

# The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 136 -

9-11 minutes

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Isha: I know for a fact you did not leave last night because of a “headache”. You were missing your hairband and your lipstick was gone from your mouth.

Come over in an hour and I’ll tell you the truth.

Isha: Deal, I’m bringing donuts.

I love you!

Dawson: Hey, I hope you had fun last night. I need you to input the info I’m sending you sometime today. It’s got to be done before tomorrow. Sorry, our two-four-man team came back early, and I just found out. Okay, I neglected to look at my emails, but that’s just between you and me.

I chuckled. Ever since the twins were born, Dawson’s been a little distracted. Most likely sleep-deprived, even if there were five of them.

Hey, I’ll get that done as soon as possible. I did have fun last night. Stealing your wife today, or at least for a couple of hours.

Dawson: That’s actually perfect. The guys and I want to make her a special dinner tonight. Don’t want her to feel like she’s just a mom, you know?

You and the guys are awesome. She’s lucky to have you four.

Dawson: Nah, we’re the lucky ones. She has a lot of testosterone to put up with, not to mention a mini one too. Thanks Shay, for accepting her.

She made it easy.

I hopped out of bed and took a shower. I was surprised I was hungry, so after getting dressed I saw I had thirty minutes before the girls got here. I made some bacon and scrambled eggs and a stack of toast from my homemade sourdough bread. As a hobby, I baked and made homemade jams. Although I’m a math wiz, and I am the CFO at Becks Security, my secret

dream was to open my own small café. Just selling muffins, bagels, donuts, jams, brownies, little bundt cakes and sandwiches. Nothing too complicated, just stuff like subs, and chicken salad and egg sandwiches. And coffees, teas, and smoothies. It sounded so relaxing to me. Nothing complicated. Just making people happy with my goodies. But, that was a dream and I needed to stay in reality.

Working for Becks Security was safe. It gave me a great paycheck. But the problem is, I work too fast. I started out going to the office every day in the beginning to get acclimated to the system and see what I needed to do to keep everything organized. What would take normal people all day to do when working with two branches, it only took me three hours. Payroll was super easy for both the Vegas branch and the Denver branch, and the quarterly taxes were a piece of cake. It got to the point that, for the rest of the day, I helped the guy's secretaries with their jobs, and they got done so early they were going home.

I suggested to Dawson that I get a laptop and just work from home and only come in for meetings. He agreed. This gave me a lot of time to try new food concoctions.

"Hola Shay!" I heard Ava yell.

"In the kitchen," I called back.

"Isha and Savvy just pulled up. I got drinks for everyone and strawberry smoothies for Willow and Axel," she said, walking

1.

"I made breakfast, and you have to try the new boysenberry jam I made."

"Oooh, I'm down. This baby wants everything."

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Book 2 Shay

I chuckled.

Isha, Savvy and her kids walked in.

“Where are the twins?” I asked.

“At my mom’s and Uncle Marks. They’re taking them to the zoo today.”

“Oh,” I said, a little bummed. “I miss them.”

“I’ll bring them over sometime this week. Breakfast looks great, is that a new jam?”

“Yeah, you have to try it. Let me know what you think.”

+8 Points >

The kids took their smoothies outside to play in the sandbox out back. We got down to eating. The girls moaned as they tried the jam and had me smiling from ear to ear.

“Oh, Shay, this is to die for!” Savvy said.

“So good,” Ava and Isha said at the same time. I beamed, happy with their reactions.

“You should sell some of your jam and whatever else at the farmers’ market next Saturday,” Savvy said.

“Really, you think so?”

She nodded, taking another spoonful and spreading it on her toast.

“Okay, now that we’ve praised your jam, spill the tea on what happened at the club,” Isha said.

“Wait, I thought you left because of a headache?” Ava asked.

“You did say you had something to confess.”

“I had a quickie at the club in a dark corner,” I spit out. Ava and Savvy’s mouths dropped open.

“I knew it! Your hair was all messed up, and you had no lipstick on when you came to the table. Not to mention, James said he couldn’t find you when Ava came back to the table. We just thought you were getting a drink and the bar.”

“I was getting a drink at the bar, but then this decent-looking guy came up and offered to buy me a drink. I had turned my back on him to look for James and when I turned back around he was holding my drink and handing it to me. Another guy bumped into me, causing me to drop my drink. He spun me away from the guy and informed me that the guy at the bar drugged my drink. I was already tipsy, and he was so f\*cking hot. I just went for it. I kissed him, took him to the hallway, and we just went at it. I pushed him against the wall, and then he reversed our positions, went down on me, blew my mind and then, after showing me a condom and making sure I wanted him, he sheathed himself and plunged into me. It was everything. It was so d\*mn good. I came hard. When he was done, he turned to find a trash can for the condom

and I ran.”

“Who is he?” Ava asked.

“I don’t know. We didn’t exchange names. But it was exactly what I needed.”

“Well, we accomplished our goal then,” Savvy said, smiling.

Isha nodded. “It’s exactly why we went to the club. You dusted your cobwebs off, now you can go on an actual date.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right. Maybe I should try one of those dating apps.”

“Yes! Here hand me your phone,” Isha said. I gave her my phone.

“Give me a pretty smile.”

“Seriously?” I said with a raised eyebrow. She snapped a picture. I laughed, she snapped another.

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LAKAN WITH C

“You’re so beautiful Shay and you are extremely photogenic,” she said, turning my phone. The photos were actually pretty good. The sun rays from the window were streaming through and caught my hair, turning it golden, instead of the honey strands they usually are.

“What’s your preference for a partner?” she asked.

“I don’t know. Someone that’s fun, likes to do outdoor stuff. Will be a willing taste tester. Must be 5’10 or taller since I’m

5’9, and between 30 and 45.”

“That’s pretty easy. You’re about to be bombarded with swipes,” Isha said, laughing. “There you’re all set up.”

No sooner than she said that, my phone started blowing up with notifications. Her eyes widened, she hadn’t even handed

me my phone yet. All of us gathered around her to look over her shoulder as we looked at my phone.

“Wait, let’s cast this to the big tv,” Isha said.

Savvy checked on the kids. She said Willow was relaxing on a lounge chair and Axel was passed out on the grass, his

hands behind his head and his ankles crossed. She ran out and took a picture before coming back in and sitting down.

“Here we go, first candidate. This is Bob Borack. He is 43, a dentist and 5’10. Says here he is part of the Dentist on

Wheels Motorcycle Club. They are a weekend club. He likes to hike, which I doubt because his skin is pasty white, and

he’s a little pudgy, but you never know.”

“Pass, I have a feeling he’ll be checking out my teeth a lot, it’ll make me feel self-conscious.”

“Okay, next we have Mike Echline. He is 36, a mechanic, and owns his own shop called Mike’s Customs. He’s 6 ‘0 even. He likes to hike, swim, Rollerblade, and he’s gone skydiving three times. He’s also a gym rat. D\*mn look at his muscles,

there isn’t an ounce of fat on him,” Isha said.

“There’s no way he’d like to taste test for me,” I said. “Pass.”

“Here’s a good prospect. He’s a chef named Charles Drench. 6’1 and 32. He likes to bike ride on the weekends, he likes to go kayaking and fishing. He’s cute in the boy next door kind of way.”

“He sounds promising,” Ava said.

“I think so too. Wouldn’t hurt to swipe right on this one,” Savvy said.

“Okay, swipe right,” I said.

For the next hour, we swiped right on a 34-year-old firefighter that liked to rock climb and skydive. I also liked to rock climb and skydive. I’ve gone skydiving a dozen times in my life. We also swiped right on a 40-year-old pediatrician. He plays hockey in a friendly league and likes to play tennis and fish. I loved fishing. The last guy was a 32-year-old security specialist. He was really cute, with auburn hair and hazel eyes. He had a swimmer’s build, with thick thighs, slim waist, broad chest and strong arms. Some of his pictures showed him in black security gear. I might have drooled a little. He liked to bike ride, go to the shooting range, and he raced motorcycles. That seemed really hot. I had a vision of him on one of the crotch rockets racing and then taking his helmet off. Yep. He was hot.

“Now we just wait and see if any of them contact you.”

“I guess so. It’s kind of scary to put myself out there.”

“You’re hot, intelligent, kind and fun. I have a good feeling you’re due for some good karma,” Isha said.

“From your lips to God’s ears,” I said with a wink.

# The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 137 -

10-12 minutes

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Xavier

Isha

Nine and a half months later

“Push, you got this Isha. “You’ve been through this before,” Dr. Evans coached. This pregnancy was a lot different from when I was pregnant with the twins. I didn’t gain thirty pounds like I did with the twins. My tummy didn’t get as big. There’s only one, and my hormones, although at the beginning were wonky, they stabilized by the second trimester and I had no fainting or dizziness.

The guys were just as attentive, cooking whatever I craved, going out at two in the morning to buy me Oreos and ice cream. I still got my foot rubs, body massages and warm baths.

The s\*x this time was out of this world. I wanted it all the time. The guys could hardly keep up, and you would think with four of them, they could. But the moment I got done with one, with multiple orgasms, one would tap out for some relief. Group s\*x wasn’t as hard this time around. I made sure to exercise a lot more and stretch and, since my tummy didn’t get really big until I was eight months along, it all worked out to my surprise. I was an extremely happy pregnant woman this

time around.

Dawson, once again, was behind me helping me push. Davis and Mic each had a leg again. Ford, however, stayed by my head and wiped my brow with a cool wash cloth. He said he didn’t want to faint again, that he wanted to see the baby

born this time.

“That’s it, the head is out,” Dr. Evans said. Ford hunkered down closer to my face. I couldn’t help chuckle at that moment,

before screaming as I pushed the baby out all the way.

“Fantastic. Dawson, Isha, you have a baby boy.” Dr. Evans announced, holding him up before putting him on my chest.

When we found out I was six weeks pregnant a couple of days after our anniversary, Dawson and I discussed whether we

wanted to find out what it was. We decided not to. He said he wanted to be surprised, and I agreed.

“Oh, he’s so slimy and what’s all that stuff on him?” Ford asked. His words were a little slow.

“Dad is going down, someone catch him!” Dr. Evans yelled as Ford listed to the side and fainted. At least he saw our baby

born.

Davis caught him and chuckled. “I don’t understand. He can kill a man with his bare hands, but seeing a slimy baby

makes him faint?”

We all chuckled, and I looked at our baby boy.

“Look what we did, Dawson,” I said to him.

“He’s gorgeous. Hello Xavier Patrick,” he said.

Xavier had dark hair and dark brown eyes at the moment. I wondered if they would lighten like mine or stay amber brown like Dawson’s. Our eyes are similar, but mine were lighter than his. Right now he was looking up at his father and I. He let out a pitiful cry that had us both chuckling. Mic and Davis were smiling ear to ear.

“He’s a big boy,” Davis said.

I nodded, he was definitely bigger than Seth and Rya were.

A nurse came over to take Xavier to get cleaned up and his tests done.

“Mic, could you?”

Xavier

“Sure, Baby Girl, I’ll watch over our little man.

“Davis, could you tell everyone in the waiting room? And bring in Rya and Seth?”

“Absolutely Angel.” He leaned down and kissed me.

I was cleaned up, and Dawson held me while they changed my bedding. I was put back in bed in a new gown.

“Everything looks great, no tears this time thank God. You didn’t tear your taint and I didn’t have to cut you, so that’s great. You’ll be happy to hear you only have to wait six weeks this time before having s\*x again.”

We thanked her and she left. Dawson brushed my hair for me and put it in a braid. Mic brought Xavier over.

“He is eight pounds and ten ounces. He is also twenty-two inches long. The nurse said he passed everything with flying colors. And although we all claim this little bundle, I’d like to be the first to say, Congratulations Dawson, you have your

heir.”

He handed Xavier to Dawson. I couldn’t help the smile that came across my face. The look on Dawson’s was one of pure

awe and love.

“I fainted again?” Ford whined as he popped up from the bed Davis laid him on.

“You did, buddy. I can’t wait until it’s your time to see your son or daughter born,” Mic said.

“I won’t faint. Now that I know what everything looks like, I’ll be more prepared. Let me see our little man, now that he’s all cleaned up.”

Ford came over to look at Xavier in Dawson’s arms.

“He looks like Isha. Her Filipino features are strong in him.”

“He’s a baby, he’s supposed to look squinty like that,” I said, laughing.

“He has your button nose too, and he’s darker than Rya or Seth.”

He was right. Xavier did look more like me than my other two children. Rya was the splitting image of Mic. Seth looked like Davis and Dawson. If we hadn’t gotten the DNA test, he could have been passed off as Dawson’s biological kid.

The door opened and Davis came in with the twins, mom, Nana, Aria and Patrick.

“Robert and Mark will be here in a minute. They’re buying out the gift shop,” Nana said.

Dawson put Xavier in my arms and Davis sat Seth and Rya on the bed. They got to their knees and climbed higher to look

at their baby brother.

“My baby, mama?” Rya asked. Everything was mine with her. If someone had something in their hands that she wanted, she used her sweet face, big eyes and coaxing voice to get what she wanted. It worked for everyone, including her big

brother..

“Yes, baby, this is your baby brother, Xavier.”

“He cute,” Seth said. Cute was Seth’s new word. Everything was cute. The dogs, the spoons, his food when it’s put in

front of him.

“He is cute. Oh Isha, you and the boys make the most beautiful children,” Nana said.

“He is so handsome,” Mom said.

“Dawson, he looks nothing like you,” Aria said, chuckling. “He is all Isha.”

“That’s what I was saying,” Ford said.

I handed the baby to her. She and mom have become really close and Nana, of course, adores her now. The door opened

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Patrick strolled over and helped them decorate the whole room with their purchases.

“We have two strong grandsons now,” Uncle Mark said, proudly putting his arm around Patrick’s and Robert’s shoulders.

“I strong too, Papa M,” Rya said, holding her arms out to show her muscles. We all laughed. At almost four, the twins spoke well. We made sure to never baby talk to them, and they watched Miss Rachel and other helpful videos. They still had a little trouble with how to say things properly, but you can understand them perfectly.

“That you are, little one.”

“Mama, can I hold my baby?” Rya asked.

“You sure can, sweet pea. Come here.”

Mom moved her up to sit next to me. I helped her hold little Xavier.

“Seth come here, you can hold him too,” I said.

“No, thanks mama. Rya is big sister now. I hold him later.”

“You’re the sweetest, Seth,” I said.

“I know,” he said, smiling and nodding his head proudly. We all chuckled. Mom and Uncle Mark took the twins with them when they left. All the grandparents were taking turns watching the twins this week, so we could concentrate on Xavier. I thought it was sweet when Aria

suggested it. Not to mention, the kids loved spending time with their grandparents. They get majorly spoiled as they should. They were really great kids.

Two days later, we brought Xavier home. He has been a good baby all week. He hardly woke up in the night. I've had to force him to wake up by getting into a bath just so I could feed him. I was a little worried and called Dr. Evans, but she said some babies were like that and that it was perfectly normal. During the days he was wide awake, always looking around and he was a ferocious eater.

When Aria brought the twins home, I asked her if Dawson ate a lot as a child.

"Oh God, yes. From the moment he was born. He fed from me every half hour. I could hardly keep up. I had to supplement formula just so Patrick could feed him so I could sleep. I alternated between the breast and formula for six months. Then one day, as Patrick and I were eating breakfast, he was in a high chair with some toys and every time Patrick or I put something in our mouths he would make a noise like he wanted some too. I was eating scrambled eggs, so I mashed them up real well and started feeding him some. He was so excited. From then on, whatever we ate he did too. At six months, he was eating eggs and yogurt mostly for his breakfasts. He really liked cottage cheese and peaches. He never liked baby food, but he would suck down formula with cereal like there was no tomorrow. Looks like Xavier will be like his daddy."

I nodded.

For the next six months, Xavier grew like a weed. On the twins' fourth birthday, he was eight months old. When he had cake and ice cream for the first time, he let out some type of roar and dove into his helping. On his first birthday, he had a cake of his own and he grasped two handfuls and shoved them in his mouth before picking up the little cake he had and tried to shove it in his mouth. Everyone took pictures and couldn't stop laughing. He was a pudgy baby and Seth gave him the nickname Tank. So now everyone calls him that. I should have known that with a husband who is six-five and over two hundred and forty pounds of pure muscle, his biological baby would be big.

"So, Princess. I was wondering if I could have my turn," Ford said, wrapping his arms around me from behind. He had leaned down and nuzzled my neck when he asked that question.

"Are you having baby fever my Ford?"

3/4

INGVIA

“Desperately,” he whispered.

“Do you think I haven’t noticed that in the last three months, you’ve been the only one to take me in my p\*ssy?”

I could tell he was holding his breath for a minute, and then he cleared his throat.

“I may have asked the guys to let me be the only one to have that place of honor for a while. We didn’t think you would

notice.”

“Oh, I noticed. And I figured out why pretty quickly, so I didn’t say anything.”

“You aren’t mad?”

“No, my love. Especially since I took a test this morning and it came out positive.”

He whipped me around and lifted me up. I wrapped around him smiling.

“Really?” he asked with big hopeful eyes.

“Yep. I made an appointment for Monday to find out how far along we are.”

“God, I love you, Isha. You are the best wife ever.”

“I love you too, Ford. I can’t wait to see what we bring into this world.”

Epilogue: Three Years Later

Three years later

## **The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 138 -**

7-9 minutes

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Isha

“Mama, mama, Max like me,” Arianna, my almost two-and-a-half-year-old baby girl, came crying to me. I looked over as I picked her up and 4-year-old Max, Ava and Aaron’s son, was running up behind her with a cute little dandelion in his hand. “Aria, you so pretty, your hair is like honey,” he said, thrusting the flower out towards us. She whimpered and buried her head in my neck.

Max looked so eager, “Hey buddy, Ari is very tired right now. How about I take this, and you go play with Xavier in the sandbox.

“Okay, Auntie Isha.” He threw the flower at me and ran off to play with his best friend.

“What’s wrong baby? You like Max.”

“Yes, he’s pretty,” she whispered.

He was an adorable little boy with his red curly hair and bright green eyes. He was tall for his age too, and he had Aaron’s build. He and Xavier were going to make great football players when they were older.

“Okay, then why are you running away from him and crying?”

“He likes me, he no love me,” she said pitifully.

I smiled, she couldn’t see my face. My baby girl was so sensitive, just like her father. Ford hid his sensitivity under his

humor, but it was still there. He, in fact, did not faint at her birth like we all thought he would. But he did blubber

something fierce when she was put into his arms.

“He loves you, Princess. Trust me. You and he have a special bond.”

“Promise,” she sniffled.

“I promise. Are you tired? Do you want to go lay down?”

She nodded. It was the twins and Gemma’s seventh birthday. We had bouncy houses, princesses and transformer actresses and actors. Last year we put a water slide into the pool. There was a bunch of barbecue chicken, hot dogs and hamburgers and two huge cakes. The twins and Gemma invited their whole class of friends. It was very lively, and it was no wonder Arianna was tuckered out. She was the youngest here.

I looked around for Ford. Ari had a hard time falling asleep and Ford was the only one that could get her down in minutes. I saw Mic in the pool with Gemma and the twins. Davis was manning the grill. Dawson was talking to the men he worked with who were now good friends, Mac, Jack, Aaron and some of the other fathers of the kids’ classmates. Savage, Rage and James were playing with Xavier and Max, chasing them around acting like monsters while the little boys screamed. I chuckled. The big bad bikers and their husband were the best uncles to all the kids. I didn’t see Ford anywhere.

I walked into the house and froze, my eyebrows rising, and my temper about to explode. Ford was cornered by one of the mothers of the girls and Seth’s classmates. She was new to town, single and already had a reputation for flirting with every man she came across, but this was more than flirting. He had a veggie tray in his hands, his arms above their heads as she was running her hands up his naked chest and pinning him against the wall.

I quickly turned around and walked over to Dawson.

“Take your daughter,” I said. I was pissed.

< Epilogue Three Years Later

“You okay?” he asked, concerned taking Arianna, who instantly snuggled into his neck.

I just shook my head and turned back around. I stomped back into the house. Ford was telling her to back off before he got physical. He didn’t see me at all, the look on his face was so menacing I was surprised she wasn’t cowering in a corner. Bold b\*tch. I grabbed her by the hair and threw her off of him. She landed on the floor hard.

“Hey Princess,” he said cheerily.

“Hi, hubby,” I said, turning to him, grabbing him around the neck and getting up on my tip toes. I kissed him, marking my territory, I was not playing games. “Please take the tray outside while I get rid of this trash.”

He winked at me and promptly walked outside.

I turned to her, she was gaping at me.

“You’re new to town, so I’m guessing you don’t know that I have four husbands, Dawson, Mic, Davis and Ford. We all have kids together. I’ve done this song and dance before with my ex-husband, and I’m not about to let some skank try to take one of my husbands now. We’ve been married for seven years b\*tch, you aren’t going to break sh\*t up around here. Now, you have ten seconds to get out of my house. Your daughter is Greer, right? She gets to stay and when the party is over in three hours you can be waiting outside for her. You will not ruin her day by taking her now.”

I felt like I was being watched and Ava, James, Savvy and Shay were standing behind me.

“You see them, they’re my crew, and we will bury your ass if you try your h\*e sh\*t around our men again. Now get up and get the f\*ck out. I don’t care if you leave or wait in your car for your daughter. But you won’t be in my house.”

She scrambled to her feet. She must have taken my warning seriously because she didn’t even attempt to go get her daughter. What a c\*nt. If it were me, I would have grabbed my kid.

“We got the gist of what happened. But we still want to know,” James said.

I told them and they all started laughing. “You go girl, protecting your claim,” Ava said. I went back outside and ran into

my men.

“Baby Girl, are you okay?”

“I’m just fine. Ford, your daughter is tired,” I said. Dawson handed him Ari. He bent and kissed me and took her into the

house.

“What happened?” Dawson asked. Davis put an arm around me.

“Nothing I couldn’t handle. Just some b\*tch touching what wasn’t hers, so I threw her out. I told her to pick her daughter up in three hours when the party was done.”

“So, you went all cavewoman on her?” Mic asked, chuckling. I started to giggle. The amount of times they went caveman on me, I never thought I’d ever return the favor.

“I guess I did,” I said proudly. They all chuckled and each took a turn kissing me.

The party went on. Ford came out a little while later and lifted me into his arms.

“Thank you for protecting my honor, Princess. You know you had nothing to worry about. I was about to dump the veggie

tray on her.”

“I know. I just didn’t like seeing another woman’s hands on you.”

“I understand. I wouldn’t want to see another man’s hands on you. Wait I did see that once. In fact, his hand was in you,” he growled, nuzzling my neck.

“Stop it, he was checking our babies.”

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< Epilogue Three Years Later

“That’s the only reason he’s still alive to this day.”

78 Points

We kissed and he put me down. We swam and played with the kids. Ari woke up and was in a much better mood an hour later. She and Max were holding hands and walking around the backyard. Ava and I thought it was the cutest thing. Aaron chuckled at the guy’s reactions. The guys were grumbling about boys needing to keep their distance no matter who they were. The only reason they weren’t separating them now was because I threatened them with sleeping alone if they did. I felt sorry for my girls. When they started dating, their daddies were going to be scary as f\*ck.

I loved my life. My career was on fire, my firm was sought after by many authors. I have the greatest friends, my kids, in my opinion, are the cutest and most adorable, and I have the most wonderful husbands. Ones that love me unconditionally and spoil the hell out of me. We were still going strong even after seven years and four kids.

I've never been happier, and I can't wait to see what more my future holds.

## The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 139 -

10-12 minutes

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There Will Be Others

Shay

"Shay, are you okay?" Bryson asked as we watched Bryce put his helmet on and get on his bike. It was beautiful. Matte black, sleek, and looked like something you'd see in a spy movie. He leaned forward, one foot on the ground as he revved

the engine.

"Yeah, I'm just excited and worried about your friend. Why?"

"Well, if I was a lesser man, you'd have crushed the bones in my hand," he said, chuckling.

"Oh, I'm sorry," I said, trying to let go of his hand. He wouldn't let go.

"No, I like your hand where it is. You don't have to worry about Bryce, he's a pro. We both race bikes. I've been doing it since I was a kid. He started doing it in his early twenties. When we met, I was surprised by how much we had in common. We quickly became friends, and now, I consider him my best friend. I know he does with me as well. I mean it's only been a year, but I feel like we've known each other all our lives. He's like a brother from another mother."

F\*ck, f\*ck, f\*ckity, f\*ck. I can't be the catalyst that breaks these two up. Their friendship is obviously very important to both of them. Looking at him, I decided to tell him I was going to go home and that we shouldn't see each other again.

“Bryson, I..”

“This is it, they’re about to start. You’ll see he’ll be fine and he will win. Your hundred dollars is about to turn into a

thousand,” he said, beaming at me.

We both went back to looking at Bryce. I’ll tell him after I collect my money. I’ll ask him to take me home.

I watched as a flag girl stood in front of the bikers with a green flag in her right hand. She raised her arms and yanked them down and the bikers took off. At first, it looked like they were neck to neck, but halfway down Bryce took off, and he was a whole bike length and then some in front of the other biker. As he passed Bryson and I, his head turned, and I swear he was staring right at me, but I couldn’t see because his visor on his helmet was so dark. He flew by us and grabbed the flag from the other flag girl at the end.

Bryson and I cheered. He was so happy that he turned towards me, grabbed my face and kissed me. It was like time slowed. The crowd faded around me, the cheering ceased to exist. I swear I heard bells. Butterflies erupted in my stomach and that’s never happened to me before. He pulled back, and his eyes were probably as wide as mine.

“Wow,” I heard him whisper. I nodded slowly, agreeing. Definitely wow.

“Shay, I don’t know what just happened, but I think, I think there’s something here.”

I didn’t disagree. How was I supposed to say anything now? God d\*mn it, this whole situation was f\*cked.

I felt my phone buzzing insistently in my back pocket. I pulled away from Bryson and took out my phone. It was Isha.

“Isha?”

“Shay! Ava is in the hospital. She fell down a flight of stairs. Aaron is going insane with worry.”

“Oh, God, I’ll be right there.” I hung up and looked up at Bryson. He looked worried.

“Is everything okay?”

“One of my best friends fell down some stairs. She’s pregnant and in the hospital. I have to go.”

“Okay, let’s go.”

1/4

There Will Be Others

+8 Points >

I was relieved he didn’t want to wait to talk to Bryce. We took off at a jog, weaving our way through the crowd until we

made it to his bike.

“I’ll have you there as soon as possible. I’m sorry about your friend,” he said as he clipped my helmet on and then his.

“Thank you.”

We got on his bike and he took off. He weaved through the parking lot, dodging cars and people. Then, as we got on the highway, he opened the bike up. If I wasn’t so worried about Ava, I would have enjoyed the ride.

Ten minutes later, we pulled up to the hospital. I got off and unclipped the helmet and handed it to him.

“Thank you, Bryson. I had a good time tonight. It was really fun.”

“I did too. Can I see you again?”

“I don’t know if that’s a good idea. I really like you, I do, it has nothing to do with you. But, look, I have to go, speak to Bryce. I’m sorry.” I leaned in and kissed his cheek and then I ran off. It seems I was good at running from guys that have rocked my world lately. First, Bryce and his epic d\*ck and now Bryson. I was a mess. It sucked that I met two guys that

are out of this world, and they just happened to know each other and are the best of friends.

I ran into the hospital and saw Isha, Savvy, the guys, James and Aaron.

“Have you heard anything?”

Everyone shook their heads.

“What happened?”

“She ran upstairs to grab her laptop. She had an idea for a story to write. As she was coming down she missed a step

and I heard her tumble. I was in the kitchen making some dinner. The thud won’t stop playing around in my head,” Aaron

said. His head in his hands.

“Sh\*t. She’ll be okay, Aaron. She’s a tough girl.”

We waited twenty more minutes when a doctor came and asked for the family of Ava Grayson. We all stood and his eyes

widened.

“I’m her husband,” Aaron blurted.

“I’m happy to tell you she’s alright. She does have a concussion, so she needs rest, no electronics or other stimulation for

at least ten days.”

“And the baby?” he asked. We all held our breath.

“Your baby is just fine. It’s still early in her pregnancy that it’s well insulated.

We all let out a sigh of relief. He told us that Aaron could go and see her, but she shouldn't have a lot of company because

she needed rest. We all nodded and gave Aaron hugs and well wishes for Ava.

"So, where were you tonight? It sounded loud when I called," Isha asked as we walked out of the hospital. I waited for Dawson and the guys to walk ahead of us. James and Savvy stayed with Isha and me.

"One of the matches contacted me tonight. We went out to dinner and then to an underground bike race. I was there. But that's not the news you should know. The match was the security guy and he f\*cking works for Becks Security. He's one of the team leads, Bryson Olsen."

"Oh sh\*t," James said, his eyes wide and a smile crossing his face.

"Well, that's going to make things interesting at work," Savvy said.

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< There Will Be Others

"Luckily, I work mostly from home, so I don't have to see him."

"Why? Was the date a bust?"

- Points>

"Oh, no. He's a f\*cking dream, the perfect guy, really. When we kissed, it was like bells from heaven went off in my brain. It was amazing. But, the guy I f\*cked at the club? It was his best friend and the only reason I know that is because he was one of the bikers that was racing. Not to mention, as I was coming back from the bathroom, the "club guy" grabbed me and yanked me into a dim hallway where I let his finger bang me. And that was before I found out his name was Bryce Dennison, the other f\*cking team lead for Becks Security. They're both part of the two four-man teams that are coming to work for us and that have been gone for the last year training."

"Oh, f\*ck!" They all said in unison.

"Yeah," I said, throwing my hands up in the air and letting them drop.

All of a sudden, my best friends in the world all broke out in a fit of giggles. I gaped at them as they fell all over themselves with laughter.

“Are you f\*cking kidding me right now? I met two amazing guys after a year of being celibate, and I found out they’re best friends. And you guys find this hilarious.”

“I’m sorry,” Isha said, trying to stop herself from laughing, but snorting in the process.

“No really, you’re right, this isn’t funny,” Savvy said, sobering a little. James and Isha tried too, but then they all started laughing again.

“You know, sometimes I hate you guys,” I mumbled.

“No you don’t. You love us as much as we love you. This isn’t the end of the world. Look, if worse comes to worse you’ll never have to talk to them unless it’s work-related, but you never know, this could be a good thing. Maybe they’ll talk, and they’ll both want you,” Isha said.

“Not everyone can be as lucky as you three. You all hit the jackpot of husbands. With my track record, I’ll be celibate for the rest of my life. I might as well become a nun.”

That had them all cracking up again. I crossed my arms and glared at them.

“Forget it, I need a ride home.”

“I got you,” James said.

I hugged Savvy and Isha, waved to the guys and got in James’ car.

“How did your meeting go?”

“Excellent. They liked my designs and I signed with them.”

“Oh, that’s fantastic, congrats.”

“Thanks.”

"I'm glad Ava is fine," I said, sighing.

"Me too. That was a scary call to get."

I nodded. We drove to my home in relative silence. Before I got out, he stopped me.

"Shay. Don't let this mess with those two guys f\*ck with you. If they don't ever contact you again, f\*ck them. You won't have to interact with them at work unless there is a financial meeting, so you're good there. There will be other men." "Yeah, you're right. It just sucks because I really felt a connection with Bryson, and obviously I had a fantastic s\*xual

There Will Be Others

connection with Bryce. I've never felt anything like that before. Not even with Carson."

"There will be others, Shay."

"Thanks James. I leaned over and kissed his cheek. I got out and waved him off.

+B Points>

Turning towards the house, I walked in and let out a huge sigh. My phone chimed. I saw there was a message on the dating app. I held my breath, hoping it was from Bryson. I was disappointed to see it wasn't. It was the chef, Charles Drench.

Hi, this is Charles, I see we matched. I was wondering if you'd like to go out to dinner with me tomorrow night. Say 8 o'clock? We could meet up and Torino's?

I stared at the message. Well, I might as well move on. It wouldn't hurt to see if I can find a connection with this guy. Hi Charles. I'd love to. Can't wait to meet you.

He sent me a smiling emoji. My shoulders slumped. I had a feeling that this would be a mistake. Whatever, there is only one way to find out.

I went to my room and stripped. I showered for a third time today to get the sweat off my body, not to mention my c\*m from my thighs. I didn't bother with night clothes tonight. I face planted on my bed and fell asleep instantly.

8 Points >

You're On

## The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 140 -

7-9 minutes

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Bryson

I threw my keys on the side table by my door. I was very confused. I thought tonight went well before she got the call from her friend.

We arrived a few days early from Vegas. When training got over, Stafford, Cruz and the gang at Becks Security took us out, and we had the whole weekend to recover. However, the next day, I saw Bryce was antsy, and I suggested we head up a few days early. He was all for it. Our teams, however, were hung the f\*ck over, so they said we'd see them Monday.

Stafford had handed us the documents we needed and each of us keys to a new furnished condo that was owned by the Denver branch. Bryce was my next-door neighbor, and we were ecstatic to find that out. I didn't lie to Shay when I told her Bryce and I were close buds. It was like something clicked between us and we instantly became inseparable. We didn't have a lot of downtime in Vegas, but when we did, we always hung out. Plus, our teams worked well together. My unit was solid, we worked like a well-oiled machine. Bryce's team was just as solid. We were proud of our units. We won't let the Denver branch down.

Shay surprised me. When I saw her profile on the meet cute app, my heart stopped in its tracks. Her picture obviously caught my interest first. It was a serious one, with a raised brow. She was gorgeous. I didn't think she had on an ounce of make-up either. I saw there was another picture in her album and I clicked on it. Her head had been tilted and she was laughing. She took my breath away. I had to meet up with her.

I had been scrolling through the app to kill some time before going to Bryce's race when I came across her profile. I was surprised when she answered right away. Seeing her in person was completely different from seeing her in pictures. She was gorgeous in her pictures. In person she was stunning. At first, all I saw was golden hair and amazing green eyes. Then, I took in the rest of her, I felt myself start to harden. She had a banging body, tight subtle curves, a great set of t\*ts, just right to fill the palms of my hands, and when she got on my bike, I almost groaned out loud when I saw her ass. Firm, round globes that I just knew would look great with my c\*ck between them. Then our conversation at the pub. Her intelligence

was s\*xxy as f\*ck. I almost lost my sh\*t when she told me she was the CFO at Becks Security, but when she said there was no problem with interoffice dating, I calmed down. Finding out about Becks and the others was a shock,

but to each their own, I have no judgments.

I hoped her friend was okay. I made a mental note to send her a text on the app to find out if everything was alright with her friend. Plus, my d\*mb ass forgot to get her number, so the app was the only way I could communicate with her.

Keys in my door caught my attention. Bryce and I made copies of our keys and gave each other a set.

He walked in and gave me a head nod.

“Where’d you go? I thought we’d hang out after my races? Here’s your money and your date’s money,” he said, throwing me two stuffed envelopes.

“Easiest 10k I’ve ever made,” I said with a grin. “I was going to meet up with you after the races, but I had to take Shay to the hospital.”

“Is she okay?” Bryce asked suddenly with a strained voice. I looked at him and my brow furrowed.

“Yeah, her friend fell. Why do you sound like that?”

He ran a hand through his black hair and eyed me.

“Remember that girl I told you about the night we got into town? The one at the club we hit up?”

I smiled, “Yeah, the one that you said bewitched you and had you popping your Denver cherry. Then she vanished into

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You're On

thin air.”

“Yeah, well, your date tonight, that’s her,” he said, looking at me cautiously.

+8 Points >

“What?” my heart rate picked up speed. No way. Not Shay. F\*ck the first girl I find any interest in since my break-up with Christine three years ago, and she’s f\*cked my best friend. Not only that, but she’s f\*cking perfect.

“Yeah, that was her. I told you I didn’t know her name. One minute she rocked my world and the next she disappeared. I’ve thought of nothing but her since then. When I saw her coming out of the girl’s bathroom tonight, I snatched her and had my way with her for a minute. I’m sorry dude. I didn’t know you were the one she was on a date with. When she told me she was on a date, I lost it and got raging jealous. So, um, I fingered her to get her off so she’d be too satisfied to f\*ck

her date,” he mumbled.

“So, that’s why she was all flushed when she came back from the restroom,” I said, a light bulb going off in my head. “I kissed her, just so you know. My world stopped man.”

We stared at each other. I didn’t want to give up a chance with Shay, and I could tell he didn’t either.

“What if we both dated her? And then say after a couple of dates, we make her choose, and whoever she chooses, the other backs down gracefully,” Bryce said.

I thought about his suggestion. I didn’t have a problem with it, but, if she chose him, I would have a problem with that, because even after just one date with her, I was eager to see her again and feel the connection we had once more.

“Okay, we need some ground rules. We can’t badmouth each other to her. Also, anything goes. If the connection with her

gets hotter than it already has, I plan to get between her thighs eventually,” I said.

“Oh, if we do this, I will be getting in between her thighs as much as she will let me.”

I felt the challenge. Bryce and I were extremely competitive. All during training, we tried to one up each other, and we

pushed our teams to do the same. It brought us all closer. Bryce and I weren't the only ones to make a close connection.

Members of our teams did as well. Hell, one guy from his and one from mine started a s\*xual relationship with each

other. Rogers and Santiago. Rogers was on my team. It surprised us all because we all thought they hated each other.

They always targeted each other during paintball wars, they bickered a lot. They were always taking snipes at one

another. And then one night on a weekend off, we all went camping and took a trip to Zion National Park. In the middle of

the night, I had to take a piss, and I got out of my tent, walked about thirty feet into the woods and I came across Santiago balls deep in Rogers. After that, they came out, and luckily no one on either team cared. We were just glad they stopped

b\*tching at one another.

“You're on buddy. Be prepared to go down. I plan to wine and dine her, and we both know between the two of us, when it

comes to romance, I am hands down better.”

He smirked, “You think, huh? Cuz as I recall, neither of us have dated in the last year, besides you tonight, and you said

you haven't been with a woman since Christine.”

“I haven't, she f\*cked me up. My heart is finally ready to date again.”

“I know buddy, I’m sorry for bringing her up.”

“Nah, it’s okay. Back to Shay. No sabotaging dates. Also, we both know the walls are thin in our bedrooms. If you hear any moaning on my side, no banging on walls,” I said with a grin.

“Deal and same. So we’re doing this. We can’t let this f\*ck up our relationship. No woman is worth that man. I love you like a brother. I will not lose you.”

“Same brother, and no, we won’t let this situation f\*ck up what we got going on. I’ll need you to be the best man at our wedding.”

2/3

You’re On

“You c\*cky f\*ck, he said, grinning.