

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 141 -

8-10 minutes

Make Sh*t Happen

Bryce

I asked Bryson how he met Shay, a f*cking dating app. I didn't think she was the type of person to be on one of those, but what do I know? We don't know anything about each other, except that we fit well together. F*ck we fit so well together.

I had applied for Becks Security on a whim. I was in between jobs. Mostly, I worked as a bouncer at various clubs. I traveled from New York and was doing odd jobs across the country, making my way to Vegas. I was scrolling through my phone when I saw noti for Indeed. Security Specialist for Becks Security. I did a stint in the Army, six years of my life being

yelled at, following orders, making and losing friends. Was being looked at hard by the Rangers, but that was a no-go for

1. I didn't want to be a lifer in the military, I didn't want to be the one to go into enemy territory. I wanted to do my four

years and get out. But when I signed up, there was a bonus for doing six years. And at 18, 25k sounded like a lot of

money. So I did a lot of grunt work. Went to a lot of places, went to Afghanistan three times and when my six years were

up, I didn't re-up. I was a good soldier who did what I was supposed to and banked some money.

When I got out, I went home. Mom was happy to see me. I was happy to see her, but what I wasn't happy about was the new man sitting in her living room. She said she had gotten married while I was overseas and didn't know how to tell me. I knew she was a little needy, but I didn't think she'd glom on to some a*shole. It had only been us. She never dated when I was growing up. Maybe I was a little jealous of some man I didn't know had my mom's

attention, but she looked tired, and there were a lot of beer cans around. I asked if she was okay, and she nodded. I guessed that time would tell. But I

didn't stick around. And then I got word they had died. They had been hit by a drunk driver, and now I was alone.

I had gotten into some trouble a couple of times, none of it my fault. Just stopping some r*pist a*sholes from ruining some girls' lives. Thank f*ck for surveillance cameras in the clubs that the assaults took place in. Instead of me going to jail, those jack a*sasses went to jail. But, the stain was still on my record for anyone to see. I technically spent time in jail

for those incidents. It was all public record.

I didn't think I'd get the job and Becks Security, let alone team lead, but I was sure f*cking grateful. Getting the job stopped my plans of drifting around to setting down roots in Denver.

Meeting Bryson was a f*cking God send. He made me laugh and forget about the rough times in my life. His life growing up was ideal, but for the one bad spot, that c*nt Christine did a number on his heart. Thank f*ck he got away from that psycho user b*tch. Honestly, if it wasn't for him and this job, I'd probably have eaten a bullet.

Meeting Shay came out of left field. I wasn't looking for someone like her. Hell, I wasn't looking for a chick at all. I was on my way to the bar to get Bryson and I drinks when I saw the dude slip some powder into a drink, swirl it and hand it to a blonde who had the nicest ass I had ever seen in her little mini skirt. I purposely bumped into her, making her spill her

drink and then yanked her away from the f*cktard that I wanted to tear apart and probably would have, except I looked at her face. F*ck, she was an angel, a f*cking dream. Her skin was flawless except for a few little freckles that dotted her face randomly. Her lips were plump and full. Her eyes were a kaleidoscope of different hues of green. I was mesmerized.

When she blurted out that I was hot, I couldn't help smiling. I knew I was good-looking, but she looked gobsmailed, and I had to admit it did something to me that this stunning creature found me hot. Then she kissed me, and hauled me into a

dark corner.

She was all over me, and I was definitely a willing participant.

I had to taste her. If her mouth tasted this good, I needed to taste her p*ssy, so I did, and I knew she would be delicious. Making sure she had her senses about her, I showed her the condom and when she said she still wanted me, I wanted to

shout to the heavens.

Feeling her wrapped around me almost made me bust a nut before we even started. I hadn't had a woman in over a year.

1/3

Make Sht Happen

Close to a year and a half, some bar chick that I couldn't even remember her name when I was on the road.

+8 Points

Shay had been something. I felt this click inside me, like yeah, this is home, this is where I want to be for the rest of my life. But when I turned around after throwing the condom away and while I was putting myself back together, she had disappeared. I had rushed out into the club looking all around. Then I rushed back into the hallway and waited for ten minutes by the women's restroom, thinking maybe she was peeing and cleaning herself up. When she didn't come out, I texted Bryson asking him to meet me in the hallway. I had explained that I had met a girl that I needed to see if things were as good between us as I thought they were and asked him to help me find her. We searched the club for an hour

and got nothing.

I thought about her the rest of the weekend and then seeing her at the races blew my mind. When she told me she was

on a date, a possessiveness crashed through me that I'd never felt before. No way was I letting her give what I

considered mine to someone else. Then, seeing her next to Bryson, I thought jealousy would fill me, but it didn't and I

smirked. Instinctively, I knew he wasn't a threat.

This deal we made tonight. Even though I suggested it, I had something else in mind. I just didn't know if Bryson would

be into it. Especially with what happened with Christine. Walking in on the woman you loved with your so-called best

friend banging her in your bed at the house you just bought together isn't something one forgets. We've never talked

about sharing a woman before. I was actually surprised he even went along with my suggestion. Maybe he really was healed. So, maybe this might open him up to the idea once he's got a couple of dates under his belt with Shay. I trust Bryson with my life, and I know I can trust him with my girl, because whether they realize it or not, Shay will be my girl. I just need my best buddy to come along with me and turn our couple into a throuple. I'm down to share with him, but only

him. Bryson loves the concept of being in love, and I'm his best friend. And what do best friends do? They make dreams

come true for those they care about.

I downloaded the app and made a private profile. I was glad that was an option. I didn't need anyone blowing up my

phone with swipes. My profile pic was a shot of my torso. I had a six-pack, but it wasn't super defined, but they were

defined enough to see, especially when I was flexing. I had what some women called a bulky build, like a lumber jack.

I found Shay, f*ck her pictures were gorgeous. I blew up the one of her smiling, screenshot it, edited it, and now it was my

lock screen. Oh sh*t, she cooks and bakes. I'll be her f*cking tastetester. I work out so I can eat whatever I want. I love

food. I clicked on the message icon.

Found you Pretty Girl. And I have to let you know, I'm going to have a lot of fun being your taste tester. You already know what this tongue can do. I talked to Bryson. You should give him a call. 303-655-5552. Mine is basically the same except the last two numbers are 41. Now let's make a date for tomorrow night after work?

I smiled and couldn't wait to hear her response. I hoped her friend was okay.

Thinking about Bryson and me and dreams. I wanted a family, one that I could count on. Bryson wanted a wife, kids and the whole picket fence thing. He's talked about it a lot. His parents were still together and he had two younger brothers. He talked a lot about the holidays and was really bummed he missed last Thanksgiving and Christmas due to training. So

yeah, I wanted to make our dreams come true.

Call me fairy Godmother, or father, daddy? ldk. I'm about to make sh*t happen.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 142 -

15-19 minutes

I Had To Make This Happen

Bryson

I was going to message Shay on the app, but I decided to wait to see her this morning. I had a dream about her last night in a white dress, her stomach rounded with my baby. It was weird. In the four years I was with Christine, I never once dreamed about her in a wedding dress, let alone being pregnant.

I stretched in bed thinking about that time in my life. Putting one hand behind my head and the other across my stomach, I reflected. I was friends with Christine in college. We never dated, just hung around with a group all four years. I studied Criminal Justice, thinking about joining the FBI, and she wanted to be a lawyer. I never did join the FBI. I had been at a bar

with my best friend Conner since preschool, celebrating him getting out of his four-year stint in the Marines, and a fight broke out. Three guys against one c*cky kid. He looked as if he had just turned 21. Conner and I didn't think that was fair so we stepped in to help. We had had a few too many and were a little c*cky ourselves. But it didn't matter. Conner and I wiped the floor with the others, both of us growing up doing Jiu Jitsu together. The kid, it turned out, was really just a kid, not even 20. He got into the bar with a fake ID. Apparently, he had snuck out of his family home and was supposed to meet some friends here. He didn't want to give up the pool table he had been hogging when the fight broke out. His name was Kyle Pearson. He was the son of Donald Pearson, a wealthy tycoon. Kyle, impressed with Conner's and my fighting skills, begged his dad to hire us as his personal bodyguards. That lasted two years, and then they moved to Europe. I didn't want to leave my family and Conner got tired of the kid's antics, so we resigned.

When I turned 25, Conner and I went to Atlantic City with a couple of buddies. That's where I ran into Christine, who was there for a bachelorette party. She had been one of the bridesmaids. She had become a lawyer and worked for her father in his financial firm as the in-house lawyer. My buddies ended up hanging out with hers, and we hit it off. That started our four-year relationship. She ended up moving to Colorado to stay with me in Longmont. I worked for a small security

agency

where I monitored many businesses, and she worked for a small law firm. I asked her to marry me two years into our relationship. I loved her, and according to her, she loved me. We were engaged for another two years and just bought a house together, when I had to go out of town to Texas for some training. I was supposed to be gone for two weeks, but training got done four days early and instead of staying in Texas to relax and hang out with some new friends I made, I missed my fiancé and decided to surprise her.

Well, I was the one that got surprised. It was late when I got home, the lights were off in our house and I knew Christine was already fast asleep. I slipped my coat off and put my keys on the table by the side door when I noticed a pair of men's shoes on the ground that were definitely not mine. I felt a tingle zip through my brain. Like it was trying to process what it was seeing and not believing what it knew was about to happen. I looked up the stairs at the darkened hallway. I slowly walked up the stairs, and that's when I heard the moans and I closed my eyes. I felt my heart crack, I should have turned around right then and just gone over to Conner's but for some reason I had to see. The cries of Christine were getting louder, and I knew she was close. I stepped to the door. It was slightly ajar. I was just about to push the door open when the man spoke.

“That’s it baby, f*cking c*m, Bryson never makes you scream the way I do, does he?” I froze. Devastation was the emotion that crashed over me. My best f*ckng friend was f*cking my fiancé. That to me hurt the worst.

I pushed the door open, and she was riding him, her eyes closed, his hands on her small breasts.

“I asked, does he?” he yelled, and slapped her left breast. I was surprised, she never let me try anything remotely like that with her. I once read about breath play and wanted to try it, and she called me insane.

“No,” she cried out, as she came all over his c*ck.

“Well, nice to find out that my fiancé’s a wh*re and my best friend’s a traitorous chump before the wedding,” I said calmly.

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< I Had To Make This Happen

Although, I was feeling anything but calm.

She screamed and threw herself to the side. Apparently, hearing my voice was a trigger for Conner, because as she got off his c*ck he erupted, c*m shooting in the air. Wow, no condom. Awesome. Now I need to get an STD check.

“F*ck,” Conner roared, his hips pumping air.

“Sound of my voice that good, huh?” I asked, as I walked into the room, and leaned against the dresser, arms crossed.

His eyes found mine and I saw agony in them, huh, weird. I would have thought there would have been triumph or even

guilt.

“Bry it’s not what you think,” he said.

“Shouldn’t that be her line?” I asked, pointing at Christine.

Chaos erupted after that. Conner jumped out of my bed and grabbed his underwear to pull them on. Christine started wailing, begging for my forgiveness that it was only a one-time thing because she was lonely. Hearing that, Conner scoffed and said that they had been f*cking the whole time I was gone, but the reason was they were both lonely, and they missed me and that they thought being together would somehow make them feel closer to me.

I laughed, couldn’t help it, it was such a ridiculous excuse. Some truths came out after that night. Unbeknownst to me, Conner was bis*xual, and he had been in love with me for years. He was jealous that I was marrying Christine and he f*cked her because to him, it was like f*cking me. He treated her like sh*t in bed because he really hated her. He wanted

to be the one with me.

I ended up cutting ties with both of them and wanted nothing to do with either of them ever again. Christine bought me out of the house and I moved to Denver. I changed my number only my family had it at the time, and I visited them as much as I could. For two years, I worked at a reputable security firm that wasn’t very exciting, but it was something to do. Finding the ad for Becks Security ended up being a Godsend. Never had I thought I’d meet someone like Bryce. He really knew how to have fun, and I found he was loyal as f*ck. He always had my back. I told him what happened to Christine and Conner two months into training. I told him I was over it all, but it was something that I wanted to share with him. He told me he had never been in love, and told me about his past. We found we liked the same music and movies, and both of us had a great sense of justice. We were inseparable, and I realized that the camaraderie I had with him was something Conner and I never had. Conner always tried to keep me away from others, not wanting me to get close to anyone, male or female. I had realized when Christine and I got together, he would make snide comments about her that, when I shut down, made him pout like a child. Even when we were kids he would say Bryson was my best friend and couldn’t be anyone else’s. I had wondered why I had never noticed things like that before, but Bryce’s friendship opened my eyes. Now, he is like a brother. My family loved him, even my two younger brothers accepted him into the family.

Thinking about the deal he suggested, I smiled. I thought a smidge of jealousy would be there knowing he had f*cked Shay, but despite my initial shock and now that I had time to ponder

the whole situation, I felt something come over me that I never thought would happen. Thinking about Shay and Bryce together turned me the f*ck on. Picturing them, my c*ck hardened, and I imagined Bryce f*cking her from behind while she sucked my c*ck.

I spit in my hand that was on my stomach and gripped my hard d*ck and started to stroke myself. The image was so acute, it was like it was actually happening. I moved my hand up and down faster, moaning at the thought of my best friend and me being with our girl. The moment the words our girl flitted through my mind, I came hard, all over my stomach. My eyes popped open at the revelation. F*ck I wanted to share Shay with Bryce. Was this possible? Would he go for this? We've never talked about sharing a woman before. I had never thought about anything like that, but the idea didn't repulse me, it actually made me excited. I had to make this happen. One way or another, I was going to put the idea in his head, and then I'd work on Shay to want it too. I first had to get her to see me again.

I jumped out of bed and went to take a shower to wash off my mess and get ready for the day. I couldn't wait to see her.

2/3

Game On

Shay

I stared at the message from Bryce. First, I found it sweet, he asked about Ava. Bryson must have told him my friend fell. He said they talked, I gnawed at my bottom lip. There was no message from Bryson. He must be upset. I mean, I would probably be upset if I found out my best friend was fingering my date while on a date with her, if that's what they talked about. Did he tell Bryson they f*cked in the club? God, if he did, he must think I'm loose and easy. Why did I care? It's not like we were together. But I really liked Bryce, that instant connection we had and the kiss. It was mind-blowing.

I shook my head and decided to forget it. Obviously, Bryce didn't want anything to do with me, not that I blamed him, and Bryce, well, it just couldn't happen. The messiness of it all was too much for me. I knew I wasn't ready to date again.

I got ready for the day. I dressed in red suit pants and a red sleeveless tube top. I used my sticky bra inserts to keep the girls perky. Lastly, I put on a red lightweight linen jacket. Red was a power color and I needed some confidence today. I texted Ava asking how she was feeling. She said clumsy and st*pid, but otherwise she was fine. She got scolded by

Aaron to slow down, and he forbade her from using the stairs at home. I laughed. Aaron was so protective of Ava, and

sometimes his demands were ridiculous. But he loved her fiercely and I loved that for her. It was the same with Dawson,

Mic, Ford and Davis with Isha and Savage, and Rage with James. Not to mention Savvy with Mac and Jack. They loved

fiercely and were so protective and possessive of their loves. To say I was envious was an understatement. I was so

green with jealousy. Sometimes it was hard for me to hang out with all of them together and being the odd one out, even

though they never made me feel that way. All of the guys of my best friends were affectionate. They kissed my cheeks,

ruffled my hair, and gave me hugs. They always included me in their protection, but they weren't mine.

I felt tears prick my eyes, and ruthlessly shoved them aside. I finished my make-up, put my long blonde hair in a bun and

slipped my feet into some black Manolos. I was ready to face the day and meet the new teams. That was the only

reason I came into the office today. I had to meet all of them so they knew who I was and who was handling all their

finances and to show them who it was that they would give their expense reports too when they came back from

missions. Seeing Bryson and Bryce was going to be hard, but I could be professional.

I stopped and parked in front of Becks Security. Ford and Mic were literally standing in front of the doors making out.

“Seriously guys, you can’t take it to one of your offices?”

They pulled a part and smiled, both looking a little sheepish.

“Jealous?” Ford smirked.

“Immensely, stop rubbing it in my face that you’re blissfully happy, and I’m a lonely spinster.”

“Oh, come on sis,” Ford said, putting his arm around me while Mic opened the door in front of us. “We got eight men coming on the team. I think four are single, you can have your pic.”

“Right, because that’s what I want is to date four of our men in the company. That won’t get messy.”

“It’s not messy for us,” Mic said.

“That’s because you have all been together for years. You know all of each other’s idiosyncrasies. I’ll just be alone for life, and live as the auntie to all of your children,” I sighed.

“Dramatic much?” Ford asked with a smile. He kissed my forehead and he and Mic walked off. I walked to my office. I had all the files for the new men ready with their bonus checks for finishing their training. Dawson was so generous to his employees.

My phone chimed. Dawson texted that the meeting had started, and they were about to introduce me. I gathered

looking at anyone yet.

“Ah, here she is. This is Shay Duvall, our CFO. You will give your expense reports to her after every mission, and she is the one that makes sure you all get paid on time, so I wouldn’t piss her off.”

Masculine chuckles went around the room. I held a breath and put on a professional smile as I sat and looked up. I was not prepared to see how f*cking hot Bryce and Bryson looked sitting next to each other. Both of their eyes were laser-focused on me, the heat in them unmistakable. With Herculean strength, I ripped my eyes away from Bryce and Bryson and checked out the other six men. Two were standing extremely close to each other where their shoulders touched. One nodded at me with a polite smile and I saw a gold band around his

ring finger. I knew him to be Jim Bass. He was married with two kids. I nodded back. A huge guy waved with an enormous smile on his face which made me smile. He was bigger than Dawson and I looked over at him with wide eyes. Dawson chuckled.

The other two looked at me but didn't smile. Their eyes were also laser focused on me.

"Hello. Like Dawson said, I'm Shay Duvall, the CFO here. I'm only in the office sporadically. I work mostly from home, so if you need anything, just call me. I also take care of your vacation needs," I said, getting up and walking around to hand out my card to each of them. I also gave them their folders with their bonus checks. I avoided looking at Bryce and Bryson. But I could feel their eyes on me. As I walked back to my seat. Ford looked at me, and then he looked behind me, then back at me. His smile was purely wicked, and I scowled at him as I took my seat again. I could see from the corner of my eye him leaning over to whisper something in Mic's ear. Mic sat straighter and started looking between me and the eight men across from us.

"With having Shay's number, it does not give you free rein to call her at all hours of the night. She has a life, she is not at your beck and call. Only use her number for financial and vacation requests only," Dawson'said.

"Are there any questions?" Davis asked. "Right now is the time to ask. You can ask anything." I looked at Davis, was he hinting at something. His eyes were focused on the two guys who were standing extremely close together.

A throat was cleared and then one of them opened their mouth.

"What are the rules about dating?"

"What do you mean? We have no problem if you guys have personal lives, just know that you may not discuss missions with the person you are seeing," Dawson said.

"I mean, Santiago and me, we are a couple. Is there anything against that, because if there is, I'd like to resign right now."

My eyebrows rose. How sweet.

"No, you're Rogers, right?" Mic asked.

Rogers nodded.

“There’s no rules about interoffice dating. As long as everything is professional during work hours, it’s fine,” Mic said. I snorted. Everyone looked at me.

“Sorry, but, seriously Mic, as long as everything is professional during work hours? I can’t count the number of times I’ve walked in on one of you,” I said, pointing at all four of them, “With each other or with Isha in the office. You might as well warn these boys now about what they might see here in the “office,” I said, using air quotes.

Dawson, Mic, Ford and Davis chuckled. The guys across from us looked confused. I still wouldn’t look at Bryce and Bryson.

“Mic, Davis, Ford and I are committed to each other. We also have a wife. She visits a lot, and we have a hard time keeping our hands off of her. We also have two five-month-old children. Twins, a boy and a girl. She brings them a lot for lunch.

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4-5 minutes

So, if you see a short, curvy, gorgeous, black-haired woman with two babies, she’s ours, don’t even try to flirt with her, or you will be out on your ass without a thought,” Dawson warned.

I looked at the group of men, my eyes finally settling on Bryce and Bryson. I saw the others nod, Bryce and Bryson’s eyes were still blazing heat at me. I felt myself start to blush.

“May we ask how your friend is doing?” Bryson asked.

I inhaled sharply.

“You know Ava?” Ford asked.

“No, but I was on a date this weekend, and she had to rush off to the hospital when she got a call about her friend falling.”

I could see and feel all four of my so-called brothers turn their heads slowly and look at me. Now I knew my face was on

fire.

“Oh, so that’s the tension I’m feeling here,” Ford said.

My head snapped towards him and my eyes narrowed.

* Ava is doing fantastic. She’s completely fine. There’s something else you should all know. Shay is like a little sister to us, especially me. I’ve known her since she was a teenager. Now she can make her own decisions in life and love, but I will tell you all now. My husbands and I will tear you apart if she sheds one tear. Not to mention, she has a whole d*mn motorcycle club behind her, for one of her best friends is married to two members of the Lords of Chaos. So, with that

being said, good luck,” Dawson said with a huge smile.

I rolled my eyes. With the meeting ending, I walked out of the conference room quickly. But apparently I wasn’t quick

enough. Bryce and Bryson followed me right into my office.

“Can I help you?” I asked, going around my desk to put it between us and using it as a shield.

“How are you?” Bryson asked.

“I am well, thank you,” I said politely. I don’t know why I was feeling shy and a little bit embarrassed, but I was. I think it was because I knew they had discussed me and Bryson knew I had s*x with Bryce.

“We talked, and we would both like to date you,” Bryce said.

My mouth dropped open. Together? Individually?

“We thought maybe you could rotate us, go on dates with each of us,” Bryson said.

“And you’re both okay with that? You know I f*cked him right, I let him finger me on our date,” I said to Bryson.

He licked his lips and cleared his throat, shifting his stance. His eyes darkened, "Mhmm, yeah, we talked."

"Look, I'll think about it. But right now, I've got work to do," I said a little shocked.

"Well, what about tonight? We can take you out to dinner," Bryce said.

"I can't, I have a date," I said, regretting the words the moment they came out of my mouth.

"What?" Bryson asked, shocked.

"I don't f*cking think so," Bryce snapped.

I was flustered. What the hell were these reactions?

"Listen up, you don't own me. I can go on a date if I want. We aren't together. We've gone on one date, and you and I Bryce, haven't even gone on a date, We had a quickie in a bar."

"And I had my fingers in you just yesterday."

3/4

< Game On

I knew he was going to bring that up. I took a huge deep breath, held it and let it out slowly, trying to bring my blood

pressure down.

"Regardless, I have a date."

"When, where, and with whom?" Bryce demanded.

Bryson put his hand on Bryce's bicep, I guess, to calm him down.

"That's not any of your business," I said primly.

+8 Points >

A dark chuckle left Bryce, "Oh, pretty girl, how wrong you are. Okay, you want to play games, game on. Bryson and I are extremely competitive. Brace yourself sweetheart, we don't lose." He then whipped around and left my office. I looked at Bryson. Longing is the look that I would describe was all over his face.

"Have a nice date, Shay. Can I take you out to dinner Friday?"

I felt my whole demeanor melt. He was the sweetest guy ever.

"I'd like that. You have my number. Text me the details."

"Okay. Have a good rest of your day. And don't worry about Bryce, he just likes to get what he wants. And believe me Sunshine, he wants you and so do I," he said. Then he winked, turned and left.

"Holy f*ck," I said out loud. I then groaned, leaned forward and started banging my head on my desk. I was so f*cked.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 144 -

8-10 minutes

No Way

Shay

My Uber pulled up in front of Torino's. It was a nice Italian restaurant. I spotted Charles right away, and he saw me through the car window. He waved and jogged over to open my door.

I thanked my Uber driver, gave him five stars, and then I turned towards Charles and put out my hand to shake.

His blue eyes sparkled, and he took my hand and kissed it. That surprised me and I smiled.

"Well, that was very gentlemanly," I said, to break the ice.

"My mama raised me with manners," he said with a slight southern accent.

“Where are you from? I hear a southern accent.”

“I am from Savannah, Georgia. I moved here about six years ago after I graduated from culinary school.”

“Well, it’s nice to meet you Charles. I can’t wait to get to know you better.”

He looked at me, “I’m sorry, Charles? I am Ray.”

My eyes widened, and my mouth went into a perfect O.

He started laughing, “I’m sorry, I’m joking, I couldn’t help myself.”

I chuckled. Okay, that was funny. “A comedian and a chef, that’s a perfect combo.”

“Shay, you are a ray of sunshine. I am glad we are having this date. Come, our reservation is ready.”

He guided me with his hand on the small of my back. This was pleasant. After today, I needed something pleasant. All

day, Ford and Mic found some reason to come into my office and grill me about Bryson and Bryce. I tried to play it off, but

they weren’t having it. Ford said he saw the smoldering looks they were both giving me and, with the comment from

Bryson about Ava and being on a date, I confessed the whole dating app thing and then, being the annoying older

brother-in-laws they were, they finagled the whole story about Bryce from me. They had both burst into laughter and I

wanted to hide under my desk. Davis, hearing the commotion, came in to find out what was going on and, even though

he held back his laughter, I could see he was dying to join in. Finally, after some whining from me, asking what I should

do, they all said go with the flow. Also, I had mentioned my date tonight and thought maybe I should cancel it, and they

all told me not to do that. Mic said to have fun. I wasn't in a relationship, so I might as well see how this guy, Charles, is.

So, here I am.

The host showed us to our table and we sat.

After ordering our drinks from our waiter, we looked at each other expectantly.

"So, you're a chef. What kind of food do you cook?" I asked.

"I mostly cook southern food. I work at Homecookin', the family restaurant on Bass Street. Have you ever been there?"

"No, I haven't, but now I'll have to try it," I said with a smile.

"I went to culinary school and aced it. I learned my cooking from my mother and father. Both of them are personal chefs.

I saw that you liked to cook and bake. Are you professional?"

"No. It's a hobby that I love. I'd love to own a little café and make food and sell my creative jams and make people happy with my cooking. Right now, I am the CFO for Becks Security. I'm not brave enough yet to go out on my own."

"I'd love to taste your cooking some time," he said with a genuine smile. He was really nice.

1/3

"How long have you been in Denver?" he asked.

"A little over a year. I used to live in Maine. Had a bad break up and moved here. My kind of brother and his parents live here. He was getting married, and I was coming home for the wedding and stayed."

“Kind of brother?” he asked.

“His parents took me in when I was 15. Mine died and instead of me going into the system because none of my other family wanted anything to do with me, my parents’ friends took me in. Dawson was a good friend even though he was five years older than me. He was always there for me and had my back. He is a great guy.”

“Do I hear a little bit of a crush in your words?”

“What? No way, nope, nothing there, ever. That literally made me nauseous. I only see him as a brother, besides he’s

married to my best friend Isha and his three husbands.”

Charles’ eyes went wide at that.

“He has three husbands and a wife?”

“Yeah, I know it’s unconventional, but I say love is love, and if they’re happy, let them be. You know?”

His eyebrows furrowed. “But you aren’t like that, are you?”

“Like what? Unconventional?” I asked.

He nodded. “My family is very religious. I’m pretty sure they’d disown me if I was gay,” he said.

“That’s so sad. I mean, I’ve never been in a situation like Isha, Dawson and the guys. Heck, I can’t even keep one man, let alone four.” I gasped and slapped my hand over my mouth. “Sorry. I guess I’m still a little bitter about being cheated on.”

“Hey, anyone would be. Your ex is a scumbag. So, that’s why you left Maine?”

I was glad the subject was changed even if it was about my break-up.

“Yeah, his name was Carson. We dated for three years. He cheated with a woman that was married and that we worked

with. A lot of sh*t happened, and he got caught and fired and for a while tried to get me to come back to him. He crops

up every now and then. Last time I heard from him, he was trying to get me to fund an up-and-coming fashionista. I told

him to get lost.”

“Good for you. No one should be used like that. I grew up with morals and was taught to treat your girlfriend and then

wife with respect and love. A man who cheats does not love his woman. He’s a user and abuser in my eyes. A woman

should be cherished, she should be shown love and respect at all times. A woman is in charge of her home, her children

and her man. A man is to provide for his woman, show her how to follow his lead. The term happy wife, happy life was

drilled into my head. I watched my father cherish my mother my whole childhood. I was in love once. I thought I would

marry my high school sweetheart. Let’s just say she was very much like your Carson. It was very disappointing.”

“I’m sorry to hear that. Looks like we’re both unlucky in love.”

“Maybe that could all change,” he said, holding up his wine glass, smiling as he looked into my eyes.

I didn’t want to be rude, so I clinked my glass with his and we drank. Our food came. As I ate, I compared this date with

the one I had with Bryson. I probably shouldn’t have, but I couldn’t help it. This date was nice. Charles was nice. He was good-looking. He had blonde hair and blue eyes. His skin was tanned like he was outside a lot. He had this boy next-door look with his southern charm. But, I felt no chemistry. Not like I did with Bryson. There was no wow factor. When I kissed Bryson,

the world stopped. Talking to him was easy and fun. He was laid back, it was all effortless. With Charles, I could tell he was trying, and maybe he felt some chemistry. I just didn't.

2/3

No Way

18 Points >

It was all pleasant enough and maybe with time I could learn to feel something with him. But he wasn't what I was looking for. Flashes of Bryce in the club, his big body, the way he held me up against the wall. Bryson's kiss the way my breath stopped, the butterflies in my stomach. The challenge from Bryce today and the wink from Bryson when he left.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm sorry what?"

"I asked if you were enjoying your carbonara."

"Oh, yes, it's very good. Sorry, something happened at work today and it just flitted through my mind. How are you liking your Chicken Parm?"

"It's a little bland, could use more garlic in the sauce."

"Do you find yourself critiquing the food you eat a lot?" I asked. I was curious.

"Yes, I do, don't you? As an amateur cook and baker."

"I wouldn't say I critique. I appreciate and try to guess the ingredients in something I am trying for the first time. I don't necessarily think about what can improve a dish, but how I would make it. I don't know, maybe that's silly."

"It isn't. I think that's enchanting."

Movement from the corner of my eye had me looking over. No f*cking way. Bryce and Bryson were just sat at the table next to us. Both of them looked over and smiled wickedly at me.

This was not happening.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 145 -

7-9 minutes

+8 Points

Sabotage

Bryce

“She can not go on this date. What if he charms her? What if she likes him? I won’t allow it.”

“Bryce, what are we to do? We don’t own her.”

“Not yet,” I growled.

“What do you mean, Bryce? I thought you and I were supposed to compete for her?”

I looked at Bryson, my best friend. How was he going to take this? Christine did a number on him. I don’t know if he’ll

want to share Shay with me. F*ck it.

“I want to share her with you. I want us to be the loves of her life and her to be ours. I want a family, I want to raise children with you and her.” I held my breath as I stared at him. We were in his condo. He was sitting on his couch, and I

was pacing in front of him. I kept watching him as I moved. “Look, I know, Christine hurt you by f*cking your best friend. But I’m not him. I want to do this with you. I don’t want to be chosen by her or watch you and her live happily ever after

without me.”

“I want that too.”

“Can you just think about it? Wait, what?” I didn’t hear what I thought I heard, did I?

“I said, I want that too. I want to share her with you. You’re like a brother to me. I couldn’t imagine not loving her without you. You’re my best friend. I want us to be a family together. But, how do we convince her of that? We have to get to know her, show her she can trust us and that we want her together. You have a connection with her, I have a connection with her, and we’re best friends. It’s only natural. But I’m not f*cking you.”

“Dude no, I’m not into dudes.”

“Okay good. I never told you, but that’s what Conner wanted. He wanted me, that’s why he f*cked Christine. He said it was

like he was f*cking me because my d*cks been there. He was f*cking crazy.”

“He sounds like it. I’m glad you cut them out of your life. Okay, so we’re doing this. How are we going to get her on board?

“We wine and dine her individually and then also take her on dates together. We basically bombard her with charm and d*ck. Then we tell her we want her together. She should be open to it, right? I mean she’s around Dawson and the guys and their wife apparently, and Dawson said something about one of her best friends being married to two guys in that MC?” Bryson said.

“You’re right, yeah, she should be open to it,” I said excitedly. “We need to find out where her date is tonight.”

“We stalk her. Who knows when her date is? She’s still at work. Let’s go back to work, sit in my car and follow her.”

“You’re f*cking brilliant Bryson. I’ve got some water at my place. You make some snacks.”

I clapped my hands together once like I was calling break in a football huddle. I ran over to my place and grabbed the pack of water I had just bought. It was a 24 pack, that should be enough. I met Bryson at his black matte Camaro. We were both still in our black slacks and I had a blue work shirt on that I rolled the sleeves up my forearms, and he was in a gray one that we wore to the meeting. He drove us to work and we sat there. He handed me some

beef jerky and I handed him some water. She still had two hours of work. When she left, both Bryson and I hunkered down in our seats. She was so f*cking beautiful. Red looked really good on her.

“She’s got the nicest ass,” Bryson said.

173

< Sabotage

“She has the tightest p*ssy,” I commented.

“You f*cking lucky b*stard.”

“She tastes sweet too. It’s like f*cking ambrosia, Bryson. You’re going to love it.”

“Stop, I’m getting hard.”

“I already am, just from seeing her this morning,” I mumbled. Arguing with her had turned me on something fierce.

“I have a date with her on Friday,” he said to me.

“When in the f*ck did you manage that?”

“When you threw a fit and stormed out of her office,” he said with a smile.

I rolled my eyes. “A*shole. You took advantage.”

“I took the opportunity,” he said as we followed Shay home.

“D*mn she has a nice place,” I mumbled.

We waited for three hours in his car. I was just filling a water bottle when Bryson sat up straight, startling me.

“Dude, you almost made me get piss everywhere.”

“A car just passed us and pulled into her driveway. Looks like she got an Uber. “Holy sh*t, look at her,” he whispered.

8 Points

I finished and capped the water bottle. I looked up, and my mouth dropped open. She was in a tight little black dress with

red high heels. The dress molded her body, her t*ts were out there, the mounds of them almost bursting out of the top.

Her hair was curled, and from what I could see her make-up enhanced her beauty. She was stunning. Her long legs had

me drooling.

“If I jack off right now will you get pissed?”

“Yes, do not jerk yourself off in my car,” Bryson snapped as he pulled out behind the car she was in. We were a good two

car lengths behind her. I doubt the Uber would clock us.

We watched as some a*shole opened her door and kissed her hand. When she laughed at some joke he said, I ground

my teeth together. I wanted all her smiles and laughs. The only man I was willing to share them with was Bryson. Okay,

and maybe her family and friends, but that was it.

Bryson and I got out of the car. We waited outside and watched through the glass as they were sat. Her back was to us. They looked hella awkward and that had me smiling, but then they started talking and I growled.

“Calm down, nothing is happening. We need to get in there and see if we can sit close to hear what they are talking about,” Bryson said. “Let’s wait a little longer, and then we’ll walk in.”

I was sure we looked like a couple of creeps just staring through the window at her. Then, after they got their food and

started eating, we walked in. We had a fifteen-minute wait.

“Dennison, party of two?” the host called out. I waved my hand and Bryson followed me to the host.

“We want to be sat at the table next to the two blondes over there,” I said, pointing at Shay and her date. The host nodded

and we followed her.

When we sat down, Shay looked over and her eyes widened. I felt a wicked grin come over my face.

“Hi there, pretty girl, fancy seeing you here,” I said.

“Hey, Sunshine. What a coincidence.”

“Is it?” she said, through a strained smile.

2/3

Sabotage

“Of course. It’s not like we followed you or anything,” I said.

“Shay, you know these two men?” her date asked.

“Yes, um, they work for Becks Security,” she said. I felt my smile dim and I narrowed my eyes.

“Oh, we know her outside of work too,” Bryson said.

That’s my boy, show this d*ck who she belongs to.

“We really just met,” Shay said.

“Oh, pretty girl, we did a lot more than just meet.”

“Bryce, this isn’t the time,” she snapped.

“I think it’s the perfect time. I love making new friends. Hi, I’m Bryce. This is my best friend Bryson. We’re Shay’s.”

“Friends, and co-workers,” she cut in.

“Nice to meet you, I’m Shay’s date.”

“Shay, I didn’t know you were going on a date today,” Bryson said.

“You so knew,” she snarled. I chuckled.

Poente

“Oh, silly me, you did say something about that earlier. My bad, I was a little distracted by a beautiful sight,” Bryson said.

Oh, that was good. Bryson was smooth.

“Why don’t we put our tables together and get to know each other,” I said. Bryson and I didn’t wait for an answer, we stood and scooted our tables together and moved our chairs over. A waiter came over and we gave our drink orders.

“So, I introduced us. What’s your name, buddy,” I asked.

“I’m Charles,” he said a little snootily. Chump.

“Well, Charlie, what do you think of our girl here? Beautiful isn’t she?”

“Yes, she’s gorgeous,” he said.

Roc

Super long chapter so you get a third

10

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 146 -

8-9 minutes

Bryce

I watched as his eyes dipped to her cleavage and returned to her stunning face. I couldn't blame him, but I wanted to pluck his eyes out with the fork he was holding.

"She's also very intelligent, it's extremely s*xy," Bryson said, putting his chin in his hand and smiling at her.

I watched her blush, and my d*ck twitched. I wanted to see how far that blush could go.

"Yes, well, we were just talking about her hobby and I can't wait to taste some of her charms," he said after a pause. The

innuendo was there. She blushed harder.

I growled and picked up my water to soothe the heat of my temper. I noticed Bryson was sitting really close to her, so I

decided to distract Charles.

"So, Charlie, what do you do for a living?"

"It's Charles, and I am a chef. I work at Homecookin"

F*ck, I've been there, the food is amazing.

"Oh, yeah, I know that place, it's alright," I said.

His head snapped at me, and I saw a flash of anger in his eyes. My smile was antagonistic, and I didn't give a f*ck.

"I had their hush puppies. I felt they weren't crispy enough and the fried chicken had no seasoning."

"Well, you must have eaten it when I wasn't working, because my fried chicken is amazing," he snapped.

I chuckled, someone couldn't take criticism. Not that I had any real complaints about the food there. The one time Bryson and I went, I f*cking drooled over the fried chicken and the apple pie slice I had was to die for.

"Do you bake the pies there? I had the apple, it was good."

The f*cker smiled and preened like a peacock.

"Yes, I do bake the pies when I work."

"So then maybe I did come while you were working?"

His smile dimmed, he just caught what I was saying. His hush puppies and fried chicken were just okay, but I liked the

pie.

"I wouldn't know. But I do know if I cooked the day you were there, you would have liked everything."

I heard Shay squeak, and Charles and I both looked at her. Bryson must have whispered something in her ear, because she was extremely flushed, and her eyes were glassed over. Bryson leaned back and had a satisfied smile on his face.

We ordered food. Then I turned back to Charles.

"How did you guys meet?"

"We met on a dating app called Meet Cute."

“What a coincidence. Isn’t that the app you are on, Bryson?”

“Yeah, I was on a date with a gorgeous girl the other night. Man, the kiss we shared was amazing. I felt my world stop. Pretty sure I might have found the one,” he said, staring at Shay. Her mouth dropped open slightly and she started shaking her head.

1/3

Sabotage 2

Points)

“Wow, I think I know the feeling. I mean I haven’t kissed Shay yet, but from our conversation, I feel a connection with her that I’d like to explore further,” Charles said, picking his wine glass up and toasting her before taking a sip. Her eyes were huge. F*ck this f*cker.

“Really, you feel a connection with Shay?”

“Are you saying that a connection can’t be felt between two people that just met?” She challenged me.

“Oh no pretty girl, I know two strangers can make a connection. I just recently met a girl that I connected with on a visceral level. She was so beautiful, s*xy and completely satisfying.”

I smiled as she choked on her water when I described her.

“What about her mind?” she asked.

“I haven’t had a chance to have an intelligent conversation with her, but the way she challenges me gets me all hot and

bothered.”

She waved her hand in front of her face to cool herself down. My smile just got bigger.

“I have to use the restroom,” she said. Bryson got up and let her out. I watched her walk towards the restroom and turned to Bryson and Charles.

“Charlie, Bryson loves sweet tea. Is there some special magic the south does to their tea? I’ve never had sweet tea like

the south makes.”

Just as he was about to start talking. I abruptly stood.

“Explain to him, I have to piss.”

I walked away just as he started talking to Bryson. I rounded the corner to the restrooms just as she was coming out, and I grabbed her and pushed her back into the bathroom. Luckily, no one was in there. I took her to the handicap stall and

locked it. I sat on the toilet and made her straddle me.

“What are you doing?” she cried out.

“I like how your dress rises up over your ass. Don’t like this little thong, we need to get rid of it.” I snapped the sides of her thong. She inhaled sharply. I removed them and pocketed them. “That’s better.”

“You’re insane, how dare you two sabotage my date!”

“Well, sweetheart, I told you this wasn’t going to happen. No way, am I going to let you go home with this f*cktard.”

“He’s a perfect gentleman.”

“You don’t need a gentleman,” I growled, nuzzling her breasts, licking a path up her cleavage.

“Bryce,” she gasped.

“Let me play a little, pretty girl.” I slipped her arms out of her little spaghetti straps and bared her chest to me. “F*ck they’re beautiful.”

I latched on a n****e, and she cried out, her hands sliding into my hair to hold me to her. Her hips started to move and I

groaned. I needed to get in her. I gripped her hips and helped her move. I made sure she ground harder and faster on me

so she found her pleasure.

“Bryce, please, she begged.

“You need me to help you, pretty girl?”

“Yes,” she gasped.

2/3

Sabotage 2

Pomis

I licked two of my fingers and slipped them inside her. She was so soft, tight, warm, and wet. I moved my fingers inside of her and she humped my hand.

“That’s it, baby. Find your pleasure, f*ck my fingers, so I can taste them after you cream all over them. I can’t wait to get inside of you again. To feel you strangle my c*ck with that tight pretty p*ssy. Tell me baby, Bryson says you have a date this Friday. Are you gonna let him touch you? What about taste you? You should let him taste you. You’re so sweet, and he loves his sweets.” She cried out as her p*ssy clamped around my fingers. Did she picture Bryson’s head between her legs while I was fingering her? I sure hoped so. I ground my palm into her clit to prolong her orgasm. She shuddered, her face to her cleavage flushed. She was beautiful.

I grabbed her behind the back of her neck and slammed her mouth to mine. I plunged my tongue into her mouth and kissed the sh*t out of her. It was just like Bryson described and I remembered. My world stopped. She was it.

She pulled back and put her forehead against mine.

“I can’t believe you fingered me again while I’m on a date,” she gasped.

I chuckled, taking my fingers out of her. She watched as I sucked them into my mouth, her green eyes darkening.

“Better go back to your date, pretty girl. I need to take care of myself before I go back out there.”

She bit her lip as she stood up and looked down at my groin. My pants were tented and wet.

“Tell Bryson to meet me at his car. Do not kiss that a*shole. Do you hear me?” She nodded, and turned. I listened to her turn on the water at the sink, probably putting some cool water on her face. I pulled my d*ck out and took care of myself, picturing Bryson’s head between her legs as I held her open for him. I nutted quickly. I was lucky no one came in. I snuck out of the bathroom and out of the back of the restaurant.

I waited ten minutes before Bryson walked out.

“Why are we leaving?” he asked.

“I took care of her, she won’t be giving him sh*t tonight. I also put the idea of you between her legs in her head. She didn’t say no as I fingered her.”

“What is it with you fingering her on her dates?”

I chuckled, “I don’t know, it just happens. What did you whisper to her earlier that had her blushing so hard?”

He chuckled, “That if anyone was going to be tasting her charms it was going to be us.”

“F*ck yeah, dude. We both put the idea in her head.”

We high-fived and he took off.

17

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 147 -

10-12 minutes

Shay

“I had a lovely time Shay. Weird how your friends just upped and left. They didn’t even stay for their meal,” Charles said.

“I’m so sorry they stuck you with the bill, Charles. I can reimburse you.”

“No, it’s okay. Soon they’ll be my friends, right? I can pay the bill among friends.”

My eyebrows rose. This guy, I think is a little delusional.

“Well. Thank you for tonight,” I said. We were waiting for my Uber, which was three minutes away.

“You can cancel your Uber, I can take you home.”

“Oh, no, really. Please, don’t take this the wrong way, but I work for a security firm that’s taught me a lot. And we just met, so, for safety reasons for myself, I’m really not comfortable with you knowing where I live.”

He scoffed. “Oh, come on now. We’re going to be dating a lot more. I’m going to eventually find out where you live.”

“I’m sorry? Charles, we just met. What makes you think we’re going to be dating a lot more? I have other dates I’ll be going on to meet new people that I could potentially have a connection with.”

“You should really delete that app. I’m right here. We hit it off so well tonight. Give me a chance Shay, you won’t be disappointed. You never know what type of weirdos are out there.”

“Weirdos?”

He flushed a little. “I’m not saying your family are weirdos, but it isn’t natural to have multiple partners.”

“To you,” I said, my opinion of him greatly dropping.

“To many people. What your brother and his wife do with other men is an act of sacrilege to the sanctity of marriage. Not to mention your brother is with other men, that’s against God’s Law,” he said. He was desperately trying to convince me that Dawson and Isha were doing wrong.

“First, you shouldn’t yuck on someone else’s yum. Second, it’s not your place to judge, and third, I’d rather be with someone that loves me for me than try to make me conform to what they see as “normal,” I said, with quotation finger. “I don’t think there will be another date, Charles. I’m obviously not what you are looking for.”

My car pulled up, and I reached to open the door. He put his hand on it, stopping me.

“Shay, please, I’m sorry. Let’s take a breath. I really enjoyed tonight. I’ll message you on the app, we’ll set up another date. Let me show you I’m not what you think I am.”

“Maybe, I have to go,” I said. There was no way I was going to go on another date with him.

“Wait,” he said. He grabbed me by the shoulders and turned me towards him. Oh sh*t, was he going to kiss me? “I felt a connection between us, I wanted to cement it with a kiss.”

Before I could protest, someone shouted my name.

“Shay! Oh my God, that is you. You look amazing.”

Both Charles and I turned our heads and I gasp

Added to the library

“Carson?” I whispered. “Hey, baby, wow, you look s*xy as f*ck. I haven’t seen you in forever.”

I stood there wide-eyed as Carson walked up to Charles and me. He grabbed me out of Charles’ hold and hugged me. My

1/4

<911

skin crawled and I felt my temper rising.

“Let go of me,” I gritted out between my teeth.

“Oh come on Shay, you’re not still holding on to the anger of the past, are you?”

“Carson, I can not believe you are actually here. I thought it was a rumor. What happened to your little fashionista?”

48 Pents

“She was just a friend, Shay. I told you that. If you would have come back to me, I would have shown you that we could have been rich. Unfortunately, she couldn’t find the backing so it all fell through.”

“So, basically she was sh*t and no one wanted to invest in a failing product.”

He glared at me and then looked at Charles.

“Hey, lady, are you getting in?” The Uber guy asked. He had gotten out of his car to see what the hold up was. Charles got his wallet out and gave him a fifty-dollar bill.

“Just wait a minute would ya?” he asked.

“Heck yeah I will, but just ten more minutes,” the driver said.

“So you’re Carson, the man that cheated on her with a married woman?”

“What the f*ck, you told him about that? Why are you bringing up the past?”

“Because you hurt me, Carson.”

“Look, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean it, any of it, I was just caught up.”

I scoffed, what the f*ck ever.

“Well, buddy, your loss is my gain. Thank you for being an a*shole, Shay is a wonderful woman,” Charles said.

I looked at him, okay, that was nice, but that didn't negate what he said about Dawson, Isha and the guys.

"Who in the f*ck are you?" Carson asked.

"I'm Charles Drench. I'm Shay's boyfriend."

I inhaled sharply to disabuse him of that notion, but he grabbed my hand and squeezed.

"Yeah right, you are so not Shay's type. You're too...polished."

"So, are you saying you're scum? I agree," Charles said. "Any man that would cheat on a beautiful woman is."

"F*ck you. You don't know what all happened. Besides, that's the past. I've changed. Shay, please believe me, I'm a completely different man."

My head was starting to hurt. How in the f*ck did I go from having zero prospects in the relationship department to four men vying for my attention?

"I need to go," I said, snatching my hand away from Charles.

"Okay, sweetheart, I'll be in touch," Charles said. He leaned in for a kiss, but I hastily opened the car door and slipped in.

He shut it for me and waved as the car drove away.

"Thank you for staying, I will definitely give you five stars and a tip added to the fifty you just made."

"Nah, you don't have to tip me extra, it sounded like you were having guy trouble. I mean I see why, you're hot as f*ck, if I wasn't gay, you'd be my type."

I giggled, "Thank you. Hey, can I ask you something? Sometimes strangers give the best advice."

< 911

“Sure.”

* Points

“If two best friends want to date you at the same time, what does that mean? Are they willing to share me individually or together?”

“Wow, I’ve never been in a situation like that. Can you give me more to work with?”

“Well, one of them said the only ones to be tasting my charms would be him and his best friend, and the other, while being intimate with me, talked about his best friend and me.”

“Sweetheart, that sounds to me like you’re about to be in the middle of a sandwich, and you should enjoy it. I’ve been in the middle of a sandwich, it’s f*cking fantastic.”

I bit my lip, this man has given me something to think about. A Shay sandwich? I giggled a little and I saw his eyes crinkle in the rearview mirror. When he dropped me off he said good luck to me. I gave him five stars and an extra twenty for a tip. I walked into my house and flopped on the couch. Do Bryce and Bryson want to share me? That couldn’t be the case, right?

F*ck this is too much for me right now. Tonight’s date was a bust, but I have to say having Bryce and Bryson crash it. It was a surprise and not an unpleasant one. Seeing Carson again, I knew it might happen, but I was hoping Denver was big enough that I wouldn’t run into him. I can’t believe he’s acting like what he did was just water under the bridge. Like he

can just come back into my life, and I’ll just what? Forgive him? F*ck him.

My phone chimed with a text. An unknown number, but it looked kind of familiar. I clicked on it and a picture of Bryce, naked, holding his hard d*ck popped up.

303-655-5541: Look what you do to me, pretty girl. I can’t stop thinking about your pretty t*ts in my mouth and your sweet cream on my fingers. You’re f*cking delicious. That song, Watermelon Sugar, was definitely made for you.

“F*ck,” I whispered out loud. He was such a beautiful big man. His p*nis was even pretty. Straight, veiny, yummy-looking.

My mouth was watering.

I got up off of the couch and as I walked to my bedroom I saved Bryce’s contact as Hot Stuff on my phone. I giggled at my

silliness.

I’ve never met anyone like Bryce before. He was so open and confident. He knew he was handsome, and he didn’t hide

from it. He was not humble about it at all. I stripped out of my dress, kicked my shoes off and opened my side drawer. I

took my purple vibrator out of its special case I kept it in. I sprayed it down with cleaner and dried it off. I then lubed it up, not that I thought I needed the extra help, but I was h*rny as f*ck from seeing his naked picture.

I laid down on my bed and looked at his picture. I closed my eyes and imagined him with me, kissing all over my body, rubbing his d*ck through my p*ssy lips before slowly penetrating me. I f*cked myself, my vibrator on its highest setting. My eyes closed as I got closer. My hand clenched around my phone. Faster and faster I destroyed my p*ssy, my imagination on over drive. My hand fell to my bed. I heard a beep, but couldn’t investigate. I was right on the edge.

“Please, please,” I panted.

“Hello pretty girl.”

Imagining hearing Bryce’s voice threw me over the edge.

“Oh God, yes, Bryce! F*ck me hard, make me yours, destroy meeee,” I screamed. The noise from my vibrator the only sound as I frantically plunged my vibrator inside me. My body shook as I shattered. My scream was loud and ended on a

long satisfying moan.

I took my vibrator out of me and turned it off. Harsh breathing could be heard. My brows furrowed, and I lifted my head, looking around for the source of the noise. A low masculine groan had my eyes snapping to my phone. Holy sh*t, I had

3/4

4 011

*B Points)

somehow hit call and called Bryce. I squeaked and hurriedly hung up the phone. No, no, no, no, this isn't happening. Why me? I had to move, change my name, and leave the country. No, I needed my girls, and James.

911, 911, I need you!

Ava: On my way

Isha: grabbing my keys now

Savvy: I'll bring the tequila

James: I got the limes and salt. See you in twenty.

I quickly got off of the bed and jumped into the shower. When I was done, I put away my B.O.B after cleaning it and went

to the living room, hanging my head in embarrassment. I had three missed calls and two unopened texts from Bryce. Thank God, he didn't know where I lived.

My door flew open.

"Where here, what's wrong?" Isha asked.

My best friends in the world all gathered around me as I wailed.

"I have to flee the country and change my identity!"

Breaking And Entering

Ports

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 148 -

10-13 minutes

Breaking And Entering

Bryce

I sat on my bike in the dark. I was all in black, my bike was black, I was one with the shadows. I waited. She had some friends over. I could hear the laughter from here and I smiled, knowing she was having a good time, and she wasn't with

that a*shole.

I closed my eyes and inhaled deeply, thinking about the call she made. It was obviously an accident by the way she hung up on me. Her scream and moan, hearing the vibrator as my name left her lips. F*ck, I had already been stroking my c*ck after sending her that picture of me. I was looking at her beautiful face on the dating app and remembering what we did in the bathroom. When the call came through, I thought she was calling to yell at me for the picture. The moment I heard her screaming her orgasm, I started stroking faster. I was f*cking ecstatic she was pleasuring herself with me in mind.

When she hung up, I chuckled, knowing she was freaking out. I finished with myself, took a shower and dressed. I didn't think, I just acted. When I pulled up to her house, I saw there were cars in her driveway, so I took my bike and hid in the

shadows, waiting.

A couple of hours have gone by, but I didn't mind. The front door opened, and three pretty ladies came out. Two were obviously a little tipsy. One said she was driving them home, and they could leave their cars in the driveway. I watched them walk away. Then Shay came out with a man. My palms closed into fists. He had his arm around her shoulders, and he leaned down and kissed her forehead. Why was he just standing there with her? I heard them laughing, and I did not

like that.

“You’ll be okay sweetheart. You probably made his night,” I heard him say. My brow furrowed, who were they talking

about?

“I don’t know James. I just don’t know.”

“Let me ask you this, do you like him?”

“I do, a lot.”

“Then I wouldn’t worry.”

Who? Did she like who? And I swear to God if he kisses her head again, I’m going to lose my sh*t. A rumble came down the street and I hid further in the shadows. I watched a biker pull up into the driveway. This James guy, leaned down and grabbed Shay’s face. No, don’t f*cking do it. He leaned in and kissed her lips. He’s dead.

“You’re lucky, I love you,” I heard the guy on the bike say.”

Love who? Shay? My heart stopped.

“I only did it because I want a spanking, and I want you to ram that big c*ck of yours down my throat, while Savage f*cks

the sh*t out of my ass.”

“Baby boy, you know I love to make your dreams come true.”

I relaxed when I saw the biker grab this James by the neck when he walked over to the bike and they kissed. The guy on

the bike looked at Shay.

“Keep your lips to yourself sweet girl.”

“He kissed me, that deserves five extra spankings,” Shay said.

“Sweet girl, I love you. Have a good night.”

1/4

Breaking And Entering

“Love you Rage, make my best friend happy. And give a kiss to Savage for me.”

“You know I will.”

+ Points >

She giggled. Huh, there's some kind of special bond here. Wait, is this the best friend that's married to two bikers? I thought it was a chick.

I watched her go back inside and I waited some more. All the lights went out in a half an hour. I waited another hour and then made my move. I went around the house checking windows, all were locked. Good girl.

I made my way around the back. Nice pool, why was there a sandbox? Maybe for Dawson's kids?

I checked the back door and I growled, someone was getting spanked, it was unlocked. I slid it quietly open and walked in

then locked it behind me. I went to her fridge, I was thirsty as f*ck waiting on her little party to get over. I took out a jug of filtered water and searched her cabinets for a glass. I found what I needed and drank three glasses. I put the jug back and the glass in the sink. I walked around her living room. She had a nice set up, a huge ass t.v. I checked the first floor

and walked downstairs in what was a basement. Found a workout room then a theater room. I let out a low whistle. How

can she afford all this? Went back to the main floor, found some offices. How many rooms did this place have? I made my way up the stairs silent as a ninja. All the doors up here were open, I found four bedrooms before I made it to the last room. The door was slightly ajar, I pushed it open gently, no squeak, that was good. I quietly stepped inside. She was face down, only had a sheet covering her ass. She slept naked and I smiled at my good fortune. As

quietly as I could I undressed. I stood at the end of her bed stroking my hard c*ck. I don't think I've ever came three times in one day before

but this chick, she did it for me.

I contemplated telling Bryson I was coming here tonight, but I didn't want to bombard her with us yet, plus he had a date with her on Friday.

I reached over and slowly pulled her sheet off of her ass. I held my breath hoping I wouldn't wake her. She didn't stir.

God, her ass was exquisite. Bryson was going to love that. He was definitely an ass man. I've heard him compliment a

woman's ass a couple of times.

I put one knee carefully on the bed and one hand, I slowly crawled towards her. The bed was huge, was she anticipating

multiple men in her life?

When I got to her ass, I leaned down and started to give her body butterfly kisses. I slowly moved up her back, she

started to moan and I smiled. She must have been dreaming, I wonder what she was dreaming about?

I licked a line across her shoulder blades. She whined and her body moved, her ass brushing my c*ck and I shuddered.

"Shhh pretty girl, everything's alright, I'm here," I whispered. She calmed down. She trusted me. I put one leg in the middle of hers and spread her legs wide. I moved back down and got between her legs. I spread her cheeks and from one hole to the other, I took one long lick and went back down to her p*ssy entrance and started to twirl my tongue into her. She moaned and lifted her ass. I went deeper and slowly f*cked her with my tongue. I brought one hand under her and found her clit and circled it with my finger. Her moans were getting louder she was getting wetter, her taste was f*cking heaven. I couldn't hold back anymore, just as I

could feel her about to c*m I backed off. She whimpered. I looked up and over to her face that was half buried into her pillow, holy sh*t she was still sleeping. I chuckled. I grabbed the pillow next to her and put it under her pelvis, lifting her. I spread her again and put my c*ck to her entrance. I pushed slowly. She inhaled sharply and came up on her elbows, when she did, it pushed her further onto my c*ck.

“What?” she panicked.

“It’s okay, pretty girl, you didn’t think after I heard you screaming my name that I would leave you alone tonight did you?”

“Bryce? How?”

“I’ll tell you later, right now I want you to enjoy. I gripped her hips and planted myself balls deep into her.

2/4

Breaking And Entering

“Oh God!” she cried out.

+5 Points

I pulled out and thrust back in, over and over, her p*ssy was nice and tight, wet from me tonguing her, so f*cking good.

“Bryce!” She cried out, her p*ssy fluttering around my c*ck.

“F*ck, you’re so tight,” I gritted between my teeth. I didn’t want to c*m yet, plus, I didn’t put on a condom, feeling her raw was spectacular. She was smooth and hot and so f*cking soft inside.

“Harder Bryce, please,” she begged.

“Yes, baby.”

I picked up my pace and went harder. Her ass jiggled and I growled at the site.

“Yes, yes, yes,” she cried out. I reached up and grabbed her by the hair wrapping her long locks around my fist. I pulled her up and put my other hand around her throat. I bit her ear lightly, making her moan.

“You feel so f*cking good baby. My pretty girl is the s*xiest woman I’ve ever had my d*ck in. Imagine baby, me, right here in this tight little p*ssy and Bryson, right here tonguing your pretty little clit,” I said tapping her clit.

She burst and it was really wet. My eyes widened. Holy sh*t she squirted, I’ll be the first to admit, I’ve never made a woman do that before. I picked up my pace, my heart was hammering. I held her by the throat, slightly squeezing.

“Brrryyccee,” she screamed, her body convulsing in pleasure.

I meant to pull out, I really did, but she held me in her and she just felt too good. I thrust twice more and exploded. I saw stars, f*cking stars. We both collapsed. I caught myself on my elbows so I wouldn’t crush her. Panting, I nuzzled her neck, she squeezed her muscles around me and I groaned.

“How did you find out where I lived? How did you get into my house?” she asked, gasping.

“Bryson and I followed you home from work today, then we followed you to your date. And your back door was unlocked, pretty girl, that’s dangerous, and I owe you a spanking.”

She tightened around me again. Oh, someone likes that idea.

I pulled out of her and lay next to her. She looked at me and then she gasped.

“Oh no, I think the condom broke,” she whispered.

I bit my lip and gave her a one-sided smile. My right shoulder lifted in an oops motion.

“I didn’t put a condom on, I swear I’m clean. We had medical done before we came home.”

“I’m clean too. I had an STD check after Carson cheated on me, and as you know, I haven’t been with anyone but you in

the last year.”

I smiled at that.

“What about a pregnancy?” she asked.

My smile dimmed at that.

“I had a rare case of the mumps when I was a kid. I’m sterile.”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” she whispered.

“It’s okay, I’ve come to terms with it. How did the rest of your date go?”

She chuckled, “I can’t believe you guys stuck him with the bill. He actually didn’t mind, and said something like it’s okay to

pay the bill since you’ll all be friends soon. Considering he now thinks he’s going to be my boyfriend.”

3/4

Breaking And Entering

“The f*ck?” I said, getting on one elbow and looking at her full on.

O PONTS

“Yeah, I told him that I didn’t think I was the one for him. He doesn’t approve of the lifestyle that Dawson, Isha, Mic, Davis and Ford are in. He was actually pretty judgmental about it.”

“F*ck him, it’s none of his f*cking business anyway. They love each other, it’s their business.”

She smiled at me warmly and with something like approval in her gaze.

“Exactly,” she said. “Anyway, he apologized and tried to say we had some connection, and before I could leave he tried to

kiss me.”

I growled.

“Don’t worry, someone stopped him.”

“Who?”

“My ex. I guess he moved here. I was told it might happen. I just thought it was a rumor.”

“Who in the f*ck is your ex?”

“He was a cheating douche, the reason I moved here. His name is Carson. I hope he doesn’t become a problem.”

“Don’t worry, Bryson and I will take care of him if he does. Can I sleep here?”

She smiled again. “Yeah, I’d like that.”

“Great, let’s go clean up. I want to hold you while we sleep.” And maybe wake you up again with another orgasm, I thought.

She rolled out of bed and held out her hand. I clasped it, and we made our way to her bathroom.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 149 -

8-10 minutes

Morning After

Shay

Warmth, that’s what surrounded me. My eyes fluttered open, and I looked at my bedside clock. It was only seven a.m. I snuggled back into Bryce’s chest, wiggling to get closer.

“If you keep moving like that, I can’t be held liable for what will happen next.”

I couldn’t help the girlish giggle that escaped me. I was happy. I haven’t been happy in so long. Sure, I’ve felt content, going through the everyday motions of life. My friends and family

made me smile, but I woke up alone every day as a reminder of how the man I loved used me and discarded me for another woman, and I was truly alone.

But now there was a lightness and happiness in me. It's amazing what a good d*ck and a strong pair of arms can accomplish. I may not need a man to make me feel fulfilled, but it sure is nice.

I felt his hard d*ck poking me in the butt and the smile on my face was huge.

"Don't you have to get home? You have work in an hour," I said.

"Ugh, I know, I've been lying here trying to get out of this comfortable as f*ck bed, but I can't seem to let you go. By the way, why do you have such a huge bed?"

I chuckled. "This house used to be Dawson's and the guys. When Isha came to live with them, they shared this room. They needed a big bed."

"Ahhh, now that makes more sense. I was thinking you were anticipating your own little harem of men."

I laughed, and he nuzzled my neck.

"No, I can hardly manage one, let alone multiple."

"Oh, I don't know, I think you could handle at least one more," he mumbled.

Before I could respond, my phone rang. My brow furrowed, who the heck was calling me so early?

"Hello?" I didn't recognize the number.

"Shay, thank God you answered. I left my phone in my car, and I'm using another mother's phone. I just hit an emergency," Savvy said.

"Sav, what's wrong?"

“I forgot I was supposed to bring treats for Willow’s Kindergarten open house carnival tonight. And I’m stuck at her school helping set up. Any chance I can pull the best friend card, and you can whip something up for the carnival? I know

it’s a lot to ask at such short notice.”

“Not a problem. I can make these mini pies that don’t take that long to make and bake, and I have all the ingredients. When do you need them by?”

“Six p.m.” she sounded frantic, and my heart went out to her.

“I’ve got your sister. I’ll bring mini, blueberry, apple and cherry pies.”

“You’re an angel. Thank you so much. Anything you need you just ask.”

I need Jack’s c*ck,” I squeaked out as Bryce slipped his d*ck between my p*ssy lips and started rocking back and forth with his hips. “I mean cupcake pans, I only have four.”

Savvy was choking on her laughter.

1/4

< Morning After

“Okay, I’ll have him bring them over in twenty minutes.”

“Thank’s Savvy, I have to go.”

+8 Points

“I can tell from the heavy breathing. If that’s who I think it is, tell him, thank you for giving you a good d*cking.” She hung

up on a laugh.

“Bryce,” I whispered.

“I just wanted to feel you slide on my c*ck, but now I want to be in you,” he said, as he shifted and penetrated me. He grabbed my leg and lifted it so it lay over his as he started to pump in and out of me.

He had one arm around my waist and the other under my neck where he curled it, so his hand could grip my chin and pull my head up and back so he could capture my lips with his. He devoured my lips as he pumped his hard, huge d*ck in and out of me. The arm that was around my waist moved, and his fingers found my clit where he started rubbing and slightly pinching my clit.

I moaned into his mouth as my body shook. The orgasm rolled through me, and he picked up his pace before stilling and grunting. I could feel his d*ck jerking inside me. The fact that he took me raw again had me spasming with a little mini orgasm. I loved it. It felt like a claiming.

“God, your p*ssy is f*cking magic. You unman me so fast,” he said, panting into my ear.

“Mmm, I’ve never had multiple orgasms before. But, you’re also only the second man I’ve been with sooo.”

I felt him still behind me.

“Seriously?” he asked.

“Yeah. Carson was my first. I never wanted to let down the Becks, so I didn’t have boyfriends in high school. I didn’t go to any of the dances, no random dates. I concentrated on college, so didn’t date there either, and I met Carson after I graduated. Then we started dating after about a year and a half of friendship, and we were together for four years. He

cheated on me and I came here.”

“What a d*ck,” he mumbled, holding me closer.

I shrugged, “I’m pretty much over it. Seeing him again, I thought I’d feel something, but I didn’t. I only got angry because he tried to act like what he did wasn’t that bad.”

“Like I said, pretty girl. You have me and Bryson now. Don’t worry about him.” I felt him shift, and he pulled out of me. I clenched my muscles to keep his c*m in me even though I knew he couldn’t get me pregnant. It was just nice to feel filled.

“Can I use your shower?” he asked.

“Of course, I’ll make some coffee and some breakfast. Go ahead, I’ll use the hall bathroom,” I said.

I used the bathroom, and cleaned up. I went to the kitchen and got some spinach, tomatoes, cheese and eggs. I

chopped the veggies and whipped up the eggs. By the time Bryce was out of the shower and dressed in the clothes he must have worn last night, I had a veggie omelet ready for him with a black coffee.

“I have cream and sugar,” I said.

“Black’s fine. Thank you,” he said as he dug in. He moaned long and loud and I smiled.

“What did you put in this omelet?”

“Spinach, tomatoes, sharp cheddar, garlic salt, heavy whipping cream and pepper.”

“It’s so d*mn good.”

2/4

He slathered on the jam and took a huge bite of his toast. I was enjoying watching him eat. I didn’t think one could get turned on by someone enjoying the food I made. But his moans were doing something to me.

“D*mn Shay. This jam is phenomenal.”

“Thank you. Here, have a jar of jelly, this one is apple butter and give this to Bryson,” I said, handing him some strawberry and jalapeño jelly. “That was my last jar of jam. I have to make more.”

“You’re spectacular.”

“My dream is to open a little café,” I said.

“You could definitely do that. I’d be your number one customer.”

I chuckled as I cleaned up. He finished eating and then walked his dishes to the sink. He went to grab a sponge and I

told him I’d do it. He didn’t have much time to get to work.

He wrapped his arm around my waist and hauled me into him.

“Thank you for the good morning s*x and breakfast,” he said, kissing me.

I giggled, and kissed him back. “Thank you for the multiple orgasms.

“Anytime, pretty girl.”

A knock on my door had him frowning.

“It’s probably Jack.”

“Who’s Jack?”

“One of my best friend’s husbands.”

“One of? How many friends do you have that have multiple partners?”

“Savvy, Isha, and James. Ava is a one-man woman,” I said as we walked to the door. I opened it and smiled at Jack.

“Hi Jack,” I said.

“I come with cupcake pans and my c*ck.”.

“I can not believe she told you that.”

“It’s okay sweetheart. Many women have wanted my c*ck before. Who’s your friend?”

“I’m Bryce, one of two c*cks she’ll only be having from here on out.”

My eyes widened. “What?”

“We’ll talk later, baby. Got to go. Nice meeting you,” he said to Jack.

Jack chuckled and shook his hand, and then Bryce jogged to his bike that was hidden in some hedges. Huh?

“Interesting friend,” Jack said, handing me the pans.

“Yeah. Um, thanks for the pans.”

“No, thank you for the mini pies. See you later Shay,” he said, leaning in and kissing my forehead. I heard an engine rev. We both looked at Bryce as he stared at us.

I waved, he lifted the visor on his helmet and winked and then he was off.

“You’re going to have your hands full with that one, kiddo.”

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 150 -

13-17 minutes

Making Plans For Dinner

Shay

: Hey Sunshine, There’s a farmers market that starts at four on Friday. I get off at five. I was wondering if you’d like to pick up some ingredients with me and come back to my place to cook with me? Bryce said he had one of your omelets and that it was amazing. I really love the strawberry and jalapeño jelly. Thank you for that.

I smiled at the text Bryson sent me. I was just finishing up the egg wash and sprinkling a little sugar on the last of the cherry pies, before putting them in the oven. Earlier, I ran out and bought some boxes that could fit twenty-five mini pies in them. I ended up making three

hundred pies. A hundred each of the flavors. I loved that this kitchen has two ovens and all the baking I could do in it.

I thought going to the market sounded like fun. I loved farmers' markets. I gnawed on my lower lip, wondering if I should ask that I bring an overnight bag. Would that be too presumptuous of me? Would he want me to stay the night? I mean, with all the hints they've given me, he should want me to, right? Maybe I should test the waters.

I put him in my phone as My Prince Charming, I even put a My in front of Hot Stuff for Bryce.

That sounds like a lot of fun. We probably won't get to cooking dinner until around seven or eight. Might be a late

dinner.

I put my thumb to my mouth and chewed on my nail. I saw the three bubbles pop up, and then disappear. Maybe he doesn't know what to say. Or maybe he was trying to let me down gently.

My Prince Charming: I was thinking we'd have wine with dinner, and I wouldn't want you driving home tipsy, and I'd

probably be a little tipsy myself. Would you like to stay over?

"Yes!" I squealed. I did a little dance. My oven dinged. And I got the pies out to cool. I had eleven boxes already packed up and one more to fill.

Yes, that makes perfect sense. I can't wait. I'm really excited. Do you have any allergies? I can make dessert.

I could be dessert, I thought with a chuckle.

My Prince Charming: Nope, no allergies. You?

No. This is perfect. Should I meet you at your house? Or maybe I can Uber to work, and we can go to the market from

there?

My Prince Charming: Uber to work, I'll leave my car unlocked, and you can put your bag in there.

Okay, sounds great. See you Friday.

My Prince Charming: Will I not see you before then?

I don't go into work often. I work from home, but if you'd like, I can cook dinner for you tonight?

My Prince Charming: Really? Would you like me to let Bryce know too?

I thought about that. I'd really like some alone time with Bryson. I want to get to know him more.

I think just you and I would be nice.

My Prince Charming: I was hoping you would say that. What time should I come over?

Seven, is that okay?

My Prince Charming: Perfect, see you then Sunshine.

1/3

<Making Plans For Dinner

+8 Points >

Okay, I had a lot to do before tonight. I left the pies to cool, ran upstairs and showered. I also made sure I was smooth as silk. I got out and blow-dried my hair, then curled it and ran my fingers through it, making perfect beach waves in my hair. I picked out a pink sun dress with white swirl designs on it and a built-in bra. I forgo panties. I wanted to surprise him a little. I had every intention of seducing him. The hints Bryce gave me and the comment about tasting my charms from Bryson. I was betting they were planning to share me, and I was all for that. I've watched Dawson, Isha and the guys this last year. I've seen Savvy and her husbands, not to mention James and his bikers. Was this my chance to experience something extraordinary? I sure hoped so. But I did want to get to know them more before I invited both of them to my bed for my first threesome.

It was only three. I needed to go to the grocery store. I figured while the pies were cooling I could get what I needed for

dinner.

Thirty minutes later, I was looking at the chicken thighs and breasts and contemplating which I should use for the Chicken Alfredo I was making tonight. Thighs to me were more flavorful, so I went with that. I had just walked over to the

deli to get some Parmesan cheese when I felt a tap on my shoulder.

“Hey, Shay.”

I turned and wanted to groan.

“Hi Charles.”

“Getting stuff for dinner tonight? What are you making?”

“Chicken Alfredo with broccoli, garlic bread and, for dessert, chocolate mousse.”

“That sounds delicious. Do you need a taste tester?”

“Oh, no, thank you. I am having someone over for dinner.”

“Oh, okay, maybe another time. I was wondering if maybe I could get your phone number? I forgot to ask you while we

were on our date.”

“Um, I...”

“Shay!”

I knew that voice. F*ck my life right now.

I turned to look behind me.

“Carson,” I said through clenched teeth.

“What a coincidence running into you here. I live just down the street, in the Grand View Apartments,” Carson said.

“Good for you,” I mumbled.

“Looks like you’re making one of my favorite meals.”

“Is this who you are having over tonight?” Charles said with ice in his voice.

What the f*ck?

“No,” I said. He visibly relaxed and warmth came back into his face. Is he bipolar?

“It looks like enough for two. Are you having someone over?” Carson asked.

“That’s none of your business. Listen, I have to go, I have some pies I need to drop off to a friend.”

“Oh, I miss your pies, in more ways than one,” Carson said, looking me up and down. “You’re looking gorgeous, Shay.”

“Thank you. Um, if you two will excuse me.”

2/3

Making Pans For Dinner

TOT VIS

I pushed my cart away from them probably a little fast as I almost ran into an older woman. I apologized and swerved around her. I finished my shopping as quickly as I could. I didn’t see either of them for the rest of my grocery trip.

When I got home, I packed up the pies. It was four-thirty, and I texted Savvy to let her know I was done with her treats. She told me she was still at the school if I wanted to drop them off.

“Thank you so much, Shay. I can’t believe you made so many. These are going to sell like hot cakes, I just know it. So, how was your evening? Jack said there was a guy at your house this morning?” she asked with a naughty smile.

“Bryce broke into my house last night, and I woke up with his d*ck in me.”

“Oh, that’s so hot,” Savvy said, waving her hand in front of her face.

“I mean it’s only hot, because he is, and I want him.”

“Facts,” she said.

“Anyway, it was freaking awesome, and the s*x was amazing,” I whispered. I looked around and was surprised there were

no kids anywhere to be seen.

She noticed me looking and chuckled. “They’re all watching Frozen in the assembly hall. We needed them preoccupied

while we worked. So, he stayed the night?”

“Yeah, and I’m having dinner with Bryson tonight.”

“Girl, do you know what you’re doing?” she asked, putting her hand on my shoulder. It was comical because she was so

much shorter than me. In fact, I was just noticing how much she looked like Isha.

“Not one bit, but I want them both and, from the hints they keep giving me, I think they want that too. Bryce even said as

his d*ck was pumping away in me, for me to imagine him f*cking me while Bryson tongues my clit. How am I supposed

to take that?”

I see, well, strap on your big girl panties because you're about to be in a throuple, and it's a wild ride. Are they together?"

Oh, I never thought about that. "I don't know. I guess that's something I should know though."

"Either way, you're about to become the filling in a ménage à trois."

"Here's to hoping," I said, and we both cracked up laughing.

She will be mine

Charles (Monday after the date with Shay)

I watched the Uber that took Shay away from me. From the moment I saw her on the app I knew she was mine. She was the perfect woman in looks, we had the same likes and I think my family would love her. Learning about her brother and his wife with the three other men was a little disturbing. I hope she didn't have the same mindset. Turning to the man next to me, he might be a problem, one that needs to be taken care of.

"How much?" I asked.

"What?"

"How much for you to stay away from Shay. From what she's told me, you sound money driven. Sleeping with a married woman in a higher position than you, trying to get Shay to fund your paramour's fashion start up. So, how much?" "Paramour? What are we in the fifties? I don't want your money, I want Shay. She's always taken care of me in our relationship. I took her for granted and that was on me. But I miss her caregiving. I miss her spoiling me. She's the only woman who has ever made me feel like I'm number one. I lost sight of that for a minute, but I'm going to get her back,"

Carson said.

"I'm not going to let that happen. Shay is the one for me. I plan to make her my wife and the mother of my children. She and I will build an empire together and be one of the most sought after cooking duo in America. I will make this happen. I'm going to make her dreams come true one day. You're in my way."

"Well, then let the best man win," he said.

“I plan to.”

He gave me a jaunty salute and a sarcastic smirk, turned and walked away. I clenched my fists, I will make sure he stays out of my way one way or another. I pulled out my phone and called my boss.

“Charles, good to hear from you,” Michael said. I could hear the condescending tone in his voice. He doesn’t think I have what it takes to be a chef, but the man has never cooked a day in his life, so what does he know?

“I quit.”

“What? You can’t do this. I did a favor to your parents.”

“My parents will understand once I explain things to them. I won’t be coming back. I’m being considerate with a call.”

“You’re insane to give up this opportunity.”

“Maybe, but I have a destiny to make it into a reality.”

Before he could comment, I hung up. I needed to find out where she lives.

I called my family that night and told them I had found the woman I was going to marry. My parents were ecstatic and told me not to worry about my job, they would send me money to wine and dine their future daughter-in-law.

(The next afternoon)

I knew she worked for Becks Security. I stalked her job for a couple of hours in the afternoon and didn’t see her at all. I was under a tree taking advantage of the shade with my window down and feeling the breeze, wondering what my next steps were when those two guys that interrupted our date came out of the security building.

“So, you went over to Shay’s last night?” One of them said. I remembered his name was Bryson and the one he was talking to was Bryce. I clenched my jaw and fists. So Shay knows them more than just co-workers.

“Yeah, how could I not? She’s fantastic.

“I need some time with her,” Bryson said.

“Do it. Text her, don’t sit back and wait, take charge. She’s open, Bryson, I know it, she shatters every time I mention you. She f*cking squirted all over me when I talked about you tonguing her clit while I f*cked her.”

“F*ck Bryce, I need to be by myself for a minute.”

Bryce laughed. “Text her man.”

I watched as Bryson took out his phone and texted. Both Bryce and I were watching him text with her, me with a scowl as his smile kept growing, and Bryce with a s**t eating grin.

“She wants to cook me dinner at her house. Should I invite you?” Bryson asked as he typed.

“No, this is an opportunity for you and her to be together alone.”

“She said she wants it to just be us.”

“Yes! You got this man.”

“I’m going to go get her some flowers and wine. I’ll see you later.”

I watched them clasp hands and bro hug, they must be really close. Bryce took off on a bike, Bryson took off in a Camaro.

I followed him.

I cursed when he went through a light and I got stuck at it. I really wanted to find out where Shay lived. I was sitting there fuming when, all of a sudden, as if God answered my prayers, Shay drove by. I quickly turned on my blinker, and when the light turned I gunned it, cutting off the lane next to me. I didn’t care. I followed her to the store. I saw her park and walk

in, and then I waited for a few minutes and walked in after her.

I watched her as she picked up ingredients. I needed to approach her.

When she turned after I tapped her shoulder, I felt my breath leave me. She was so beautiful. I was a little disappointed she didn’t want me to come over to her house to taste her Chicken

Alfredo. I was hoping I could steal some light from Bryson and make him feel like the third wheel. That way he would leave, and I could seduce her with my southern charm.

I needed to get her number, so I asked for it. She was about to give it to me when we were interrupted by Carson. What the f*ck? Was he following her? Hearing him say he lived nearby made me roll my eyes. That's convenient. I could tell

she wanted to leave. She did not like Carson at all. Good, one less guy for me to worry about.

When she left, I turned to the b*stard.

"Give it up, she wants nothing to do with you."

He looked at me and smirked. "I'm glad I ran into you guys. Something told me to come to the store to get my dinner, and I

am glad I did. You looked like you were waiting for something from her."

"You interrupted me getting her number," I gritted out.

"You don't have her number either? She changed it on me. See you around, I guess, since we're both competing for her."

He didn't know about the other two. I ran back to my car and watched her pack hers up. I followed her to the school and wanted to hop out of my car to help her bring in the 12 boxes I saw she had, but I didn't want her to know I was following

her.

Finally, she came out of the school. I smiled as we pulled up to her house. It looked like she had some money. Good, she'll be able to help with our future. Since I knew I wouldn't be able to be in her presence tonight, I left. Now that I know where she lived, things will be easier for me. My mother always told me I was a go-getter and that I deserved everything I

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* She will be mine