The Epilogues

by Cerdic519

Summary

Part Three of The Hexhamshire Inheritance. Will make no sense if you haven't reads Parts One and Two.

Notes

Gifted to Tisha_Wyman, in gratitude for all the support during this story. Thank you.
Mr. Jabez Rosencratz liked his job, especially now that his omega mate Oliver was working as his secretary. True, it meant that sometimes he did not get as much done as he might have wished, but then there were compensations. And he did not really mind staying late at the office any more.

His happy thoughts were interrupted by the omega he was thinking about poking his head around the door.

“Your ten o'clock is here, Jay”, he smiled. “Mr. Samuel Bingley.”

The lawyer schooled his features. This was going to be.... interesting.

“Show him in”, he nodded.

Oliver shut the door, and returned less than a minute later with a tall beta, about thirty years of age with long hair and a tired expression. He sat down without being invited (which was mildly rude), but given the circumstances, the lawyer decided not to comment.

“You are here about the Hexhamshire Inheritance”, he said.

Mr. Bingley nodded, his eyes lighting up.

“Over ten thousand a year to whoever popped out an alpha first”, he smiled. “Which my wife did two weeks ago.”

The lawyer had a mildly uncharitable thought about manners and the modern generation.

“That would be Master Nehemiah Louis de Bough-Bingley”, he said, making a note in his file. “Born on the fourth of March, according to the announcement that you placed in the Times?”

Mr. Bingley nodded.

“Yes”, he said. “I brought the doctor's certificate to prove it. And my cousin's mate only popped out his alpha eight days later. So I win.”

“You are referencing your alpha cousin Mr. Dean Winchester, whose mate gave birth to their alpha son Scaden Charles Fitzwilliam Winchester”, the lawyer confirmed.

The beta nodded, and looked at him expectantly. Best try to break it gently, the lawyer thought.

“The terms of the bequest were that the inheritance was to go to the first alpha son born of one of the eight people the twelfth earl felt were ‘fitting’, the lawyer said. “Three are disqualified, two by virtue of being priests and one through disinheritance. Should the first child die before their fifth birthday, then the inheritance was not to be transferred to a later one, but instead to be divided, half to the father of the child and half to Mr. Dean Winchester as the sole alpha great-grandson of the twelfth earl.”

“Nemmy is a healthy alpha”, Mr. Bingley said shortly. “And I read the terms of the will. He gets half the money now, and half when he's five.”

“I surely wish your son good health”, the lawyer smiled. “Unfortunately, he is not the first-born
from the five eligible candidates.”

His visitor went deathly pale.

“What?” he barked out.

The lawyer waited. His contacts in Hertfordshire had been quite good, although finding gossip in a country town was like finding fleas on a dog. He knew the exact moment when his visitor put two and two together.

“As I believe you have surmised”, the lawyer said carefully, “Mr. Bennet's second son Samandriel married Lucifer, Lord Hornsea – the Duke of Holderness, as he became on his father's passing last month – around the same time you wed Miss Ruby de Bourgh. They too had a son, an alpha. Alfred Charles David Pelthwaite, born on St. David's Day. Three days before your own son.”

His visitor looked like he was about to have a seizure..

“Impossible!” he ground out. “Alfie couldn't have children. It must be a trick!”

“It seems that, with his new husband, he could”, the lawyer said dryly. “He called in yesterday; apparently His Majesty's personal doctor was attendant at the actual delivery. Monseigneur and Mr. Pelthwaite get everything....”

He was speaking to an empty room; Mr. Bingley had uttered a groan and stormed out, not bothering to shut the door behind him. Oliver peered through it a moment later, looking concerned.

“He did not take it well?” he asked.

“It is a pity that he did not stay to hear the rest of the bad news”, the lawyer said grimly, “although from the reports I have as to how he treated Samandriel Bennet as was, it was marginally gratifying that that self-same omega has deprived him of the inheritance he wanted so badly.”

“Only 'marginally gratifying'?” his mate chuckled, coming into the room. The lawyer nodded.

“Yes”, the lawyer said. “Because I was also going to inform him that, as the lawyer responsible for the administration of the late Sir Lewis de Bourgh's estate, he is in for a most unpleasant surprise when his mother-in-law dies. Sir Lewis only secured a temporary delay on the entail of his estate, so that his widow could enjoy it during her lifetime. Once she moves onto Heaven – an event that I suspect the Heavenly Father wishes to delay for as long as possible! - the whole estate passes to a distant cousin, a Mr. Wyman. I spoke with Mrs. Wyman the other day; her husband could challenge that delay, but has decided against it, as they are both comfortably off and understand that it is Lady Naomi's only source of income. However, since Lady Ruby is married to a man of Mr. Bingley's considerable wealth, they will assert their claim once her mother dies.”

“Not his day, really”, the omega grinned. “Serve him right for being beastly to one of my type. Shall I fetch you a coffee?”

“Perhaps not”, the lawyer smiled, easing his chair back. “Because that meeting was so short, I have some time before my next appointment.”

His omega smirked at him and came over. Mr. Rosencratz's good morning was about to get even better.....

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“You are aware that you’re doing it again”, the Duke of Holderness muttered.

Dean snapped out of his happy daydream and stared at his brother-in-law's brother, who was speaking to him. Lucifer Pelthwaite's eyes danced in amusement.

“He's worth looking at”, Dean said quietly. The former Bennet brothers were sat either side of the huge bay window, holding each other's sons and chatting about something or other – bees, Dean guessed, knowing how fanatical his omega was on the subject.

“I know the feeling”, Lucifer smiled. “We have both had difficult roads to happiness, brother, but I think it could be safely said we are there now.”

“Cas loves having Alfie so close”, Dean said. “He told me that his mother was thinking of moving to the area as well, and I nearly had a heart-attack before he said he was joking.”

“I am sure you made him pay for such a heinous offence”, Lucifer observed.

“Oh yes!”

They both chuckled.

“Rosencratz has signed off the inheritance to Davie”, Lucifer said. “I really wish we had had some way of being there when he told your cousin that his son, five days overdue, missed all that money by just seventy-two hours!”

“He treated both of them appallingly”, Dean said, feeling a little sad. “You think you know someone, but then they behave like that.”

“Money is a good servant, but a poor master”, Lucifer observed.

“Will you try for more?” Dean asked.

“That's totally up to Alfie”, Lucifer said firmly. “The doctors said that, given there were no problems this time round, it should be all right to try again, but if he does not want to, I will respect that choice. We shall just have to get horizontal between heats.”

“Brother!”

“Sorry.”

The two alphas smiled at each other, and looked across to where their omegas were nursing each of their first-born. For it is another truth universally acknowledged that few things made an alpha happier, than seeing their omega mate nursing their first-born alpha son.

Well, except sex!
Progeny And Panties

Chapter Summary

Happy ever after - mostly.

August 1810

Castiel was sat in the huge bay window of the reading-room at Pemberley, perusing a recipe book. The room had the advantage of catching the warm summer sunshine, and also of being positioned so the omega could see his husband approaching from his work on the estate. Dean was very much a 'hands-on' lord of the manor, a somewhat eccentric approach for the age, but then his estate workers knew who the real power behind the estate throne was. It was Castiel who arranged for cottages to be repaired in double quick time after heavy storms, Castiel who made sure that the Poor House in Lambton worked as it should, Castiel who was behind the new hospital in town that was open to everyone. The estate people loved their omega as much as he loved them.

At the moment, Castiel could also see his and Dean's three sons out in the drive, their tutor Mr. Benezet giving them an astronomy lesson to demonstrate the scale of the solar system. It was only a small cloud in the otherwise blue skies of Castiel's happiness in his life, but he did sometimes wish that he had been able to provide Dean with more children. But on the other hand, all three were healthy boys, and even better, he had one of each type.

Scaden, his alpha boy and eldest son. So very much like his father down to the freckles on his face, Castiel knew Dean secretly liked him most, no matter how much he denied it. His husband had loved the unusual name, made up of the different letters in 'Dean' and 'Cas', and he was already training the boy up to run Pemberley one day. Indeed, Scaden had done a Dean-esque pout when his father had refused to take him on his rounds that morning. Castiel had not laughed, but it had been close.

The omega smiled as his gaze fell on his omega second son, Diniel. The boy had been born on April 23rd, 1803, and with the bad timing which had marked so much of his life, his brother Balthazar had called at Pemberley unannounced on the day of the birth. It had been a shock to Castiel, who had been led to believe that his brother had accompanied Wickham to the West Indies at the end of the previous year, and the stress that the visit elicited almost certainly precipitated the birth, a week and a half early. It had also precipitated Balthazar being taken between two burly footmen in Dean's carriage all the way back to Newcastle and deposited there, with a note from the alpha telling him that he would get no allowance for the next six months and he was never to show his face at Pemberley again. Dean was immovable on the ban, but he agreed to restore the allowance after three months, on his mate's request (Castiel doing certain sexual favours which resulted in the alpha having to spend a whole day in bed recovering may, just possibly, also have been a marginally influencing factor).

The omega's third pregnancy had turned out very different from the first two. He had felt that something was wrong all the way through it, and nothing the doctors or Dean could say or do was able to make him think otherwise. Two full months prior to the due date, he had persuaded a reluctant Dean to take him to see a new hospital in Manchester, which he had read about and wanted to look at with regards to his plans for one in Lambton. It was April 22nd, 1804. Whilst
there he had suddenly gone into labour, and many hours later was delivered of a tiny baby boy, a beta. Only the efforts of a doctor who happened to be visiting from Russia saved both their lives. Castiel had wanted to name the boy after him, but Dean thought that 'Dmitri' was a bit too foreign for Derbyshire, and there had also been a Demetrius Fitzwilliam around the time of the Civil War who was Definitely Not Spoken About In The Family. Fortunately the doctor suggested using the name of his home town, which both alpha and omega loved, so Ryazan Winchester it was. The only sad part, for Castiel at least, was that Doctor Khrushnic warned him strongly against ever trying again, saying that it would endanger his life if he did so. Then again, Dean had more than made it up to him later!

The year 1805, as well as seeing the great triumph of Trafalgar, had also seen the passing of Lady Naomi de Bourgh, and Castiel and his brother may or may not have had a small(ish) celebration at the news that Medlington Manor passed unexpectedly to distant cousins of hers, a Mr. and Mrs. Wyman. Sam Bingley could of course still support his wife, though he was markedly poorer after spending a huge sum on a failed legal attempt to prevent Ruby from losing the estate. He had since taken her and their two sons to the United States, and nothing had been heard of him for the past five years. Castiel did not exactly mourn that fact.

Yes, there had been a party. To mark St. Barnabas' Day, of course!

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Pemberley was still recovering from a recent visit by Charlie and Dorothy, who had made such a success of the bakery that they now had a chain of four shops, including one in the Strand. Castiel often thought that foreigners misjudged the English when it came to tolerance; provided people did what they liked with consenting adults (and refrained from discussing intimate details of what they did over dinner!), then that was fine. One did not wish to be eating one's meat and vegetables only for some tactless personage to start discussing about their..... well, quite!

Ah, Dean was finally returning, smiling as he crossed the lawn. The three boys broke away from their lesson to run up to their father, and he talked with them briefly before guiding them back to their teacher, to their evident displeasure. The alpha came up to the house, and a few moments later there was a knock on the library door.

“Enter!” Castiel called out.

His husband came in, grinning broadly, tanned if not a little sunburnt from his day outside.

“You were right about the state of Camperdown Cottage”, he said, collapsing into one of the huge padded chairs. “I worked on it all day. I am beat!”

Castiel put down his book, got up and walked across to the alpha, draping his arms over the back of the chair.

“That is a pity”, he said conversationally. “That new pair of silk panties I ordered arrived. They would match the collar you are wearing so well.”

He could feel his husband tense up.

“Cas!” he said in a voice that was way too high for an alpha.

Castiel kissed him lightly on his short-cropped hair before walking calmly over to the door, where he hesitated.

“I asked Mrs. Barnes to arrange a cold dinner for later”, he grinned. “I am going to our room, Dean. Coming?”
And pretty soon, his husband was. For it is a final truth, universally acknowledged, that of the many great natural forces present in England, few if any matched the love between Dean Winchester and his omega mate Castiel, the light and love of his life.

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Even if the horny omega kept trying to kill him through sex!

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