ordinary Cabbie and Sam does have family here, so anything is possible.

"Breathe, little sister. We'll go shopping as soon as your keynote is done. Promise." Bella gives my hand a reassuring squeeze.

"Sam's behind us again." I growl.

Bella narrows her eyes and shakes her head at whatever she's seeing out the back window of the cab. "Sam's in just as much trouble as we are. Oh, and you're gonna be an Aunt."

"So this is a mood swing!" I blow out a breath, "I should count myself lucky that she didn't shoot me. That settles that there is no way I'm facing the wrath of a moody hormonal pregnant Samantha Prescott-Taylor. She shouldn't even be here in New York, so she's gonna get it when Jason finds out."

"Or she's in denial and it hasn't hit her yet." Bella countered. "Besides, she's not really doing anything dangerous keeping track of Hanah and Claire."

"If Hanah and Claire were taken in then they must have checked her out too. Bloodwork doesn't lie and she's taking it out on us, so we'll wisely let her skulk around in the shadows and fend for ourselves." I dig into my bag pull out a notepad and a pen and scrawl out 'I'm sorry! Go take a Nap! We're fine!' Until it stands out enough so that she'll be able to read it. Then turn around and hold it up for her to see.

Bella's brows raise and she rolls her eyes. "She's not amused. Far from it. And I thought that my Lion had a colorful vocabulary. Not to worry though. She's been ordered by Logan to head for the Hospital and check on Hanah. Uncle Murry will get us safely there and she doesn't wanna be sentenced to tour duty at Grey House until their kid is five."

"Nice trick. Reading lips must come in handy, huh? Well, that and perfect vision?" Murry chuckles. "Sam's my niece. This is a brand new cab and I'm more than happy to come out of retirement to drive you two lovely ladies around town."

"Thank you for rescuing us from her wrath." I flash him a warm smile.

"Nah, she's just had a rough week watching her charges and then you rebelled too…She's still in shock over the little one…and she doesn't want you exposed to Noro…and the Marriot is around Ground Zero…even if you have been vaccinated against the flu…she doesn't wanna take the chance that the shot won't protect you…" Murry gives us more insight of why Sam's on the warpath.
"Hanah's being a rebel? My Hanah? Claire, yeah, but Hanah?" This is news to me. Hanah's like me what's going on?"

"Yeah, well, she's also expecting and is in the Hospital suffering from Noro as well as Morning sickness…while the other one just has the flu…it wasn't hitting the clubs if that's what ya think. They were going to see the shows every night and forgot to check in with Sam first." Murry continues my briefing.

"I'll get her a Tesla or I-8 for her birthday."

Shit! No wonder she's being a pain in my ass. Hanah hasn't been playing by the rules. Maybe it's time to lure Austin home to Seattle. Have to do it anyway when Hanah goes on Maternity leave. This was a business trip, not a week long vacation in the big apple. One or two shows is understandable, but every night? What about networking? The boring dinners? Did she skip all of them? I know that she's just my acting CEO, but she still has to play the role and by the sounds of it she's slacking. No wonder Austin has been in Seattle more than she's been in New York. Maybe, Hanah wasn't ready for such a big responsibility? Luke can't even get her to agree to a wedding date, because her parents are both on their third marriages and she doesn't see the point. She's one of my closest friends, but she's also scatter brained at times. Intelligent as hell. Fantastic at her job when she's focused, but not when she's stressed. I should have had Austin handle the Symposium.

"It's New York and the Marriott is right there on Broadway. That's like the musical and theater lovers sirens song. If the other attendees wanna do business with GP then they'll come to you." Bella reminds me. Startling me out of my brooding thoughts. That's gonna take some getting used to, her being able to listen in.

"If she was feeling overwhelmed about coming then she should have talked to me about it. I could have had Austin attend instead, not that it would have mattered she's sick with the flu too." I stare out at the icy rain coming down in sheets outside and try and focus on the next trial that I'm facing. My keynote in less than a half hour.

"Looks like Mr. Kavanagh is getting antsy if he's braving the rain to see if we're here yet or not." Bella spots Papa K long before I do. He's standing in front of the Marriott under a massive umbrella that an intern is holding for him.

"Well, girls, here we are safe and sound." Murry pulls up in front of the Marriott then turns to hand us his card. "Just call or text me and I'll be back to collect you. I'm not on the clock. There's no fair. I'm just taking the day off from the office, so indulge me."

I hand the ice pack back to Bella and she tucks it away into her Mary Poppins Alice carry-on. My ankle feels better, so walking shouldn't be that hazardous and we're in the middle of downtown within walking distance of everything. "If we need you we'll send up a flare. Thank you so much for doing this for us."

"We have to check in at the Waldorf after we're finished here…" Bella knows that I wanna walk, but is shooting that plan down.

"Just give me a ring and I'll be here that's quite a walk on a gimpy ankle…" He shoots me a fatherly look and I roll my eyes.

"We will…"

The door slides open the intern goes go to grab my bag, but I growl and he backs off. Papa K's giving me his 'you are in big trouble young lady' glare. "Sam wasn't kidding? You took off from
home without any security? No wonder TMZ is having a field day. There's no one to keep them reined in. Where's your luggage? Why are you gimping? What's wrong with your foot? Are those converse? Why are your eyes bloodshot? Have you been drinking? What did you do to your hair!"

"I'll confess everything, but can we please get inside out of the freezing rain first?" I smile tightly at him.

Damn it to hell! That worm followed us here and he brought friends! Shit! At this rate I'll crash all of social media!

"Yes, the sharks are circling and we don't need to give them anymore chum than we already have."
Bella links her arm with mine and leads me towards the entrance of the hotel. I forgot that it's tourist central!

And wince when I hear more fangirls cry. "That's Bella Cullen and Ana Grey! Check out their hair! Are those converse with Armani?! I wonder if they brought their demi-gods with them?" It goes and on and on and on as we weave our way through the throng of New Yorkers and tourists.

"Aspirin…pain killers…before my head explodes…never again…not without our MIB…this day just keeps getting worse and worse…they'll be texting their friends…Tweeting, posting, and shouting on Instagram that we're here and the paps will be five deep outside. Plus, side, is those girls are in for a hell of a shock if they cut their hair, because it's a wig." I snark, reaching up and taking off the soaking wet hair piece and wig cap. I shake my mane free and it falls to the middle of my back in shiny chestnut waves.

"But we're trending on social media?" Bella giggles as she mirrors me and once again everyone stares at us. It's like looking at twins, but we're used to it.

"Oh, thank god!" Papa K exclaims in relief as we make our way through the lobby to the elevators. "Now you at least look in your twenties and not like teenagers. My word the two of you look alike."

"We flew commercial…" I shrug. "I want a mask and gloves, we both do, and you should be in bed." It's like this sixth sense where as a mom I can tell if someone is on the verge of getting sick and Papa K has that look and smell. Not sickly just not healthy.

"I'm fine. Just have a headache that I can't shake, but as for what's spreading like wildfire. I had my flu shot." He ushers us into the elevator. "You can't wear a mask, Ana. It's sending the wrong message to your audience."

Bella digs into her carry-on and hands me a mask and some gloves. "With the Norovirus you can't be too careful. You're already exposed, so this wouldn't work on you. We're not. You're in denial Mr. Kavanagh. Call it the mom sixth sense, but whatever it is you're on the verge of getting it."

"That bag reminds me of Mary Poppins carpet bag or Michelle Pfeiffer's bag from One Fine Day." I gape at her as I put the mask and gloves on.

"It's an Alice Hale…" Bella winks at me. We look a sight as we step out of the elevator and he leads us to the room where the glam squad awaits.

"Ana?" To say that we're getting alarming looks would be an understatement.

"Triplets! Teddy! Hope! Christian! Can't take the chance! No offense!" I call back.

"She looks fantastic?"
"Didn't she have the babies less than three months ago?!

"I want her trainer!"

I can't help but grin as we walk by everyone here for the keynote, even with masks we look hot. Who knew?

"Ana, half these people are sick and don't even know it…" Bella hisses in my ear.

"I know, just smile until we get to the room with the glam squad inside." I nod and smile at familiar faces, not that they can tell with my mask.

"I'll see you both in a bit." Papa K heads off to chat with some friends of his.

We're met by Gino, my Franco here in New York, and he shakes his head at me and Bella. "You had me worried when I saw the new cut. My salon is being swamped with clients who want your new look. Excellent for me. Devastating for them when they see that you were wearing wigs. Alice has the most realistic line of wigs, even I couldn't tell. Now sit down while I make you gorgeous." He motions for me to sit in the salon chair in the dressing room. He takes off my mask and winks at me. "It's been disinfected. I don't take chances. Now tell me all about those babies and that yummy husband of yours."

I relax and let him work his magic while Angelo his partner works his own Magic on Bella.

Half hour later I'm declared ready and am sporting a braided up do and just the right touch of make up. I never really wear it, but this is an event and I need to look the part. Gino's circling me because I'm wearing Converse with Armani. Bella digs into her magic bag and pulls out a nice pair of Christian Dior kitten heels that exactly match my suit and I slip them on.

"How's the ankle?" Bella watches me walk.

"Tender, but fine."

"You're ready. Give that man of yours and those babies a kiss and hug from me!" Gino calls after us as we head out to the ballroom. My mask and gloves are in my pocket just in case.

"Hank's just finished. Let's get you to the stage. Here's your speech. Andrea emailed it to me and I had it readied for you." Papa K has us do double time because we're running late and my ankle isn't happy. He really does look green around the gills, but I have to focus on my speech. "Be nice. We want CEO Ana not your alter ego." He hisses into my ear right before I walk out onto the stage to a thunderous round of applause.

"So you missed me did you?" I giggle. These are my friends and colleagues and they chuckle. "Truth be told. I love my babies, but the walls are starting to close in on me. It's nice to be back even if for a little while…" I then start in on my keynote.

I try to stay focused, but that's hard to do when it's clear as day that my audience is dropping like flies. Ten minutes in and I call time and the mask goes on.

"Thank you for this honor, but I have to call this Symposium a wash. I propose that we hold the next one not during flu season, but when it's warmer and the leaves are on the trees. It's clear that the majority of you have got whatever is hitting this city hard and need to seek medical assistance to treat it…" As if on cue it hits like a wave and I dash off the stage, before my reflex kicks in. The babies I can handle anyone else and I get sick too.
"Bella, what's wrong with Papa K?" I kneel down by where he's slouched in misery in a chair. His interns are frantically texting that there boss is down. Before she answers it hits him too and there goes my shoes and suit! I gasp and try to hold it in, but nope the mask come off and poor Bella gets it.

"Oh, sweetie, did you get it!?" Bella isn't even effected at all. Lucky bitch. Damn immortal metabolism!

"I can't be around people throwing up!" I gasp and run right into! Holy fucking shit! The CDC is here! Christian is gonna his flip his shit! If we're under quarantine!

"Alec! Sabine!" Bella's happy to see them.

"Isabella? Why are you in New York?" The man she called Alec leads her off to get checked.

"Wait! I'm not leaving Ana!" Bella plants her feet and won't budge.

"Sabine will take care of her, but you know you can't be here with my team. I have to get you out of sight." He growls back just loud enough so that I can barely hear him and she reluctantly agrees.

"Sit tight! She'll bring you to me after you get poked and checked over!" She shouts over her shoulder. "Be nice!"

"I'm not sick! I just throw up if someone does it in front of me!" I protest as Dr. Sabine Frost leads me away to get checked. "So you're Angel's Aunt, huh?" I gulp when I'm lead into a room and into the bathroom where they help me clean up and then give me a pair of scrubs to wear. I warily let them help me to sit down.

"Just relax, Ana. We're here to help. The less you fight us the faster this will be." Sabine has the bedside manners of Grace.

That's a wicked looking needle! I want Christian! Is the last thing on my mind before everything goes black.
Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

A/N: And the bad day continues…for those of you know Twilight…Bella is a trouble magnet…chaos follows her when she least expects it…the jinx hits and heaven help who's with her…Oh, so much fun!

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Ana

I wake up dressed in Chris's Harvard T-shirt, the matching Hoodie, my Harvard sweats, and warm wool socks. My arm hurts where they used me as a pin cushion. My foot's back in an elastic bandage and there's an ice pack on it. I'm in a room and Bella's propped up next to me texting like crazy on her phone with one hand and holding mine in the other.

"What happened?" I moan, my head hurts. Shit! Do I have it too?

"You passed out as soon as you saw the needle that they were gonna take your blood with…Good news you don't have Noro. We're on the safe side of the hotel so there's that…" She puts her phone away and helps me sit up.

"How long have I been out?"

"About an hour, but its fine." She comes around and slips some maroon converse on my feet. They're nice and support my ankle. "The guys are en route, but the weather between home and here is nasty so it's taken longer than our flight did. They had to land in Chicago to wait it out, and they can't leave until it clears later this evening, so we won't be seeing them until late tonight. They've seen the reports. You're trending on all the major news stations now, as a former intern caught it all with his phone. There's a few medical personnel who are going to be fired because they have you fainting too. Sabine was less than pleased and neither was Alec. To say that Chris is furious doesn't even cut it, he's suing the Department of Health for breaching protocol. Any and all networks who are carrying it are facing a lawsuit if they don't take it down, which they most of them did. It's on Facebook, Twitter, and Instagram and there isn't much you can do once it hits the internet."

"Oh, god! At least I was in medical scrubs!" She hands me two tablets and a bottle of water for my pounding headache. "We look like we're going to the gym?" I down the pills and take in her own Harvard sweat ensemble.

"They're warm and it's finally stopped raining slush outside. Murry's having lunch with Sam. Christian's banished her to tour duty at GEH until their kid graduates high school." She hands me my phone. "Call him before my Lion forgets himself. He's driving him insane."
I reluctantly unlock my phone and in seconds Chris's ringtone alerts me to his tenth try at calling me. "Chris, calm down…"

"Ana! Baby! We're stuck here at O'Hara but as soon as we get clearance we'll be back up…” He's practically in tears and I feel terrible for putting him through this.

"I'm fine…I saw the needle and…"

"Passed out…yeah, I saw it on MSNBC…” I can just see him pacing in the plane.

"They wouldn't believe me that I was fine. Papa K got sick on me and…”

"Yep, saw that too…” He's pulling his hair. I can tell by the tone.

"Anyway, I'm fine. The test came back clear. No Noro. No flu…”

"How's the ankle?" He cuts me off and I gasp. Shit did everything make it on Social media!? "That was a spectacular fall at the bottom of the escalator." He growls.

"I was trying to spot Sam with our stuff and wasn't paying attention…it's not my day for shoes. I've gone through two pairs and counting…” I will myself not to whine, but he's mad at me. He only speaks half sentences when he's about to go thermonuclear.

"Sam dropped them off with William. They're safe in the Presidential Suite…” He pauses and takes a deep breath. He's pinching the bridge of his nose. "I'm nearing the end of my tether here, Anastasia. Sam's Uncle is expecting you to call him when you are ready. Don't even think of wandering around the city."

"I'm wearing converse and sweats. We both are. With our hoodies up, no one will think it's us. Just two Harvard kids on holiday. It doesn't even bother me. The paps are surrounding this place by now, not to mention the news crews. We have to call Murry when we're far away from the Marriott. Our bags are cross body so we don't have anything to drag along with us…”

"God Damn it, Anastasia Rose! You don't get it! You are like trapped in this bad luck streak and I don't want you getting mugged next! Call Murry!" He loses it and I nearly drop my phone.

"You worry too much! We'll be fine! Anyone tries anything I'll send them to the emergency room in pieces! I'll see you when you…”

"Ana! Don't you Fucking hang up on me!"

"Love you, Babe! Kisses! Safe flight!"

"ANA…!" I end the call and lock my phone.

"Sweetie, you are just asking for him to tan your hide." Bella rolls her eyes at me.

"He's threatened lots of times and swatted at my rear, but never once has he ever carried out that threat. Then again I've never done anything remotely like this."

"I took off for Yellowstone on my motorcycle the night of our first anniversary party. All of us were celebrating a new life and Edward was having fun with the guys. I was carrying the triplets and hadn't a clue yet and after snarling at my family that I might as well go check on a friend of mine near Yellowstone, because my husband was ignoring me at our own party. Long story short I stopped at Destiny, Idaho and stayed at the hotel there waiting for my very angry lion to catch up
with me. When he did I got a lecture, this medallion, and a few good swats to my rear. Well, and we got our puppy too." She tells her tale all the while playing with the medallion around her neck.

"He'll calm down the second he sees me." I'm in denial and I know it. My ass already has a nice bruise on it, by the time we head home I'll be laying on my stomach on the couch in the plane because I won't be able to sit down. "Let's get out of here. Before they quarantine the whole place."

"We're wearing these bracelets, so we can go whenever we wish to and we need to wear these masks just to be on the safe side." She hands me a mask and I slip it on.

We pull the hoods of our sweatshirts over our heads, sling our bags so that they are across our chests and head out.

OooO

We make it outside and sure enough it's pandemonium. We ignore the reporters' cries for us to give them our take on it and head for Time square. It works, no one even gives us a second glance. It feels good to get outside into the fresh air. Well, as fresh as the air can be in a city the size of New York, but I'll take it.

"How's the ankle?" Bella and I stop at those famous red stairs and take our bearings.

"It's fine. Let's at least try to stretch our legs for a while before we call him. I desperately need air and to clear my head before we head for the hotel." I shoot her a pleading look. "I'm starving. Let's go to Juniors. I think we've more than earned a slice of heaven."

"We need something besides cheesecake, Ana."

"And we will, but it's either that or we hit Ben and Jerry's." I plead. I need chocolate.

"Fine, but afterwards we call Murry." Bella gives me a look.

"Yes, fine, you win. We'll call Murry. Food now and chocolate please!"

And we head off in the direction of Juniors restaurant. Where we have lunch and indulge in yummy cheese cake.

I'm stuffed and wanna work some of this off, so we have Murry drop us off at Central Park, so we can wander around for a while. After reassuring him that we're both highly skilled in self-defense, he reluctantly let's us out. We have to promise to call him when we're ready though and we do. He's going to drop our bags off at the hotel for us, so that we don't have to lug them around the park and for his own piece of mind. We made a quick stop into H & M to buy us some winter gear before we called him, so that we don't freeze as we wander the park. Seeing as our coats got left behind at the Marriot.

"Wow, Grey on the Parks, is coming along fast." We're standing on the Park side and across from us is my hotel and they are just finishing the outer work.

"Chris wants to make the competition cry doesn't he?" Bella smirks.

"He wanted it to go green and still make it aesthetically pleasing to the eye. Elliot's crew is doing a fantastic job turning that vison into a reality." I smile as we head into the park.

"We'll wander around the pond." Bella suggests, as it's devoid of park goers at the moment. "Sam
seems like she's got her finger on the pulse of NY. Getting her Uncle, whom I surmise pretty much runs the Cab Company, to personally drive us around in a spanking new cab. The Commissioner was there at the Hotel and he nearly expired when he saw you unconscious and he was talking to Sam on the phone…"

"Sam's family is pretty much like that Bluebloods show. Her mom's family are from New York and nearly every one is involved in something to do with the law. Then there's Murry's family who pretty much provide the lifeblood to the city, Taxies. If Frank Senior was there then we've got a shadow following after us. I thought I saw her cousin Frankie when we were leaving H & M. God forbid that the two of us are wandering the city without my big brothers in tow." I snort, rolling my eyes.

"Ana, when are you gonna get it that you aren't commonplace by any means in the eyes of the public …Our families are to America like the Royals are in other countries. More so on the West Coast than the East, but with every news story, tabloid, blog, you name it you're gaining world recognition. You were TIME magazine's Person of the Year. That's Global. You run and own a billion dollar international publishing empire and you're married to one of the most influential and wealthiest men on the planet who also runs and owns his own International Billion dollar Corporate Empire…Do I need to continue…" Bella's right, but to me I'm just Ana and Chris is just Chris. I don't understand and never will get what the fuss is all about. It's been part of my whole life and it's still insane to me, so I tend to rebel against it, always have. The books made it infinity worse.

"I choose not to let it go to my head." I shrug my shoulders. "I was born into this world of the social elite and I have fought it all of my life. The stigma. The expectations. What people assume. All of it…"

"That's why they made you Person of the Year. You buck against the status Quo. You fiercely fight for the underdog. Those who have nothing. The forgotten ones. You make a difference and it is being felt and heard around the globe."

"Money does not give you the right to treat those who don't like they are scum on the bottom of your shoe. Those who do treat others as 'that class' are a disease and this world needs a serious vaccination from them. Their greed is literally destroying the planet and those of us who have the means and the power can and will do everything to stop them and to do our best to help those in need. You can't buy your ticket into heaven. You have to earn it." I quote myself from the article. "Can we just try and enjoy this for a while. Let me decompress? I have you with me and that's like having a dozen of my big brothers."

"Thanks," She grins at me. "I've never been compared to an entire team of Special Forces, CIA, or FBI before."

"Well, it's true." I playfully make a face at her.

"Yes, but, I have to rein it all in when in public and believe you me that's a pain in the ass."

***Minor Trigger Warning just in case***

We're starting around the pond when we hear the sounds of girls screaming and the taunting echoes of male maniacal laughter. I don't even think about it and take off running to save those girls. It's dead on this part of the park because of the crappy weather, so it's primed for predators to strike even in broad daylight.

"Ana! Don't do anything crazy! Like kill the slime balls!" Bella's on my heels.
"If those guys are trying to gang rape those girls then I'm sending them to the ICU!" I kick it into high gear and don't give a damn that my ankle is singing because of it.

"Shit! That's four jocks against two girls! Damn right we're sending them to the ICU!" Bella kicks past me barely reining it in. I can just make them out in front of us, but Bella's eagle vison sees them clear as day.

I grit my teeth and hit my max speed. I can make out their college jackets. Yale frat boys. Drunk. Wanting to have some fun. Knowing that Daddy can get them out of anything.

Bella reaches them, grabs hold of a jacket, and tosses one into the pond. "Get your hands off those girls!"

"Oh! You're gonna fucking pay for that, Bitch!" Frat number three tosses the girl away like a like rag doll and rounds on Bella. It's you're funeral buddy!

"Pick on someone that can defend themselves!" I snarl and dive in between One and two and land a blow to their chests, making them drop their other nearly unconscious prey. They go stumbling back gasping, but are still on their feet.

The poor girl is barely awake, beaten, and her shirt is torn to shreds.

They're still gasping for air and Bella is playing with Frat 3 and soaking wet Four, so I reach down and help the girl and her friend over to lay by the trees. "Just stay there! We'll take out the trash." I take off my coat and put it over their shivering forms.

I can't believe this shit! The bottom feeder from TMZ is standing not even three feet from us filming this! "Call fucking 911, you fucking asshole! Tell Harvey that TMZ is history! I'm gonna sue him for every penny that he has!" God they really do only care about the fucking story!

"Behind you!" One of the girls cries weakly.

Before I can react, I'm grabbed from behind. The other tries to grab my legs. "Bad move!" I bring both my feet up and get One in the face and then ram my head back against Two, easily breaking both of their noses.

"You fucking Bitch!" Two snarls and I go flying into the pond landing on my already bruised behind.

"Fuck! I'm gonna kill you for that!" One's grabbing at his nose in agony.

It doesn't slow me down at all. It's shallow. Game on you bastards!

Three and Four managed to get one in on Bella and she lands next to me or more like she's checking on me and let them get that move in.

"You okay?" She hisses at me.

"I'm fine!" I snarl back, narrowing my eyes murderously at the four targets in front of us. "One and Two are mine."

"I'm not done with Three and Four." She snarls back.

When Three and Four decide to go after us. Bella and I easily take them down with well placed kicks to their knee caps and as they go down we get them good in the groin. They are down for the
count along the shore of the pond. Screaming in agony.

One and Two think that they're Bruce Lee. Yeah, right, pathetic! They come at both of us and suffer the same fate as their friends. In dire need of knee replacements and never being able to father anything in their lifetime.

Not that it's gonna matter. Those girls need immediate medical attention. Bella and I are soaking wet. I've got bruises where those assholes grabbed me. They are going away for a long, long time. I don't give a flying fuck who their Daddies are either!

**End Trigger warning**

We ignore the four writhing predators and rush over to focus on the girls.

"I did call the cops! I was recording it for evidence against those frats!" The TMZ germ whines in his defense, but we ignore him to focus on the girls.

The cavalry arrives or not, just two and one looks very familiar. "Jesus Christ, Frankie! I'm calling in for a few buses!" One of them is staring in awe at the scene before them.

"I'm calling it in! Shit! Dad's gonna have a coronary!" Frankie, Sam's cousin, calls the situation in then races over to focus on us. "Are you okay? Did you take on four Ivy League jocks by yourselves?" He eyes the frats then us in disbelief.

Bella and I are each holding a shivering unconscious girl to keep them warm. We stopped them before they could do major damage that we can see, but they're gonna have black eyes and there will be bruising from their attackers.

"They needed help and we were here. These two girls are suffering from shock and whatever those monsters were doing to them before we got here. Those four will need knee replacements and testicular retrieval surgery." I glower at the TMZ germ still recording everything. "The parasite caught it all and didn't have the balls to help, so you might wanna confiscate his tech."

"How did the two of you get wet?" Frankie takes off his coat and hands it me and I cover the girl's legs with it.

"I pissed one off by head-butting him in the nose and he sent me flying into the pond." I shrug, as if it wasn't anything major. My ankle is telling me otherwise and my ass is singing too, but I ignore it.

"Seeing Ana go flying into the water caught me off guard with three and four and I ended up in the pond with her." Bella echoes after me.

"Hudson! Throw me your jacket!" Frankie growls at his partner who's now checking over the attackers.

"They seriously messed these four up, Frankie." Hudson shakes his head in disbelief and tosses his jacket at him. It goes over them too. "The Calvary is one minute out. Why's your dad with them?" The guy is clueless as to who we are.

"Seriously, Man!?" TMZ germ snorts. "That's Bella Cullen and Ana Grey! As in Edward Cullen and Christian Grey's wives!"

"Nah, not possible." He eyes the germ like he's insane and walks over to us, leaving the predators for the EMT's
"No, it's true. My cousin Sam's usually their shadow and my Uncle Murry has been their driver all day. He said that he dropped you off at the park. Sam was giving him grief when he was trying to say where and we got our signals crossed. I thought he said by Columbus Circle..." Frankie informs him and I roll my eyes.

"Yeah, that happens when you don't wish your target to know that you're tailing them doesn't it?" I snark.

"Ana! Be nice!" Bella hisses at me then shoots them an 'I'm sorry my little sister is being bitchy. Please, indulge her.' look.

"I'm sorry but I'm having to quote a famous children's book title a 'Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day!' That won't stop!" I exclaim in my defense, but it gets drowned out by all the police and emergency vehicles converging on us.

A black SUV is the first to arrive and I think shit! Chris is here! Nope, it's Sam's Uncle and he looks far from pleased. More like a Dad when you're a teenager and you're like three hours over curfew. Yep, that bad. He's flanked by his own security so much like Jason with Chris. Frankie and Hudson immediately go and report to him.

We're converged on by the EMT's.

Let the migraine commence!
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

/N: And the bad day continues...for those of you know Twilight...Bella is a trouble magnet...chaos follows her when she least expects it...the jinx hits and heaven help who's with her...Oh, so much fun!

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Ana

I wake up dressed in Chris's Harvard T-shirt, the matching Hoodie, my Harvard sweats, and warm wool socks. My arm hurts where they used me as a pin cushion. My foot's back in an elastic bandage and there's an ice pack on it. I'm in a room and Bella's propped up next to me texting like crazy on her phone with one hand and holding mine in the other.

"What happened?" I moan, my head hurts. Shit! Do I have it too?

"You passed out as soon as you saw the needle that they were gonna take your blood with...Good news you don't have Noro. We're on the safe side of the hotel so there's that..." She puts her phone away and helps me sit up.

"How long have I been out?"

"About an hour, but its fine." She comes around and slips some maroon converse on my feet. They're nice and support my ankle. "The guys are en route, but the weather between home and here is nasty so it's taken longer than our flight did. They had to land in Chicago to wait it out, and they can't leave until it clears later this evening, so we won't be seeing them until late tonight. They've seen the reports. You're trending on all the major news stations now, as a former intern caught it all with his phone. There's a few medical personnel who are going to be fired because they have you fainting too. Sabine was less than pleased and neither was Alec. To say that Chris is furious doesn't even cut it, he's suing the Department of Health for breaching protocol. Any and all networks who are carrying it are facing a lawsuit if they don't take it down, which they most of them did. It's on Facebook, Twitter, and Instagram and there isn't much you can do once it hits the internet."

"Oh, god! At least I was in medical scrubs!" She hands me two tablets and a bottle of water for my pounding headache. "We look like we're going to the gym?" I down the pills and take in her own Harvard sweat ensemble.

"They're warm and it's finally stopped raining slush outside. Murry's having lunch with Sam. Christian's banished her to tour duty at GEH until their kid graduates high school." She hands me my phone. "Call him before my Lion forgets himself. He's driving him insane."
I reluctantly unlock my phone and in seconds Chris's ringtone alerts me to his tenth try at calling me. "Chris, calm down…"

"Ana! Baby! We're stuck here at O'Hara but as soon as we get clearance we'll be back up…" He's practically in tears and I feel terrible for putting him through this.

"I'm fine…I saw the needle and…"

"Passed out…yeah, I saw it on MSNBC…" I can just see him pacing in the plane.

"They wouldn't believe me that I was fine. Papa K got sick on me and…"

"Yep, saw that too…" He's pulling his hair. I can tell by the tone.

"Anyway, I'm fine. The test came back clear. No Noro. No flu…"

"How's the ankle?" He cuts me off and I gasp. Shit did everything make it on Social media!? "That was a spectacular fall at the bottom of the escalator." He growls.

"I was trying to spot Sam with our stuff and wasn't paying attention…it's not my day for shoes. I've gone through two pairs and counting…" I will myself not to whine, but he's mad at me. He only speaks half sentences when he's about to go thermonuclear.

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"God Damn it, Anastasia Rose! You don't get it! You are like trapped in this bad luck streak and I don't want you getting mugged next! Call Murry!" He loses it and I nearly drop my phone.

"You worry too much! We'll be fine! Anyone tries anything I'll send them to the emergency room in pieces! I'll see you when you…"

"Ana! Don't you Fucking hang up on me!"

"Love you, Babe! Kisses! Safe flight!"

"ANA...!" I end the call and lock my phone.

"Sweetie, you are just asking for him to tan your hide." Bella rolls her eyes at me.

"He's threatened lots of times and swatted at my rear, but never once has he ever carried out that threat. Then again I've never done anything remotely like this."

"I took off for Yellowstone on my motorcycle the night of our first anniversary party. All of us were celebrating a new life and Edward was having fun with the guys. I was carrying the triplets and hadn't a clue yet and after snarling at my family that I might as well go check on a friend of mine near Yellowstone, because my husband was ignoring me at our own party. Long story short I stopped at Destiny, Idaho and stayed at the hotel there waiting for my very angry lion to catch up
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OooO

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to clear my head before we head for the hotel." I shoot her a pleading look. "I'm starving. Let's go to
Juniors. I think we've more than earned a slice of heaven."

"We need something besides cheesecake, Ana."

"And we will, but it's either that or we hit Ben and Jerry's." I plead. I need chocolate.

"Fine, but afterwards we call Murry." Bella gives me a look.

"Yes, fine, you win. We'll call Murry. Food now and chocolate please!"

And we head off in the direction of Juniors restaurant. Where we have lunch and indulge in yummy
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is my hotel and they are just finishing the outer work.

"Chris wants to make the competition cry doesn't he?" Bella smirks.

"He wanted it to go green and still make it aesthetically pleasing to the eye. Elliot's crew is doing a
fantastic job turning that vison into a reality." I smile as we head into the park.

"We'll wander around the pond." Bella suggests, as it's devoid of park goers at the moment. "Sam
seems like she's got her finger on the pulse of NY. Getting her Uncle, whom I surmise pretty much runs the Cab Company, to personally drive us around in a spanking new cab. The Commissioner was there at the Hotel and he nearly expired when he saw you unconscious and he was talking to Sam on the phone…"

"Sam's family is pretty much like that Bluebloods show. Her mom's family are from New York and nearly every one is involved in something to do with the law. Then there's Murry's family who pretty much provide the lifeblood to the city, Taxies. If Frank Senior was there then we've got a shadow following after us. I thought I saw her cousin Frankie when we were leaving H & M. God forbid that the two of us are wandering the city without my big brothers in tow." I snort, rolling my eyes.

"Ana, when are you gonna get it that you aren't commonplace by any means in the eyes of the public …Our families are to America like the Royals are in other countries. More so on the West Coast than the East, but with every news story, tabloid, blog, you name it you're gaining world recognition. You were TIME magazine's Person of the Year. That's Global. You run and own a billion dollar international publishing empire and you're married to one of the most influential and wealthiest men on the planet who also runs and owns his own International Billion dollar Corporate Empire…Do I need to continue…" Bella's right, but to me I'm just Ana and Chris is just Chris. I don't understand and never will get what the fuss is all about. It's been part of my whole life and it's still insane to me, so I tend to rebel against it, always have. The books made it infinity worse.

"I choose not to let it go to my head." I shrug my shoulders. "I was born into this world of the social elite and I have fought it all of my life. The stigma. The expectations. What people assume. All of it…"

"That's why they made you Person of the Year. You buck against the status Quo. You fiercely fight for the underdog. Those who have nothing. The forgotten ones. You make a difference and it is being felt and heard around the globe."

"Money does not give you the right to treat those who don't like they are scum on the bottom of your shoe. Those who do treat others as 'that class' are a disease and this world needs a serious vaccination from them. Their greed is literally destroying the planet and those of us who have the means and the power can and will do everything to stop them and to do our best to help those in need. You can't buy your ticket into heaven. You have to earn it." I quote myself from the article. "Can we just try and enjoy this for a while. Let me decompress? I have you with me and that's like having a dozen of my big brothers."

"Thanks," She grins at me. "I've never been compared to an entire team of Special Forces, CIA, or FBI before."

"Well, it's true." I playfully make a face at her.

"Yes, but, I have to rein it all in when in public and believe you me that's a pain in the ass."

***Minor Trigger Warning just in case***

We're starting around the pond when we hear the sounds of girls screaming and the taunting echoes of male maniacal laughter. I don't even think about it and take off running to save those girls. It's dead on this part of the park because of the crappy weather, so it's primed for predators to strike even in broad daylight.

"Ana! Don't do anything crazy! Like kill the slime balls!" Bella's on my heels.
"If those guys are trying to gang rape those girls then I'm sending them to the ICU!" I kick it into high gear and don't give a damn that my ankle is singing because of it.

"Shit! That's four jocks against two girls! Damn right we're sending them to the ICU!" Bella kicks past me barely reining it in. I can just make them out in front of us, but Bella's eagle vision sees them clear as day.

I grit my teeth and hit my max speed. I can make out their college jackets. Yale frat boys. Drunk. Wanting to have some fun. Knowing that Daddy can get them out of anything.

Bella reaches them, grabs hold of a jacket, and tosses one into the pond. "Get you're hands off those girls!"

"Oh! You're gonna fucking pay for that, Bitch!" Frat number three tosses the girl away like a like rag doll and rounds on Bella. It's you're funeral buddy!

"Pick on someone that can defend themselves!" I snarl and dive in between One and two and land a blow to their chests, making them drop their other nearly unconscious prey. They go stumbling back gasping, but are still on their feet.

The poor girl is barely awake, beaten, and her shirt is torn to shreds.

They're still gasping for air and Bella is playing with Frat 3 and soaking wet Four, so I reach down and help the girl and her friend over to lay by the trees. "Just stay there! We'll take out the trash." I take off my coat and put it over their shivering forms.

I can't believe this shit! The bottom feeder from TMZ is standing not even three feet from us filming this! "Call fucking 911, you fucking asshole! Tell Harvey that TMZ is history! I'm gonna sue him for every penny that he has!" God they really do only care about the fucking story!

"Behind you!" One of the girls cries weakly.

Before I can react, I'm grabbed from behind. The other tries to grab my legs. "Bad move!" I bring both my feet up and get One in the face and then ram my head back against Two, easily breaking both of their noses.

"You fucking Bitch!" Two snarls and I go flying into the pond landing on my already bruised behind.

"Fuck! I'm gonna kill you for that!" One's grabbing at his nose in agony.

It doesn't slow me down at all. It's shallow. Game on you bastards!

Three and Four managed to get one in on Bella and she lands next to me or more like she's checking on me and let them get that move in.

"You okay?" She hisses at me.

"I'm fine!" I snarl back, narrowing my eyes murderously at the four targets in front of us. "One and Two are mine."

"I'm not done with Three and Four." She snarls back.

When Three and Four decide to go after us. Bella and I easily take them down with well placed kicks to their knee caps and as they go down we get them good in the groin. They are down for the
count along the shore of the pond. Screaming in agony.

One and Two think that they're Bruce Lee. Yeah, right, pathetic! They come at both of us and suffer the same fate as their friends. In dire need of knee replacements and never being able to father anything in their lifetime.

Not that it's gonna matter. Those girls need immediate medical attention. Bella and I are soaking wet. I've got bruises where those assholes grabbed me. They are going away for a long, long time. I don't give a flying fuck who their Daddies are either!

**End Trigger warning**

We ignore the four writhing predators and rush over to focus on the girls.

"I did call the cops! I was recording it for evidence against those frats!" The TMZ germ whines in his defense, but we ignore him to focus on the girls.

The cavalry arrives or not, just two and one looks very familiar. "Jesus Christ, Frankie! I'm calling in for a few buses!" One of them is staring in awe at the scene before them.

"I'm calling it in! Shit! Dad's gonna have a coronary!" Frankie, Sam's cousin, calls the situation in then races over to focus on us. "Are you okay? Did you take on four ivy league jocks by yourselves?" He eyes the frats then us in disbelief.

Bella and I are each holding a shivering unconscious girl to keep them warm. We stopped them before they could do major damage that we can see, but they're gonna have black eyes and there will be bruising from their attackers.

"They needed help and we were here. These two girls are suffering from shock and whatever those monsters were doing to them before we got here. Those four will need knee replacements and testicular retrieval surgery." I glower at the TMZ germ still recording everything. "The parasite caught it all and didn't have the balls to help, so you might wanna confiscate his tech."

"How did the two of you get wet?" Frankie takes off his coat and hands it me and I cover the girl's legs with it.

"I pissed one off by head-butting him in the nose and he sent me flying into the pond." I shrug, as if it wasn't anything major. My ankle is telling me otherwise and my ass is singing too, but I ignore it.

"Seeing Ana go flying into the water caught me off guard with three and four and I ended up in the pond with her." Bella echoes after me.

"Hudson! Throw me your jacket!" Frankie growls at his partner who's now checking over the attackers.

"They seriously messed these four up, Frankie." Hudson shakes his head in disbelief and tosses his jacket at him. It goes over them too. "The Calvary is one minute out. Why's your dad with them?"

The guy is clueless as to who we are.

"Seriously, Man!?" TMZ germ snorts. "That's Bella Cullen and Ana Grey! As in Edward Cullen and Christian Grey's wives!"

"Nah, not possible." He eyes the germ like he's insane and walks over to us, leaving the predators for the EMT's
"No, it's true. My cousin Sam's usually their shadow and my Uncle Murry has been their driver all day. He said that he dropped you off at the park. Sam was giving him grief when he was trying to say where and we got our signals crossed. I thought he said by Columbus Circle..." Frankie informs him and I roll my eyes.

"Yeah, that happens when you don't wish your target to know that you're tailing them doesn't it?" I snark.

"Ana! Be nice!" Bella hisses at me then shoots them an 'I'm sorry my little sister is being bitchy. Please, indulge her.' look.

"I'm sorry but I'm having to quote a famous children's book title a 'Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day!' That won't stop!" I exclaim in my defense, but it gets drowned out by all the police and emergency vehicles converging on us.

A black SUV is the first to arrive and I think shit! Chris is here! Nope, it's Sam's Uncle and he looks far from pleased. More like a Dad when you're a teenager and you're like three hours over curfew. Yep, that bad. He's flanked by his own security so much like Jason with Chris. Frankie and Hudson immediately go and report to him.

We're converged on by the EMT's.

Let the migraine commence!
Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

A/N: The time-line when this all takes place was just too good not to add what's in this chapter in. In this AU world remember Ana and Chris aren't the biggest fans of EL James or her books(as they have made their lives a living hell with the media and everything that goes along with it) so her reaction to meeting Erika isn't gonna be all hugs and kisses quite the opposite actually. Where as, they became friends with Jamie and Amelia after meeting them during charity events that they both attended. Millie and Ana started their Married to a Demi-god support group after they hit it off and became good friends. Jamie and Chris have a friendship of sorts through their love of golf.

Jamie and EL just happen to be staying at the Waldorf too. It just won't quit and there's so much more to come…but I do throw in a little bit of fun…^~

Thank you for the support and love that you have shown this story. I adore you all. As always any and all mistakes are mine.

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don't do Cannon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it…you have been warned ^^) own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine.

What seems like an eternity of questions mostly answered by the germ's footage and an endless lecture from Sam's Uncle later, we finally convince him and the paramedics that we don't need to be checked out at Mount Sinai West. Besides a few bruises on me, we're fine, so he has Frankie and Hudson personally escort us to our next destination on this endless day of hell.

The Waldorf Astoria.

Parasite Central and we give them the shot of a lifetime. Ana and Bella, looking like two drowned cats, in nearly sopping wet sweats and squishy converse, being dropped off by NYPD. They go insane.

It's so loud and they're speaking all at once that we can't hear or understand a thing. Frankie and Hudson cover our heads with their jackets and rush us into the safety of the lobby. Where we are now getting gawked at like we're street urchins.

"Thanks for the ride." I ignore all the eyes on us and smile at Frankie and his partner.

"It was our pleasure, ladies." Hudson grins.

"You two are staying put, right?" Frankie shoots us both a look.

"Thanks, Frankie. Tell your Dad that we made it here safe and sound and that we'll try to stay out of trouble." I ignore the look.

We are grown women. I am CEO of GP. I will not be grounded like a teenager for doing the right thing!
"Yeah, that's what I thought." He rolls his eyes and they leave.

"Good bye, Boys." Bella and I, our heads held high, head over to the main desk. Our shoes making squishy wet noises.

The perfectly coifed front desk clerk, stepford wives clone, eyes us with distain. "I'm sorry, but our establishment doesn't cater to…"

I slam my palms down onto the shiny Italian marble top of the front desk and lean in to glower at her. She jumps and her hand is just itching to hit the security button.

"Listen…" I glower at her name tag and sneer out her name.

"Tamara is it? I am having one of the worst days of my life today and I am not gonna stand here and listen to you trying to act like the social elite which you my dear are not. You work in the Astoria, but you don't belong in the same tax bracket as those who stay here!"

"Says the dripping wet street urchin standing in front of my desk!" She hisses back. "My Daddy…"

"Oh, did you hear that Bella?" I snark in amusement. "She isn't even qualified to run the desk. Her Daddy had to get her the job."

"It wouldn't be the first time. Most spoiled rich princesses couldn't pass the first month of University." Bella smirks.

"Like either of you would have a clue about…"

"Tammy. Could you be a good little minion and call William for me?" I check my nails for damage which infuriates her even more.

"Mr. Anderson is busy." She narrows her eyes to slits. "Nice try, but you can find anything on the internet these days. Now do I have to call security or are you going to leave? You are disturbing our guests."

Before I can say anything a male voice, a very familiar one. Growls behind us. He's got a distinct British accent. "I think that I can be of some assistance." He steps up to the desk and sets down the Person of the Year issue of Time Magazine onto it.

Not that the girl notices she's panting and fluttering her eyes at him. Not unlike how females react to our husbands. Lovely, Andrea would chose the same hotel that the cast for Fifty Shades is staying in! Does someone up there really hate me today?!

"Mr…Dornan…” She says breathlessly and yes people she adjusts her blouse to make sure that the girls are on proper display under her sheer white blouse. For the love of god girl! He's married to Millie! Get a grip! You are in enough shit already!

"Look at the Magazine not at me, love" He growls softly.

She looks down at it then up at me and then down at it again. This repeats for about a minute. I can visually see the flush, sweat, and panicking setting in. That's right you are in big, big, shit. Little miss snarky pants. "It's just that look at her…How was I suppose to…" she whines.

"Oh, that's not the worst of it, love." He smirks at her. Holy shit, he has Christian's mannerisms down to a science. "Take a good look at her lovely companion." He arches one brow, just like my Chris! God it's unnerving and well I'm not dead! He's another demi-god!
Bella shoots her a not so nice lethal grin and she visibly gulps.

Tamara is now green around the gills. She looks like she's gonna be physically ill.

"Get me William, now!" I decide to channel Christian when he's about to fire someone and boy does it work.

"Yes, Mrs. Grey!" She picks up the phone and dials his extension. "Mr…Anderson…Mrs. Grey and Mrs. Cullen are here…Yes, sir…um…she wants to see you, sir…" She hangs up the phone and then whimpers. "He'll be right down…"

"We'll be sitting in Sir Harry's. Be a love and get these two lovelies a robe and some towels. There's a good girl." Jamie smiles at her and she hops to it. Then he turns his attention on us. "Now, let's go have a nice chat about why the two of you look like you took a dip in the park pond?" He isn't gonna take no for an answer either, so we reluctantly let him lead the way.

"How's Millie and your adorable little one?" I don't really wanna talk about it, so I jump in and ask about his wife.

"Both my girls are wonderful." He shoots me a sharp blued eyed it's not gonna work stare. "Where's Christian? How are Teddy and the triplets?" He counters, motioning us to sit.

"In Chicago. The Teddy and the babies are on the ship for the weekend with their grandparents…" Frankie and Hudson forgot their jackets, so we use those to protect the insanely expensive furniture before we sit down.

"Oh the hell with it…” I take a deep resigned breath and tell him the whole story and when I'm finished. He's speechless. I must say that he does Christian's shocked look to perfection too. It has to be the eyes, seeing that he's sporting the beard of a woodsman.

"If you need a visual. Look for yourself. We've had unwanted shadows for most of the day." Bella hands him her phone and after a few minutes he looks stunned.

"Four…six foot plus prats…” He plays the footage again. "Remind me never to piss either of you off. Are you okay? I mean, besides being sopping wet. Why didn't they send you to…?"

"We're fine. Wet but fine…”

Tamara races in with two robes and a stack of towels with a very pissed William behind her. "Will there be anything else?" She asks shakily.

"I'll take it from here. Karen will handle your shift. You're dismissed. We'll go over any disciplinary actions tomorrow morning." William shoots her a look and she runs from the Lounge in tears. "Ana…Bella…what in god's name happened to the two of you?!!" He's eyeing us in alarm.

Jamie hands him the phone and it spirals from there. "They've had quite the adventure today…” He quips in his deep brogue, eyes dancing. "And the day's not even half over yet." He chuckles.

"Jamie? I'll see you this evening at the…” The new arrival's voice trails off as she takes in who Jamie's sitting with.

"Erika." Jamie just can't resist, the cheeky Bastard. "Have you met Ana Grey and Bella Cullen?"

"Uh, no, I've yet to have the pleasure." She's still in shock. Anastasia Grey and Bella Cullen are
sitting having a chat with the lead actor of the movie based on her book that she took from any social media on my family. Damn right, she's in shock. She isn't on my approved list that's for sure.

"Pleasure…" I hiss letting that word roll over my tongue, eyes narrowing. "No, Ms. Mitchell, I don't think that quite fits does it? For someone who stalked a family on Social Media and then spun a story into an exotica trilogy staring myself, my husband, well, nearly all the members of our immediate family…making it hell on earth for any of us to live normal lives…so no pleasure doesn't come remotely close. The only reason why we didn't sue you for every cent that you have is that lovely disclaimer that your lawyers had you add to the beginning of your book. Any and all likenesses are purely coincidental, blah, blah, blah, BS but it saved your ass from disaster." I stand and stare her down.

That's right Erika this Ana isn't a petite little mouse. This Ana had razer sharp claws and knows how to use them. "And here's a bit of advice. I would see about changing hotels, because Christian is not your biggest fan. Far from it and if he get's wind that you're staying here then you will feel the actual wrath of Christian Grey. After all, your books did basically cause our lives to become a living hell. Taylor, Luke, Ryan, Reynolds, Prescott, and Welch all love to use your books and basically anything with Fifty Shades of Grey on it for target practice, because you've made us into more of a target than we ever were before. Now that it's a bloody movie franchise it's gonna get infinitely worse. He's even more furious that your next one is entirely from his Point of View…Chris doesn't really appreciate random fangirls sending him their underwear, bras, kinky toys or photos…because they are obsessed with your Christian Grey. And I hate all the crap that's sent to me by crazed males."

"Erika, couldn't use my characters, but she needed names that would pop…" Bella shoots her a dark look. "Who better than Seattle's real life version of the royal families. The Grey's and the Steele's. Only she wanted Christian to stand out and you to be, well, nothing like you really are. Mousy, weak, timid, shy, little bookworm that's not Ana Steele. She couldn't have her from a prominent wealthy family that wouldn't work at all. She had to change both her main characters so that your lawyers couldn't sue her and the publishing house for every dime that they had. She wasn't thinking about the repercussions that never crossed her mind not once. Fanfiction is one thing, but using actual names that's just bitchy."

"The fictional Ana and Christian don't even come close to the real thing. Like I told those fangirls at the airport. You can't even fathom what my demi-god and I share. Truthfully the books don't even come close." I go over and hug Jamie. "Give Millie and your baby girl my love. Break a leg at your premiere tonight. Bella and I are going to go see Kinky Boots." I put in the robe that Bella hands me.

"That's at the Hirschfeld Theater and the special showing is at the Ziegfeld. You'll be well clear of the fandom and the TODAY show hosts which considering your day so far is a very good thing." He hugs me and then Bella. "Tell Chris that he owes me a Golf game when he's all healed up and you and Millie can take a girls day. Love to the family."

We grab our police jackets and I pause beside Erika one last time. "I'm sorry if I was short with you, but it just rubs me wrong that you are cashing in by taking license with my family's lives, and no legal loophole makes that even remotely right."

She's speechless, like a deer caught in headlights. Then again I did give her a lot to ponder over as she goes on her way.

"Ana, before I forget. Millie says that the girls miss you on that married to a Demi-god support group I think it's called…" He grins wickedly at me.
I pray that my cheeks aren't as red as they feel. "I'll be sure to check in when I fire up my laptop. I'm sure that this latest role of yours and the content in it is drawing on her last nerve. If she needs to vent tell her to call me or shoot me an email or text. I understand exactly how she's probably feeling right now." I shoot that Zinger back at him and he narrows his eyes.

"It's just a character that I got paid to play. Not me. Millie understands it. It's my job what I get paid to do in order to support my family. I leave the character at the door…" I hit a nerve.

"Chris and Ana have been in a bit of a rough patch and she's still tender about it. She's not trying to be mean, Jamie." Bella's playing mediator.

"What's he got to do with acting or playing a role?" He frowns, once again arching a brow.

"Nothing, I'm just trying to wrap my mind around something that happened and the factors that it involved that's all…It kind of reminds me of what you do…I've said way too much as it is…"

"Chris leaves the CEO at Grey House and I leave the character that I play as soon as the film quits rolling for the day or between shots when I just try and relax. If I get stuck in one that I go see a shrink and get clear of it that way. Whatever he did that has your mind this frazzled over it must have been bloody serious. Even if it was he did it for the good of his family, no matter the crap that followed by it, and you have to see it that way. You trust him or you don't. You talk to each other. Communicate. Then you don't let it mess with your head. It's as simple as that." Jamie spells it out for me and it's clear that I have been punishing Chris and it needs to stop. I need to ignore the BS that people throw at me and trust him.

"Thanks, Jamie. You've helped more than you know. Now I've one last piece of advice for you and Dakota. Brace yourselves because your lives will never be the same again. Fandom will eat you alive. You will be stalked by crazed fans. The tabloids will be stop at nothing to tear you and Millie to shreds. You're gonna be inundated by fan's sending you all manner of things. Not all of it good. You might have to hire your own watchdogs to keep you and your family safe." I try to give him an idea of what's to come. "I should know. I've been living it ever sense the first book was released and it's never ebbed. Chris and I just have people to filter out the crap before we even see it. Our email is monitored for our own protection. Our mail has to go through security procedures before we can even touch it. Our email is monitored for our own protection. Our mail has to go through security procedures before we can even touch it. I can't step outside my gate without being stalked by the Paps and I can't even go anywhere without my shadows. I'm breaking like a million rules just by coming here and flying commercial. Any privacy that you had is over. That is the life that you signed up for so brace for impact. Like I said before. If Millie needs to vent I'm just a phone call away. Have fun tonight."

Now I've got Jamie stunned speechless, well, I thought he needed fair warning of the storm to come and how to weather it. "William, I'm more than ready to head up to our room now. I just wanna soak in a bath for an hour."

"That sounds like heaven." Bella's in full agreement.

"The Cole Porter Suite is all ready for you. I thought it more appropriate than the presidential considering that your husbands and security will also be arriving tonight. Samantha delivered your bags a few hours ago and Murry your carryon's a little over and hour go. I'll get you both settled in and then arrange for you to see Kinky Boots was it? Oh, there was also a delivery from Alice's fashion house about a half hour ago. They're both hanging in your closets. I've had the kitchen loaded up with your favorites and the pantry as well as per Christian's request. Beau and Francis are both ready to arrive this evening with their glam squad if the two of you decide to go to a show." William's kissing ass, because he's afraid that Chris is gonna call up the Chinese and offer them 3 billion for the hotel and he just may do that when he hears about the Tamara incident tonight.
"That's so sweet of you to indulge my husband. I may just treat you and your staff with some treats." It's been an endless day of one thing after another and I need to vent out my frustration on something. It may as well be baking up a storm. I leaned my head on Bella's shoulder and closed my eyes it's taking forever to get to our floor.

"It might appease our lions when they finally arrive, so there is that little plus side too." Bella's gives my waist a reassuring squeeze. "You're starting to crash, baby sister. Bath and then a nap for you."

"William, I need you to have some sunny fun flowers, happy balloons, sent to Claire's hospital room and the same for Hanah, only add a few plushies. She and Luke are expecting a little one. Call Samantha. She'll know exactly what Hospital they were both taken to yesterday evening. Find out where Sam's hiding and then have a giant lion fluffy delivered to her with balloons, Juniors cheese cake the chocolatier the better...Oh and Serendipity's. She and Logan are also expecting a little one. I need you to get in touch with Sam's Uncle the Police Commissioner and find out where the girls were taken to and then have them sent the same as Claire with one of my cards for Haven House here in New York in case they need protection or any help. They know how to contact me or Bella. We'll need someone to go to go out and get me more supplies unless you've loaded the pantry up with enough chocolate and peanut butter for me to make my family prize winning goodies enough to feed a small army...its Edward's weakness and Bella and I need as much ammo as we can get." She's right I'm crashing and hard, but I need to get these things sorted while my mind is focused. Visiting Claire and Hanah is out. Wild horses couldn't get me near a hospital right now. Sam has to know that I'm not mad and understand that the baby is making her go Bi-polar right now.

I know that this sounds like an endless list for him to remember, but he's the best concierge in NY one of the reasons being that he has a memory like we do, so everything that I'm saying at a mile a minute is registering as fast as he's texting on his phone. You want it he can make it happen, within reason of course. Chris and I are poaching him and his team. He just doesn't know it yet.

"Chris is already five steps ahead of you. He's trying to keep his mind off of your adventure in the City. Hanah and Claire are both taken care of. Sam not as of yet because she's not in his good books right now, but I will get right on it. After I see about your request for those two girls that you and Bella saved first. Chris made me and my an offer that I'd be insane to turn down while I tried to talk him down not to long ago when he check to see if you were here yet and I had to tell him that you were enjoying the park. It was working until the site that TMZ setup titled 'Ana and Bella's Day Out' went LIVE again...I believe Edward knocked him out with a sleeper hold." He's chatting as we head into the Cole Porter apartment suite.

All I am getting is LIVE site and Sleeper hold. Holy Crap! I'm never gonna be able to sit down again! That and he'll never let me out of his sight after this. I hope that Teddy isn't watching this! The Dads...I don't even wanna think about it...and my big brothers...I'll be sitting on a donut cushion for the foreseeable future.

"Girls, this is Mrs. Gloria Landon. The Astoria's version of Gail." We're introduced to a smiling hazel eyed, brunette replica of Gail.

"You must be worn off your feet." Yep just like Gail. "I've drawn baths for both of you."

"Ana, you take the Master." Bella gives me a gentle push to follow after Gloria because I'm frozen just thinking what Dante's gonna resign after having to deal with the PR fallout. I could blame it all on Ros. Yeah, at this point it's everyone for themselves. "Check in back home. Try Skype. See if Teddy has his Tablet..."

"I'm terrified to turn on my phone, tablet, basically any tech." I whimper.
"Teddy's probably worried about you, but first try and soak for at least a half hour." Bella gives me a hug and then heads off to explore the suite. It's unnerving that nothing shakes her for very long. Must be the Shining One genetics. She's not the least bit afraid of Edward's reaction to this mess while I'm ready to lock myself up in Escala until he calms down. I would be barricaded at the brownstone or in the penthouse apartment at our hotel but that's not an option. I head for the bathroom and choose shower first to wash off the pond ick before diving into the bath of frothy bubbles.

Hour or so later I'm hyped up on Serendipity frozen Hot Chocolate. I'm wearing my favorite ancient jeans, another one of Chris's t-shirts, and I am baking up a storm in this massive kitchen with my favorite Taylor's Swifts songs on repeat. Shake it off is currently blasting through the sound system.

I rarely go for putting dessert liqueur in my creations for obvious reasons, but at this point my aim is to mellow our husbands out and it's not like I'm gonna put Rum or brandy in them. Just a little Orange, Mint, Chocolate liqueurs to give them a little kick and amp up the flavor. Besides it'll burn away during the cooking process. It's not even two yet, so I have time. I checked the status of O'Hara. He won't be able to fly out until at least six, depending where they are in line. I think my phone is gonna go tilt soon, but I'm not brave enough to turn it on. Nor do I wanna look in my inbox. I'll just focus on making brownies, cookies, and fudge goodies.

Gloria's Gail's cousin, so William wasn't kidding when he said that she was his version of Gail. She's fantastic. I'm taking her back home with us! She's a widow. No kids, but she adores them, and she's originally from Seattle. Her husband moved them here years ago. We need another House Manager, so that Gail can focus on the impending birth of her son. Plus side she misses Gail and Seattle, so there is a tiny silver lining from this fucked up day from hell.

So far we've got batches of Crème de mint brownies. Grand Marnier triple chocolate fudge cake. Grand Marnier brownies. Triple Peanut butter cups are chilling in the freezer. Now we're working on rocky road and peanut butter fudge. We've got a pleasant buzz right now from sampling the batter, but Gloria keeps pouring us glasses of Orange Juice or water to keep us grounded.

Bella's and I are jamming and dancing around as we create our intoxicating goodies.

"We'll just put this out of reach then shall we." Gloria scoops up the bottles and takes them away.

"It's fine! It'll burn off during the baking process!" I shout after her, between belting out the lyrics to Blank Space.

"Sweetie, you were generous with it in the goodies. It'll still give someone eating it a buzz." Bella waves her spoon at me and I roll my eyes. "I know what you're doing and it's not gonna work. He'll burn off the alcohol from his temper alone. If it were possible you're phone would be smoking like a HOWLER right now with all the messages and missed calls piling up on it."

"It's a good thing that we don't live in the Wizarding World then isn't it." I snark rolling my eyes and blowing her a raspberry.

"William, has some messages for you. Mr. Kavanagh wants you to call him as soon as possible. He's also tickets for Kinky Boots tonight. Mr. Grey wishes for you to turn on your phone so that he knows that you're alive and in one piece. Mr. Logan Taylor and a Mr. Lucas Sawyer both wish you to stay put. Mr. Dante Dillion and Mrs. Andrea Sullivan would love it if you try and dial it back for the rest of the evening, as your antics have crashed the GEH servers with all the requests for interviews and comments from the media. Mrs. Sam Taylor would also love it if you would call it a day, as she's currently suffering from morning sickness and the flu and can't rein you in right now." Gloria comes in with her tablet and runs down the messages from her soon to be former boss.
"Bella, hand me your phone. I need to see what Papa K wants." There's no way in hell that I'm turning on my phone. I'm shocked that the only messages from back home are from Dante and Andrea? Nothing from everyone on the ship? I wonder if Chloe and TJ are doing damage control for me. Then again the rules are to enjoy the water and not our tech, so that could be it to.

"Ana, you can't avoid him and it's only gonna make it worse when he gets here. We took down four guys. He has a right to at least hear your voice." She hands me her phone and I decide to call Papa K first to see how he's doing.

"Ana…thank goodness…they've admitted me to the hospital…well, my whole staff that I have with me all have it…I've got no one to cover the special showing tonight…" He sounds so weak and it's got me worried, especially when he has to pause to get sick. "I know that Chris is not gonna like this, but I really need you to do this for me…" He croaks weakly.

"Do what, Papa K? Should you be even on the phone?" I worriedly bite down on a nail.

"Ana…" Bella's eyes are as big as saucers as she gets what he wants us to do. "Fifty Shades has a special showing tonight!" she hisses.

"I know that it's asking a lot, sweetie…" Papa K moans in misery.

"Asking a lot! He's already gonna make it so I can't sit down for a week and you want me to do what?!" I all but screams down at the phone.

"You wouldn't be walking the carpet. The two of you would just slip inside. You'll have press passes…The Times needs to cover it, seeing as the backdrop is Seattle Washington and well the characters are based loosely…"

"I am Anastasia Steele! She's Rose Swan! I've already told off Erika and you want me to go see it?! To review it?! Eamon, The Today show is covering this LIVE! Its one thing to attend a conference of my peers, but it's a whole other disaster going to a LIVE red carpet event based off a book that Chris uses for target practice! There will be a line of family members waiting to tan my butt! I'll never have freedom again! He'll move my office up to the 20th floor that's how leashed I will be! No more Spa Days, Girl Days, nope…He'll be tethered to me!" I'm pacing the kitchen and trying not to have a panic attack in the process. Papa K is in the hospital in misery. He's family. How the hell can I say no!?

"Girls?" Gloria comes back to give us more bad news. "Kinky Boots and many of the theaters were ground zero for Noro, so that's canceled until they can get crews in to take care of the problem."

"Sweetheart, I know that it's asking you the moon to do this, but with every one down right now…"

"What's the dress code…" Bella's looking at me like I've lost my mind.

"What the hell are you doing?!" She mouths at me.

"It's a Special Showing…not too casual …" he answers weakly.

"I'm sure that Bella and I can think of something suitable…. Alice had some dresses that we were to wear for the show tonight that should work for this too. They aren't too daring so we'll go for those…"

"I've sent an intern to William with all the credentials that you'll need…I know it's a lot to ask…"

"You're my Papa K. If this is gonna make you worry less and focus on getting better then of course
we'll do this for you. I will try to keep an open mind and give a fair review and be nice while we watch it." I reassure him once more. "Just focus on getting better. Love you, Papa K."

"Mr. Kavanagh! What are you doing out of bed! Put that phone down right now!" I can hear a nurse growling at Papa K. "Give me that! Mr. Kavanagh is going back to bed. He needs his rest."

"Give me back that phone…" Papa K wheezes. "I have to talk to my daughter…"

"That's fine, Papa K. Go back to bed. We've got this. No worries. Promise. Love you!" I end the call before he can get into more trouble.

"Are you out of your mind?! There is no way that we can just sneak in there! We've got a parasite from TMZ skulking our every move. He'll rat us out to his cronies and then we'll be walking the fricking carpet! Do you seriously think that TODAY isn't gonna pounce once they see us?!" Bella's scary mad at me right now.

"He's in the hospital! I couldn't say no! To one of my Daddies! I'm a seasoned pro at the Red Carpet. If it happens we'll just smile, tell them who we're wearing if they ask, and that we're filling in for a sick family friend. It's simple. We're not the actors. We don't sign autographs. We just walk it smile head into the theater." I try and talk her down to simmering mad and not vampire scary mad.

"Ana? William says that Mr. Rodriguez wants to talk to you about doing some PR damage control…" Gloria's phone is becoming my personal answering service and I think she just saved my hide from Bella's wrath.

"Jose and Paul are doing a month long trip checking in at all of their clubs and are suppose to be in London or Paris right now…this could be Chris trying to trick me…" I narrow my eyes and nibble on my thumbnail some more.

"Bitch call me or I'll tell all about your real undead wedding in Vegas and I have the video evidence to prove it…is the rest of the message." Gloria interrupts me without even batting an eyelash at the message. "You're day is nothing compared to what I've seen in my years of service at the Waldorf, sweetie. Frankly, it's a breath of fresh air that all it involves is baking and being a messenger. You treat me like an equal and not a servant and it will my pleasure to help my cousin watch over you and your family. I am more than ready to see home again." She goes over and gives my shoulders a squeeze.

Bella grabs her phone from me and hits Jose's number on her phone. "What?! This had better be beyond brilliant…" She closes her eyes and pinches the bridge of her nose and grits her teeth. "We dance that with our kids for fun…that's not the point…we'll break the fucking internet…I don't care if it's for charity…it's bad enough that we're going to the special showing of Fifty Shades…" She whips the phone from her ear and tosses at me. "Holy shit, that man can scream you deaf…"

"It's a gift of his…" I reluctantly put the phone to my ear and he is swearing in several different languages and I can hear Paul yelling for him to calm down in more colorful metaphors. I can also tell that they are at Calliope New York. "It's for Papa K! He's in the hospital with NORO! I couldn't tell the man no! I'm not walking the carpet! Just sneaking in…" I roll my eyes and wait out the next few minutes of his ranting. I can hear wrestling and Paul's got the phone now. "No! You can't come with us as our dates! He's doing what?! Fine! Fine! You can come with us! Don't send that to the Moms! We'll be having the wedding circus from hell to make up for it! Yeah, yeah, we'll wear what he brings us…" I snort, rolling my eyes. "Girls! Focus! Damage control…" More wrestling and Jose is back with the craziest idea ever! I shoot Bella desperate look.

"We do know it by heart and it will send them a message that you're done with TMZ stalking you!
It's for Charity like one of those challenges that go viral world wide…it also will put all of your causes on the map…"

"That's something that we do with the kids…how is it gonna help if I make a fool of myself or worse yet throw up…" I glare down at the phone in my hand because Jose, Paul, and the girls are all making chicken noises.

"Ana, you've been sampling as you go and have more than enough liquid courage racing through you to not let it get to you…" Bella wants to make me pay for agreeing to the viewing tonight and this is one hell of a payback.

"It's not like you have a choice, Annie! I'll spill all in glorious HD your actual wedding video and the reception that followed that!" My trembling hand has it speaker. Lovely!

"One song…" I growl.

"Two! Someone got your little showdown with little Miss Tammy and the divine Jamie coming to your rescue. Not to mention your little tete de la tete with Ms. James was captured in full by someone in the lounge…you need major damage control, sweetie. Dante's already nearly at breakdown…give him something positive to spin." Jose's taking no prisoners today.

"Fine…two…" I hiss down at the phone. "This is a disaster in the making! It's freezing outside and the slip and fall on my ass ratio is off the scales today!"

"Annie Grey! How much have you been imbibing?! That's snarky Annie Steele growling at me not Anastasia Grey mother of four!" He squeals in horror finally realizing that maybe this might be the sanest of ideas, but he's already set the ball in motion. He asked for it.

"I'm spiking my desserts to mellow out our angry lions and I may or may not have snuck a few tastes of the batter for flavor…I don't usually use dessert liquor in my sweets, so it was hit and miss until I got the results that I wanted…" I growl sulkily.

Bella proceeds to run down what we've made so far and the special ingredients that were added. Jose screams again.

"This is a bad idea…epically bad…" Paul groans. "She'll improvise from the routine…"

"I'm already in deep, deep, shit with Chris. Might as well go for more, right?" I sneer sarcastically glowering down at the phone. "As for veering from the routine, well, if you mean landing on my ass in public, or I don't know screwing up my foot even more than it is now…then yep, I'd say that's a foregone conclusion."

"It looked fine while you were going all ninja on the frats in the park?" Jose's actually reviewing my fight on his laptop or tablet! I can hear it in the background! What the hell?! They have it on the big screen at the club!

"Ana why didn't you get it checked out?" Paul goes into doctor mode.

"She's fine. She soaked it for a half hour and has been jamming to Taylor while we're baking. We've got time to kill, so name the place, and we'll be there as your surprise guests…" Bella takes back her phone before I can throw it at the wall.

"We aren't at the club! We're in a party bus! We're nearly there! It's not a big group just you, us, and the girls. William already knows the plan! Sam's cuz has the paps moves across the street…now what are you both wearing or do you need to change?"
Bella sends him a quick photo of us.

"You're channeling your men? Hmm…Well, you'll stand out and it won't look staged at all…"

"Can't we just meet you in Time Square? I've got Murry on speed dial or we can be escorted by Frankie and Hudson our watchdogs parked outside, because no one trusts us right now?"

"Hell no! That place is ground zero for Noro! We're doing it right there in front where the trees are!"

"Lovely, Park Avenue gets a front row seat of me landing on my ass…” I mutter darkly.

"Converse! No heels! I do not want to go into hiding because you end up breaking your ankle!" Paul shouts his bit in.

"Five minutes, girls! Or we come up and drag you!" Jose ends the call.

"The kids will love it!" Bella's grinning like a loon. "We need fun!"

Holy shit! She sampled the first batch of brownies! Like three of them! It's potent enough to effect her then Chris is gonna be sloshed! How much did I dump in them?!?

"It's chilly out, but the temp’s gone back into the low 40's, and what's fallen has now melted so it should be safe…” Gloria hands us two more hoodies that we brought one was for Safe House and the other was for Reach for the Stars. "Now go have fun shaking it!" She grins as Bella drags out of the suite.

We look like College Co-eds on Holiday. Both of us have our long hair up Genie style, but does that make everyone ignore us as we step out of the elevator, of course not. It's a lot busier than it was when we arrived, but then now that Jamie's location has been compromised and ours as well that's to be expected. I can only imagine what it's like outside.

"Just ignore them, smile, and keep heading for the front doors. We look like we're going for a run…” Bella hisses in my ear as we weave our way through the people in the lobby.

We've nearly made it when Jose, Paul, and the girls of Calliope NY strike a pose in the median outside and the music starts to blast out the intro to Katy Perry's ROAR. Behind them is the party bus with the banner on the side in flamboyant letters.

It's got everyone's attention, as they're dressed colorfully in hoodies representing over a dozen different causes, flamboyant skinny metallic pants, and sky-high boots. The phones are all up, out, or rolling to capture the scene outside. The paps are eating this all up like candy on Halloween. Thank god! We know this dance and the other one, but this is way out of my comfort zone! Kate and Mia love the live audience not me!

"Crap…this is a bad idea…” Bella's not all let's do this either, as we stand outside like deer caught in headlights among the crowd. It's crazy there are complete strangers that are joining in and traffic has stopped. Frankie and Hudson and some other officers are keeping it at bay for our little show.

"Let's do this!" I grab Bella's hand and we race over to take our place in the mob. Front Row center. Belting right along with everyone else to the song while everyone is enjoying the show.

"That's Anastasia Grey and Isabelle Cullen!?”

To my extreme shock. Jamie and Millie join us and the crowd goes nuts!
The song ends only to begin with an opening for Firework? Wow haven't done that one in awhile hope I remember the steps? Jamie and Millie wisely stand on the side until amazingly they get it and join in with us. I'm thinking fantastic that's two and we're done, but nope People like us starts playing. Does Bella know this one? We did this years ago at Coping Together when Mia, Kate, Jose, and I were diehardKelly Clarkson fans. Thank goodness for having excellent recall. How the heck is Bella keeping up? Must be those Damn Shining One reflexes again. I'm amazed that Jamie and Millie are able to follow, but then we're all basically letting loose. Finally, that one ends and I'm like that's three, but then Shake it off starts up Bella and I go crazy. Belting it out and hamming it up for everyone. I can't just not let go with that one. The whole crowd practically knows it so our little Flash Mob is now huge.

When all is said and done. We've sweated off our buzz. Had fun. I did not land on my ass and my ankle is sore but fine. Those who joined in were given T-shirts and they handed out pamphlets about the website housing all the charities. A shining moment in this unending day of hell.

Please, oh, please, up there don't let this be only a little eye in the storm.
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

 Had to revise a little bit on chapter 19 when they got married the second time basically had a blessing. Valentines Day seemed so cliché and wouldn’t work with their class load. So I changed it to March 21 during their Spring Break recess. I’ve been suffering from migraines from hell, but finally I’ve finished this chapter! It’s got Ana, Chris, Teddy and Hope! Enjoy!

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don’t do Cannon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it…you have been warned ^^) own it all I’m just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine

Chris

Chicago O’Hara

I’m pacing Mom’s plane like a restless tiger because we’ve been stuck here for fucking ever! It’s still radio silence with my wife! And our window isn’t until six fucking o’clock! I can’t contact the ship to check on Teddy or our babies because Chloe and TJ are on ‘protect big sister from the Dads wrath’ mode.

I didn’t even know we had a Wi-Fi blocker on the ship. They have ship to shore radio that’s a given, but I’m not gonna use that unless this day spirals down even more and I have to call in the army blissfully fishing and enjoying the weekend on my ship. Our Moms are in grandma heaven with two extra munchkins to cuddle, so they’re all oblivious to what’s going on.

“I can’t believe that Jose and Paul got her to do that? She had to take Dramamine before all of her dance team competitions, because she gets extreme stage fright. It’s why she usually has Ros, me, or Hanah handle the public speaking side of things…” I stop pacing to stare at the latest LIVE footage of our wives, as they jam to the music, and dance with Jose, Paul, and the girls from the club in NY.

“Indulging in sweets soaked with dessert liquor might be one reason…” Edward shows me the video that Bella sent of her and my Ana baking up a storm in the kitchen, as they jam to a Taylor Swift song. I can see the bottles in question in a row on the kitchen island.

“She’s thinks that I’m gonna go thermonuclear on her, but I’ve been forced to calm down and think rationally.” I shoot him a dark look.

He grins back in that freaky perfect almost lethal smile of his and I have to will myself not to shiver.

“Well, then you’d both better brace your selves because the next stop in this endless day is gonna be at a special movie showing…” Logan steps out of the SIT room with Luke.

“So what. We get invited to that kind of shit all the time…” I narrow my eyes at them.
“Yeah, baby brother, but how often is the movie’s main character you?” Luke smirks.

“It’s Fifty Shades, Chris.” Logan clarifies, as I’m temporarily stunned by this latest turn of events.

“What the Fuck?!” The hell with thinking rationally!!

“What in the name of all that’s Holy is she thinking?!” Edward snarls quietly with menace, closing his eyes, and pinching the bridge of his nose.

“Eamon is down, well, his whole team there is down. We’re talking hospital stays, so he has no one to cover for the paper…” Logan is relaying what’s been reported to him.

Edward and I are both on our phones demanding an earlier window. Fuck the commercial airliners! We need to get to our wives!

Ana

“It’s see-through!! Do you want me to ever be able to sit down again!!?” The outfit that Jose is determined that I wear tonight is a Red Lace High Neck Mini Dress think Bodycon leather skirt and a long sleeve red lace high neck blouse where your bra is out for show and you’ve got this dress! To top that off he’s paired it with Dolce & Gabbana Lace open-toe ankle boots! Spiked Heels people! I look like a Dominatrix! All that I’m missing is my whip!

“She’s right Jose. I should wear that and she should wear the Red Cashmere midi dress with gold threads all through it with the backless chains in back. Paired with the Christian Louboutin Moroccan Belle Suede High Heel Ankle Booties. It’s winter. She’ll freeze.” Bella’s eyeing both dresses then me.

“Well, at least with one of them she can wear a bra and the other is open nearly down to her coccyx…” Paul walks into the dressing room giving his take on the choices of the evening while munching on one of the many treats set out in the kitchen.

“They’ll be wearing coats of a fashion, no one’s gonna freeze.” Jose rolls his eyes at him.

“Well, thank heavens for small miracles we won’t freeze.” I mutter under my breath and then prepare to do battle with Mr. Fashion Runway. “We aren’t walking the carpet. Why can’t we just wear sweater dresses that cover everything down to our ankles with comfy suede ankle booties?”

“It’s a special showing!” Jose hisses back at me. “You can’t show up looking like you’re going to the movies at the Cinema-Plex!”

“It’s a one screen theater and we don’t wish to cause a scene. We are there to watch and review the movie for Eamon not rub elbows with the stars of the movie.” I remind him.

“Sweetie, you were on the cover of TIME as Person of the Year and we aren’t exactly not well known to begin with. It’s expected for us to show up wearing something red carpet worthy. Red carpet walk or not we are going to be recognized.” Bella shoots down my hopes of us attempting blend in tonight.

“Annie, stop being difficult,” Jose shoves the dress at me with all the accessories and I wince at the Lace bustier and barely there matching panties that goes with this ensemble. Don’t get me wrong it’s beautiful, but I’m not Kate or Mia. This dress is way out of my comfort zone, not with Chris not
attending the event with me. “You’ve worked your ass off getting back into better than pre-baby shape again and should be proud to show off all of that hard work.”

“I’ve been focusing all of my frustration towards Chris into taking care of my kids and kicking the tar out of my big brothers during my workouts while the kids napped. Getting back to my pre-baby shape in less than three months was never my goal nor was losing more weight than I had gained, even if it is well defined. The last thing that I want or need is the media sounding the alarms because I got work done to lose the baby weight or am on an extreme health kick.” I growl back from the bathroom as I obediently don the daring ensemble. It’s almost fitting when I open up the famous red jewelry cases revealing Panthère de Cartier drop earrings, necklace, and bracelet in white gold. I have to admit that they are simple, stunning, and fit the ensemble perfectly. The matching leather jacket has no buttons for coverage, but it’s lined so I won’t freeze.

Let’s be completely honest here. I could literally cause a multiple car accident just stepping out of the car in this. This is a for Chris’s eyes only creation and I know that there will be hell to pay later, but Jose will send the official wedding video to our moms. Then again I wouldn’t put it past him to have done it just so that he can throw the lavish affair that Chris and I denied him the honor of creating for us. The beach wedding on our private island wasn’t nearly what he envisioned at all. He wanted the Thornewood Castle on American Lake. The whole princess and Prince fairy tale event with over 500 guests and to that Chris and I said. Screw that we’re already married and are moving into our own castle on the sound. If our parents wanted a wedding then it was gonna be low key close friends and family only and that was that…now he has the means to make that hell a living reality with this threat of throwing us a renewal ceremony to rival all ceremonies, so I will gladly take one for the team and wear the Yes Mistress ensemble to the Special Showing tonight.

I can just imagine Jamie’s face when he sees me in this. Like I need another big brother to add to the mix. I should have texted Millie and asked her to come up to the suite and have a girl’s night, but no Papa K calls and I can’t leave him in a bind. I’m committed. I just pray to the stars above that I don’t end up literally breaking a leg or worse yet my ankle in these booties. Let’s face it I’m not having the best of luck with shoes today.

I can hear the New York Prep team greeting Paul and Jose, but Bella must be off changing into her own less daring ensemble. I throw on my robe over my His eyes only attire, so that it doesn’t get dirty while they make me gorgeous for the night.

“Let’s see the ensemble of the night so that I know how what look to put you in.” Gino stands there folding his arms, one eyebrow raised, eyeing my robe.

“Annie, all I have to do is hit send…” Jose shows me that he’s not bluffing by playing some of the video on his phone. Clouds are a menace to society and a blackmailer’s dream.

“Anastasia Rose! Is that you and Christian getting married in Vegas at a Zombie themed wedding! That’s a Zuhair Murad original and you mutilated it!” Gino goes to grab the phone from Jose and a tussle ensues between them.

All I can think of as I watch in horror is one wrong move of the fingers and I’ll be facing hell on earth as soon as I get home.

“Gino! I had it set to send…” Jose wrestles his phone back to close it before it can send, but would the fates up there just call it a day, not a chance in Hell! He’s swearing in fluent Spanish and has paled under his bronze complexion.
“Jose!” I shoot him the deadliest glare and he wisely flees for his life.

“What about the movie and Jamie!!” Paul all but whines, as he’s literally dragged out of the suite.

“Gino grabbed my phone and it sent the video…!” Jose tells him quickly in Spanish.

“What the fuck, Jose Brian! You actually had it on your phone?!! Chris is gonna have your hide!” Paul roars at him, this time it’s in French, as the doors to the suite slam close.

I ignore Gino’s scolding of my destroying a priceless original wedding gown and my mind goes down not so nice memory lane. Not really, yes, it was a one of a kind ball gown. Worthy of a Society Princess’s lavish wedding. Endless hours went into creating and designing it to our mothers’ specification’s, as I’d been away at Harvard while they went insane with the wedding planning. Thousands of dollars went into it. Beading. Bling. The works. I wanted something simple, but not our moms. Then again they’d been planning this since we were toddlers, so I should have expected it.

Murad had done dresses for me before for events in the past, so I didn’t even get a fitting until the masterpiece was finished and presented to me as a surprise on my 18th Birthday. Kate and Mia were blown away by it, as that was their dream dress. I stood there on the pedestal in my mother’s dressing room surrounded by mirrors so that I could get the full effect of their present. They were all in tears of wonder, so happy to see me in it. I was in tears too, but they weren’t of happiness, but of anger that they hadn’t listened to a word of what I had wanted.

Did I mention that Chris had only given me my ring at midnight in our treehouse, so boy was this jumping the gun! Then again like I said. They’d been plotting and planning forever and when he gave me that promise sapphire claddagh ring for my sweet sixteen, well, it set off wedding bells in their minds. Though, they kept it low key around the Dads.

I hated it on sight. There was no way that I was going to wear it for my wedding and I had already been plotting its demise. I just had to be sneaky about how to dispose of it. I’d schooled myself to put on the show of a lifetime for our mothers and my big sisters and went on and on how I loved it when I really wanted to get out of it and run it over repeatedly with my car. Gail had been watching me the entire time and she knew that I’d hated it. She wasn’t a fan herself, so she happily went along with my mission to turn it into my Zombie Bride costume for Vegas. Gail’s good at everything domestic. She puts Martha Stewart to shame.

It had been sent for final touches and never reached its destination because it was sent to the brownstone in Cambridge instead and then sent back and forth between Gail and I until my costume was finished. Now, I was going to have to come clean about what had happened to it with our mothers. They had gotten their wish in a way. I wore it to my wedding, it had just seen better days after going through what Gail and I had done to it.

“Anastasia? Are you listening to me? What possessed you to do that?” Gino snapped me out of my thoughts.

“Sheer intense loathing for it.” I felt no remorse whatsoever for the gown’s demise. It’s stuffed in a steamer trunk along with Chris’s Tom Ford Tux that he wore that night. “I had no say in its creation…it was Grace and Carla’s vision for me…I hated it on sight…They sprang their little surprise on my eighteenth birthday…” I went on to rant about the fate of my first wedding dress while Gloria, Bella, Angelo, and Gino all looked on in puzzled fascination of my apparent mental breakdown.

“Alice did the same with me, but then my only focus was to marry Edward, no matter what, so I let
her run wild with the planning.” Bella patiently waited for me to get it all out, before injecting her thoughts on the matter in a calm soothing tone.

“Mother’s have tunnel vision when it comes to that prefect dress for their daughter’s special day…” Angelo was next to tentatively speak.

“More often than not they turn a blind eye and a deaf ear to the actual bride’s wishes…most brides don’t retaliate by turning the masterpiece into something from a zombie movie.” Gino gives my shoulders a gentle squeeze. “Why the Vegas themed Zombie wedding? Was that in spite too?”

“Chris and I met on Halloween. He was two and I was one. It’s a special day for us and I wanted to get married on a day that really meant something to the two of us. Honestly, after the dress incident I wasn’t looking forward to my special day. We were in Vegas to celebrate GEH’s rising success after surpassing the billion dollar threshold and Elliot made this joke about us getting married seeing as we were already dressed for the occasion. Chris and I grinned at each other and then with a lot of phone calls and help from our friends, big brothers, and sisters we got married in a crazy ceremony, with our own vows to each other, then had one hell of a party to celebrate. We had our day. Then put our foot down with our mothers and canceled that lavish summer wedding for something small and intimate with just close family and friends a year later on our island paradise during our spring recess. Momma K designed my dream dress and all was happy in the world. Well, it was until now. Our Moms are gonna be demanding the ‘Big Show’ as appeasement.” I sigh heavily, closing my eyes to ward off the migraine looming in the foreground.

“Alice will make it bearable…” Bella’s not even gonna try and cheer me up after hearing the story about that video. She knows that I’m in deep shit with my mothers and there’s nothing that I can do other than go along with the vow renewal to beat all vow renewals.

“Please…” I whimper, wishing for this day to just end, but it’s far from over.

“I will face the wrath of my mothers soon enough, but for now we have a special showing to attend. A promise is a promise, so I will grit my teeth. Steel myself for whatever disaster might befall me next and soldier on. “Gino, work your magic with this creation. Angelo, focus on Bella.” I take off the jacket and brace for their reaction.

Gino and Angelo’s brows disappear into their hairlines and their mouths drop open. They’re both gaping at me like that wolf in the cartoon and they’re batting for the other team! Shit! This is so not a good idea! If two gay men are drooling at me. I shutter to think of the reaction the second I step onto the carpet. Eamon swears that we can just sneak inside, but the way this day has been going doesn’t make me think that it’s gonna happen.

“God in heaven! Bella Donna!” Gino’s circling me taking in the entire ensemble from head toe.

“She’ll cause heart failure wearing that…” Angelo’s a little more articulate.

I slip my robe on over my dress and glower at them.

“Heart failure, hell! She’ll stop traffic!!” Gino motions for me to sit in the salon chair in the dressing room and Angelo takes Bella off to get glammed for the night.

Chris

Chris stood in the Great room of his mother’s townhome not even three down from where he was
combining three Townhomes into one. Basically the townhome on the left had been for security, the one in the center was for family, and the one on the right was more for when the entire clan gathered. He was turning them into wings making one big home and easier to secure. Plus it also provided with a rare commodity in the city, a yard for Teddy and the kids to play in and to entertain in.

All this time and she’d been right next-door. He wondered if she’d even had a place in Escala. Odds were high that she did.

“I could have asked Mom to borrow sugar or coffee…” I mutter under my breath while the others sprawled out on the furniture. Two of them were on their phones. One was zoning again. More than likely checking in on Bella. Must be nice. Ana’s slammed up the shields again, but there is a plus side to that. She has no clue that I’m here and not still stuck in Chicago. That’s unless Edward narks on me to Bella.

Lewis. Mom’s house manager hadn’t even blinked when we showed up. He showed us inside and informed us that our formal wear was already ready in our rooms, as well as VIP access to the special showing tonight. How Mom knew with the Wi-Fi down on the ship remains a mystery. Then again Jason would have headed for home, so they could all be back at the Meadows. If that’s the case. There hasn’t been any call demanding what’s going on at least not yet. It’s like waiting for the shit to hit the fan. Not a good feeling when any of them go radio silence.

“I’ll be back in a few.” Edward’s up and headed out of the room.

“What? Where the hell are you going?” I shout after him. This is not the time to run off and do god knows what.

“Next-door to my place. Alice had some deliveries that she wants me to go collect. Wellington my house manager just texted me.” He shouted back over his shoulder.

“What the ever living fuck! Even Cullen and I had no clue! Not one!” I narrow my eyes at Luke and Logan.

“Get the fuck over it, little brother.” Logan glowered at me. “Just know that you and the family have always been safe and leave it be. It was need to know. The more out of the loop you were the better.”

“Weren’t you even a little bit curious as to where we would go off to when you stopped in the city? It was so close that we were here in minutes when you needed us…” Luke snorted, rolling his eyes at me.

“Your time was your own. I didn’t need to know. I trust all of you implicitly. Have all my life. You more than earn the downtime.” I shrug.

Truth being that I could care less what they get up to on their downtime when we’re here. It’s either because of business or family time. Ana and I usually relaxed here, as we’re not as in the spotlight on the East Coast as we are on the West. That’s unless there’s a gala or event then we’d take security with us. When Teddy came along it was basically the same. She and I would just enjoy taking him to the park or the zoo. Believe it or not sunglasses and ball caps actually do work. When we’re here everyone dresses casual unless it’s a business trip, because otherwise it’s like a beacon for the paps. Though, I know that no matter if we thought we were alone that the big brothers and Jason were not far behind.

“The Cullens rarely use their homes here, well, two of their extended family live here just down the block. Other than that they come here for nearly the same reasons you do.” Logan was near to
pulling his hair out as he eyed something on his phone. “It’s a good thing that they’re finishing up your place this weekend…” He blew out a breath then continued.

Oh fucking hell what now!?

“Jose and Paul have gone to ground. That’s not gonna save him for breaking our pact about Vegas…” Luke’s not making any sense.

Vegas…then it hits me and the urge to seriously dismember two of my closest friends overshadows anything that Ana’s been through today.

“He was holding sending the video to your moms over Ana’s head so that he could tagalong with them tonight and dress her and Bella. Paul’s pleading his case that Gino grabbed his phone and it accidently got sent…He was in shock that Ana had desecrated a priceless wedding gown worth over twenty grand…” Logan’s texting like a mad man on his phone.

“No, it was a costume that Gail made for Ana. They kept sending it back and forth for weeks. She’d torture the dress. We’re talking running it over. Putting it through an industrial strength washing machine and dryer. Then send it to Gail. She’d do something to it and send it back and that pattern continued until Ana was happy with it. She did the same with my Tom Ford tux. Gail did all of our costumes…” I’m nearly pulling my hair out as I pace in front of the massive fireplace in the Great room.

Ana and I had, even at that time, a joint account, so I would have known if she’d shelled out a fortune for a dress. Where did it come from? Who bought it? Why would it piss off our Moms to the point that we’d have to move to the East Coast for our own safety? Nothing is making any sense.

“It was a twenty five grand Zuhair Murad original wedding gown fit for a society princess. Designed with love by both of your mothers without giving Ana a say. Gifted to her on her eighteenth birthday…”

“How the fuck do you know all that…” She’d been moody that afternoon until she found out that our place at Escala was finished. It didn’t make any sense at all to me when I’d left her before being called off by our Dads to go fishing, she’d been on cloud nine over her ring and that night at her birthday dinner she’d been all ice princess towards our mothers, Kate, and Mia. When I asked her what was troubling her all I got was wedding planners from hell and no one listening to what she wanted. That it was going to stop and never in this lifetime would she be caught dead in that monstrosity. Nothing made sense, but I did my best to get my girl smiling again and never gave it a second thought.

Logan holds up his phone and is playing a video of Ana’s dress fitting, but that’s not her dress not even close. It’s also not Ana. I can see by her eyes that she’s faking happiness and fighting back fury while our Moms, Kate, and Mia coo over how it’s the one and are all in tears. Gail’s rolling her eyes and focused more on Ana. You can even tell by my baby’s tone that she hates it.

“They deserved to have their creation zombiefied for not even listening to my girl. Our first wedding was for us and we had the time of our lives. I do not regret it for one second. Hell, she even wore their dress, so they have nothing to be pissy about. I know that between Ana and me that we have more than paid them back for it with all the luxury presents that we’ve showered them with over the years. They gave her that dress for her birthday, so it was hers to do with whatever she desired. She and Gail tailored it to fit our Vegas Halloween wedding. I’ll ban them from Grey Meadows and if I have to Grey Estates. If Mia or Kate wish to take their babies to see them then it’s up to them, but I’m not going to be hiding out in Germ Armageddon because our moms are pissed about a dress that
Ana never even asked for in the first place. Our babies are not being exposed to that not happening!”

“Did they get all of that, Jason?”

What the hell?! Luke had me on speaker! Then again it saves me the time and energy of repeating myself when I have a wife to stake my claim to around all those fuckers on the red-carpet who will be eyeing my girl.

“We’re all congregated in the Great Room, so yeah they got the picture. I’m just relived that the triplets stopped screaming their lungs out the second they heard their Daddy’s voice. They’ve been little monsters ever since they woke up and neither Ana nor Chris were there. Teddy couldn’t even calm them down. Gail played your actual wedding and reception video for those not in the know and it’s clear as hell that the two of you are over the moon happy. I finally revealed the best kept secret of all to Cary and Ray. Ana and you were living on the top floor of the converted warehouse that was the startup offices of GEH and GP while the others were occupying the floor below you and that security was set up in the converted warehouse next-door. You only used the brownstone for when parental company was visiting for keeping up the façade.” Jason’s booming growl echoes around us. He’s about to blow a blood vessel. You can hear it in his tone.

“We’d hit the billion dollar threshold that week and wanted to celebrate. We’d gotten our first Jet too and Elliot was chomping at the bit to use it. Vegas goes all out for Halloween. Halloween is special to us and was when we both wanted to get married to begin with, but the mothers shot us down. Elliot dared us to get hitched. We both were dressed the part and were set for life already, so we answered his dare by throwing one hell of a themed wedding and party. We’d done everything asked and wanted something we wanted for us.” I try my damndest to stay on this topic, because Ana’s little adventure without security is really what has him seeing red.

“Daddy! Mommy fell onto her tushie at the air place! Then she saw that shot and went night-night, but then shots are scary! Then Mommy and Aunt Bells were beating up those baddies! I think there was something at the hotel, but I wasn’t allowed to hear or see it! Then they was dancing with Uncle Jose and Uncle Paul! It’s all playing over and over on the net and TV!” Teddy’s trying to do damage control, but bringing up Ana and Bella’s crazy day will only cause Jason and the others to blow.

“Hi buddy. Yeah, Mommy and Aunt Bella have had a crazy day today, huh.” I focus on Teddy.

“The babies are really loud all the time now, Daddy. When are you and Mommy coming home so they won’t be scared to sleep instead of just crying the whole time?” Teddy wants us home and our babies are revolting too? They’re too little to understand that we’re coming back to them and we’ve never left them since they were born.

“Mommy has one last thing to do for Grandpa K because he asked her to help him out. He’s got the flu and can’t do it. We’ll try our best to come home sometime tomorrow…”

“I think that now that the babies know that you’re still alive that hopefully they be fine when they wake up. I wanna talk to Mommy before bed, but she’s not answering her phone…”

“She broke her phone when she fell on her tushie, Teddybear. I don’t know if she had time to pack her tablet, because she was in a hurry to go give her speech at the big meeting that Aunt Hannah couldn’t give because she’s sick too. Aunt Sam was mad at Mommy for not telling her that she was coming to give the speech and took her stuff. Including her Laptop. She couldn’t Skype or talk with any of us if she wanted to right now, because Aunt Bella broke her phone when they were fighting...
the baddies. Plus, there was no way to call you if the Wi-Fi was down on the ship. That’s why you
had to come home, because your Uncles need to be able to keep in touch with us.” I lie through my
teeth to my three year-old, but I don’t want him cross with his Momma so what he doesn’t know
won’t hurt him. It’s not all lies. Sam did take their stuff, even if I did rectify that situation hours ago.

“Are you with Mommy now?”

“No, I’m at Nana Ella’s house and guess what? It’s right next-door to our brownstone and so are
Aunt Bella and Uncle Edward. Small world, huh, buddy?”

“Wow!” Teddy’s a little floored by that, but he’s determined to know where his Mommy is. “If
you’re there then where’s Mommy?”

“She’s at the Hotel with Aunt Bella getting all pretty for her event tonight. Uncle Edward and I are
gonna meet Mommy and your Aunt there and surprise them….” Well, that’s all true.

“Okay, Daddy, can Mommy please use your phone so she can talk to me before bedtime? That way
the babies can hear her too and not start up with the crying again? I have a headache. We all do. The
special ear thingy’s don’t work either. I can still hear them. Alex more than my sisters, but when the
three of them start it makes your ears hurt.”

The babies weren’t even near ready for Ana or me to leave and she’s gonna be beside herself with
guilt when she finally turns on her tech. I’m feeling like he’s continually stabbing me as he describes
how miserable the babies are and over and over again. “I will hand Mommy my phone when I see her. I
know that she’s missing you as much as I am…”

“She’s scared cos she’s in big, big, trouble! That why she not talk to Teddy yet!” Hope must be right
beside him and her voice chimes out loud and clear, as does the muffled laughter in the background.
That and Angel telling her that’s enough. “Fine! But it’s true!”

“She’s not in trouble, Princess. Ana’s the big boss of her own company and needed to go talk to a
bunch of important people because Hannah who’s helping her while she’s taking care of the babies
and Teddy got sick…” Adam’s trying to calm Hope down by explaining why Ana left without
saying anything to any of us.

“Then why’s everyone so growly if they’s not in trouble?” Didn’t think that Hope would buy that.

“Cos, Mommy and Aunt Bells went without their shadows and that’s a big no-no…” Teddy chimes
in.

“Oh, please! Tell me that you’re not all upset because they left without security! Bella makes all of
you obsolete! She’s fine! They both are! We’ve got family all over! New York is no exception and
they’ve been shadowing the two of them. They’re both grown women and just looking around at all
of you men sporting braces and casts proves that Ana can more than protect herself or haven’t you
seen Ana going all Lara Croft on those horrid boys at the park today? None of them have any control
over a rampaging outbreak, the paps, who they come across, that’s all a chance of fate! Ana is GP
and with her second down she had no choice but to take her place at the Expo! All of the family jets
were in use. She hadn’t a clue that Ella even had one, so she took a commercial first class flight that’s
not the end of the world. Fangirls are annoying and when they fawn over your husband you tend to
speak your mind, more so when you’ve recently been indulging in Sangria…” Alice is there too?
She must be there to collect Edward and Bella’s twins.

“Oh, dear god!” Jason
“No wonder she’s acting out!” Gail

“No wonder she’s acting out!” Gail

“Teenage Ana!?” The guys, Mia, and Kate

“We’re lucky that what’s happened hasn’t been worse!” Adam

“We’re lucky that what’s happened hasn’t been worse!” Adam

“Alcohol and my baby don’t mix…” Carla

“Alcohol and my baby don’t mix…” Carla

“It makes so much sense now…” Grace and Carrick

“It makes so much sense now…” Grace and Carrick

“Baby girl takes forever to burn it out of her system…” Ray

“Baby girl takes forever to burn it out of her system…” Ray

“I’ve never seen her drink…” Angel

“I’ve never seen her drink…” Angel

“She doesn’t look it too me…just really bitchy…” TJ

“She doesn’t look it too me…just really bitchy…” TJ

“So that’s the punch on the counter…” Chloe

“So that’s the punch on the counter…” Chloe

“And why I told you no…” Carrie

“And why I told you no…” Carrie

“Chris and Ana both have low Alcohol tolerance…” Marcus

“Chris and Ana both have low Alcohol tolerance…” Marcus

“That coupled with Bella’s bad luck things were bound to get dicey…” Ella

“That coupled with Bella’s bad luck things were bound to get dicey…” Ella

“Bad luck?” All of them

“Bad luck?” All of them

“Long story and no I ain’t gonna spill the details.” Jasper drawls. “Its way too complicated and not Alice or my place to say…it’s just a quirk of hers that tends to happen when you least expect it. This is like Alice said, nothing.”

“Christian! I may have goofed a little when I arranged for Ana and Bella’s dresses! But I sent a suitable wardrobe change in case you go nuclear when you see her in it. It was meant to be Bella’s… but I underestimated Jose…” Alice is talking so fast that I just barely get all of it.

“What color is she wearing tonight…?” Goofed?! What the hell is she wearing?! Why the fuck would I go nuclear?! Ana’s not Kate or Mia.

“What color is she wearing tonight…?” Goofed?! What the hell is she wearing?! Why the fuck would I go nuclear?! Ana’s not Kate or Mia.

“Um…it fits the evening theme perfectly…and there’s a matching jacket so she won’t get cold…”

“So it’s grey and not winter friendly?” I surmise.

“So it’s grey and not winter friendly?” I surmise.

“Grey?” She squeaks. “No…it’s not grey…but it does fit in with the book…”

“Alice? Are we talking Red Room red?” Kate and Mia chime in.

“Alice? Are we talking Red Room red?” Kate and Mia chime in.

What the fuck?!

“It’s red…” She says softly.

“It’s red…” She says softly.

“Let us see!” They demand.

“I hear them race over to Alice.

They gasp.
“Holy shit!”

“I want one!”

Oh dear fucking god!! It’s a Kate and Mia dress!

“She’s gonna look smokin hot in that!”

“With her girls like they are now, she’ll stop traffic!”

“Hardly, she’ll never take off the jacket, she’s not us!”

“Mistress Ana is in the House!”

“Well, she has been saying that EL got it all wrong and that’s one hell of a statement proving it!”

“All that she needs is her weapon of choice…”

My baby carries a mini whip with her and Sam taught her how to expertly wield it. Alice sent my Ana a Domme dress to wear on the red-carpet to the special showing of Fifty Shades of Grey?!

“Send me that picture now!!” I bite out through clenched teeth not even bothering to say please.

“It covers everything…” Alice squeaks again. Alice doesn’t whimper nor does she squeak so this is beyond bad.

“Oh my dear lord!” Our Moms and Gail are taking a peek now. “That’s short!”

“Over my dead body!! Her bra is showing!!” Ray’s seeing red.

Her what is showing?!

“Fuck! I’m calling the Commissioner! She’ll cause a riot in that!” Jason’s calling in Sam’s Uncle!?

“That’s fifty dollars each in the Swear Jar for saying naughty words!” Teddy growls.

“Each word!” Bella and Edward’s twins echo.

“Naughty step! Now!” Hope orders.

“Send me the picture, please…” I snarl out.

Logan and Luke are calling in the troops for tonight too.

“Just remember there are little ears in this room and use your indoor voice…” She finally gives in and sends it.

My phone pings that I have a new message and I brace myself for what I’m about to see. Then I go thermonuclear! Mine! My eyes only! I will commit murder if she wears that dress! What there is of it!? A corset!? Lace!? Red Leather?! Ultra Mini dress!!? LIVE on the Red-carpet!!? It screams Yes Mistress or Vampire Queen!? Any man within eye sight of her will go down to his knees and beg!! Submit to that!? Well what male in their right mind wouldn’t!? This has Jose written all over it! I’ll bet that he switched the dresses on purpose!?


My phone pings again and seeing this one, even though there is no back at all too it, I know that Jose
pulled a switch. This one is so my Ana.

“What’s. Her. Backup. Dress.” I’m barely able to think through the rage.

My phone pings again. This one is red also, but down nearly to her ankles. Cashmere. Like a sparkly comfortable sweater, only a dress. Yeah, it hugs the curves, but at least it’s covering them and it has long sleeves too.

“Shoes…” I growl once more.

My phone pings again. Shit! She’s gonna break her ankle in those!? Killer heels?! “It’s already wounded that’s an ER trip waiting to happen!”

“They’ll support her ankle! They’re booties!” Alice chimes in wearily.

“Ana can out catwalk an Angel, she’ll be fine!” Kate growls.

“She’s yours. You know it. Show her off on the carpet. Give them the real Chris and Ana. Then do the wardrobe change. That way you don’t make an embarrassing scene and end up sleeping on your boat until summer.” Elliot’s being the voice of reason for once and it’s working to rein in my temper.

“It’s Ana. Alice has her covered. So what if it’s see-through lace. The corset covers her like its part of the dress. She’s already scared out of her mind that you’re already off the charts furious at her, so she has nothing to lose wearing it.” Ella’s tone is soothing and just what I need to calm down completely.

“Daddy. It’ll be fine. Just hold Mommy’s hand the whole time. It works for me.” Teddy’s grabbed the phone from mom I think.

“I’ll do that, buddy.” I chuckle. “Daddy’s gotta go get ready to show off Mommy. I’ll give her my phone as soon as I see her…”

“Yuck! You’ve gotta wear a monkey suit don’t you?”

“Yeah, I sorta do, pal.” I grin.

“Better you then me! Bye Daddy! Love you! Give your phone to Mommy! I wanna talk to her before bed!”

Chapter 27

Chapter Notes

A/N: We find out a little more about something that Bella never wishes to talk about… but then again its need to know information after the day they've had. I made a board on my pinterest just to give you some idea as to what Ana's 25 grand wedding dress looked like/her beach wedding dress/ and what she and Bella are wearing on the Black Carpet or as close as I could find from what I was seeing in my head.
https://www.pinterest.com/serecindra/teddy-and-family/

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don't do Cannon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it…you have been warned ^^) own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine

Ana

Can't say that Bella and I don't have watchdogs now. Nope. Frankie and Hudson are all suited and booted to be our buffer at the special showing tonight. They're both parked in the kitchen woofing down the treats. We're both so annoyed that we don't even warn them that they may or not pack a punch when you eat them.

It doesn't take a genius to know that Jason, Adam, and Logan have gone into Defcon 1, because Chris is losing the plot. Can I just hide now? I don't relish not being able to sit down for a week.

Though, Seriously! Did they have to get the Commissioner who's already pissed at us more pissed at us because we lied through our teeth that we were going to be good girls and stay in our suite at the Waldorf. Not that it's not my fault that Papa K's laid up with an IV in his arm in a hospital suite because NORO got him too!

William informed Gloria that the paps are even more ravenous than usual because of that blasted TMZ LIVE site! I think that there is more to it, but no one is giving up the deets for fear that I myself will lose the plot again. I mean, look what I'm capable of doing to a priceless wedding dress. William somehow got to see the wedding videos too, so Jose had it set to send to more than just the moms! If that's true then he's a dead man walking when I get my hands on him!

Bella's glued to her phone, but she won't let me in on what's wrong now. Angelo, who is addicted to those home and viral video shows, clued me onto one tiny little detail about my big sister that took me by complete surprise. She was the star of two of the most famous videos on Funniest Home Videos show and had been dubbed 'The Klutziest Teenager in America' as a kid. She even still to this day has a loyal cult following as other friends of the family have shared various moments online. I vaguely remember being gawked at and pointed at as a teenager but shrugged it off because of being a Steele.

After seeing these they were thinking…Hey! It's that girl who needs a safety hazard sign wherever she goes! Someone wrap her in bubble wrap!

No wonder she wanted to be a Vampire! She wouldn't have survived to 21! I thought that her books
were an exaggeration! I'll admit that when I was little that I had two left feet for a while and got into a bit of mischief, but I shadowed Chris everywhere so I was able to grow out of it by mastering activities where balance and agility were all key. That's how I conquered my clumsiness.

I have to get my hands on her laptop again! Edward must have been going out of his mind!

"Angelo! Where the hell did you get that!?" Shit! He's busted! Bella caught him showing it to Gloria.

"You were so adorable, Bella!" Gloria gives her a hug.

"I was a walking disaster, but thank goodness I grew out of it! I didn't even know about them until a family friend clued me in during a quick overnight stay in Destiny, Idaho. Let's just say that my dad and I had words. Now where did you get those from?" She's got Angelo backed up against the wall fearing for his life.

"From the forum dedicated in your honor…a family friend uploaded dozens of videos. This is nothing. Your videos get millions of hits…” The poor man is whimpering like a scared puppy who just chewed up his master's prized slippers.

"WHAT?!" Bella's going to crush his phone if she isn't careful. "I don't care if he's one of Charlie's closest friends! He's toast when I get my hands on him!"

"Think of it as being the inspiration for all of those hazard prone kids that they can and will be able to overcome it! Don't think of it as being the star of some of the most embarrassing videos ever! That was then this is now and leave it at that!" I race over on my sky high heels to rescue his phone and prevent her from outing herself in the process.

I thank the powers that Kate and Mia made me take those modeling courses when we were teens or I'd be in the ER right now with a broken ankle! I can even out catwalk a Victoria Secret Angel and did during fashion week New York for charity when I was still attending Harvard.

"It's just infuriating that I'll never be able to forget that I was a walking disaster waiting to happen. I couldn't even cross the street without an incident sometimes, because I was such a trouble magnet and clumsy to the extreme. The only plus side to those blasted videos is that it set my Dad up for life, because Jasper took his winnings and invested it for him into quite the nest egg. It was for my college education, but seeing as I was marrying my very own Bruce Wayne, Charlie didn't even have to make a dent in the fund that he had set up for me." Bella's pacing like a caged angry lioness.

Our two shadows for the evening are wisely staying out of it, but I can see that the two of them are looking at something on their own phones, and trying like hell not to show any emotions to what they're watching.

Bella stalks over and takes their phones. "I was eight! Kids fall out of boats all the time!" She snarls darkly at the two now terrified NYPD officers. "The other I was twelve! I'm not the only one that accidently snags their dad with a fishing lure in the crotch and then not knowing that it's happened tried to cast my line! Then having a klutz attack sending me and some of the ones in our boat into the lake!"

"No…that…uh…can happen…to….any kid…" The boys gulp at the fire that's burning in her nearly black as midnight eyes. Shit! She's not even trying to dial it in!

"Well, at least you didn't cause a city and state wide amber alert because you wanted to go snuggle with Chris and were banned because he had the chicken pox! They had the FBI, all of SPD, Helicopters, boats, the works all searching for me and I was sound asleep cuddled with Chris in his
bed. I was four and Chris was five." I confide to her in hopes that it'll defuse her temper.

That has everyone's attention. "How in the world did you…"

"I don't have Lara Croft envy just because, figuring out situations, and carrying out the means to solve them has always come naturally to me. Adam thinks of it as me being a born cat burglar. Climbing stuff was nothing when I was really little, it was the running that was a pain. I got over that by shadowing Chris around…" I gave into their stunned faces and spun the story of when I caused most of Belleview to go into panic mode major. "That's only one of my many adventures…so you needed a caution sign growing up. Everyone has their own unique quirks."

"Edward found it endearing when he wasn't pulling his hair out rescuing me…"

"Then there's your plus side to your, um, condition…"

"That's one way of calling it…" Bella's calmed down. "I'll bet you kept them all on their toes…" She smirked.

"Oh you have no idea…" I grin, eyes dancing. "It's only fair, so I'll show you some of my greatest childhood moments when we get back to the Meadows. Dad had them all put on DVD and Teddy loves to watch them. The Mr. Bubble one being their all time favorite."

"My kids get a kick out of mine too. Dad did the same and gifted the collection to me for my twentieth birthday. None of them inherited it thank god. When it comes to coordination they take after Edward."

"Angelo! I've got a Glam emergency to take care of!" Gino's lying through his teeth, but I don't blame him with Bella on a tear. "Ciao belle signore! Buona notte!" His crew has already packed up and he all but drags Angelo with him out the doors.

"What a bunch of pansies!" I snort, rolling my eyes.

"We'd bolt too, but we're on the job…" Hudson snarks between bites of Crème de mint brownies.

"Nah, I've got sisters and cousins that are way worse than these two! Sam being one of them…" Frankie shoots back between bites of Grand Marnier brownies. "It's just good that the she got it out of her system now, because we gotta get going soon if the two of you still wanna try and sneak in and not walk the carpet."

Bella stalks off to get her coat and clutch for the night.

"Boys, if you value your lives and the ability to father children ever in your lifetimes I suggest that you keep the snarky commentary to yourselves!" I hiss at them through narrowed eyes and stalk off to collect my own jacket and clutch for the night. "And for the love of god we had better have a driver, because the two of you have been scarifying liquor laced sweets ever since you parked your asses in the kitchen! I was very generous with the booze so you'd probably fail a breathalyzer test! It's a good thing that my weapon of choice can also act as a belt, because the two of you couldn't shoot or walk in a straight line if your life depended on it! They were for our guys to mellow them out not for company consumption!"

"William's already ordered a limo for you this evening and it should be waiting outside!" Gloria calls out. "And he and the staff are loving the treats you sent down!"

"He's gone above and beyond for us today. You both have and deserve a sweet reward for it." I
choose to leave my phone here. Yes, I know that it's delaying the inevitable, but at this point it's probably gone tilt with all the missed calls, messages, text, and emails being sent to the poor thing. That goes for my tablet too! Bella's got hers so it's not like we'll be phoneless.

"You can't be serious, Anastasia!" Bella's caught sight of my braided leather accessory around my waist that I've fashioned into a snazzy looking belt.

"Hey, it's red, leather, and matches this ensemble perfectly!" I grin wickedly. "And I know how to use it too!"

"How many sweets did you sample?" Bella groans.

"One each of the first batches to make sure that I got the taste just right…” I shrug as I slip on my jacket on the way towards the suite doors.

"And you barely had an appetite tonight …"

"I'd just expressed my milk and my stomach couldn't handle that much after the day we've had and Chris's impending arrival."

Bella walks over to the fruit basket on the island and tosses me an apple and then after I've easily caught it, throws me a banana. "Indulge me. It's going to be a long evening. You've hit your limit today for sugar and junk food. You need to eat healthy for you and the babies, no matter how nervous you are or not."

"I had a big lunch and I'm not even the least bit buzzed." I reassure her. "I'm just dreading this evening. A promise is a promise. I'm carrying my weapon of choice because in situations like this it acts like a kind of security blanket. Sam taught me how to expertly wield it and it makes the perfect bottom feeder deterrent."

"Hudson and I can drink anyone under the table. We're trained in bottom feeder control. You won't have to tame anyone. That I promise you." Frankie grins at me.

"You mean that's a real whip?" Hudson's finally clued in to what my belt actually is.

"Sam's an expert at wielding one and Ana's her charge, so it makes sense that she'd teach her how to use one as well." Frankie nods at his buddy.

"No one can say that she won't fit in tonight…” Hudson wisely heads for the doors. "I'll go check the situation out front. When these two make an appearance the paps are gonna go nuts."

"Dad's got a handle on it. The sharks have been pushed back to across the street. The limo's out front. It's straight to it and we're out." Frankie was all business now that someone was talking in his ear.

"Yeah, yeah, we know the drill." We roll our eyes and head out the doors after Hudson with Frankie right behind us.

"Have a good evening, Girls!" Gloria calls after us.

"You too! We'll try!" I call back, not believing for a second that our never ending day has decided to give us a break.
A/N: The guys are hiding out across the street from the Ziegfeld while they await the arrival of the girls. Chris is eyeing the pandemonium outside with trepidation and brooding over what all the fuss over the books are about. You kind of get a window into the past with this one. For the most part. Calm before the chaos continue ;)

Thank you for the Kudos and those who have bookmarked this story. Happy that you are enjoying it.

Cin

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don't do Cannon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it…you have been warned ^^) own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine

Chris

I text Jamie to message me when they arrive and to say he was shocked by my request is an understatement.

He called me demanding answers as to why the bloody hell the girls were attending the showing when Ana clearly told off the writer of the book that afternoon. I explained that she was attending as a special guest reviewer for the Seattle Times, because everyone was down with NORO. Her plan was to sneak into the theater and skip the carpet, but the setup canopy for the showing made that next to impossible, so her and Bella would be walking it whether she wished to or not.

I told him that he couldn't miss their screaming red aptly themed ensembles that Alice had designed for her and Bella. More so Ana, but they were both wearing red. Let's just say that after some lengthy colorful swearing, as this was a streaming event being covered exclusively by the TODAY show. He finally agreed to keep an eye out for them.

So by the time this night is over I might be deaf with all of the screaming fans lined up to see the stars of the movie that shall not be named. The plan was to sneak into the theater, but that's impossible the way that have it set up. It's not a red carpet either. Try black. We're watching from across the street for our girls to arrive and then only then are we going to brave stepping outside into fan madness.

"This is tame compared to the premieres that we've attended for my Bella's Singer Saga movie franchise." Edward shrugs next to me, not the least bit deterred by all the commotion happening across from us.

"Those were teenagers. We're talking about obsessed women. Fixated on the idea of a darker
fictional version of me, well, us." I mutter under my breath.

"True or that our wives are seen as timid little mice when they are full grown lionesses with very sharp claws."

"Though in truth most of my family were into the scene…” I mutter under my breath.

"Say that again…” Edward’s looking at me like I’ve lost my marbles.

"Look, you can find out what you wish to know using your special quirk. I’m not rehashing it out loud where some fucker with a listening device can record it! And don't glare at me like that I'm good with the weird and you’re all family. Secrets to the grave. Do ya want it in blood? You’d probably get a sick thrill out of that…” I hiss at him, not in the mood for this shit today. The zoo across from us is getting worse. Sam's Uncle does have things in hand, but I loathe events like this with a passion and avoid them like the plague.

They closed off the street to regular traffic so that they can keep the chaos at a minimum. The fans are lined up behind barriers on both sides of the street. There's movie propaganda plastered everywhere you look with fans desperately clutching books to be signed. All of them desperate to get up close to their idols.

The NYPD presence is increasing so I know that our wives should be making an appearance very soon, as will the guests of honor. Luke's entrenched over in enemy territory and has been sending us video of the set up. Chandeliers for lighting up the canopy, arrangements of red roses, wall size movie posters. Mostly black and white, not a lot of color, to go with the whole fifty shades of grey theme I guess.

That's where her version of me differs. I am not nor have I ever been as fucked up as she's made the fictional version of me. Yeah, I had birth mom issues and even touch. Then again I had Ana and she went along with me to touch therapy. Yeah, I had nightmares but who wouldn't after surviving the fire and then losing everyone I loved in one shot but for Mia.

My point is that the book feeds off the idea that Book Grey's parents have to be the most clueless people on the planet. For a Lawyer and a Pediatrician they really dropped the ball. Yeah, I screamed and acted out at first during touch therapy, but Grace and Carrick waited me out and then tried again and again until my mind registered that their touch didn't hurt. After that it was easy to get over my fear. When we started school we were also sat down and were lectured complete with visuals all about strangers and predators. All of these things were important milestone lessons that gave us the foundation to endure our teens.

Yeah, our parents were busy, but they found the time to raise and love us. Give us the attention that we needed while focusing on their thriving careers. We had allowances, anything more than that in our preteenager years and we earned it by doing community service and excelling in school.

When we hit our teens we started working afterschool with Ray. Its how we learned how an empire was run and what it took to make it thrive and build something phenomenal.

From Carrick we learned about the legal side of things, well, that and law means hours and I do mean hours of eye crossing research per case. It put all of us off Law school, being gophers and fact checkers for my dad's firm.

From Carla we learned about check and balance and accounting as she was the CFO of Steele Shipping.
From Grace we learned humility, sacrifice, compassion, and how caring is the best medicine of all. We learned that we had a duty to pay it forward and show compassion to those who weren't nearly as fortunate as we were. We learned about grieving and loss too. To this day it astonishes me how my Mom can still be sane doing what she loves to do everyday. I'd just get angry with every loss and that's why Med school was crossed off the list. Defeat and I don't mix.

When we hit our late teens we all were offered internships from like you didn't know already. Ella's company. That's were we all got our first tastes of what we wanted to strive towards career wise.

Barney apprenticed under Fred Wilson her head of IT. He was in geek heaven let me tell you.

Andrea has always been the organization guru of the gang, so she interned as Mac's PA.

Kate and Ethan already had a family gig with the Kavanagh Media Empire.

Hanah was into Publishing just like Ana was and co-interned with Ana as PA's for the head of Mac's publishing section Marisa Ford.

Jose loved to build things and shadowed Elliot and Gwen at Grey Construction and Design. Elliot was just starting to really make his mark in his field and so was Gwen in the field of design.

Paul, well, he volunteered at Seattle Grace. Medicine was all he wanted to do.

Ana couldn't make up her mind so she kinda floated from department to department, IT, Publishing, Mergers, Innovation...the book loving part of her won out in end and she apprenticed under Marisa Ford to learn about the publishing world. It was Marisa who clued us all in about SIP and gave Ana the start of her dream.

Mia took to interning in the hospitality section like a fish to water. She got to be the shadow for some really top chefs every summer.

I wanted to learn every aspect of what it took to be a CEO so you could say that I floated everywhere in Ella's company. That's why at sixteen when in Econ we were told to create a fantasy corporation and work at trying to make it succeed, as in not be in the Red at the end of the school year, actual profit. I didn't have any problem convincing Grandpa T to let me have the start up for GEH, making a fantasy econ project a reality.

Ros was already working at Amazon and was our mentor for the project. It didn't hurt that she was our Big Sister of sorts and after we made our first million gave them her notice and turned all of her focus on GEH helping it thrive while we finished our education.

We all did time during the weekend when we didn't have a game or some event at Jason's Weekend Bootcamp when we acted out or bucked against the rules. All and all we were molded into well rounded young adults.

Obviously, the book version of my parents failed miserably in all categories when it came to raising their kids. Book Christian should have gotten some tough but gentle love at an early age. He should have been hugged and hugged often like I was and shown that touch doesn't hurt if it's given by someone that you can love and trust and been taught about predators.

Sorry about the mental rant, but I loathe the book to infinity. Truth be told, so does John Flynn because it paints him as a charlatan shrink. He's anything but that and has been my sounding board and confidant since I was little. Book Flynn not so much.

Book Ana is nothing like my baby at all. If I were to pull any of that shit with her she'd geld me and
have my balls for breakfast. We are and always have been a team. Equal partners all the way for the most part. I'm still the protector and she allows me that vice and she's the nurture always has been. But don't let that fool you she's an Alpha just as much as I am. Like I said equal partners.

I'd go into all the other characters like Kate is pretty much spot on, as is Elliot in many, many ways. Spoiled Princess Mia and has her moments, but she's not nearly as annoying as Book Mia. I mean who is? Though, she's a serial hugger that's spot on. Jose obviously not even close…I could go on but you get the idea.

Edward none to gently cuffs me on the back of the head to get my attention off of my mental loathing of what's going to be shown across the street. "Fucking hell! Cullen! Our wives are gonna watch that farce and see Jamie's ass! I think I have a right to silently brood if I want too!" I snarl darkly at him, as I reach back and rub the back of my head where he pulled a 'Jethro Gibb's' on me.

Fuck that hurt like a bitch! Is he trying to give me a mild concussion!?

"It's all a farce. Fiction. Fueled by a vivid imagination who was out to create a modern day fictional Howard Hughes. She merely took our likenesses, accomplishments, mannerisms, personality traits and flaws. Mine more so than yours, as she included many of my former flaws that Bella so generously included in her trilogy and Ms. James incorporated in her fanfiction. She took pieces of your background and twisted it too. Then melded it all with some of Howard Hughes worst flaws and created her twisted fictional ridiculously flawed male protagonist." Edward goes to cuff me again just to get his point across, but I'm ready for him and avoid the blow.

"Cut it out! I don't need to be rushed off to get a brain scan tonight, because you're taking your mood out on me! Fuck! Stop trying to beat me up!" I snarl under my breath, glaring murderously at him.

"If I were trying to beat you up then you'd be in the intensive care ward." He narrows his eyes so that there is no question that he's the hunter, never prey, and growls in a lethally low tone. "I'll dial it down if you stop brooding over nothing!"

"I brood. It's just one of my quirks when I'm upset about something. I don't do it consciously it just happens! Stop fucking reading my mind! Aren't you breaking the rules or something!?" I steel myself against his Vampiric glare and will my body not to cower or show any weakness. I match his glare with one of my own.

Truth be told he's scary as Fuck!

"That rule is void when permission is given freely." He smirks at me knowing he's got me in checkmate.

"I didn't…well…yeah…I guess I did…" I swear fluently knowing now that he's got permission to run around my head whenever he wants.

"By being related by blood certain rules apply no matter what ones longevity may be." The bastard smirks.

Logan stalks inside and he looks beyond pissed. "Jose's phone was hacked while he was fleeing the crime scene and they got into his Cloud! By that fucking parasite that's been stalking the girls! Your Vegas themed wedding is streaming on TMZ and Youtube! Dante, Barney, Carrie, Chloe, TJ, and Adam are trying to shut it down, but it's going viral! The failsafe activated but the damage was already done. Your weddings plural and everything he had covered about them was compromised!"
"We have an exclusive contract with the Seattle Times and Kavanagh media and they are the only media organization legally authorized to print any photographic or visual material for any members of our family! Bring TMZ down to their knees! Bring them all down to their knees! They crossed the line! I want blood this time! I want to watch them bleed! I want them to come crawling on their knees begging for mercy! I want every last dime that Harvey has! His guy just brought down his bosses parasite kingdom! Hell! That whole LIVE feed today was grounds to bring them down and I only allowed it to continue to keep an eye on Ana!" I keep my tone deadly soft as we're in a public bar, but the orders that I am giving on my phone via text and email are crystal clear. The stalkers of privacy are going down!

"I'm unleashing Rosalie and Jasper on them as we speak." Edward's lightning fast texting on his phone.

"The Commissioner has them leashed, but it's still going to be chaos on that carpet and ETA on the girls is any minute now. Dorman and Johnson are already on the carpet as are the rest of the cast, James, and the director, so the focus is all on them…Luke's taken point at the beginning of the carpet. There is no way they can sneak in, not with the way they've got it set up." Logan is laser focused, like his dad.

"We're gonna cause a riot walking the gauntlet outside to get to the carpet…"

"That's too risky. You're arriving just like the girls. We gotta move."

"Fine with me. I wasn't in the mood to get mauled by crazed fans…" I'm so game for this new plan.
Chapter 29

Chapter Notes

A/N: The girls have arrived! Let the fun begin and Teenage snarky Ana's coming out to play bigtime! Two chapters in one weekend! Enjoy! ^_^-

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Ana

Oh my fucking god! There is a fucking canopy over the goddamn carpet! Do you really hate me up there!?

"Ana, breathe." Bella grabs my hand and gives it a gentle squeeze. "It's gonna be fine."

"Fine! I'm dressed in screaming red! Dante is gonna skin me alive! That parasite multiplied in numbers. What the hell was that germ snarking about me looking good dead?! And was I a Walking Dead Fan?! There's no way they could possibly know about our secret wedding in Vegas! They all signed NDA's!" Our limo is getting closer and closer and I'm all but jumping out of my skin! I want my Christian!

"TMZ parasites never follow the rules. Jose had his phone still on when he fled for safety…” Bella's checking her phone for google alerts on any of them and right now the trending theme is about a certain Zombie Wedding in Vegas. It's crashing multimedia sites.

"Harvey's crew is already up shit creek because of the LIVE feed! The only reason that it's even been allowed to keep streaming is because Chris wants to know what's going on."

"It went dark as soon we left the Waldorf…"

"What?!" That can only mean one thing. The feed isn't needed anymore, because our guys are already here!

"Did you honestly think that our guys were going to just sit on their asses and do nothing while we attended a Fifty Shades premiere!?" Bella snorts sarcastically rolling her eyes at me.

"Fuck it!" I shake off my trepidation. "We're gonna go watch this movie while our guys catch up with Jamie. I seriously doubt that he's gonna wanna sit through it with all those panting women in the audience. Talk about awkward! I'm in it so deep already that shooting spit wads at the screen or heckling it can't get me into any worse trouble. I know that I won't be able to be a good girl and just sit and watch it without adding commentary."

"The last thing you need is coverage of you being kicked out of the theater for vandalizing the screen with spit wads! They'll take you in for observation thinking that you're having a postpartum psychotic break! Hissing is fine! Booing is not! Laughter is okay too, but try and be kind that's if it's
even possible seeing as you'd probably fail a breathalyzer test right now." Bella's in full big sister lecture mode and it's beyond annoying.

I cross my eyes and stick my tongue at her.

She continues without missing a beat. "You will politely decline any themed cocktails, as is the norm for events as this one. You will also decline any and all questions and will smile. There will be no lashing out. I mean that literally as you are armed, at the Paps unless they invade your space then they are fair game. This is LIVE…"

I nod rolling my eyes as the lecture continues.

"Do not give anyone a soundbite that's what they're after and you're already in trouble for the airport and the Waldorf. Let's not make it any worse, as it is you'll be lucky if you can sit on the flight home. You will be civil as this is Jamie and DJ's night and you do not want to ruin it for them. Its Erika that you have a problem with not the actors, so please rein in your temper…"

"I'm not a teenager…" I mutter under my breath and fold my arms sulkily in front of me.

"Really, Anastasia? Then act like it! You've been acting like a snarky, rebellious brat all day!" Bella's nearly at the end of her patience and I really don't wanna press my luck, but the teenage side just can't help herself and goes for broke.

"You can't pin this all on me, Isabella! It's like we had some sort of endless bad luck jinx shadowing us everywhere we went today that's not on me!" I narrow my eyes to slits and hiss back through my teeth.

"Yes. Alright. Fine." Bella sighs heavily and opens defeated chocolate brown eyes. "Sorry…that was…It's just that you cornered me…and I lash out…when someone lays down the law like you just did…” I know that one was bellow the belt, but I was feeling like a teenager again and I hate that.

"No…" Bella sighs heavily and opens defeated chocolate brown eyes. "You're right. There are times when my bad luck streak strikes and today was one of those days. We're both a fault. We'll show them that book Ana doesn't come close to Real Ana. Let Erika eat crow on her big night while supporting our friends on their accomplishment. We can and will do this without causing a scene."

"Love ya, sis," I hug her fiercely. "I'm just stressed out of my mind because I've never walked a carpet without Chris as my shield. I might act fearless, but I'm a fraud. Flynn hypnotized me to help with my extreme stage fright at public events. Chris and only Chris is the only one who can say the trigger word to keep me from losing it. We're talking full-blown panic attack."

"Think of that dress and the weapon around your waist as your armor. Channel that feeling and you'll be fine. Draw on your alpha side. Let it empower you. It's what I do. Channel Mistress Anastasia. Nothing and no one can shake her resolve. You command that carpet…"

"Jose switched dresses didn't he?" I'm in awe of her.

"Yes, but then he thinks and so does Alice that you need to embrace your inner diva and that dress screams diva. You've been in Kate and Mia's shadow all of your life and he just wants you to take a flying leap from the nest. That's what I gleaned from him during his panic out the doors. My dress has the illusion of being innocent until you see the back of it, and that's its shock factor. Instead of letting you tip your toe in the water. Jose tossed you in the deep end of the pool and it's your choice
whether you carpe diem the hell out of it or not."

"When Chris sees me in this it won't survive to be worn again, so this will be its one and only chance to shine." I grin wickedly.

"OH!" Bella's eyes light up with wicked delight. "That's right it's been over six months hasn't it... he'll lose his mind when he sees you in that..." She giggles, eyes dancing. "The only thing going through his mind besides the obvious is MINE. He'll go all primal. You might be able to sit down after all..."

"Why do you think that our big brothers are sporting casts, braces, contusions, and war wounds? Pent up frustration will cause anyone to snap."

"Please, paired with the puppy dog eyes, and pout doesn't work on you?" She arches a brow.

"Not when all I have to do is look outside and that mini-cruise ship is blocking the view of my cove it doesn't. Pair that with the Feds powwowing with him in his office over his freelance spy stint and it was easy for the most part to ignore his pleas for me to forgive him. I wasn't that cruel. He got to sleep in the same bed with me. No touching, but that never really works when you're attracted to each other like a pair of magnets, so cuddling was allowed while sleeping...Had I known that the true reason for the boat was our son's longing for his own Chuck-E-Cheese and waterpark then maybe I would have forgiven him sooner...Chris wanted a Cat, but Teddy saw the model on Dad's desk and there was no stopping him after that...I was punishing him for making a decision without me again and all along it was Teddy. Chris confessed all yesterday as if he was on Veritas serum and we were back on track until Ros called...now it's me in the hot seat. I should have called Sam. Jose got hacked because we were impulsive. It wouldn't have happened if security had been in place..." My voice trails off as the limo door opens. It was our turn and I hadn't even noticed that we'd even moved.

"Damn right it wouldn't have. You're in big, big, big, trouble, baby sister." Luke growls, offering his hand to me, so that I could get out. My jacket has no buttons, so big brother's eyes have nearly popped out of their sockets and he's gaping at me like a fish out of water. I think he's lost the ability to think, either that or he's in panic protect baby sis mode major.

"Um...Luke...I need to get out." I blink innocently up into stunned blue green eyes. "So does Bella..."

"Is there a problem with the girls, Sawyer...?" I want to roll my eyes. Jamie has ditched the interviews to try and offer his assistance and now his brain has gone tilt too! Only he's snapped out of it and is making to offer me the jacket of his suit.

Men!

"Move! You are holding up traffic! It's a dress! It's red! It's hot! Get over it!" I take matters into my own hands, as now we've got DJ coming over to see why Jamie ditched the interview. She's grinning wickedly and highly approves of my dress choice. She pushes them aside and helps me by offering her hand and finally I step foot on the red...no scratch that...black carpet. How fitting.

Crap. I'll stick out like a red hot poker in this dress! Forget blending in that's impossible! I channel my inner bitch. Turn and seeing as the men are still in shock offer my hand to help Bella out of the limo. Hudson and Frankie were too enthralled by DJ to offer any assistance, but after being roared at in their ears they sprang out of the car to take their positions.
Jamie's got his phone out and is frantically texting someone and looking down the road at the other limos in line. Traitor. Chris must be in one of them and he's reporting in.

"Anastasia! Bella! Why didn't you text me that you were coming?! We could have had a girl day!" DJ gives me a hug and then Bella.

"It was a last minute thing. I'm filling in for a close family member who's taken ill, well, his whole staff has, and I couldn't say no to the man. He's like a father to me." I smile warmly at her.

"You're here to review Fifty Shades?!" DJ's eyes pop wide and her mouth drops open. "Does Christian know that you're even here? I mean, this is going viral as we speak. You're Anastasia Steele-Grey!? We're good friends and even I don't feel comfortable with you having to sit through this."

"She's fortified herself sampling the spirit enhanced treats that we made to mellow our guys. CEO Ana isn't in play tonight or all day really. She had Sangria just hours before we had to catch the redeye to the City so that she could give a speech at the Publishers symposium…” Bella's faster than I am at trying to reassure DJ on her big night, but she's only making it worse.

"I'll try and give my best unbiased take on this and the whole night. I can put aside the fact that I would rather, no offence, go on a black AmEx no holds barred shopping spree weekend with the girls and Jose than have to watch Erika's take on me and my man play out on the screen. I'm here to do that favor for Papa K to the best of my ability. I run my own publishing empire. I think that I can manage to write an article for the Seattle Times on Fifty Shades and be objective." I try and appease her a little.

Bella rolls her eyes not believing a word.

I will rein it in! DJ and I are friends and have been since we were teenagers and she got involved with some of our charities. I would never in a million years wish to ruin this night for her or Jamie. I knew she was going for it and that she got the part five minutes after she got the call. I was happy for her, because this would be a major milestone in her career. The books had a cult following so the movie would also follow suit. Chris was at a golfing charity event and struck up a friendship with Jamie the same time that I was at a luncheon with Millie. He actually asked Chris first before saying yes to this part. Honestly, neither of us really cared. The book wasn't us. It's the book that shall never be named, mentioned, read, or shown in the eyes of our family. Then again knowing all that I know now, it's a little too close to home for the majority of them.

"Teenage Ana's on the prowl? Like Vegas?" DJ's eyes light up with wicked mischief. "I was wondering what got you out of your comfort zone enough to channel Katie or Mimi! Can't say that you're not channeling your inner mistress! Is that a real whip around your waist as a belt? I've been crazy busy all day with publicity, but I have seen the LIVE feed where you've insinuated several times that you both dominate the bedroom…”

I will my face not to turn fire engine red and bite my lip. "Bella? I haven't been that bad today have I?"

"Let's put it this way, baby sis, even if you haven't come out and called him your submissive. You've made it clear that you're both equal in the bedroom. That there is not a submissive bone in your body, you all but crammed that into Erika's face earlier today. Luckily, you've been reined in enough not to call Chris your pet in the bedroom, but it's not from lack of trying." Bella takes a deep breath and then tries to break it to me as gently as possible.

"Oh, god!" I bite down hard on my lip and my eyes keep looking towards the arriving limos with
"I mean that's not what I was trying to say at all! I was just meaning that he more than satisfies me without adding all the kinky fuckery into the mix! We're equals. He treats me like his queen not his pet and that's all that I was trying to say! Really! I would never make Chris submit to me that's degrading in my eyes! Like being called a Good Girl or Good Boy what's with that crap?! No! We are equals and if I made it sound otherwise then I've gotta set it straight!"

"It's okay Ana. We all have shitty days. It happens." DJ wraps an arm around my waist on one side and Bella does the same on my other and the three of us head down the gauntlet where there are camera's flashing everywhere and reporters screaming at the top of their lungs as soon as we reach the line where they are being corralled.

"Ana! Are those videos real!?"

"Chris couldn't wait, so you eloped a year early?!"

"Yeah, is that why you got hitched in Vegas?!"

"Did you think that he'd stray so you married him less than a month after you turned eighteen?!"

"We're you knocked up and lost your first kid?!"

"Are you and Chris leading a secret life?!!"

"Does he call you Mistress? Is that why you're wearing that tonight?! To make a statement?!!"

"Yeah, is that why you're here tonight?! To rub it in EL's face that she got it all wrong?!!"

"Is Christian Master of the Boardroom and then submits to you as his Mistress of the bedroom?!"

"No! Ana! Ignore them! Don't you even think about feeding the sharks!" Bella's hissing in my ear, but I'm seeing everyone in that corral in a red haze.

I turn on my heel and glower at the sharks behind their corral and narrow my eyes to slits. "Mr. Grey is a Master in whatever he does, not that our private life is any of your business! Just because he's a living breathing Demi-god and the master of his universe does not mean that he's a control freak like Book Grey! He's brilliant at what he does! Confidant! If he's a beast in bed, well, none of you will ever and I do mean ever know! He's MINE! I don't SHARE! Our lives are not a reality show! This dress is because Jose blackmailed me into wearing it! This is not me! Bella's dress is me! I am here because my Papa K is down and so is his entire staff with NORO! I would endure another emergency C section without any pain relief awake then have to stand here and listen to the tripe that you are spewing about a video that was illegally hacked by one of you parasites from Jose Rodriguez's phone!"

"All of you with your cameras and phones can just hit delete, because we have an iron clad exclusive contract with Kavanagh media when it comes to any photos, videos, well you get the idea of any of our family or friends in the media! You can't cash in if you're broke, in jail, or have nowhere to sell it too!"

"Yeah, yeah, you threaten us all the time but never follow through! It's all talk!" TMZ parasite snarks.

"I'd check your LIVE feed, Tony is it?" I snark right back at him. "It went dark the second that we left the Hotel, meaning that my Babe is on the warpath and Harvey is going to be penniless along with all of you! I warned you all to back the hell off, but you never listen! It's stalking! Hacking
"someone is illegal! You are not exempt from the law!"

Someone slinks under the barrier to get a money shot and in seconds the whip is in my hands and his camera is in pieces around him! The worm scurries back behind the safety of the barriers.

"This is my safe space! That's yours!" I lick my whip along the front of the barrier. "Back the fudge off!"

"Fuck! That's real!?"

"Yes, it's real! It's my defense weapon of choice!" I snap at them again and they nearly go through the back of the canopy. "Now, play nice and I may or may not answer some of your questions."

"Why the Themed wedding?" Someone from E news shouts out warily.

"We met on Halloween he was two and I was one. It's a special day for us. We wanted that to be our wedding date, but our mothers were set against it, so we did something that we wanted, and then had a private blessing a year later. I wasn't pregnant. Chris and I are soul mates. Forever. I am his and he is mine. All of you panting females listening out there hoping, praying, wishing that he'll stray from me? It's never gonna happen. So stop making fools of yourselves with the love letters, underwear, videos, photos…He never sees them…that goes for all of you salivating males too…Never, ever, gonna happen…all of this crap that you send never gets to us! It gets shredded. Recycled. Incinerated. So just stop! Trying! Find yourselves someone and resign yourself to the fact that Christian Grey, living breathing Demi God, eternally mine, is the other half of…" I feel him step onto the carpet and all of my senses react and not even a few moments later hot breath growls in my ear and one strong arm wraps around my waist pulling me back against him.

"Anastasia Grey…” If there was a money shot for all of them then this one would break records. Chris doesn't play for the cameras, unless he's feeling territorial like now.

He trails hot scorching kisses down the side of my neck. Then turns his blazing stormy, pewter grey gaze up at the media in front of us, and makes sure that they get the sound bite as he growls out. "Living Breathing Goddess, is my other half…forever mine…” Then ignores them completely by turning me in his arms. Drinking in the view…then kisses me mindless right there on the black carpet.
Chapter 30

Chapter Summary

Chris's take of the 'Black Carpet' and a little Teddy too!

Chapter Notes

A/N: Big shout out to all of you who are reading and loving this story! You are fantastic! And I adore all of you!

Cin xoxox

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don't do Cannon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it...you have been warned ^^) own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine.

Chris

There's someone with a death wish tapping on my shoulder, trying to get me to end the kiss that I've been dying for going on six weeks. I'm in nirvana now that my heaven is back in my arms. In truth my mind went primal the second I drank in the view of my baby wearing her 'Yes, Mistress' ensemble. The only thought in my brain was MINE. Show all of those fuckers watching LIVE or panting at her that she's MINE. I really think that this dress has caused me to lose my mind. Six months. All I wanna do is toss her over my shoulder and get lost in each other for a week. No a month. Hell, I'll settle for what's left of the weekend.

I open one eye to glower at whomever has a death wish, but don't break off our kiss.

"Try it I dare you." Cullen arches a brow and has the fucking nerve to smirk at me. "You're both LIVE right now and Teddy wishes to speak to his Mommy. You did promise him to give her your phone the second you saw her and the kids come first."

Well, fuck! That did it! Ana's digging in my pocket for my phone and I feel like shit that I completely forgot about the kids, as she pulls out of my arms so that she can call home.

"My brain shut down. It's not my fault! I mean, look at her! Don't you even fudging dare, but then you're married to her twin in a way so you bloody well know why just seeing her in that fried every synapse in my brain! It's been months! Six fudging months and that was fine because she and the babies came first. Then she shuts me out except for the kids for six fudging weeks, Cullen! I'm losing my mind!" I rake my fingers through my hair, oblivious to everything around me, except for my baby hidden behind Edward and me.

"I would do anything and everything to keep her and our kids safe and healthy and would have gladly endured that for her, but locking me out for weeks at a time and waiting her out all that time? I
couldn't last three days when Bella shut me out, and six weeks of nothing would have driven me insane."

"Ana is notorious for being able to shut anyone who seriously pisses her off for months at a time and be nice about it. She'll play it up for everyone around her or the kids, but the second they're tucked in or the company leaves its radio fudging silence and she's colder than the Ice Queen. Now, if you don't allow her to cool down then she'll increase your sentence to months. Six weeks is nothing. She's locked me out for an entire summer when I went to a Green Day concert with the guys while she was grounded for life at home for hacking the school's computers so that they couldn't censor the student Newspaper from letting the students have their say. Barney and Ana never were caught mind you, but you can't pull anything on our parents. They just know. Elliot needed the break from Grey Construction and the guys were home on leave. It was Green Day backstage passes, who passes that up? Paid for it though, even if she did score autographed swag from the band. Nearly drove me insane, because she tortured me by wearing as little as possible all summer long and most of it was at the beach, the pool…Ana can be a cruel bitch when she's scorned and has a way of making you grovel just to get her to talk to you again. Ray will practically give her the moon to get her to speak to him again. The guys become her slaves. Jason's worse than Ray. The girls walk around in perpetual glume when she's mad at them. Ana's this bright ray of sunshine and when it goes away you'll do anything to get that warmth back in your life again. We fondly call it the Ana effect. I don't even wanna think about what I'll do if my girls pull that on me when they're older…" I can't believe that I'm spilling my guts to Cullen like this, but it's talking to an older brother.

And truth be told I feel better now. More so that I'm able to surpass him in will alone. I never thought that Cullen was way worse than I was over his own girl. Immortals aren't any different than mere mortals. Fascinating.

"We're just as flawed as all of you are. The only difference being our extended lifespans." I hate it when he picks my brain like that!

"You're easy to read." He has the fucking gull to smirk at me.

What the fuck does that even mean! Am I losing my mojo!? Fuck! I need to get back to being Master of the corporate universe! Then again Ana's driving me around the bend lately, so I'll chalk it up to that!

"Christian Alexander! Stop panicking! He's just riling you up! Think about whose talking to you and then unlocked your fudging phone so that I can talk to our son! Why the hell did you change your password anyway?!" She hisses, shoving my phone into my chest.

Shit! I wasn't thinking of passwords when Logan tossed me my forth phone of the day.

Ana rounds on Edward next. "Back off! He's only easy to read right now, because I've nearly caused him to have a mental breakdown over my son's favorite new life sized tub toy!"

Cullen wisely retreats behind his own wife and leaves me to my fate. Coward!

"Baby, it's my fourth phone of the day! Passwords were the least of my concerns and Logan threatened to make me eat it threw it against the wall again!" I quickly enter the new password AnaTedAlexAriRory. I know. I know, but my phone has so much security on it that even the NSA couldn't crack it. And let's be real here! They are my world.

Teddy's sent me photos of our babies just to shove the knife in even deeper. The triplets are awake and revolting again. Then he's even gone as far as writing in big letters on a piece of construction paper. YOU PROMISED! WANT MOMMY NOW! That's just one of them. He thinks that I'm
ignoring my phone. NO KISS MOMMY! TEDDY AND BABIES TIME!

What the hell!? Are they letting the kids watch this LIVE!? It's fucking Fifty Shades for fucks sake not a Disney flick! My phone alerts me that someone wants to skype. It's Teddy's icon so he's using his tablet and not Ella's phone as he's been using to send me those photos stating his demands.

Ana's back to focusing on the sharks and that's not gonna make Dante happy at all. He's gonna resign at this rate that or I'll have to give him the island for a month just to recuperate from one fucking day of endless PR hell. She's clearly showing that the real Ana Steele isn't some weak, timid, shy, bookworm. Nope, try Mistress Ana and don't you fucking forget it! Note to self: Sam's never getting out of tour duty at GEH until her kids and that's right plural are all out of the nest with kids of their own! Hell, I can just see the fucking headlines now.

**Master of the Corporate Universe might dominate the boardroom, but Anastasia Grey is the Mistress of the bedroom!**

**E.L. James got it sooo wrong!**

**Ana**stasia **G**rey **c**ame **o**ut of the **K**inky closet wielding her whip at the press during a LIVE event showcasing a special screening of believe it or not Fifty Shades of Grey! Christian Grey himself stood by clearly stunned that his wife had outed their secret Kinky life style for all the world to see!

Steamy PDA or not, it was clear that all Christian Grey was doing was some major damage control, but too late Mr. Grey you're secrets out!

Oh, god…Ros is never gonna let me live this down. I don't even wanna think of Elliot!

"Christian!" Ana literally slaps me out of my horrified stupor.

Well, fuck! I might as well hand in my man card now! Not to mention that I'm blinded by all the flashing lights capturing the moment!

Carson's eating this up too! LIVE! Fucking LIVE! On TODAY! And Fucking YAHOO!

Jamie and DJ are looking at her like she's lost her mind.

EL James is stunned that she got it so wrong.

Luke and Logan are facing the fucking blown up Posters of handcuffs and grey fucking ties laughing their asses off!

"Sanctuary!" I snarl down at her, having reached my tether. "God damn it! Enough with the fucking tantrum! Sanctuary!"

Flynn's all fired cure to calming down my wife in situations such as this that magic word. Instantly causes Mistress Ana to turn into very sorry please do not tan my sassy little ass Ana.

Big blue eyes aren't gonna work now that my whole reputation has been shot to fucking hell!

"Babe, I'm sooo sorry…” She reaches up to gently touch the fiery hot hand print that she left on my left cheek then bites down on that lip, but I'm too pissed to care.

I hit Skype and hand her my phone. "Talk to our son! Now!" I hiss through my teeth.
"Um, hold this for me…" She meekly hands over her weapon of choice for the night and her eyes
stare at me in alarm when I expertly take my temper out on the paps.

Ana was big on Tomb Raider and me well I leaned towards Mortal Kombat. Not so brave with the
fucking cheap shots now are ya, you fucking parasites! The ones that escaped their pen slither back
behind the barrier in desperate need of a change of drawers.

"Let me clear something up for all of you. Mrs. Grey and I are Masters in all formers of Martial arts.
She or myself being able to get you all to back off is just us showing off that skill." I lock eyes with
the press in front of me and the CEO don't fuck with me mask is firmly in place.

Time to do PR cleanup!

"Mrs. Grey and Mrs. Cullen had a long trying day with the NORO outbreak this morning. Rescuing
those girls from four Yale frat bastards that are facing the full extent of the law no matter whom their
parents are. Then having to endure the snarky attitude of a former desk clerk at the Waldorf didn't
help matters. I'd like to personally thank my friend Jamie Dornan for coming to hers and Mrs.
Cullen's aid, which swiftly put an end to the clerk's attitude."

"What about Ana confronting EL?!" Someone brave enough to interrupt me shouts out and then
wisely cowers when I turn to glare at him. You just had to go there didn't you fucker. Well, fine let's
dance!

"Mrs. Grey isn't a fan of Ms. James. Far from it. Seeing her there gave my wife the opportunity to
voice what all of us who have to endure the endless tripe caused by the release of her books of pure
fiction, have been dying to do for years. In truth that disclaimer at the beginning of her books is the
only thing that saved her from our wrath. If she's such a brilliant writer then she should have been
able to spin her midlife sexual fantasy using fictional characters and places. Not real life families.
Where they actually live. Their place of business. Hell, their kids! Teddy was the finally straw! I
can't even begin to tell you the endless tripe that we've had to endure because my wife and I chosen
to name our girls something besides Phoebe! Like we were breaking their fantasies to shreds! The
only reason that I'm even standing here is because my wife promised a very ill member of our family
that she would cover this event for the Seattle Times and we always attend carpet events as a couple.
We're also here to support two very good friends of ours Jamie and Dakota…"

"Daddy! Do that again! The babies liked you playing Indy with the sharks!" Teddy's loud and clear
request breaks me out of my murderous CEO haze and has the whole carpet go from tense to that of
amusement in a matter of a few seconds.

There's a vase with dozens of red roses in it and I target one and expertly take the petals off one by
one. Yep, I'm that good with this thing. "Like that, buddy?"

"Alex is clapping his hands and giggling! So are Ari and Rory!" You can hear the relief in his voice
that the babies aren't howling anymore. "They missed Mommy, coz they were sleeping. They just
woke up when they heard you and Mommy! But they not screaming nonstop just looking at you on
the big screen!"

"Screaming nonstop?" Ana whimpers, looking up to lock eyes with me and we move further down
the carpet for some privacy away from the paps.

"They miss you and Daddy lots. Don't understand where you both went, but now they know that
you be fine. It should be okay now. I think. It's up to Alex. Ari and Rory only start with da
screaming again if Alex does. Those ear thingy's don't work."
"I love my babies…." Ana's cuddled in the crook of my arm near tears. "They think I left them…that we both left…"

"They were sleeping again after Daddy left and woke up to no Daddy. I don't think that they're even close ta be ready for sleepovers with the grandmas and grandpas…but now we know. It's not your fault, Mommy. You had to give that speech, coz Aunt Hana was sick. Then they all got sick, even on you. I don't like shots, so you being scared is okay. Saving girls from baddies is awesome. You and Aunt Bells are Hope's heroes now! I don't know about the other part, coz they wouldn't let me see that, but I'm sure that what ya did the ladies deserved it. We wanna do that dance thing here when you get back that looked fun! Mommy, Hope wants you to teach her how to do that whip thing and Daddy can teach me too…or not the grandmas, grandpas, aunts, and uncles are all giving us the look of we're too little…" Teddy yawns. He's had a long day. I can see Hope behind him curled up with Adam on the couch already out for the count.

"Bed and bath time for you, baby boy." Ana's better now that she knows that our kids don't think we've abandoned them for life.

Teddy looks like he's gonna growl in protest, but he's barely keeping his eyes open. They didn't get their naps in today. "I already had my bath to get the pool smell off me…"

"Then it's bedtime, buddy." I can't help but chuckle when he yawns again muttering that he's not sleepy.

"Are you coming home soon…" He rubs his eyes with his tiny fists, fighting sleep, but sleep is winning.

"We'll be home tomorrow. We love you, Teddybear." Ana and I croon.

"Love you. Mommy. Love you. Daddy. The babies are sleeping again. You promise. Tomorrow?"

"Promise." We both smile and he ends the skype.

I lock, then turn off my phone, sliding it back into my pocket, before turning my focus on my baby. Glancing at my watch we still have time before she and Bella have to watch this farce. She's curled into me whimpering how much she's sorry. That she's a bad mother for not checking in on her babies all day. For being a coward. She deserves the spanking that she knows is coming tonight. Fudging Noro. Stupid promise. You hate me. Never been so embarrassed. No more spirit laced treats. Freezing in this dress.

That has me signaling to Logan for her backup dress. She's all but burrowing against me to keep warm and I'm barely reigning in my primal side. That and giving into the urge to murder anyone trying to get an eyeful of her charms that are spectacularly on display.

"Baby, as much as I'm loving having you in my arms again…" I croon into her hair. "We need to get you into something warmer that covers you up all of your delectable charms before I give into the urge to murder all the fuckers eyeing what's mine."

Ana sniffs up at me in misery. "I wanted to wear a sweater dress, but Jose…thought that I could wear this…be a diva like Kate and Mia…but this is not me. I'm miserable. Freezing. The skirt is so tight and short that I'll flash someone if I try and sit. Sitting won't be possible anyway because my ass is so bruised…I'm sorry there wasn't a backup dress. I'm stuck in this Mistress of the Damned creation. Bella's at least covered in the front even if the back of hers is nonexistent and her coat is cashmere. She doesn't need to worry about being warm…"
"Alice realized her mistake and arranged for backup sweater dresses for both you and Bella. Logan has them." I wait out this next round of half sentences. My baby's ready to drop. Maybe, saying the magic word wasn't the best of ideas. It puts her into a calm relaxing state. She's starting to crash.

"I was wondering why big brother was carrying two dress bags, but I'm in so much trouble I was afraid to ask." She reluctantly uncurls herself from around me and braces herself to face Logan's wrath.

"Change now!" He just barely gets a glimpse of her dress before she clutches the jacket closed, blushing furiously. He's desperately looking anywhere but at what his baby sister is wearing.

Bella takes the dress bags and rolls her eyes. "You see more wearing a bikini! She looks amazing in it, but comfort is key and she's freezing. Baby steps. We'll be back in little bit. Do not kill anyone while we're gone. Play nice. This is Jamie and DJ's night. They are our friends. You will respect that this isn't an attack on any of you. It's better that those you know play your parts then those who don't have a clue."

"It's not like they have to sit through watching their friends do it on the big screen. They'll go find a pub and drink while we grit our teeth and try not to avert our eyes. Demi god or not. It's like watching your big brother and big sister going at it! I won't be able to get it out of my head either! Stupid memory!"

Ana's getting her spunk back. Not possible. How many sweets did she eat! She's burning off the magic word!

"Close your eyes and you won't have that burned into your brain." She just had to go there! I will not strangle my friend! It's a farce! A role! It means nothing if she sees his ass! That's all he's flashing! Stop it, Grey! It's not like Ana is looking forward to it! Drink! I need several! And keep them coming!

"I have to watch it, because I promised to be fair. I can't shut my eyes through most of the movie! Be nice! And don't heckle the guy playing Elliot!" She hisses and both she and Bella go off to change with Luke shadowing them.

"Lutz was at least close to what Em looks like, but Grimes looks like a kid compared to Jamie and he's suppose to be playing a thirty something older brother? Did they have trouble casting this adaption? The whole idea of casting a role is to try to get the actors to resemble the characters." Edward's eyeing the assembled cast members taking group photos and he's not impressed.

I take out my phone snap a photo of Grimes and shoot it off to Elliot with the caption under it. Something to use for target practice.

"Elliot looks like Chris Pine or Kellen Lutz that isn't even close." Logan's finally clueing in to what we're watching.

"I know. I just sent Lelliot a photo. He's gonna sulk for weeks that a Demi god wasn't cast to play him." I smirk. "Kate and Mia are damn close. Mom loves the actress playing her, so that's fine. If that's suppose to be Dad, not even close. Jose again nice try. It's comforting that their vision doesn't come close to our actual family, maybe they'll fixate on them and leave us all alone."

"Millie shot me a text. The wives in that bloody Demi god support group want a group snap of the three of us for their wall." Jamie growls out.

"Smile for the camera, boys!" Ana and Bella are back dressed nearly identical in sparkly ankle length
sweater dresses of different shades of blue. Bella's got her phone out.

"It's not just for the group, it's for the family albums." Ana points to the poster with the tie and we fall in line.

"Ladies! We so have to do that too!" DJ races over to our girls and they had to choose the handcuffs to pose in front of! At least she's not wearing the Yes Mistress dress anymore, so it's family album friendly. The three of them are in sweater dresses of a sort so there's that too.

Their costars join us and Edward and I take a photo with Grimes. He's a nice guy, but not close to either of our brothers in looks or size. Elliot and Emmett are living breathing Hercules clones. We take a photo with mom's idol Marcia. She'll love it. Then the girls take more with Eloise and Rita and DJ. Mia and Kate are gonna die of envy.

We reluctantly do a quick interview with Carson and Savanah. I had to keep a hold of Ana so she wouldn't give in and scratch her eyes out for eye fucking me during he whole interview. Carson was a little better now that Ana was covered from shoulders, as it's one of those sexy off shoulder dresses that falls to her ankles, but not much. The dress still hugs her curves like a second skin. Savanah asked her secret to getting her figure back and Ana answered her with chasing after toddlers, breastfeeding three babies, taking care of me while I was healing, and sparing during naptime worked wonders to get her figure back. Then she puts her foot in it even more with asking her what she was wearing instead of even mentioning the new charity site or the flash mob dance that promoted it, which Ana practiced smile in place happily called her out on. Carson, sensing impending doom, ran with that and for the last few minutes we talked about the importance of paying it forward and giving back. The second after the interview was finished the claws came out.

"I know that my man is smoking hot, most demi gods are, but I draw the line at a news host anchor eye fucking my husband during a LIVE interview! Show some decorum for god sakes!" She hisses out, blue eyes dark and feral.

Savanah's staring at her like a deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming vehicle and flushing crimson at being called out on her actions.

"This!" She continues to spits at her, eyes flashing blue fire. "Is why we don't attend LIVE events like this one!? I detest having to watch professional journalist eye fucking either me or my husband! It's never gonna happen fantasize on your own time in the privacy of your own homes, but not in front of millions of viewers! At least Carson reigned it in but you! Were trying to reach out and touch him when he wasn't giving you his undivided attention! It was the same when you interviewed the Cullens!"

"Ana..." Savanah finally finds her voice, but she should have just meekly went off in search of someone else to interview. "Christian..."

"Oh, no Guthrie! It's Mr. and Mrs. Grey! You aren't a friend or family member so you don't earn the right to use our first names. We're done! Today is never and I do mean never being granted anything to do with any of our family ever again! My cousin and I are going inside to watch this movie! And you both would do best to stay clear of us for the rest of the evening!" She stalks regally off to join Edward, Bella, Jamie, and DJ leaving a mortified Savanah and a hot and bothered Carson in her wake.

"Mr. Grey!" One of the producers races over to us. "Go interview EL!" She hisses at them and they wisely scurry off with their tails between their legs.

"Don't," I narrow my eyes at her, holding up my hand signaling her to quit while she's ahead. "There
isn't enough damage control in the world that can appease my wife. It was insulting. Desperate. Pathetic. She needs to work on that...your company dropped the ball when they replaced Ann with her." I don't even wait for her to speak. I turn on my heel and go over to guard my smoking hot wife.

Ms. James takes her life in her hands by speaking to me, "Mr. Grey, I assure you that I'm not cyber stalking you or..." She starts to defend herself, but frankly I'm done playing nice.

"The only reason you aren't living out of a cardboard box Ms. James is because legal posted that disclaimer in the front of your farce! Believe me I had my lawyers look for anything that would give me the satisfaction of watching you lose every last cent that you own! It was gross invasion of my family's private lives! It was Defamation of character! It was pure bullshit and fiction! It's made our lives a living hell and at times prisoners in our own homes or places of business! So don't even think of trying to make nice to me or my wife. In fact it would be wise if you would stay clear of the Pacific Northwest altogether." My voice is lethally low, a clear sign that I'm at the end of my tether and my eyes are blazing a pewter stormy grey.

She pales under my CEO glare. Her eyes wide with fear and apprehension. "I can't do that...I have legal obligations with my publishers for my book tour..." She starts, but I cut her off again.

"I don't give a flying fuck about your having to promote your latest farce using Grey's point of view instead of Steele's. Stay clear of the Pacific Northwest or I'll make life very difficult for you. Bank on it." I hiss down at her. My face giving every intention that I mean every word that I say.

"You...you...can't..." She stammers.

"Oh, but I can and I will..." I give her my smart ass CEO smirk that I flash whenever I have to deal with ousting corrupt CEO's from their dying companies. "I'm not a fictional character, Ms. James. I'm very real and very much The Master of the Corporate Universe and don't you ever fucking forget it. Mrs. Grey is my other half, just as ruthless as I am when it comes to protecting what's hers, and she'd have no problem whatsoever acquiring your publisher into Grey Publishing's fold. Don't press your luck. You won't win. We've both wanted blood ever since Freed when you had the audacity to use our son's name in the final book of your farce of a trilogy..." The smirk on my face has gone back to a lethal sneer.

She's about to say something when her Publicist grabs her by the elbow to lead her away to another interview. "Ms. James, we need to get you to that interview with the Times..."

"That's fine. We're done here. Aren't we, Ms. James." I don't turn my eyes off Ms. James.

She nods shakily.

"Good. I'm glad that we have an understanding. I'll be watching to make certain that you honor it. Good evening to you both." I continue down the carpet to my original destination my goddess's side.
Chapter 30

Chapter Notes

A/N: I know that it's been forever and I'm really, truly, sorry about that, but the muses stopped talking and my laptop revolted. I can't write without both and thank the goddess that both are with me again in time for another round of writing Camp! Cross your fingers that tech likes me again! Any and all mistakes are all mine! Enjoy!

Disclaimer: EL James and sometimes SMeyer (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don't do Cannon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it...you have been warned ^^) own it all I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine

Ana

I'm loading up on theater snacks. One because I'm starving. Two because what's a movie without snacks. Three I need an excuse to load up on straws and napkins both key necessities when creating and distributing spit balls at projectiles. I'm here under extreme duress, but a promise is a promise so...might as well make it worth having to watch Jamie and DJ doing the nasty on the big screen.

"Did you get enough?" Logan snarks, as I load him up with my snacks.

"Nah, I think she left out the Dill pickles." Luke's carrying the popcorn and pop.

"I'm starving!" I growl.

Between us Bella and I are loaded down with nachos, soft pretzels, pizza, and hotdogs. "It's for Bella, me, and you two bottomless pits to share. And just no to the pickles! Yes, I craved them like crazy with the babies, but I detest them and blame that craving on Chris who can eat a whole jar by himself in one sitting!"

"Edward's the same way with the pickles. Now as for all of these snacks, well, it's the norm to pig out on junk food while watching a movie." Bella growls and the guys wisely shut up.

"Where are we sitting anyway?" I growl.

"I know how you hate sitting up in the very front rows, but this is a fucking security nightmare..." Luke braces for me to let loose on him about the seating choice, but this is beyond ideal for targeting the big screen during scenes that make me physically ill. If they don't like it or my snarking, well, tough shit I'll buy the theater and they'll have to deal. Besides it's only a matter of time before this poor old girl is sold and I love preserving historic buildings like this one.

"We tried to have them delay the showing to the fans until you've both finished watching it, but they feared that it would start a riot, so that was a no go. The compromise was clearing out the front rows to ensure that the two of you weren't harassed or bothered by the other patrons while sitting through the movie." Logan was also in placate little sister mode, but this falls right in with my plans, so I nod and follow the two of them inside the still empty theater.

"That's all well and good guys, but what about cellphones? The last thing we both need or want is to
be harassed by fans taking photos of us or begging us for a selfie with them." Bella narrows her darkening chocolate brown eyes at them.

"They're getting the list of dos and don'ts and what will happen if they don't abide by the rules before they even enter the theater and have to sign an ironclad NDA. No exceptions. Cellphones are high on the list of don'ts." Luke gulps as we're led to our seats with signs indicating our names on them.

Bella's not reining it in at all. Thank goodness that fangs seem to be a myth in vampire lore or Luke would be wetting himself right now. Logan on the other hands doesn't seem the least bit nervous that we have an irritable immortal among us. Then again he's always been good with everything weird. Luke's the skittish one among the guys when it comes to the unexplained, even though he's seen more than enough weird crap through the years it still spooks the shit out of him.

"If they try to access social media with them they'll find that they won't have a signal." Logan reassures us both.

"Barney's favorite little toy never leave home without it." I grin at them as I settle myself into my seat, rolling my eyes when Logan sets a plush little foot stool in front of it. "I'm fine…"

"You're not fine. A hairline fracture is not fine. You've been torturing that ankle all day and need put it up for a while. Sabine wanted to put it in a soft cast just to be safe, but I knew that you would have flipped if you'd have woken up with that on your ankle, so I told her that I'd make you take it easy on it." Bella rolls her eyes, snorting under her breath.

"It was wrapped up for the better part of the day and you can't wear these booties with a bandaged ankle. Besides, if Chris would have seen it then he would have gone into protective mode major and started carrying me everywhere and that's so embarrassing!" I wisely don't press my luck with my pissed off immortal cousin and prop up my tender foot on the stool.

"Who do you think ordered that they have a stool to set your foot up on?" Logan smirked down at me as he handed off my take of junk food heaven.

"That link that the two of you share knows no bounds. He knows when you're hurt or did that conveniently slip you mind? You're lucky that he's too chicken shit to deny you anything right now or getting checked out at the nearest ER you would be. Not that I blame him after the deep freeze that you've had him suffering through over Teddy's new life sized tub toy. Chris didn't have a choice about the new ship and instead of throwing his son to the wolves he took all the heat for it." Luke glowers down at me.

"I know…" I blow out a breath. Gritting my teeth. "And we talked about it before you left on the eyesore. We were okay again or getting there and I know that coming here without my shadows was wrong, but I had to do what was best for my Company. Not that it really mattered in the end, seeing as everyone attending is sicker than sick with Noro. In my defense though my shadow waiting for me at the airport went postal on me and that's the reason why I hurt my ankle and bruised my backside to resemble a ripening blueberry. I honestly thought that Andrea had alerted Sam about my impending arrival, so that's why I didn't text her with the deets."

"She wasn't of the right mindset to text anyone before we left..." Bella quips.

"Baby sister, what is the rule about you and drinking alcohol…"

"Twenty four years old and mother of four, fudge off, Logan." I hiss.

"You went on a spending spree and bought up a gated community in Florida…"
"Teddy was going through a Mouse phase…Kate and Mia egged me on to do shots…” I grumble in my defense. "It's not like we can go anywhere without having a secure fortress to stay in and Chris and I had gone rounds that afternoon because I wanted a normal family vacation just the three of us…He vetoed that so I came up with a solution that allowed us to take Teddy to see Mickey. They were basically used for rentals to begin with it's not like I made anyone homeless. I more than compensated them for any missed income. It's a favorite getaway for the family too."

"You mooned the dean…"

"Again Kate and Mia and the dean was a jackass…” I roll my eyes and take a bite of my hotdog.

"You made a CEO S.I.N.G. at the MET Gala…"

"He's a predator. A wannabe Dom and deserved that and more…the champagne was vintage and yummy…Chris did something far worse than that he bankrupted the bastard…his kids aren't any better either."

"You put itching powder in the workout gear of…"

"That was DJ, Kate, and Mia…not that the reality star bitch and her clique didn't deserve worse. It was a charity event not a photo opportunity to see whose tits could be flashed at the paps first! Her and her strumpets only show up at anything for the publicity not to support the cause! Anything to land being the lead story on E or TMZ! The bitch tried to put the moves on Christian…” I hiss as that not so happy memory flashes in my mind as if it happened hours ago.

"She and those bitches spent over a week in the hospital trying to find out the cause of her situation…it was a lot more than itching powder…” Logan smirked.

"I got it from some new age shop in Port Angeles. All it had on the bottle was 'Annoying pest control'. Then the instructions were 'for when words just aren't enough' or something along those lines. I kept it in my go bag for just that kind of situation when the starlets and reality show princesses drew on my last nerve or went after my man again. And as for my being drunk at the time I had one tiny sip of whatever DJ had…I was eighteen not twenty-one and it was an event held by GEH and GP! The bitch is lucky that she got that instead of me scalping her bald and sending her to Intensive Care…"

"Ana…” Bella put her hand on my arm. "Don't…they aren't worth the air that it takes to even say their names…” She narrows her nearly black eyes at both Logan and Luke. "Enough, picking on Ana." She growls, flashing razer sharp perfectly white teeth.

"Yeah, yeah…” Luke took several steps back, his hands up in a placating manor. "I'll, uh, go police the arrivals." He wisely bolts for safety.

"Bloody, pansy." Logan rolled his eyes in disgust. "Behave, Bella. He's gonna have to go change his drawers if you don't rein it in."

"But…” Bella's sulking now, arms folded across her chest, lip out in a full pout.

Wow even Bella isn't immune to Logan's big brother glare and scolding's.

"He was only teasing our baby sister…we both were…so flashing that lethal smile was overkill."

"It's fine, Bella. I screwed up and they're pissed at me. Protocol is set for a reason…”

"Unlike you, our baby sister isn't impervious to harm…” Logan was making sure that my foot was
properly elevated and that I was comfortable enough to sit through this farce. He goes to take off the bootie and I stop him because one visible wince and I'll be spirited off to the nearest ER to get it thoroughly looked over.

"It's fine. Paul even checked it before they fled the country for their lives…” I lie through my teeth. There is no way on this planet that I'm gonna subject myself to an ER when there's Noro running rampant in the city. Private hospital or not. I can wait until I get home.

The most ear splitting screech echoes from outside the theater doors.

"Oh, hell no! Not that bitch!" I snarl under my breath.

"I'm gonna tell my Daddy about this! NDA! The hell you're going to take my phone! Who the hell is in there the fucking Queen of England?!" Kimber Lloyds the most annoying socialite princess brat on the East Coast is throwing the mother of all tantrums.

The bitch shouldn't even be here! She's on the proscribed list for who will never be allowed to be anywhere near Chris or my presence. The bitch stalked Chris. Sent him unmentionables, videos, and photos for months! It was annoying until she threatened me while I was carrying Teddy. We had to get a restraining order and even that didn't deter her until Chris bankrupted her Daddy for refusing to rein in his brat, well, that and trying to grab my ass during the MET Gala. She's obsessed with Christian. I should have known that she'd be chomping at the bit to be able to be the first to see this farce!

Luke tries to block her and the bitch sprays pepper spray in his face. "Fuck! Even with protective contacts that shit stings!" He grabs her by the arm.

"Get out of my way you big goon! I was personally invited to see this special showing and I will be damned if I'm gonna be treated like this!” She proceeds to knee him in the balls and down he goes.

"Stay in that chair!” Logan shoots me his best don't defy me glare and then heads off to contain the walking Barbie doll. All the while barking orders into the tiny microphone on his cufflink.

I've never met her in person. I've only seen her fake attributes via the visuals that she sent along with her crazy, psycho, emails. She tried to make herself into me?! Impossible really seeing as I'm tall and she's like barely five feet if that, but like I said psycho crazy bitch. She arranged for plastic surgery to make her face look similar to mine. Grace found out and lets just say that every reputable surgeon in the US and beyond told her not happening, so she went to Hong Kong to get it done I think and it didn't go very well for her. Ethics do not come into play when it comes to my safety. She had it corrected for the most part, but now she looks like a wannabe Barbie doll. She'll pass for pretty I guess, but it's taking tons of makeup to create even that appearance.

"What in the name of Mab happened to her face?!" Bella gasps, eyes wide as she takes in our intruder. "Don't get me started on the boobs or her ass…it's bigger than she who will not be named! Is that even possible?! I mean she looks like a badly designed Barbie doll! It hurts my eyes just to look at her."

"Is that them! Who do they fucking think they are Beyoncé?! Get the fuck out of my way!" Kimber's screech could easily shatter glass.

Logan's blocking her path to us and I can see Hudson and Frankie coming down the aisle to assist him. "No, Miss Lloyds not Beyoncé. Now reverse your fat fake ass back up that aisle or you'll be carted out of here by force." He snarls down at the female trying desperately to move the immovable
object in her path.

"How dare you treat me like this! Do you know who my father is! He knows the commissioner! The mayor! The governor!" She spits like a wild alley cat and he wipes some of it off his face.

Gross! She could be contagious of something! He's gonna need shots!

"Logan do you have all your shots up to date!? Who knows where that thing has been?!" I call out.

Sorry, just couldn't resist.

"Why you bitch!" Kimber screeches so loudly that poor Bella has to cover her ears.

"Did you actually pay to look like that?" I snark back.

"SIM's called not even they want to use your likeness for their next game!" Bella adds cheekily. "By the goddess, was the original work so bad that not even corrective surgery could fix what was so clearly botched up the first time? Seriously, you look and sound like a badly drawn anime character!"

Frankie and Hudson are turning purple from trying to keep in their laughter and I know that Logan is biting his cheek to keep his at bay.

"That's enough, ladies." Logan tries to keep the laughter out of his tone, but he's failing badly.

"You've more than made your point." He turns to shoot us a cool it look.

Kimber uses that distraction to bolt down a row of theater seats to evade her captures and confront us. "You bitches are so fucking dead!"

Gotta hand it to her she's pretty fast on those tiny little legs and in hooker heels no less. Not gonna save her sorry ass, seeing as she just threatened us in front of two NYPD officers.

It's game on Bitch!

The stool goes flying. Ankle be damned! I've been dying to do this for years! I stand up to my full height and with heels that's over six feet seeing as I'm Five eleven and change.

"YOU!" She seethes in fury and lunges at me. Claws ready to attack. I easily send her sprawling on her ass.

Did I say sprawling? I meant bouncing. Sorry, my bad.

"You do know that you're violating the restraining order just by standing in this theater, right?" Bella calmly remains seated and is enjoying the preshow.

"Bella, that's cruel. You know that she doesn't have one active brain cell in her fake plastic body." I chide as I easily block her attempts of hitting me. More like pathetic swatting. She makes a grab for my hair and I catch her wrist with my hand, send her twisting around, and wrench her arm brutally behind her back.

No one goes for my hair.

"Playtimes over, bitch." I have her whimpering and wailing on her knees because Miss Kimber is delicate and I wasn't even trying to be careful. Her shoulder needs realigned and that dainty little wrist may or may not be broken. She'll need new extensions too as I am being brutal with the hold I have on her hair.
"I'm gonna press charges for assault! My Daddy will sue you for everything you have!" She wails when I literally rip off some of her extensions because she tried to wriggle free.

"Stop thinking before you hurt yourself! You assaulted Ana! You are in violation of a restraining order! You are the one going to jail! Dimwit! Those two gentleman are undercover NYPD officers who were assigned to our protection detail! Both of whom are gonna haul your plastic ass off and there is nothing that your pervert Daddy can do about it. Christian and my husband will take great pleasure in taking down your father again and this time he won't recover. There will be no one insane enough to bail him out. Cullen and Grey the mere thought that the two of them are now like brothers instead of enemies is sending shockwaves across the corporate universe. Oh, well, that and the fact that Christian is the heir to the Walker-James Empire is more than enough to keep anyone from ever doing business with your father or any member of your family again. All because his little princess is an insane psycho bitch." Bella none to gently takes a hold of her hair to lift her face so that she's looking at her and oops there goes another hunk of extension down the drain.

"Then again her father is a psycho perverted wannabe Dom, so the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. Daddy dearest is in it deep with the Feds for being a member of the defunct Black Lotus Society here on the East Coast. Looks like most of your family will be spending time behind concrete walls, steel bars, and tall barbwire electrified fencing." Logan growls darkly down at Kimber before turning the Ana whisperer tone on me. "Ana, let the bitch go, so that the fellas here can take her off to the pound."

"I'm pressing charges." I hiss and send her sprawling with a swift kick to her padded fake ass. "Attack with deadly intent to harm comes to mind and Sawyer is too for that kick to the balls and getting pepper sprayed for doing his job." I sneer down at the pathetic whimpering creature when a couple of baggies of pretty white powder and a little kit come spilling out of her designer jumpsuit pockets. "Lots and lots of charges!"

Hudson happily recites her Maranda rights and none to gently drag's her wailing pathetic body out of sight through the exit doors.

"I recorded it all with my phone." Logan's always prepared for anything. He produces, believe it or not, a plastic baggie from his pocket and used his handkerchief to pick up and bag the items on the floor for Frankie.

"So did I, but send me a copy of that so that I can enter that into evidence as well..." Frankie grins and takes the items in question from him.

"Already done and I'll want yours as well..." Logan's phone alerts him to an incoming call. "Christ... that bloody link that you share with Chris knows no bounds." He eyes his phone like it's a live grenade and lets it go to voice mail.

"I just can't wait to be King?!" Bella can't help it and bursts out laughing.

"Seriously?!” I gasp, as I'm laughing so hard. "Simba!?” I lose my balance and plop back down into my chair howling with laughter. "Oh, goddess, I forgot that you nicknamed him that when we were kids!"

"Well, it does kinda fit. He's now one of the main Kings of the corporate universe and before that he was one of the princes of Seattle." Frankie manages through bouts of roaring laughter.

All the while the ringtone blares on. My Chris is probably ready to take on Edward to get to me.

"It's a private joke…” This time the ringtone is different but no less fitting. The theme from Bram
Stoker's Dracula. "Shit! Cullen!" Now that one he wisely answers. "They're both fine…"

"I had to put Chris into a sleeper hold, so no I seriously doubt that anything that occurred a few minutes ago in that theater was anything but fine." Edward's voice snarls menacingly from the phone.

"Lion, we're fine!" Bella gasps out breathlessly from all the laughter.

"Isabella Marie, gasping for air is far from…"

"From laughing…" She cuts off his rant.

"What the devil is so amusing about having to defend…"

"We're both fine. Kimber is on her way to a lengthy stay at Rikers. Ana didn't even break a nail. We were laughing at Logan's Ringtone for Christian…"

"So that's why you were thinking about one of the songs from The Lion King…it does fit…what was the one chosen for mine?" He's chuckling now that he knows all is well.

"Bram Stoker's Dracula…" I chime in.

"I don't know whether to be amused or insulted…" Edward growls.

"I chose it mainly because you live on 1897 Bram Stoker Drive…" Logan found his balls again and speaks up.

"Amused then…" Now he's chuckling. "I suppose that's fitting as well…"

"Is Chris alright?" It finally hits me that Edward had to put my guy into a sleeper hold and I bite my lip.

"He's fine…and wants to talk to Ana…"

"Baby…" Chris croaks out hoarsely.

"I'm fine, Chris. Not a scratch. Kimber is the one in need of an ER…" I croon soothingly.

"She fucking attacked you?!" He's slowly finding his roar again.

"Tried…Luke got it worse than I did…she pepper sprayed him and then kneed him in the balls…"

"Logan…"

"I sent him to get his eyes checked out and his groin as the bitch had boney chicken legs and you can't be too careful when it comes to…"

"Fine…he went to get checked out…no need to paint a visual…" Chris cuts him off.

"Baby sister and Bella scalped her but not before dislocating her shoulder and breaking her wrist when Kimber went for her hair. After that Ana was done playing and got serious. She's on her way to booking as we speak. Check your email. You'll see a play-by-play of the cat fight. From two angles. Frankie captured it too."

"Ana, no more roughhousing. You sit your pretty little tail feathers down in that chair and stay off that ankle."
"It's fine. Not even a twinge of pain to be had…" I lie through my teeth, its fudging throbbing like a bitch. These boots aren't even close to being ankle brace material. What material there is being lace with a zipper in back. A promise is a promise though and he'll veto watching this farce and rush me to the ER for a through looking over.

"Our link defies any and all lies. My ankle is aching like a toothache and I haven't done anything to cause it…" He growls.

"I have a comfy little stool. My ankle is elevated. It will keep until this farce of a movie is over. By then I might have to have my eyes bleached and my memory altered. What I wouldn't give for that little MIB gadget right now or Obliviate would even be welcome, because this is by far something that I don't ever wish to remember. Watching your older siblings getting it on and with Kinky fuckery added to the mix is the worst torcher imaginable and add that I'll never be able to forget it and you've got hell. I have to give an honest review on the thing and that means that I can't drown it out with earbuds or wear a blindfold during those scenes. Papa K owes me for eternity for this favor." I was going for soothing my tiger, but then bitch Ana had to have her say.

"Ana, I can always have Logan stay there and then he can provide you with…"

"No, I promised Papa K that I would do this and he's seriously ill…I'll suck it up and watch it…you'll be bailing both Bella and me out of Jail if any other fans get up in our faces or even mention either of you in any context. We've both surpassed or limit."

"They've all willingly signed an NDA and been read the rules about leaving you two be. Most of them have been here all day or longer so they know that the two of you are here. They're all just dying to get their fix and are willing to do just about anything to see it first. It helped that Jamie, Edward, and I read them the rules and Edward and I handed them the NDA and the pens to sign them…"

"That explains willingly…" Bella and I both snarl under our breaths.

"Your security comes first or any discomfort from being fawned at by rabid fans…anything to keep the peace." Edward placates.

"No one touched us. No autographs. No selfies. Just laying down the ground rules that's all. Retract your claws." Chris croons.

"We'll see you after the movie. Oh, and if you could ferret out a magic wielder that can cast Obliviate on us that'd be great too! Love you, Tiger."

"We're just across the street and the Limo is first in line. We'll collect you the second it's over. Now as for the other request that's way and I do mean way above my ability to grant. Love you, baby."

"Love you, Lion." Bella croons to her guy.

"Love you, my treasure." Edward purrs back,

"Bye!" We both call and Logan hangs up.

"Mrs. Grey, Mrs. Cullen," A man in a tux strides down the aisle towards us. "We are so sorry about Miss Lloyds and are more than willing to screen the movie with just the two of you first and then…"

"No, it's fine as long as they follow the rules to the letter. Let them in to get their fix…" I force a smile at the older frazzled gentleman looking at us with a desperate don't sue me face. Don't worry
your little head. I'm not gonna sue this place. I'm going to buy it and preserve it for all time. I might even renovate it and change it into a theater of the arts again. I'll have to see what Gwen thinks when I run my idea by her.

The man races back up the aisle and heads back out through the doors.

"Ana, it might go a long way to calming the masses if you and Bella both stand and…” Logan arches a brow.

"Address the masses?” Bella arches a brow.

I roll my eyes.

"If it would speed this along then fine…”

The theater doors open and in piles the eager fans for their fix. Many of them are clutching their autographed copies of the series in their arms. The din of noise is unimaginable and I thought the kids were loud when they were hyped up on sugar. That's nothing compared to a theater of females salivating to get their first taste of their dream hunk on screen.

There are a few who are jonesing for the front rows, but it's roped off with velvet ropes. None of them are even paying that much attention to the two of us. Though, there are a lot of mutterings about their phones not getting any service and I can't help but smirk loving that Barney's gadget never fails.

"See! I told you that they were in here!"

"No wonder their yummy husbands personally were the ones to hand out those NDA's"  
"Not that I minded signing it!"

"Girl! I about nearly lost my mind!"

"All three at the same time!"

"You said it, honey! I've got enough to fuel my fantasies for years!"

That has Bella and me gritting our teeth, but I take a deep calming breath. Count to ten three times and then out comes CEO Ana out to play.

"While I can more than understand how flustered all of you ladies are after meeting our husbands that's where it ends. Each and every one of your eager faces and voices was recorded for future reference as well as your handwriting…There will not be another crazy psycho stalker bitch troll going after our men. There will not be any risqué photos, videos, unmentionables, or pleas for them to divorce us and marry you sent to our men. From any of you. Your phones are offline. Your video glasses that you're using to bootleg the movie, yeah, sorry that's not happening either. I am gonna heckle, laugh, and sneer loudly at the screen and at times even shoot projectiles at it. If you don't like it then there's the door and I'll be happy to pay for a second screening tonight." I point regally in the direction of the closed theater doors.

That got me huffy bitchy glares. Oh, I'm just getting warmed up, bitches.

"I'm Anastasia Steele-Grey and like my husband is prone to say a lot I don't give a flying fuck if you like it or not! This farce isn't about us! It's all fantasy and lies! You're lucky as hell that it even got to print! That legal bullshit disclaimer saved her sorry ass from losing every dime that she had! Fifty
does not exist! The Playroom is just that our kids area to play! Ana Steele, meek little weakling, does not exist! I'm not little and I sure as hell am not meek! I have had it with everyone thinking that they can live their fantasies through us! We are not them! We will name our kids whatever the fuck we wish to and none of you have any say! It's our lives not yours and it never will be! We are just very successful at what we do! And have been busting our asses to achieve it since our teens! Sorry if this is harsh, but all of this fucking obsessed fan crap being sent to us needs to stop! If you want to play a part in something monumentally important in our lives then visit the website and choose a charity to donate or volunteer to. We never see any of it and the more you send the better chance you'll be receiving a letter from our lawyers. Security rifles through all the tripe and deals with it in case we need it for evidence. Chris has never watched a video. He's never looked at the photos. Read your letters. Proposals. Emails. Not one gift. Nothing has ever made it across his desk or onto his computer."

"Why are you even here?!" I was waiting for that.

"Eamon Kavanagh asked me to do him this favor of guest reviewing the movie for him. He's hospitalized with Noro. He's one of my surrogate dads, so I couldn't leave him in a lurch. I am not here because I want to watch two of my close friends, more like surrogate siblings, getting their kink on…"

"It's all harmless and not hurting anyone…" Someone grumbles.

I zero in on the face, as the lights are still on, and she's maybe twenty feet from us. "Shelia Preston. You work as a personal shopper at Macy's. Your boyfriend works in accounting at GEH New York. It's not harmless fun and I'd love to see how you react to having someone flash their tits or lady garden on a video and send it to your man with a love letter and used panties declaring their undying love. Begging him to ditch you…Maybe, I'll just send that video Barney has on file and the photos too and email it to him with all of your emails. Would you like that, Miss Preston?"

She's gaping at me like a fish gasping for water and her eyes are as wide as saucers. "That's… invasion of privacy…!" She sputters in outrage.

"No that's what happens after three strikes! You're on our special wall of fangirl fame! Many of the faces here in this very theater are in fact on that wall of desperation! Once is harmless! Twice they feel sorry for you! Three times and they run a full Background check and you've made the wall! I've memorized every single face on that wall! Consider this your last and final warning! All you're doing is making fools out of yourselves, so just stop! We're soulmates nothing trumps that ever. Go find your own."

"That goes triple for me! Seeing as you panting hussies targeted my man first! It's only because Chris and Ana look like our doppelgangers that EL chose to take aim on their lives with her rework erotica. I knew writing Singer Saga that I'd be putting myself in the limelight and was more than prepared for the fallout from that and the same goes for Ana and Chris when they took the corporate and publishing worlds by storm before they even turned eighteen. However, neither one of them asked someone to spin a kinky erotica trilogy using them and their families as the star players nor did they wish to endure the pandemonium that followed its success. We get that you might think that acting on your envy and lust is harmless, but it's not." Bella snarls out her peace.

"Far from it. It's seen as an attack by those that you covet in your fantasies and you're put on a watch list. We do our best to ensure that they never meet any of those faces on that wall. But situations like the event tonight make that near to impossible, but that's where the rules, the Wi-Fi and tech jammer, and NDA come into play." Logan folds his arms across his massive chest and shoots them all his badass glare.
"We'll have to pay 50 million dollars!" Someone's finally reading what they so willingly signed and it's hitting home.

"No way!" The others whip out their copies and gasps and cries echo throughout the theater. This place has excellent acoustics, maybe I will convert this into a working theater again. Seriously, you can hear all the way to the back seats.

"They'll sue us too!?" Another wail.

Someone was thinking of banking a deal with one of the tabloids.

"You know. I'm seriously disappointed in all of you ladies. Clearly, none of you read the books. What was Grey's rule of thumb about any documents?" I shake my head, rolling my eyes at these pathetic females that were helplessly dazzled by our demigods.

"Never sign anything unless you read it first?" Bella smirked, highly amused. "In their defense they didn't stand a chance in hell of being able to withstand three demigods and their dazzling presences."

"If you need me to spell out what happens if you break that NDA and head off to sell your story or speak one word to anyone of how Bella and Ana are bitches or jealous of all the attention that their husbands draw? Let's just say that we will go after each and every one who breaks it and enact every penalty stated on the document that you so willingly signed. You will be sued to within an inch of your lives." Logan fixed his glare on over a dozen wall of desperation members.

"We're not jealous nor are we Bitches. We're just two women who are fed up with all the desperate females panting after our husbands. We're tired of the snotty comments about what we name our kids. Truthfully, Granny T was relieved that we didn't saddle Ari with her name. She's always loved Ella's given name and was thrilled that we chose to carry it on. Chris chose Aurora and Alex is just Chris's name reversed. Like I said. There's the door don't let it hit you on the way out, you can see it after we do."

Logan looks down at his phone and calls out a lengthy list of names. "Please, gather you crap and take a seat outside in the lobby. You can watch it after Ana and Bella are finished and safely out of the theater. Barney flagged you as being on the obsessed list."

The females in question, faces flaming red with embarrassment at being called out as super stalker kinky bitches. Glared daggers at Logan and left the theater in a snit, because the remaining women are jeering at them and calling them not so nice names as they make their way out. The second they leave everyone starts applauding.

"We don't wanna ruin this for you, really we don't. So all of you can get your fix twice and that way if our snarky remarks and actions piss you off you'll still get to experience it in all it's kinky glory after Bella and I bolt for the ladies room to throw up and then go in search of somewhere where we can get our eyes bleached and our memories of this farce wiped from our brains." I grin at all of the fifty fangirls. "That's if you wanna see it…"

They all scream, "Hell! Yes!"

Bella and I giggle. "Let's do this then!"

Ana

I'm loading up on theater snacks. One because I'm starving. Two because what's a movie without snacks. Three I need an excuse to load up on straws and napkins both key necessities when creating and distributing spit balls at projectiles. I'm here under extreme duress, but a promise is a promise
so...might as well make it worth having to watch Jamie and DJ doing the nasty on the big screen.

"Did you get enough?" Logan snarks, as I load him up with my snacks.

"Nah, I think she left out the Dill pickles." Luke's carrying the popcorn and pop.

"I'm starving!" I growl.

Between us Bella and I are loaded down with nachos, soft pretzels, pizza, and hotdogs. "It's for Bella, me, and you two bottomless pits to share. And just no to the pickles! Yes, I craved them like crazy with the babies, but I detest them and blame that craving on Chris who can eat a whole jar by himself in one sitting!"

"Edward's the same way with the pickles. Now as for all of these snacks, well, it's the norm to pig out on junk food while watching a movie." Bella growls and the guys wisely shut up.

"Where are we sitting anyway?" I growl.

"I know how you hate sitting up in the very front rows, but this is a fucking security nightmare…” Luke braces for me to let loose on him about the seating choice, but this is beyond ideal for targeting the big screen during scenes that make me physically ill. If they don't like it or my snarking, well, tough shit I'll buy the theater and they'll have to deal. Besides it's only a matter of time before this poor old girl is sold and I love preserving historic buildings like this one.

"We tried to have them delay the showing to the fans until you've both finished watching it, but they feared that it would start a riot, so that was a no go. The compromise was clearing out the front rows to ensure that the two of you weren't harassed or bothered by the other patrons while sitting through the movie." Logan was also in placate little sister mode, but this falls right in with my plans, so I nod and follow the two of them inside the still empty theater.

"That's all well and good guys, but what about cellphones? The last thing we both need or want is to be harassed by fans taking photos of us or begging us for a selfie with them." Bella narrows her darkening chocolate brown eyes at them.

"They're getting the list of dos and don'ts and what will happen if they don't abide by the rules before they even enter the theater and have to sign an ironclad NDA. No exceptions. Cellphones are high on the list of don'ts." Luke gulps as we're led to our seats with signs indicating our names on them.

Bella's not reining it in at all. Thank goodness that fangs seem to be a myth in vampire lore or Luke would be wetting himself right now. Logan on the other hands doesn't seem the least bit nervous that we have an irritable immortal among us. Then again he's always been good with everything weird. Luke's the skittish one among the guys when it comes to the unexplained, even though he's seen more than enough weird crap through the years it still spooks the shit out of him.

"If they try to access social media with them they'll find that they won't have a signal." Logan reassures us both.

"Barney's favorite little toy never leave home without it." I grin at them as I settle myself into my seat, rolling my eyes when Logan sets a plush little foot stool in front of it. "I'm fine…”

"You're not fine. A hairline fracture is not fine. You've been torturing that ankle all day and need put it up for a while. Sabine wanted to put it in a soft cast just to be safe, but I knew that you would have flipped if you'd have woken up with that on your ankle, so I told her that I'd make you take it easy on it." Bella rolls her eyes, snorting under her breath.
"It was wrapped up for the better part of the day and you can't wear these booties with a bandaged ankle. Besides, if Chris would have seen it then he would have gone into protective mode major and started carrying me everywhere and that's so embarrassing!" I wisely don't press my luck with my pissed off immortal cousin and prop up my tender foot on the stool.

"Who do you think ordered that they have a stool to set your foot up on?" Logan smirked down at me as he handed off my take of junk food heaven.

"That link that the two of you share knows no bounds. He knows when you're hurt or did that conveniently slip you mind? You're lucky that he's too chicken shit to deny you anything right now or getting checked out at the nearest ER you would be. Not that I blame him after the deep freeze that you've had him suffering through over Teddy's new life sized tub toy. Chris didn't have a choice about the new ship and instead of throwing his son to the wolves he took all the heat for it." Luke glowers down at me.

"I know…" I blow out a breath. Gritting my teeth. "And we talked about it before you left on the eyesore. We were okay again or getting there and I know that coming here without my shadows was wrong, but I had to do what was best for my Company. Not that it really mattered in the end, seeing as everyone attending is sicker than sick with Noro. In my defense though my shadow waiting for me at the airport went postal on me and that's the reason why I hurt my ankle and bruised my backside to resemble a ripening blueberry. I honestly thought that Andrea had alerted Sam about my impending arrival, so that's why I didn't text her with the deets."

"She wasn't of the right mindset to text anyone before we left..." Bella quips.

"Baby sister, what is the rule about you and drinking alcohol…"

"Twenty four years old and mother of four, fudge off, Logan." I hiss.

"You went on a spending spree and bought up a gated community in Florida…""

"Teddy was going through a Mouse phase…Kate and Mia egged me on to do shots…" I grumble in my defense. "It's not like we can go anywhere without having a secure fortress to stay in and Chris and I had gone rounds that afternoon because I wanted a normal family vacation just the three of us…He vetoed that so I came up with a solution that allowed us to take Teddy to see Mickey. They were basically used for rentals to begin with it's not like I made anyone homeless. I more than compensated them for any missed income. It's a favorite getaway for the family too."

"You mooned the dean…"

"Again Kate and Mia and the dean was a jackass…" I roll my eyes and take a bite of my hotdog.

"You made a CEO S.I.N.G. at the MET Gala…"

"He's a predator. A wannabe Dom and deserved that and more…the champagne was vintage and yummy…Chris did something far worse than that he bankrupted the bastard…his kids aren't any better either."

"You put itching powder in the workout gear of…"

"That was DJ, Kate, and Mia…not that the reality star bitch and her clique didn't deserve worse. It was a charity event not a photo opportunity to see whose tits could be flashed at the paps first! Her and her strumpets only show up at anything for the publicity not to support the cause! Anything to land being the lead story on E or TMZ! The bitch tried to put the moves on Christian…” I hiss as that not so happy memory flashes in my mind as if it happened hours ago.
"She and those bitches spent over a week in the hospital trying to find out the cause of her situation...it was a lot more than itching powder..." Logan smirked.

"I got it from some new age shop in Port Angeles. All it had on the bottle was "Annoying pest control'. Then the instructions were 'for when words just aren't enough' or something along those lines. I kept it in my go bag for just that kind of situation when the starlets and reality show princesses drew on my last nerve or went after my man again. And as for my being drunk at the time I had one tiny sip of whatever DJ had...I was eighteen not twenty-one and it was an event held by GEH and GP! The bitch is lucky that she got that instead of me scalping her bald and sending her to Intensive Care..."

"Ana..." Bella put her hand on my arm. "Don't...they aren't worth the air that it takes to even say their names..." She narrows her nearly black eyes at both Logan and Luke. "Enough, picking on Ana." She growls, flashing razer sharp perfectly white teeth.

"Yeah, yeah..." Luke took several steps back, his hands up in a placating manor. "I'll, uh, go police the arrivals." He wisely bolts for safety.

"Bloody, pansy." Logan rolled his eyes in disgust. "Behave, Bella. He's gonna have to go change his drawers if you don't rein it in."

"But..." Bella's sulking now, arms folded across her chest, lip out in a full pout.

Wow even Bella isn't immune to Logan's big brother glare and scolding's.

"He was only teasing our baby sister...we both were...so flashing that lethal smile was overkill."

"It's fine, Bella. I screwed up and they're pissed at me. Protocol is set for a reason..."

"Unlike you, our baby sister isn't impervious to harm..." Logan was making sure that my foot was properly elevated and that I was comfortable enough to sit through this farce. He goes to take off the bootie and I stop him because one visible wince and I'll be spirited off to the nearest ER to get it thoroughly looked over.

"It's fine. Paul even checked it before they fled the country for their lives..." I lie through my teeth. There is no way on this planet that I'm gonna subject myself to an ER when there's Noro running rampant in the city. Private hospital or not. I can wait until I get home.

The most ear splitting screech echoes from outside the theater doors.

"Oh, hell no! Not that bitch!" I snarl under my breath.

"I'm gonna tell my Daddy about this! NDA! The hell you're going to take my phone! Who the hell is in there the fucking Queen of England?!" Kimber Lloyds the most annoying socialite princess brat on the East Coast is throwing the mother of all tantrums.

The bitch shouldn't even be here! She's on the proscribed list for who will never be allowed to be anywhere near Chris or my presence. The bitch stalked Chris. Sent him unmentionables, videos, and photos for months! It was annoying until she threatened me while I was carrying Teddy. We had to get a restraining order and even that didn't deter her until Chris bankrupted her Daddy for refusing to rein in his brat, well, that and trying to grab my ass during the MET Gala. She's obsessed with Christian. I should have known that she'd be chomping at the bit to be able to be the first to see this farce!
Luke tries to block her and the bitch sprays pepper spray in his face. "Fuck! Even with protective contacts that shit stings!" He grabs her by the arm.

"Get out of my way you big goon! I was personally invited to see this special showing and I will be damned if I'm gonna be treated like this!" She proceeds to kneel him in the balls and down he goes.

"Stay in that chair!" Logan shoots me his best don't defy me glare and then heads off to contain the walking Barbie doll. All the while barking orders into the tiny microphone on his cufflink.

I've never met her in person. I've only seen her fake attributes via the visuals that she sent along with her crazy, psycho, emails. She tried to make herself into me?! Impossible really seeing as I'm tall and she's like barely five feet if that, but like I said psycho crazy bitch. She arranged for plastic surgery to make her face look similar to mine. Grace found out and lets just say that every reputable surgeon in the US and beyond told her not happening, so she went to Hong Kong to get it done I think and it didn't go very well for her. Ethics do not come into play when it comes to my safety. She had it corrected for the most part, but now she looks like a wannabe Barbie doll. She'll pass for pretty I guess, but it's taking tons of makeup to create even that appearance.

"What in the name of Mab happened to her face?!" Bella gasps, eyes wide as she takes in our intruder. "Don't get me started on the boobs or her ass…it's bigger than she who will not be named! Is that even possible!! I mean she looks like a badly designed Barbie doll! It hurts my eyes just to look at her."

"Is that them! Who do they fucking think they are Beyoncé?! Get the fuck out of my way!" Kimber's screech could easily shatter glass.

Logan's blocking her path to us and I can see Hudson and Frankie coming down the aisle to assist him. "No, Miss Lloyds not Beyoncé. Now reverse your fat fake ass back up that aisle or you'll be carted out of here by force." He snarls down at the female trying desperately to move the immovable object in her path.

"How dare you treat me like this! Do you know who my father is! He knows the commissioner! The mayor! The governor!" She spits like a wild alley cat and he wipes some of it off his face.

"Why you bitch!" Kimber screeches so loudly that poor Bella has to cover her ears.

"Logan do you have all your shots up to date!? Who knows where that thing has been!?" I call out. Sorry, just couldn't resist.

"SIM's called not even they want to use your likeness for their next game!" Bella adds cheekily. "By the goddess, was the original work so bad that not even corrective surgery could fix what was so clearly botched up the first time? Seriously, you look and sound like a badly drawn anime character!"

Frankie and Hudson are turning purple from trying to keep in their laughter and I know that Logan is biting his cheek to keep his at bay.

"That's enough, ladies." Logan tries to keep the laughter out of his tone, but he's failing badly.
"You've more than made your point." He turns to shoot us a cool it look.

Kimber uses that distraction to bolt down a row of theater seats to evade her captures and confront
us. "You bitches are so fucking dead!"

Gotta hand it to her she's pretty fast on those tiny little legs and in hooker heels no less. Not gonna save her sorry ass, seeing as she just threatened us in front of two NYPD officers.

It's game on Bitch!

The stool goes flying. Ankle be damned! I've been dying to do this for years! I stand up to my full height and with heels that's over six feet seeing as I'm Five eleven and change.

"YOU!" She seethes in fury and lunges at me. Claws ready to attack. I easily send her sprawling on her ass.

Did I say sprawling? I meant bouncing. Sorry, my bad.

"You do know that you're violating the restraining order just by standing in this theater, right?" Bella calmly remains seated and is enjoying the preshow.

"Bella, that's cruel. You know that she doesn't have one active brain cell in her fake plastic body." I chide as I easily block her attempts of hitting me. More like pathetic swatting. She makes a grab for my hair and I catch her wrist with my hand, send her twisting around, and wrench her arm brutally behind her back.

No one goes for my hair.

"Playtimes over, bitch." I have her whimpering and wailing on her knees because Miss Kimber is delicate and I wasn't even trying to be careful. Her shoulder needs realigned and that dainty little wrist may or may not be broken. She'll need new extensions too as I am being brutal with the hold I have on her hair.

"I'm gonna press charges for assault! My Daddy will sue you for everything you have!" She wails when I literally rip off some of her extensions because she tried to wriggle free.

"Stop thinking before you hurt yourself! You assaulted Ana! You are in violation of a restraining order! You are the one going to jail! Dimwit! Those two gentleman are undercover NYPD officers who were assigned to our protection detail! Both of whom are gonna haul your plastic ass off and there is nothing that your pervert Daddy can do about it. Christian and my husband will take great pleasure in taking down your father again and this time he won't recover. There will be no one insane enough to bail him out. Cullen and Grey the mere thought that the two of them are now like brothers instead of enemies is sending shockwaves across the corporate universe. Oh, well, that and the fact that Christian is the heir to the Walker-James Empire is more than enough to keep anyone from ever doing business with your father or any member of your family again. All because his little princess is an insane psycho bitch." Bella none to gently takes a hold of her hair to lift her face so that she's looking at her and oops there goes another hunk of extension down the drain.

"Then again her father is a psycho perverted wannabe Dom, so the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. Daddy dearest is in it deep with the Feds for being a member of the defunct Black Lotus Society here on the East Coast. Looks like most of your family will be spending time behind concrete walls, steel bars, and tall barbwire electrified fencing." Logan growls darkly down at Kimber before turning the Ana whisperer tone on me. "Ana, let the bitch go, so that the fellas here can take her off to the pound."

"I'm pressing charges." I hiss and send her sprawling with a swift kick to her padded fake ass.

"Attack with deadly intent to harm comes to mind and Sawyer is too for that kick to the balls and
getting pepper sprayed for doing his job." I sneer down at the pathetic whimpering creature when a couple of baggies of pretty white powder and a little kit come spilling out of her designer jumpsuit pockets. "Lots and lots of charges!"

Hudson happily recites her Miranda rights and none to gently drag's her wailing pathetic body out of sight through the exit doors.

"I recorded it all with my phone." Logan's always prepared for anything. He produces, believe it or not, a plastic baggie from his pocket and used his handkerchief to pick up and bag the items on the floor for Frankie.

"So did I, but send me a copy of that so that I can enter that into evidence as well..." Frankie grins and takes the items in question from him.

"Already done and I'll want yours as well..." Logan's phone alerts him to an incoming call. "Christ... that bloody link that you share with Chris knows no bounds." He eyes his phone like it's a live grenade and lets it go to voice mail.

"I just can't wait to be King?!" Bella can't help it and bursts out laughing.

"Seriously?!!" I gasp, as I'm laughing so hard. "Simba?!" I lose my balance and plop back down into my chair howling with laughter. "Oh, goddess, I forgot that you nicknamed him that when we were kids!"

"Well, it does kinda fit. He's now one of the main Kings of the corporate universe and before that he was one of the princes of Seattle." Frankie manages through bouts of roaring laughter.

All the while the ringtone blares on. My Chris is probably ready to take on Edward to get to me.

"It's a private joke..." This time the ringtone is different but no less fitting. The theme from Bram Stoker's Dracula. "Shit! Cullen!" Now that one he wisely answers. "They're both fine..."

"I had to put Chris into a sleeper hold, so no I seriously doubt that anything that occurred a few minutes ago in that theater was anything but fine." Edward's voice snarls menacingly from the phone.

"Lion, we're fine!" Bella gasps out breathlessly from all the laughter.

"Isabella Marie, gasping for air is far from..."

"From laughing..." She cuts off his rant.

"What the devil is so amusing about having to defend..."

"We're both fine. Kimber is on her way to a lengthy stay at Rikers. Ana didn't even break a nail. We were laughing at Logan's Ringtone for Christian..."

"So that's why you were thinking about one of the songs from The Lion King...it does fit...what was the one chosen for mine?" He's chuckling now that he knows all is well.

"Bram Stoker's Dracula..." I chime in.

"I don't know whether to be amused or insulted..." Edward growls.

"I chose it mainly because you live on 1897 Bram Stoker Drive..." Logan found his balls again and speaks up.
"Amused then…” Now he's chuckling. "I suppose that's fitting as well…”

"Is Chris alright?" It finally hits me that Edward had to put my guy into a sleeper hold and I bite my lip.

"He's fine…and wants to talk to Ana…”

"Baby…” Chris croaks out hoarsely.

"I'm fine, Chris. Not a scratch. Kimber is the one in need of an ER…” I croon soothingly.

"She fucking attacked you?!” He's slowly finding his roar again.

"Tried…Luke got it worse than I did…she pepper sprayed him and then kneed him in the balls…”

"Logan…”

"I sent him to get his eyes checked out and his groin as the bitch had boney chicken legs and you can't be too careful when it comes to…”

"Fine…he went to get checked out…no need to paint a visual…” Chris cuts him off.

"Baby sister and Bella scalped her but not before dislocating her shoulder and breaking her wrist when Kimber went for her hair. After that Ana was done playing and got serious. She's on her way to booking as we speak. Check your email. You'll see a play-by-play of the cat fight. From two angles. Frankie captured it too.”

"Ana, no more roughhousing. You sit your pretty little tail feathers down in that chair and stay off that ankle."

"It's fine. Not even a twinge of pain to be had…” I lie through my teeth, its fudging throbbing like a bitch. These boots aren't even close to being ankle brace material. What material there is being lace with a zipper in back. A promise is a promise though and he'll veto watching this farce and rush me to the ER for a through looking over.

"Our link defies any and all lies. My ankle is aching like a toothache and I haven't done anything to cause it…” He growls.

"I have a comfy little stool. My ankle is elevated. It will keep until this farce of a movie is over. By then I might have to have my eyes bleached and my memory altered. What I wouldn't give for that little MIB gadget right now or Obliviate would even be welcome, because this is by far something that I don't ever wish to remember. Watching your older siblings getting it on and with Kinky fuckery added to the mix is the worst torturer imaginable and add that I'll never be able to forget it and you've got hell. I have to give an honest review on the thing and that means that I can't drown it out with earbuds or wear a blindfold during those scenes. Papa K owes me for eternity for this favor.” I was going for soothing my tiger, but then bitch Ana had to have her say.

"Ana, I can always have Logan stay there and then he can provide you with…”

"No, I promised Papa K that I would do this and he's seriously ill…I'll suck it up and watch it…you'll be bailing both Bella and me out of Jail if any other fans get up in our faces or even mention either of you in any context. We've both surpassed or limit."

"They've all willingly signed an NDA and been read the rules about leaving you two be. Most of them have been here all day or longer so they know that the two of you are here. They're all just
dying to get their fix and are willing to do just about anything to see it first. It helped that Jamie, Edward, and I read them the rules and Edward and I handed them the NDA and the pens to sign them…"

"That explains willingly…" Bella and I both snarl under our breaths.

"Your security comes first or any discomfort from being fawned at by rabid fans…anything to keep the peace." Edward placates.

"No one touched us. No autographs. No selfies. Just laying down the ground rules that's all. Retract your claws." Chris croons.

"We'll see you after the movie. Oh, and if you could ferret out a magic wielder that can cast Obliviate on us that'd be great too! Love you, Tiger."

"We're just across the street and the Limo is first in line. We'll collect you the second it's over. Now as for the other request that's way and I do mean way above my ability to grant. Love you, baby."

"Love you, Lion." Bella croons to her guy.

"Love you, my treasure." Edward purrs back,

"Bye!" We both call and Logan hangs up.

"Mrs. Grey, Mrs. Cullen," A man in a tux strides down the aisle towards us. "We are so sorry about Miss Lloyds and are more than willing to screen the movie with just the two of you first and then…"

"No, it's fine as long as they follow the rules to the letter. Let them in to get their fix…" I force a smile at the older frazzled gentleman looking at us with a desperate don't sue me face. Don't worry your little head. I'm not gonna sue this place. I'm going to buy it and preserve it for all time. I might even renovate it and change it into a theater of the arts again. I'll have to see what Gwen thinks when I run my idea by her.

The man races back up the aisle and heads back out through the doors.

"Ana, it might go a long way to calming the masses if you and Bella both stand and…" Logan arches a brow.

"Address the masses?" Bella arches a brow.

I roll my eyes.

"If it would speed this along then fine…"

The theater doors open and in piles the eager fans for their fix. Many of them are clutching their autographed copies of the series in their arms. The din of noise is unimaginable and I thought the kids were loud when they were hyped up on sugar. That's nothing compared to a theater of females salivating to get their first taste of their dream hunk on screen.

There are a few who are jonesing for the front rows, but it's roped off with velvet ropes. None of them are even paying that much attention to the two of us. Though, there are a lot of mutterings about their phones not getting any service and I can't help but smirk loving that Barney's gadget never fails.

"See! I told you that they were in here!"
"No wonder their yummy husbands personally were the ones to hand out those NDA’s"

"Not that I minded signing it!"

"Girl! I about nearly lost my mind!"

"All three at the same time!"

"You said it, honey! I've got enough to fuel my fantasies for years!"

That has Bella and me gritting our teeth, but I take a deep calming breath. Count to ten three times and then out comes CEO Ana out to play.

"While I can more than understand how flustered all of you ladies are after meeting our husbands that's where it ends. Each and every one of your eager faces and voices was recorded for future reference as well as your handwriting…There will not be another crazy psycho stalker bitch troll going after our men. There will not be any risqué photos, videos, unmentionables, or pleas for them to divorce us and marry you sent to our men. From any of you. Your phones are offline. Your video glasses that you're using to bootleg the movie, yeah, sorry that's not happening either. I am gonna heckle, laugh, and sneer loudly at the screen and at times even shoot projectiles at it. If you don't like it then there's the door and I'll be happy to pay for a second screening tonight." I point regally in the direction of the closed theater doors.

That got me huffy bitchy glares. Oh, I'm just getting warmed up, bitches.

"I'm Anastasia Steele-Grey and like my husband is prone to say a lot I don't give a flying fuck if you like it or not! This farce isn't about us! It's all fantasy and lies! You're lucky as hell that it even got to print! That legal bullshit disclaimer saved her sorry ass from losing every dime that she had! Fifty does not exist! The Playroom is just that our kids area to play! Ana Steele, meek little weakling, does not exist! I'm not little and I sure as hell am not meek! I have had it with everyone thinking that they can live their fantasies through us! We are not them! We will name our kids whatever the fuck we wish to and none of you have any say! It's our lives not yours and it never will be! We are just very successful at what we do! And have been busting our asses to achieve it since our teens! Sorry if this is harsh, but all of this fucking obsessed fan crap being sent to us needs to stop! If you want to play a part in something monumentally important in our lives then visit the website and choose a charity to donate or volunteer to. We never see any of it and the more you send the better chance you'll be receiving a letter from our lawyers. Security rifles through all the tripe and deals with it in case we need it for evidence. Chris has never watched a video. He's never looked at the photos. Read your letters. Proposals. Emails. Not one gift. Nothing has ever made it across his desk or onto his computer."

"Why are you even here?!!" I was waiting for that.

"Eamon Kavanagh asked me to do him this favor of guest reviewing the movie for him. He's hospitalized with Noro. He's one of my surrogate dads, so I couldn't leave him in a lurch. I am not here because I want to watch two of my close friends, more like surrogate siblings, getting their kink on…"

"It's all harmless and not hurting anyone…" Someone grumbles.

I zero in on the face, as the lights are still on, and she's maybe twenty feet from us. "Shelia Preston. You work as a personal shopper at Macy's. Your boyfriend works in accounting at GEH New York. It's not harmless fun and I'd love to see how you react to having someone flash their tits or lady garden on a video and send it to your man with a love letter and used panties declaring their undying
love. Begging him to ditch you…Maybe, I'll just send that video Barney has on file and the photos too and email it to him with all of your emails. Would you like that, Miss Preston?"

She's gaping at me like a fish gasping for water and her eyes are as wide as saucers. "That's… invasion of privacy…!" She sputters in outrage.

"No that's what happens after three strikes! You're on our special wall of fangirl fame! Many of the faces here in this very theater are in fact on that wall of desperation! Once is harmless! Twice they feel sorry for you! Three times and they run a full Background check and you've made the wall! I've memorized every single face on that wall! Consider this your last and final warning! All you're doing is making fools out of yourselves, so just stop! We're soulmates nothing trumps that ever. Go find your own."

"That goes triple for me! Seeing as you panting hussies targeted my man first! It's only because Chris and Ana look like our doppelgangers that EL chose to take aim on their lives with her rework erotica. I knew writing Singer Saga that I'd be putting myself in the limelight and was more than prepared for the fallout from that and the same goes for Ana and Chris when they took the corporate and publishing worlds by storm before they even turned eighteen. However, neither one of them asked someone to spin a kinky erotica trilogy using them and their families as the star players nor did they wish to endure the pandemonium that followed its success. We get that you might think that acting on your envy and lust is harmless, but it's not." Bella snarls out her peace.

"Far from it. It's seen as an attack by those that you covet in your fantasies and you're put on a watch list. We do our best to ensure that they never meet any of those faces on that wall. But situations like the event tonight make that near to impossible, but that's where the rules, the Wi-Fi and tech jammer, and NDA come into play." Logan folds his arms across his massive chest and shoots them all his badass glare.

"We'll have to pay 50 million dollars!" Someone's finally reading what they so willingly signed and it's hitting home.

"No way!" The others whip out their copies and gasps and cries echo throughout the theater. This place has excellent acoustics, maybe I will convert this into a working theater again. Seriously, you can hear all the way to the back seats.

"They'll sue us too!" Another wail.

Someone was thinking of banking a deal with one of the tabloids.

"You know. I'm seriously disappointed in all of you ladies. Clearly, none of you read the books. What was Grey's rule of thumb about any documents?" I shake my head, rolling my eyes at these pathetic females that were helplessly dazzled by our demigods.

"Never sign anything unless you read it first?" Bella smirked, highly amused. "In their defense they didn't stand a chance in hell of being able to withstand three demigods and their dazzling presences."

"If you need me to spell out what happens if you break that NDA and head off to sell your story or speak one word to anyone of how Bella and Ana are bitches or jealous of all the attention that their husbands draw? Let's just say that we will go after each and every one who breaks it and enact every penalty stated on the document that you so willingly signed. You will be sued to within an inch of your lives." Logan fixed his glare on over a dozen wall of desperation members.

"We're not jealous nor are we Bitches. We're just two women who are fed up with all the desperate females panting after our husbands. We're tired of the snotty comments about what we name our
kids. Truthfully, Granny T was relieved that we didn't saddle Ari with her name. She's always loved Ella's given name and was thrilled that we chose to carry it on. Chris chose Aurora and Alex is just Chris's name reversed. Like I said. There's the door don't let it hit you on the way out, you can see it after we do."

Logan looks down at his phone and calls out a lengthy list of names. "Please, gather you crap and take a seat outside in the lobby. You can watch it after Ana and Bella are finished and safely out of the theater. Barney flagged you as being on the obsessed list."

The females in question, faces flaming red with embarrassment at being called out as super stalker kinky bitches. Glared daggers at Logan and left the theater in a snit, because the remaining women are jeering at them and calling them not so nice names as they make their way out. The second they leave everyone starts applauding.

"We don't wanna ruin this for you, really we don't. So all of you can get your fix twice and that way if our snarky remarks and actions piss you off you'll still get to experience it in all it's kinky glory after Bella and I bolt for the ladies room to throw up and then go in search of somewhere where we can get our eyes bleached and our memories of this farce wiped from our brains." I grin at all of the fifty fangirls. "That's if you wanna see it…"

They all scream, "Hell! Yes!"

Bella and I giggle. "Let's do this then!"
July has been one thing after another! It's been Real Life crazy and trying to write has been virtually impossible! Truthfully when it's hot as hades outside all I wanna do is sit in by the fan and read. That being said I finally was able to focus on the story again! It was a crazy fun one to write as that very bad day continues on…Any and all mistakes are all mine! Enjoy!

Lots of loves to all of you who reading and enjoying the story! And to all the girls in Camp Fifty! You all rock!

Disclaimer: (I love to play with her characters but with my AU spin on them from my other story. Sorry folks I don't do Cannon ever. Like, Love it, Hate it…you have been warned ^^) EL James and sometimes SMeyer own it all. I'm just having fun with the characters, but the OC ones and story ideas are all mine.

Ana

It's fudging scary how similar this fictional Christian is to my own. The morning run. The meticulous closet and how he gets ready in the morning is spot on.

Then when I get my first look at DJ, I wanna cringe. My Wanda is still in the garage and yes she's a classic Beetle, but she isn't a hunk of junk! She was my first car. Dad figured they were pretty much indestructible and had one completely overhauled to his standards.

I still say that it was punishment for borrowing one of his precious hotrods when I was fifteen to go see Chris at Football camp after, uh, being scarred for life seeing my older siblings getting their kink on!

I wasn't in my right mind at all! I needed Chris! He wasn't answering his phone and none of the parentals would take me to him! They thought a little distance was good for us, so I took his McLaren…

Don't judge me! I had no clue that it was worth over half a million dollars and with all the modifications on it try nearly two. I wanted Chris! I had my learners permit and passed Drivers ED and the defensive courses that the Dads and Uncles insisted on with flying colors! It was his fault that he left the keys where I could find them!

I digress…the bottom line is I got a classic bug for my sixteenth birthday and even though it wasn't what I wanted I loved her anyway. The Paparazzi got me more often than not driving her and she's powder blue, with a fancy license plate stating her name, so that's where EL must have taken it from.

Never in my fashion challenged life would I ever wear that outfit and to an interview? I mean she's supposed to be a brilliant honor student? That blouse screams grandma! The skirt reminds me of a school uniform! And that cardigan?! Just no! And shoes that remind me of Elf booties!

Never even on my worst days did I ever pick something like that! She's supposed to be me or some
manner of me and while I have been fashioned challenged never have I made the worst dressed list. They saw me as a free spirit who loved to wear things from vintage boutiques. I took Kate and Mia with me on one of my treasure hunts and they freaked when they saw the labels and quality of my choices. Vintage does not mean thrift store. Caroline loves it when I request something unique. It gives her team a challenge. She's our personal shopper and not just for one Department Store. I mean one store does not and cannot be the 'be all end all 'of everything you need. Not possible.

Kate would never have let me leave wearing that?! This Kate must be delirious with fever or she's just teaching her a cruel lesson. Then again book Kate makes my Kate look dossal and that's saying something! Though, mannerism wise she's got Kate nearly mastered. Again Social Media Queen and now it's coming back to bite her in the ass!

It's only a few minutes in and I'm ready to toss popcorn at the screen. Did we ever give them permission to shoot in front of Grey House? This had to have been while I was forced on early maternity leave and they took full advantage of Christian being solely focused on my difficult pregnancy and looking after Teddy.

I can't help but giggle out loud when DJ takes in all the blonde clones that inhabit this Grey House. In reality it's a running joke whenever we have a new influx of interns and the females all think that blonde will get your foot in the door. Then they walk in and see our receptionist Petra with her stunning Jet black hair enhanced with streaks of whatever color she fancied that week, but perfectly styled of course. Then there's Lita with her flaming red pixie cut smiling next to her with no less than three earrings in each ear and rings galore on her fingers.

No, blonde is so not a requirement to work at GEH. It's just a coincidence that most of the females on the executive floor around Chris happen to lean towards the blonde spectrum of hair color. Though, dressing smartly is just a given, depending where you are on the ladder at GEH, the clothing allowance makes that easy for those who work for him to achieve.

I'm a little more lenient with my staff's dress code. Yes, it has to be smart, but there's no harm in being comfortable while you work. Though, jeans are only allowed on casual Friday. Believe it or not even Chris allows casual Friday, well, to a point. Depending on if they have something big in the works then its dress smartly or else get written up.

I snort and laugh almost choking on my popcorn when I see just how many Stepford clones it takes to greet someone coming to see Grey! Reception is not even close either! It looks like a doctor's not an executive floor and while yes ours is modern it's still a place where those who work in it can feel like they can still breathe, nothing like this sterile cold environment. So definitely only got permission for the outside.

They took creative license with the interior though or used another building because that's not the interior at all. You would think that they would have grilled Jamie for the deets, but then I suppose they wouldn't have wanted to face Chris's wrath at the blatant invasion of privacy. He's gonna rip them all a new one for shooting the outside. Ros is gonna have to really spin a good reason why she let them even shoot even that.

Andrea is spot on. She is after all the gatekeeper. She has to be a dragon.

DJ having known me since my teens captured many of my quirks and expressions in her Ana.

The MET called they want their gallery back! That's not even close to the lair of the great one! Again while his GEH Lair is modern in design that's not even close.

He's mastered even the CEO glare. The smirk. The arched eyebrow. The thing he does when he's
trying to look into your soul to see how you tick. All of it. But there's so much more to my babe then
his alpha 'take on the world' persona. He's funny and sweet. None of that is here and barely in the
books. He's got all of his mannerisms down and I credit that to him shadowing Chris for a month for
research to a role. Neither of us had clue one that it was to play Grey. Above all! My Christian is not
and never has been that big of an arrogant bastard!

Oh, god, I hope that I'm not this pathetic when I'm under my babe's spell. "Yes, he's hot! But you are
an honor student for Christ sake! Stop panting like a bitch in heat!" I hiss in disgust at the screen.

"It's not real…” Bella hisses in my ear.

"I'm not like that am I, because…” I cringe, knowing that for the most part the two of them staring at
each other at the elevator like they wish to jump each other's bones is spot on. I've often wondered if
she had inside sources while she was writing her farce.

"Your soulmate is a drop dead gorgeous demigod. Staring at him like he's dinner is a foregone
conclusion. The cringe worthy thing is that I acted like that more often than not around Edward, so
don't fret over it. It's not really your mannerisms in the book, they are mine and Edward's. It was a
fanfic off of my Singer Saga first. All she really did was change the names and a few things…”
Bella's wincing as much as I am while watching this.

Again Kate's tenacious and won't let up and they've beyond captured it here. I roll my eyes at their
conversation and remember Kate constantly harping about me and Chris. I wasn't nearly as crazy as
Mia and Kate were regarding boys. Besides, Chris had the fear of god drilled into his head regarding
what would happen if he took advantage of me during our high school years. Holding hands,
cuddling, making out was fine anything else and there would be consequences. Dire consequences.
It was overkill because I was nowhere near ready and Chris respected that. It was always Chris and
Ana since forever. We were always together. We loved each other no question. Were best friends.
The biggest problem was neither one of us wanted to jeopardize that by giving into our awakening
more serious feelings for each other. We had all the time in the world to explore this new phase in
our relationship.

Some of this is down right comical when you see it playing out on screen. I can't help but comment
during the whole Clayton's hardware store scene. Carla blowing off her daughter's graduation is just
wrong and Mom would never have done that to me. Graduating from College is a milestone not
something that should be shrugged away as nothing. I shoot a spit wad at the screen getting the
actress playing Carla between the eyes.

It's unnerving seeing Jamie flash my husband's smirk trying to seduce and enthral DJ on the screen.
"Does she have no sense of self- preservation?! He's listing all the tools used by a fucking stalker
serial killer and she's just like sure let's go to the next item on your list! And then she goes and
recommends coveralls to cover up any sign of the crime after he's finished the deed?! Who the hell
cares if Kate wants a fucking photo! The man just bought some alarming items and she's lost in his
thrall!! I'd be trying any way that I could to send him on his way and get the hell away from him
before becoming his next prey! The girl has no self-preservation at all!” I growl loudly all the while
throwing candy at the screen.

"Been there done that…not the whole hardware store thing, but I let him sleep in bed with me
knowing full well that he was fighting the instinct too…” Bella shrugs and pats my cheek. "Not
real…breathe…think of it as being exposed to something so addictive that you don't care…all self
preservation just vanishes…your mind shuts down…you can't tell me that you don't have that same
reaction with Chris…seriously, you've been together since you were babies and it must have been
hell to resist when you hit your teens…as for the no self-preservation…didn't you follow Kate and
Mia into that club, while the warning signals were blaring in your head?

"Chris got the fear of god drilled into his head when we hit our teens, not that it mattered. I wasn't ready and Chris was terrified of ruining what we had, so we didn't officially date until my sweet sixteen, but to anyone who didn't know us it looked like we'd been dating for years. We were always together. The paps got us when we held hands, cuddled, kissed that sort of thing. He kissed the socks off me whenever he felt threatened by other guys...trust me, I knew the chemistry was there, but it also scared the shit out me...I so wasn’t like you were with Edward. Not until Harvard, my birthday, and finally Vegas. Like you. Chris and I didn't take that step until our wedding night. Now as for the other bit, I was trying to protect my big sisters, not going along because I was curious to jump feet first down the rabbit hole. I knew that I was gonna be able to get them out of harms way if I needed too or that was the plan in my head...all that went blank the second I stepped into kink central..." I wince as that day flashed clear as day across my mind.

"Oops..." Bella bites her lip and focuses back on the screen.

I throw popcorn at her and growl.

"I keep forgetting that you have that memory quirk and that words can trigger those not so nice trips down past memory lane." She shakes the popcorn out of her hair.

"It's fine." I groan as I force my brain to focus on the screen and shove all of the other shit back into the farthest corners of it. "Watching this is awkward as hell for both of us...and I am trying my damnedest to keep in mind that this is not real, but it's proving difficult to focus seeing as it's my name and Chris's being spoken on the screen."

"Just chant in your brain that it's not real..." She reaches over and gives my hand a gentle squeeze.

"Fine...yeah...ok...I'll try..." I blow out a breath and focus on the movie.

I think I missed some of the minor scenes like Jose's puppy love panting over DJ and the photoshoot. No big loss there. They're on to the coffee shop and the interrogation of one, as he's not about to give her anything but the smallest of details about himself, but he wants to know everything about her. He's staring at her like she's dinner and hasn't eaten for days. Again not alarming in the least. He's doing that compelling stare that Chris does when he wants something and the poor little lamb doesn't have a chance in hell of resisting it. And after all of that effort to lure her into his sensual thrall he goes cold, warns her off him making her feel like she's nothing! Not worthy of the Great Christian Grey! He'd have gotten kneed in the balls that he'd need a double testicle retrieval for that!

Then he sends her the books and that cryptic message! Warning her off him! It's no wonder that she goes to get drunk after her finals are over. She's in withdrawal and doesn't know what she did wrong that he just ended the chase like that. Loved the drunk dialing! I did that once to Chris and he went mental just like this Christian is doing! It didn't help that I went to a party with the girls when we were supposed to be having a girl's night at Kate's. We ditched security by me hacking the feed. Jose is pathetic. She doesn't want you! Move on already! I throw skittles at the screen.

Christian to the rescue! He's lucky she puked on the ground! I did far worse to Chris! Kate, my Kate, would never have let me leave with a virtual stranger while nearly blackout drunk that is so not what a best friend and sister should ever do! Warning him to behave or not! It's just wrong! She would have raced over the second I passed out, not let someone I barely knew take me home!

Not that this ever happened to me with anyone other than my babe and Cue the morning after! Snarky bastard isn't he! And we're back to the compelling lustful stares again! And yep she's hooked
the second he took his shirt off! The crawling up the bed and biting the toast was just him setting the hook…then another tug on the line mentioning the shower and making sure she sees more eye candy and she doesn't stand a chance in hell. She's under his compulsion…Literally like a moth to a flame…

I am trying not to zone out really I am, but she's just so pathetically needy…then again demigod…mere mortal female…nope she didn't stand a chance…

Logan's phone lights up on his armrest and Google alerts start flashing like mad as soon as he runs his finger over the screen. Followed by one hell of a flashy capital text shouting DO NOT LET ANA SEE THIS! I MEAN IT! UNTIL I CAN FIGURE OUT SOME WAY OF…

I snatch his phone from him and start scrolling down the Google Alerts. My eyes are getting bigger and bigger as what they are all reporting sinks in!

It's the NOOZ. I think its all BS and so I go through the next twenty and know that it's not just trash talking! Somehow the membership diary of the Black Lotus Society going back decades has been leaked!

Elliot, Sam, Logan that I already knew at fifteen and they were undercover? Right?

Ella not even the least bit floored by that! Marcus as a switch, well, he married her so connect the dots!

Jason and Gail!? Mom and Dad!? Grace and Carrick!? Let's just say that all the Scooby Gang's parents were all members of this private little kink club! But haven't been for since we were toddlers and Elliot and the big brothers were teens…It's like they all quit cold turkey or kept it to the bedroom!? Fucking hell do my Mommy and Daddy have a playroom!? Is that the storage room in the basement that has been restricted since as long as I can remember even to this day it's off limits! Wait! Holy fucking shit! All of our parents have a storage room! No! Stop it Ana! Do not go there!

As for any of us well Kate doesn't surprise me in the least. Mia and Ethan? It should but she's as wild as Kate and Ethan worshipped the ground Elliot walked on. Jose and Paul. Ros and Gwen…

I can't read the list anymore…Granny T and Grandpa T made my mind shut down.

Logan's got his other phone and is texting like mad on it while I'm sitting here reading article after article and some of them have photos! How the fuck did this get leaked?! It's an ongoing federal investigation!?

I'm gonna be seriously ill! How can I ever look any of them in the eyes again! This is PR Armageddon! Dante must be having a coronary!? Ros is acting CEO and she's been outed as being a DOMME! Thank heaven Chris only signed the fucking guest register with initials CJW during his walk in his mother's shoes!

I'm so horrified and glued to article after article that I've missed the deflowering scene and look up when I hear Jamie's voice reading the contract! And it flashes large as life on the screen! It's so quiet in the theater right now they're all entranced by his voice.

It's easy to make out the hisses between theater goers who were able to catch breaking news as it broke an hour before the movie started. Wondering if Chris and I have followed in our parents shadow…that one of those pictures was of Kate, Mia, and I when we stepped foot into the rabbit hole at fifteen! Mia and I are gaping in horror seeing our siblings getting their kink on, while Kate's enthralled by a shirtless Elliot in leather pants….Hearing one of them hiss that maybe, EL had gotten
it wrong that I was the Domme and that's when I can't take it anymore!

Popcorn goes flying, as does anything and everything in my lap, as I blindly bolt to my feet and take off running up the aisle on killer heels!

I need out! This place is suffocating me! Their gossiping is making me physically ill! I race through the curtain and thank the gods above that the doors were open, because I would have kicked the shit out of them just to escape this theater! I slam the door shut! I don't want company!

I want CHRIS! I want my BABIES! I want to take the eyesore and sail away! We'll live and run our companies on our ISLAND! Away from having to deal with the family! They made their beds….Gods! No! Ana do not go there! Chris! Must find Chris! He's already on damage control and he's right I wanna move to London, but then it's gone viral, so our ISLAND will have to become our new forever home!

Logan shouts echo after me and to my horror those photos and videos of Chris playing spy flashes in my head! Everything that I have eaten starts to make a reappearance into the pot of the poor Ficus tree near the stairs.

I blink back the crazy electric wavy lines from my vision that are caused by the sheer force of my body purging itself. I hear the door crash open and Bella shouting my name and that shakes me out of my daze enough to bolt down the staircase!

My ankle is screaming at me to slow down from the punishment that I am giving it by bolting down the unforgiving marble stairs, but all I can think of is escape and Chris!

"ANA!" Chris shouts up at me from the bottom of the staircase and starts to race towards me. "Baby! Slow the fuck down! You're ankle!"

"CHRISTIAN!" I just want him to hold me and make this all go away and can't get to him fast enough. My ankle is fine and just as that denial starts to leave my mouth I feel something give way in my ankle and it can no longer hold me up anymore, as I start to fall and he catches me in his arms. Pain the equivalent of reliving both pregnancies rips up my leg and the sheer force of it makes me nearly pass out in his arms.

Chris sweeps me up into his arms and races down the steps. "I've got you, sweets. Just try and breathe through the pain. Like we were taught with the babies."

"It won't work anymore…" I whimper against his shoulder.

"I know baby, but Paul is gonna make it all better as soon as we get you to the hospital…” He kisses the top of my head as we race out of the theater where an ambulance and Paul is waiting?

We're blinded by flashing lights and I'm not talking about the emergency vehicles either! News crews have camped outside the theater as well as the Paps! But the NYPD are valiantly holding them at bay!

"Paul and Jose fled for their lives…” I pant out, as if I was in labor, through the spikes of agonizing pain.

"Jose is in the NORO ward along with all the other family members. They didn't even make it to the airport. Alice called Paul telling him he needed to get to the theater ASAP. Edward was next. He told me and I raced across the street through sheer bedlam to get to you, after I felt you lose it…” He grits his teeth as he shares in my pain, as I'm carefully set on the stretcher.
"Next time, I'm sedating you and getting you checked out!" Paul growls down at me from the bench inside, as I'm loaded into the ambulance. Chris jumps in after him.

The EMT goes to start an IV and Paul snarls at him when he's told to back off. "I'm an emergency trauma surgeon and I can take it from here! Just assist me with what I need to get her stabilized and get us there as fast as you fucking can!"

"Sir, don't touch…" He growls at Chris when he helps Paul by holding up the IV Bag for him with his free hand, setting it into place.

"She's his world! And he's also a licensed EMT! He's not gonna do anything to harm her! He wants pain meds in her yesterday to ease the mind numbing pain that his other half is in! Now get her set up with a nasal cannula now!"

"I've had worse…" I croak out weakly. "Teddy…Alex…"

"It's increased your pain threshold to astounding levels. You should be screaming bloody murder or be unconscious from the pain level you're experiencing right now." Paul starts a morphine drip and I start to feel like I'm floating away.

"Chris…" I squeeze his hand.

"Baby, just close your eyes and let the meds help you." Chris kisses my forehead.

"You, me, our babies…Teddy's tub toy…escape…Island…" I manage to whisper to him before the meds work their magic and I drift off.

"Would that we could, but it's under a Typhoon warning…we're borrowing Edward and Bella's Island for a while…" He whispers in my ear and I smile. No way in hell the family is gonna take on our immortal cousins.

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