

Brand New 40

[Brand New Life Online: Rise Of The Goddess Of Harvest](#)

Chapter 40: A Nostalgic And Sorrowful Dream

When I realized where I was, I found myself in the kitchen. I was cutting some onions, carrots, and other veggies, and then putting them inside a pot with water, boiling it down to make a soup that would work as a base for the stew I was making.

This day... I couldn't forget it. It was a very special day, the day when my daughter said her first words, words that marked our lives forever... These beautiful words that filled me with love, with so much emotion... Yeah, these words that my husband and I remembered very well.

It was the evening of a Sunday when our daughter had just said her first words. My husband back then was so shocked that he asked her to say it again. Our little girl was already a year and a half and was on her way to two years of age. Usually babies begin saying words earlier, but she had always been a silent girl, but recently, she started to say words that we didn't really understand. Until my husband sat her down over his lap and began to try to make her say "papa".

"Papaaaa!"

And she said them after trying it out for a while... Although it felt like he was being a bit too pushy, it ended up paying off in the end, our stubborn girl just needed a little push. It was so cute, my beautiful little girl, my adorable and beautiful little Elena...

"S-Say it again, Elena! Please!"

My husband asked Elena to say it again because he really wanted to hear her again. Her voice was so little and cute, and her eyes were big and bright, filled with so much innocence.

"Pa..."

"Come on, you can do it!"

My husband cheered, trying to cheer her up. I really didn't want to bother her so much, but he always said that we had to be persistent in these things so the babies could grow some courage. I guess he was right... I've always been overly concerned about being too rude, I've always lacked self-confidence and I've never been someone bold either...

"Papa!"

And then she said it again. Her beautiful little mouth moved on its own, as she said papa once more. I felt like I skipped a beat when I heard her back then... I left everything I was doing as I moved towards her, my husband and I were so happy back then.

"Uwaaah! My daughter is so cute!" He said, as he was about to cry. He really loved her more than anything... Well, it was the same for me.

"Elena, good job!" I said with a smile.

"Now say "mama"! Come on, you can do it, it's easy now," said my husband.

"Come on, dear, don't force her—"

"Mama!"

"Eh?!"

"See? She can do it. She's a smart girl. I knew it since I looked her in the eyes..."

"Maaaaa!"

The little Elena said "mama" back then faster than she said "papa"... Although my husband was happy, I felt even more shocked... It felt as if she wasn't going to even let me doubt her. And she surprised me so much that I couldn't help but smile warmly back at her, and kiss her little forehead. She was so tiny and cute, so huggable back then...

"S-She really said it..."

"You don't have to doubt our daughter, Elayne... You have to always trust her, and know that she can do it... I know that she's going to go far... I know it."

"Hm... You're right... I have to trust her... Sorry..."

"Ah! D-Don't be sorry, don't worry about it... You're always a bit too sensitive, you have to relax a bit more."

"Oh... Am I? W-Well... You're right."

My husband caressed my back as he kissed me lovingly, and then hugged me while I held our daughter with my arms. His hugs, his kisses, his warmth... his love. I missed it so much.

"What's gotten into you?" He asked.

I knew this was a dream, but somehow, I wish we could extend this little time a bit more. These weird dreams I always had where I ended up remembering more of our past. I wish I could tell him how much I missed him.

"I miss you... I know you're a dream... But I... I wish you could be here for me a bit longer..."

"Don't worry... I will never leave your side... Elayne, I love you..."

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When I opened my eyes, it was already 5 AM. And like sometimes, I woke up filled with a lot of melancholy. My heart ached, and my throat had a strong knot, which made it difficult to breathe... This pain was just sorrow. When a person had known so much sorrow, even the body responded to it in certain ways, whether it was a pain in the chest, a knot in the throat... or tears coming out of my eyes.

Just like right now.

"..."

I tried to stop the tears, I used the bed's blanket trying to cover my eyes with it, to cleanse the tears, but they continued coming, without stopping... I once more had one of those dreams. I really missed him a lot. Didn't I? I really did... It was so painful... I wished... I wished he could be here with me. I wished he could be here with me for just a bit longer. I cuddled in the bed like a pathetic baby and tightly hugged the cushions he once used to rest his head over them, squeezing them tightly, and crying all over them.

I wished I was a much stronger person. But every time I remembered him this way... every time I dreamed like this... I couldn't help but begin crying desperately. I knew crying won't bring him back. And I knew very well that it wouldn't resolve anything, but my eyes couldn't help but sting as I recalled him. And all these memories we had with our daughter as well... Memories that should have brought me happiness end up bringing me sorrow and melancholy. I was so weak... I was a weak person. Was I even allowed to be Elena's mother when I couldn't even control myself and hold back the tears? It had already been five years and I still cried so much.

I ended up drowning myself in my own sorrow, an endless abyss of depression where it was incredibly hard to even crawl back... I looked at my hands and they're trembling, and I felt like I grew weaker with each passing second... I felt so weak, I was so pathetic... I...

Knock, knock.

"Eh?"

"Mom? Mom!"

Elena suddenly knocked on the door. Was this real? She never did this... I... I couldn't let her see me like that... It... It wouldn't be right. I was her mother, I couldn't show her this side of me... What would she think of me if she were to ever see me like this?

However, the door suddenly slammed open, and my daughter looked at me with surprise.

"Mom!"

"N-No, d-don't look at me..."

"Why are you crying?"

Elena ran to my side, and jumped over the bed, hugging me tightly. Her warmth... It was so comforting. I leaned against her, sniffing and tried to wipe my tears.

"I... I... Sorry... I shouldn't cry, right? I..."

"Mom..."

"I-I am sorry for being so weak... I said so many things yesterday and yet... Yet... I am still the same as always..." A bitter smile curled on my lips.

"Calm down... I am here for you."

"E-Elena..."

"Don't feel lonely... I know it hurts. I also feel bad sometimes. But I know that you're here with me."

"R-Really?"

"Yeah... You're not lonely either, okay?"

My daughter held my hands, as she slowly calmed them down, they slowly stopped trembling, and then she wiped my tears and hugged my chest tightly.

"I heard you from outside... You were crying very loudly, I thought you had an accident or something..."

"S-Sorry for scaring you like that... I... Mommy is sometimes... a bit depressing, I guess... It is hard to contain my emotions... Especially when I dream about your father."

"You dream... about dad?"

"I do... They're dreams of our past memories together... I don't know why I keep having them... Or well, I know... Probably because I still cannot get over his passing..."

"..."

My daughter was there for me. She continued hugging and comforting me... I didn't even remember when she ever did this with me. Did she pity me? I... I couldn't really let such a thing continue... I was so moved by her love but... This was not how a mother should act. I was supposed to be her guardian. I was the one that must protect her and not the other way around... I had to be strong. And this strength that was surging within me... it was probably fueled by her warmth.

"Hahh... C-Can you stay a bit more like this with mommy? Hug me tightly..." I said.

"Okay... As long as you want..." she said.

"Ahh... My little girl... I love you so much..." I cried.

"I love you too mom... Calm down... Everything is going to be okay, alright?" she said.

"Okay... I get it..." I giggled. "You're so mature already... When did you grow so much? I couldn't even notice it..."

"I am already quite old, mom..." she sighed. "I am not a little girl anymore..."

"Hehe... Right... I think I am feeling better now..." I said. "It just feels so nice to snuggle with you... Let's cuddle every night from now on!"

"...No way, I am a grown girl now," she said, as she quickly stood out of bed, she was quite red. I almost thought she had a fever but I think she was just embarrassed.

"I'm going to take a bath now... Let's eat breakfast afterwards." she said.

"Right!" I said.

With my daughter's love having comforted me, I felt like I was ready for anything! I quickly ran back to the bathroom and washed my face with cold water, after that, I took a quick warm bath, taking out my clothes first and then checking out my body a bit. I guess it was healthy, although my belly was growing a bit bigger... I needed to exercise some more. And my... Uwah! W-Why was my ass so big?! I never realized how big it got! I didn't have it so big back then... W-was it because of old age or eating too

much? Ugh... I bet everybody in the job thought it was gross... Ahh, I needed to go to the gym some more with Rita, we were slacking off too much. And well, when I checked my breasts... They're bigger? Wait, I think they're bigger than the last time I noticed... Ah, maybe I need a bigger bra soon... I-I hope they didn't get in the way of my job.

A-Anyways, I took a quick warm bath and then moved out of the bath. Now it made me wish that I had some magic to dry myself or something... But ah, of course that couldn't happen... Magic was not real after all.

I quickly put up some clothes for today, some jeans that were a bit too tight on my butt... And a white blouse, the rest were just fluffy coats to cover myself from the cold of the morning. When I walked outside my room, I found my little princess boiling some water to make herself a coffee. She was dressed in her black and white school uniform. It was not at all like the Sailor Uniform from anime girls that my husband liked, which I remember used to disappoint him, he was always saying "we should have moved to Japan while we could!" even though he hadn't learned any Japanese.

"Oooh! Such a cute little schoolgirl," I said with a giggle.

"I hate this uniform. I can't wait to throw it into the trash when I get to college... Just another year..." She sighed.

"Hahaha! Come on, your father disliked it too but that doesn't mean you'll throw it in the trash, right?" I laughed.

"..."

She seemed dead serious though.

"R-Right?"