

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 161 -

9-11 minutes

Restraining Order

Shay

I walked into my house and could hear music coming from the backyard. My back sliding glass door was open. I walked out after putting my grocery bags on the table and heard splashing from the pool.

I saw a body slicing through the water, arm over arm swimming like a pro. Who in the f*ck was in my pool? There were clothes piled on one of the chaise lounges. I walked over to the pants and picked the slacks up, digging into the pockets until I found a wallet. I opened it and scoffed.

“Mic! What are you doing here? You have your own pool,” I yelled.

Mic’s head popped up, and he waved with a big grin. He swam to the side of the pool and hauled himself out. If I didn’t know him and thought of him as a brother, I would admire his physique. The tattoos that were all over him, his muscles and his stunning face, he’d be any woman’s wet dream. Just not mine.

“Hey, cupcake,” he said, running over, shaking his head and getting water everywhere, making me squeal. He grinned as

he leaned down and kissed my cheek. “Can’t a big brother come see his little sister?”

“Sure, if my other brothers were with you along with my sister-in-law and my niece and nephew. What’s going on?”

“Let me get dressed. Meet you in the kitchen.”

I nodded and handed him back his slacks. He was lucky he had a suit here. They all did. I would have been so

embarrassed if he came out of that pool naked. Mic, Ford, and Davis had no problem walking around naked, no matter

who was here. I knew Dawson didn't either, but when I was living with them, at least he had the decency to stay covered

up, unlike the other three. Even Isha would walk around naked sometimes, it was like we lived in a commune.

I put my groceries away. I kept out the chicken, asparagus, Parmesan and garlic. As I waited for Mic, I rinsed my chicken off and patted it dry with a paper towel. I washed my hands and got bowls out to prepare my chicken.

"What are you making?" Mic asked.

"Tonight the guys are moving in. I'm making buttermilk fried chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy and garlic Parmesan asparagus. I gotta get the chicken soaking in buttermilk, and put the seasoning together. They should be home by seven,

right?"

"Yeah. Sorry they had to take that last-minute job."

"No, problem. So, as much as I love you, why are you here?"

"I don't want you to freak out about what I am going to tell you."

I turned to him slowly and braced my hands behind me on the counter.

"What?" I demanded.

"Someone was in your backyard. They looked through the windows and tried the sliding door. Luckily, it was locked. I think they were going to try to break in and set cameras up in the house. Davis found one in the backyard."

"What? How do you know this?"

Added to the library

“Well, Bryson mentioned you had run into your e

e got a weird gut feeling. And since we’re security guys, and we go with our gut feelings, h
ere cameras in the house and was wondering if we could turn them back on. Luckily we did,
or this guy might have succeeded in invading your privacy.”

I was dumbfounded. Who would want to set up cameras in my house? I’m going to have to
reward Bryson for his quick

-Restraining Order

thinking

“Do you have a picture?” I asked.

Mic nodded and pulled up something on his phone before handing it to me.

I stared at the picture. The shadowing from the outside light had most of the face concealed,
but there was something

familiar.

7 think that is my ex, the one from this afternoon.”

The one Bryce and James punched?” Mic asked.

Yeah. Look, you can kind of see a bandage on his nose.”

Mic took back his phone and his eyes widened.

“You’re right. F*ck, I didn’t catch that. Neither did the guys.”

I watched him text on his phone, and then it pinged, and I saw his face darken.

"It's him. Dawson just sent me a better image," he said, showing me. The shadows in the first picture were cleared up and there was douche canoe Carson looking into my house.

"What can we do with this?" I asked.

"We can get him for trespassing, but that's about it. I'd like you to get a restraining order on him."

I nodded and Mic started the process for me. What is with Carson? He's the one that dumped me. Why now is he acting all crazy? Is it because he can't stand to see me move on? I scoffed, what a prick.

I got the chicken soaking and put it in the fridge. I put my seasoning together in the crushed saltines I pulverized in a food processor instead of using flour for my fried chicken. I also got out my coconut oil and made sure I had enough,

which thank God I did.

A knock came to my door a couple of hours later. Mic had been watching TV and eating the homemade salsa and chips I gave him to get him out of my hair. He got up and answered the door. I looked at the time it was six, I got my frying skillet out and dumped a sh*t ton of coconut oil in the pan to start to melt. I got my chicken out of the fridge and put it next to the seasoned crushed crackers. I then started the water to boil for my potatoes that I had cubed up.

"Here's your order. Pays to know the right people and judges," he said with a chuckle.

"Thank you Mic. I am guessing he will get a copy too?"

"Yeah, all his information was easy to find. The officer that was just at the door is delivering his copy next. I'll be out of your hair once the boys get home. Sooooo any chance I can get a plate of that chicken when it's ready?"

"I figured you'd be asking and, since I have extra chicken, and I'm making twice as much food because I knew you'd ask, I'm making enough for the whole family too for you to bring home."

"You're an angel, cupcake. Best sister ever," he said, kissing the top of my head.

"Yeah, yeah, go sit on the couch and get out of my kitchen."

“You got it, boss.” He went to the fridge and grabbed a soft drink. He then went back into the living room.

I loved my family, I truly did, but I liked cooking in solitude. It was my time to think and dream up new recipes. I thought about Friday, the date Bryson and I were supposed to go on, but now that he is moving here with me, and I’ve solidified my relationship with both of them, I don’t want anyone left out. So, I was going to suggest we all go to the farmers’ market, and we all come up with a meal to make together. I may like cooking alone, but cooking with my men sounded like fun. Maybe one of us could be in charge of the main meal, another the side dish and the last person could make the dessert.

The kitchen was big enough to have half a dozen people cooking in it at once. So, space should be no problem.

I got lost in thought as I fried up the chicken and mashed the potatoes. I had pulled out the asparagus from the oven and just started on the gravy when Bryce and Bryson came home with four duffle bags and two boxes each. I heard them greet Mic. I saw Mic grab the boxes, and they all trudged to my room. Well, I guess our room now. I was becoming super giddy as I put the last of the chicken on the rack to drain. A pair of strong hands grabbed me by the waist and turned me. Bryson smiled down at me and leaned in for a kiss. I shoved my hands through his hair and gripped him. He groaned and

brought me closer.

“Okay, okay, my turn,” Bryce grumbled. Bryson chuckled, giving me one last peck before moving aside.

“Hi, pretty girl,” he said, gathering me close.

“Hi,” I said with a smile. His kiss was possessive and all-consuming.

“I missed you,” he whispered against my lips.

“You saw me earlier today,” I said as I stepped back.

“Doesn’t matter. I miss you the moment you’re out of my sight,” he said.

"It's true, Sunshine. Bryce and I, we have it bad. You're all we talked about tonight. We have so many plans for us."

"Do tell," I said, finishing my gravy.

"In time. God, this all looks amazing," Bryson said.

"Thank you. I hope you're hungry. I made a lot."

"I'm hungry," Mic interrupted. I rolled my eyes. I packed up containers in a canvas bag and handed it to him.

"I want the bag and containers back," I said.

He saluted, hugged me, gave Bryce and Bryson head nods and left.

I gave Bryce plates and silverware to set the table. Bryson got us drinks, and we all sat down and dished up our plates.

"So, the guys told us about the excitement while you were out. What are you wanting to do about Carson?" Bryson asked.

"Well, Mic got me a restraining order. Carson should have his copy by now. He isn't allowed to come within a hundred

feet of me. If he does, he could be arrested. I never knew he could be like this. This is a whole different side of him."

"People will do crazy things when they are angry and desperate, Bryson said. I nodded and so did Bryce.

"Thank you for having them turn the cameras back on. I didn't think I would ever need them."

"Something just rubbed me the wrong way when you mentioned running into him and that guy, Charles, at the store. I'm

glad they did as I asked."

“Enough about unpleasant people. This is our first night together in this house, our new home, I guess you could say,” Bryce said.

I smiled, “It is, I say we celebrate.”

“And how are we going to do that?” Bryson asked with a grin.

“By finishing this delicious dinner I made for my men and then f*cking all around the house?”

“I second that,” Bryce chimed in. We all laughed and dug into the food.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 162 -

8-10 minutes

A Hard Game Of Hide And Seek

Shay

It was so dark, my eyes barely adjusting to the room I was in before I darted to another room. I could hear low whistles, my heart was pounding in my chest and ears. It really wasn't fair that it was two against one.

When Bryce suggested we play a game to get our first night started in the house together, I was all for it. What I thought we were going to do was not what was suggested. Here my innocent brain was like, yeah, how about some Uno, and their brains were like, naked hide and seek.

They sat in the kitchen in the dark while I was running around turning off all the lights for one minute while stripping at the same time and hiding. After that minute they were going to strip and come find me.

My breathing was loud to me, my breath sawing in and out of my lungs. I was down in the theater room. I could hear them running around upstairs. It was to my advantage that I knew every nook and cranny of this house, and they were new to it. I heard the theater door open and I held my breath.

“This house is f*cking huge,” Bryce mumbled.

“I know we should have taken a minute to acclimate to our surroundings before suggesting this game,” Bryson said lowly.

I heard a deep inhale.

“Oh, preeettyyy giirrlll, I can smell your delicious scent,” Bryce taunted.

I put my hand over my mouth to stifle my giggle. I was hiding in between the rows of the leather theater seats. I was crouched low to blend in with the dark. I slowly low crawled my way to the end of the aisle so I could escape out of the room, once they passed the row, I was hunkered down in.

“You’re right, you can smell her. F*ck, I’m so hard right now,” Bryson mumbled.

I was so turned on. Being caught in the dark, not knowing whose hands are on your body unless they talk. The heightened sense of touch, taste, smell and hearing. It was all so exciting.

I heard an oof and then a hiss.

“Dude you just ran into my ass with your f*cking hard ass c*ck,” Bryce grumbled. “Back up.”

“Sorry, I thought I saw movement on the ground.”

I held still, my muscles straining, trying my hardest not to bolt.

“I don’t see anything. It’s so damn dark.”

“What’s this?”

“Ahh, Bryson!”

“Sorry, f*ck now I have to wash my hands, why is your d*ck sticking so far out?”

I giggled, I couldn’t help it. I heard sharp inhales and I ran.

“There!” I heard Bryson yell.

I squealed and ran up the stairs and through the basement door. To slow them down, I slammed the door behind me. I

heard a thud.

“Watch your d*ck!” I heard Bryson yell.

1/3

A Hard Game Of Hide And Seek

+8 Points >

I laughed out loud as I climbed the stairs to the second floor with my hands and feet. Once I hit the top, I ran all the way down the hall to my room where I dove under the bed. I could hear their thundering steps and their grumbling arguments. “Why did you suggest this without us knowing our surroundings?” Bryson whispered yelled at Bryce.

“Because it seemed to be fun in my mind. I mean it is kind of fun. Once we catch her, just think of all the things we can do

to her.”

“Yeah, and that’s why I’m still playing. But f*ck if you had lube on your d*ck right now, it would have gone in my ass when you ran into me.”

“Hey, a hole’s a hole in the dark,” Bryce teased.

I heard skin slapping and I imagined Bryson smacked Bryce somewhere on his body and Bryce retaliated.

I didn’t hear anything for a minute. I couldn’t see sh*t the black-out curtains in my room completely shut out the

moonlight.

I rolled out from under the bed and stood up. My eyes finally adjusted, but I also knew where everything was, and I could tell what a shadow was in my room. There was a large shadow

crouched on the ground feeling under the bed. I snuck up behind it when the shadow rose to its feet. I moved with it, taking each step with it. When the shadow turned, I did too, the same way.

“F*ck,” Bryson said. So the shadow was Bryce. I crouched and tickled my fingers on his ass.

“AHHH!” he yelled, turning. Bryce’s shadow darted out of the bathroom, he tripped over me, making me yelp and crashed into Bryson where they both fell on the bed in a tangle of limbs.

Groans echoed around the room. I fell to the ground in a fit of giggles. I couldn’t help it. The lamp on the bedside table snapped on and two disgruntled faces stared at me, making me laugh harder.

“Oh, you’re in for it now Sunshine,” Bryson said, standing and reaching down to pick me up. He tossed me on the bed and I yelped when I landed.

Bryce was on me, he flipped me over, pinned my hands above my head, put his legs in between mine and shoved his legs open, making mine spread. Without so much as a word, he notched himself at my entrance and slammed home. I screamed at the pleasure of his intrusion and then moaned when he pulled out and slammed in again.

“You’re going to take my c*ck like the good girl you are, and I want you to open that pretty mouth of yours and choke on Bryson’s c*ck,” Bryce gritted through his teeth as he shoved into me over and over. My eyes rolled into the back of my head. He shifted and helped me get on my hands and knees.

“Open up Sunshine,” Bryson demanded. I opened wide, and he grabbed my head, holding me still as he slid into my

mouth.

They weren’t gentle. As Bryce thrust into my p*ssy, he shoved Bryce deeper into my mouth. When Bryce hit the back of my throat, I gagged and he groaned. I looked at him, his eyes were intent on watching his d*ck move in and out between my lips.

His eyes snapped to mine.

"You're so f*cking beautiful with your lips wrapped around my c*ck. Can you take more, please?" he asked so sweetly.

I moaned and he shuddered. I opened my throat as Bryce rocked me on to Bryson, and he went deeper. The groan of pure ecstasy that came out of Bryson had me becoming wetter.

"F*ck she's so wet," Bryce said in awe. He gripped my hips and went harder. With each slam into me I moaned until I was screaming around Bryson's c*ck. The orgasm crashed through me without warning. "Oh, f*ck, she's dripping

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<A Hard Game Of Hide And Seek

everywhere. I need a taste," he said.

He pulled out of me and hunkered down, his tongue delving into me. It was somewhat soothing after the punishing rhythm he had set. His groans and slurping sound had me moaning.

"F*ck yes!" Bryson shouted. Suddenly he pulled out of my mouth.

Startled, I watched as he pumped his c*ck and aimed for my t*ts. I smooshed them together and he groaned as he emptied himself all over them.

Bryce came up and slammed back into me.

"Here comes my load baby, are you ready for it?" he asked.

+8 Points >

"Yes, please give it to me," I begged. He reached around under me, and plucked at my clit and that made me clamp down on him as another orgasm washed over me.

"YEEESSS!" Bryce roared with one more thrust before pumping his c*m deep inside of me.

He pulled out and collapsed beside me. I flipped over onto my back, panting.

“Such a pretty sight my c*m all over your t*ts,” Bryson said. He reached down as I looked up at him standing over my head. He rubbed his c*m into my chest and hummed.

“Let’s go sit in the hot tub. I think my poor body needs it after landing on top of Bryson, Bryce said.

“My poor ass needs it when you poked me with your f*cking tree stump, when you slammed into me at the basement

door.”

I started giggling again. They both smirked. Bryce kissed me and then Bryson leaned down and did the same. We made our way downstairs and walked outside into our backyard.

“This place is amazing,” Bryson said. “I don’t think I got a good look at it the last time I was here. I was too excited about dinner and then finally getting to be with you, Sunshine. Is this your dream home?”

“No. I want something a little smaller. Maybe just four bedrooms. But I want a big kitchen like the one here with the two stove tops and ovens and the same huge refrigerator that’s here. I’d like a pool and hot tub also. I’d also like something outside of the city, like Savvy’s and Isha’s house.”

I saw they were both listening intently and they nodded. We got in the hot tub, and we all sighed. Relaxing under the stars was really wonderful. I couldn’t keep the smile off of my face as I held hands with both of my guys. My love life was turning out to be exactly the way I wanted it, and I couldn’t have been happier.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 163 -

9-11 minutes

Creeping

Charles

Red, that's all I see. I had followed that Carson guy after warning him off of Shay, and what does that a*shole do? Tries to break into her house only to run scared. I watched from upstairs two houses down from Shay's house with my binoculars as men showed up, walked around her yard and one stayed for a while until she got home.

After quitting my job, I contacted my parents to buy me a house in the same neighborhood as Shay. I tried to ask the old lady that lived next door to Shay's house to sell her house to me, but she refused even after I offered double what the

house was worth.

But where I am now works because the attic window looked right into Shay's backyard. I had a set of high-powered binoculars and a telescope that at the right angle I could see in her kitchen and dining room.

One time I even saw her walking around in a cute purple panty set and jerked off as she baked in her kitchen. Her body was phenomenal. She's going to look so beautiful round with my child.

She deleted her profile on the dating app. I can no longer message her. I was lucky I saved the pictures on her profile to

my phone so I could gaze at them as I pleased myself.

Right now, I watched as she walked out naked with two men. Those same two men that she was co-workers with. I knew there was something more there. So, she was definitely following in her brother's footsteps. I needed to fix that. There was another guy there earlier. The guy that waited there earlier, I saw him kiss her cheek. I wondered if he was trying to get with Shay too, but then I saw him leave after those other two got there, so I wasn't sure. It was all so confusing.

She has a smile on her face right now. Her head was back as they all relaxed in the hot tub. I could see her breasts, and I

groaned. They were perfect. I felt my d*ck hardening. I imagined sucking on them and I slipped my right hand into my

shorts and started stroking myself. My eyes were glued to her n*pples when a head obscured the breast I was looking at. I brought the binoculars down and then looked through them

again, adjusting the view. One of those a*sholes I think, was Bryce, who started sucking on the breast I had been admiring.

I growled and threw the binoculars on the mattress I had lugged up to the attic. These d*cks were ruining my future wife. She was perfect. I couldn't give up on the idea of Shay being my wife. I had to save her. I walked over to a black rolled-up

bag. I unrolled the bag, and it revealed five syringes that were filled with a heavy sedative. I just didn't know how I was going to use them. I want to get Shay away from those b*stards, but I didn't want to use these heavy drugs on her.

I moved to the mattress and picked up the binoculars. The scene I saw had me groaning in anger and lust. Shay was

sandwiched between them. It looked like Bryce was lying on the ground as he thrusting from underneath her and Bryson

was on top of her thrusting away too. The look on her face was pure ecstasy. Her t*ts bounced with every movement.

She opened her mouth wide and I could tell she screamed as her body convulsed. I couldn't help myself. I yanked my d*ck out and pleased myself watching her face, imagining it was me bringing her to a screaming orgasm. I roared with my release, shooting my c*m on the wall below the window. I panted, and watched, and when she opened her eyes I swear they were looking at me with so much love in them. I felt a tear slide down my cheek. "Soon my love, I will have you soon," I whispered.

The next morning, I woke up early, ran to the bathroom downstairs, did my business, showered and dressed. I grabbed a bag full of water and snacks and I left the house and got in my car and waited. I didn't know if Shay had any plans today, but I was going to wait in my car in case she left the house.

I watched as the black Camaro left. I saw two heads in the car, so the guys were leaving together. I settled back to watch Shay's house and was pleasantly surprised when, half an hour later, her car came rolling down the driveway and turned towards me. I hunkered down and waited for her to pass. I then started my car, made a U-turn and followed her from a

1/3

distance.

I followed her for twenty minutes when she parked in front of Sensations. I saw that mixed-raced guy and a few women she'd been hanging out with, and a few kids, greet her in front of the flower book store. They all hugged and went inside.

I waited ten minutes and got out. I walked to the store and walked in. Tinkling bells went off, and I quickly ducked to the left down an aisle and looked at some books. Apparently, I was in the self-help section. I picked a book that was called, Help you become less fixated. I snorted, I could definitely use this book. I opened it and acted like I was reading it as I wandered around. I was in another aisle close to where Shay was sitting with her friends and kids while some woman

read a story up front.

"So, how was your first night with the guys moving in?" one of the ladies asked Shay. What? Those d*cks moved in?

"So much fun," Shay whispered. She explained they played hide and seek in detail. My mouth dropped open at what she was telling her friends. I looked through the bookshelf and watched them put their hands to their mouths to stifle their giggles. Three babies played on the floor with blocks in front of a beautiful Asian woman and a redhead sitting beside her. A little girl and little boy were enthralled as they listened to the story that was being read to them, while adults sat

around gossiping.

"D*mn girl, you had some fun last night," the mixed-raced guy said.

"James, you have no idea. Then we went and soaked in the hot tub and had some more fun under the stars. I'm telling you, everything I've wanted in a relationship is finally happening to me, except I have two guys instead of one. I am experiencing what you all get to, and I'm loving it."

“Well, everyone but me, but I’m happy with my one,” the redhead said, making everyone giggle.

“Your one doesn’t like to share,” a black-haired beauty said. She looked almost identical to the Asian woman, but her

features were more defined, and she looked more Hispanic. She looked really familiar to me. All these women were beautiful, but it seemed only the redhead was the sensible one. I needed Shay to be more friendly with her. She seemed

like a good influence.

“Ava, how have you been feeling since your fall? Baby okay?” Shay asked.

“Yes. The baby is just fine. Aaron has been taking very good care of me. He hasn’t let me lift a finger all week. I only have a small bruise on my hip. He said he wanted to install one of those old-fashioned mechanical stair chairs where you ride

in a chair against the wall up the stairs. I almost peed myself laughing. He is so over-protective.”

“But you love it,” the guy named James said.

“I do,” Ava said with a small smile.

“Any plans for tonight?” the Asian lady asked.

“Yeah. I was supposed to go on a date tonight with Bryson to the farmers market and go back to his place, and we were

going to cook together. But since they’ve moved in, I’m meeting them both at the farmers’ market after they get off work. I’m going to make dessert. Bryson wants to cook for me and Bryce. He said it was a seasoned roasted chicken and Bryce said he’d make a side dish. He said it was his famous parmesan-encrusted potatoes.”

“What are you making for dessert?”

“Depends on what I find at the farmers’ market. If there are fresh berries, I can make a cobbler, or crumble.”

“There will be. Mac and Jack will have blueberries, raspberries, strawberries, and peaches. We also had a big haul of our summer squash and some lovely beef tomatoes and jalapeños.”

“Savvy, yes! I forgot they would be there. Anyway, could you ask them to set aside some berries for me? Three containers of each plus a box of peaches and jalapeños?”

2/3

* Creeping

“Absolutley, Shay,” the woman named Savvy said. “Isha, is that barbecue still happening on Sunday?”

“Yeah, Mic and Ford are grilling up some beef and pork ribs, plus hot dogs and hamburgers.”

“I’ll have Mac save some of the tomatoes and jalapeños. I’ll make poppers to bring.”

A barbecue on Sunday. I wonder if I could get myself invited?

I left and sat in my car. An hour later, Shay walked out, and after a round of hugs, I followed her. She went back home. I took the chance to run inside my house and use the facilities. Something about that Hispanic girl was familiar to me. They said her name was Savvy, and then it hit me. Savvy, Mac and Jack, the homesteaders. I smiled widely. I knew Mac and Jack. I bought their produce all the time at the farmers’ market. A smile came across my face. I knew the farmers’ market didn’t open until four. I was going to be there so I could casually bump into Mac and Jack. A plan was forming nicely in my brain. I crossed my fingers hoping I could make it happen.

Karma

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 164 -

11-13 minutes

Charles

I grabbed the canvas bag I usually bring with me to the farmers' market and casually walked down the aisles looking at the wares, crafts, and various foods.

I loved the farmers' market. It brought a sense of peace to me. I also liked sampling the different goods that people want to sell. I once set up a stall and sold pies, and they were sold out within four hours. I should do that again.

"Charles?"

I turned and smiled at Aimie. She was actually the first girl I met on Meet Cute and was at the top of my list to be my potential wife until I met Shay.

"Aimie, so good to see you."

"It's good to see you too. I was disappointed you didn't call me. I thought we had a good time on our date," she said with a cute small pout. I smiled wider at her.

"We had a wonderful time. I've just been busy."

"Oh," she said, perking up. "Maybe we can get together sometime?"

"Yeah, maybe, I still have your number."

"Great, can't wait to hear from you," she said cheerily.

I watched her walk away, my eyes skimming down the tight jeans she had on. She had a really nice ass, not as nice as

Shay's but still nice. I turned back around and made my way to Jack and Mac's stall.

"Charles!" Mac said, with a smile and a hand held out for a shake.

"Hey Mac, how are you?"

"Great, Jack and I have some really good summer squash and huge zucchini," he said, holding the two fruits up.

“I’d love five zucchini and those tomatoes are gorgeous. I’ll take ten of those, and five of these jalapeños. Oh, and three bulbs of garlic.”

“Making something special?” Jack asked as he helped Mac bag everything.

“Um, I was thinking of some homemade salsa. I made tortillas last night, and I was going to fry some up for chips.”

“Yummy. Having a party?”

“No, it’s just me this weekend. I finally have a weekend off. I thought I’d prepare meals and make some snacks. Just some alone time I guess.”

Jack and Mac looked at each other. Then Jack took out his phone and walked away to make a phone call. I smirked, hopefully my plan was about to take hold.

“We have some watermelons. You said you like to make some kind of watermelon drink?” Mac asked.

“Oh yeah, I make watermelon sprits. That’s what I call them. I freeze the watermelons after cutting them into cubes, and then I blend them, put the purée all in a jug, with some sprite. Or I use champagne if it’s a special occasion.”

“Sounds delicious,” Mac said.

“I’ll take two watermelons,” I sighed.

1/4

Karma

Mac beamed and bagged me two watermelons. The man knew what he was doing.

“So, Charles. A friend of mine is having a barbecue on Sunday. I just called him, and he said you could come along if you’d like. The only thing is that it’s a family affair and there will be couples. I’d hate for you to be the odd man out, but they have a pool, so bring a suit,” Jack said, coming back to the conversation.

“Really? Wow, that’s very generous. Um, I’m actually seeing someone. If it’s okay that I bring her?”

“Absolutely, I know Dawson, Isha, and the guys won’t mind,” Jack said.

“Great, that sounds fun. Where is it at?”

Jack gave me the address and I smiled with satisfaction. Everything was falling into place. I am going to be able to see Shay. I thanked Jack and went on my way. I bought a couple of other things as I looked around for the one person I needed now. I spotted her looking at some pretty necklaces. She held up a nice Jade piece and then smiled at the stall

owner to put it back.

“Why don’t you keep that one, it’s on me,” I said.

Aimie looked at me surprised and beamed at me.

“Charles, really?”

“Yes, beautiful. I think that necklace would look phenomenal on you.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. So, Aimie, I was wondering if you’re free on Sunday. I’d like to take you to a friend’s house for a

barbecue. They have a pool, so you can bring a bathing suit.”

“Oh, I’d love that. Yes, what time will you be picking me up?”

“The barbecue starts at five. So, I’ll pick you up at five thirty, and we’ll show up fashionably late.”

She giggled. “Do I need to bring anything?”

“Just your beautiful self.” She giggled again.

“Okay, I can’t wait.”

“Me either. Are you doing anything right now besides browsing?”

“No, I was just having a lazy Friday night. Would you like to come to my house and have dinner?” she asked.

“I’d love to,” I said with a smile. She’ll be a great distraction and, since she was blonde, I can imagine she was Shay.

We picked up some more groceries for her to make whatever she was going to make for dinner. I told her I’d come by in

an hour and that I just needed to drop off everything I had bought.

I dropped everything off, and then I thought I’d be a gentleman and I went to a florist and got her some white daisies, and then I went and got a nice bottle of wine.

I knocked on Aimie’s door. She answered, and I noticed she had changed into a pretty pink halter dress, her blonde hair was in a high pony tail and her smile was an excited one.

“Charles. I’m so happy you’re here. The chicken is almost ready, and I just got done with the roasted potatoes. I hope you brought your appetite.”

“I am very hungry,” I said, looking at her up and down. She giggled and beckoned me in.

I handed her the flowers and she thanked me. I followed her to her kitchen where she got into a drawer and handed me an electric opener for the wine.

“So, I have to tell you I was surprised you asked me out for Sunday. I honestly felt like you weren’t going to call me back.”

“No, like I said, I was busy. I’m sorry. Maybe I should have texted you, or called. But life just got in the way.”

“Oh. I guess that’s what happens. She said with a small smile.” I nodded.

She got the chicken out of the oven. We sat at the table and plated up our food. The conversation flowed for about twenty minutes.

The chicken was good, but it did taste a little off. Maybe she didn't cook it long enough.

"I have something to confess," she said, putting her fork down. I just noticed she only ate her potatoes.

"Yes," I said, my eyebrows bunching. I shook my head. I got a little dizzy for a second.

"I saw you on a date on Monday. I couldn't believe what I had seen. We had just been on a date that Friday and I thought we had hit it off."

I cleared my throat and shook my head again.

"We did. The girl you saw me with is just a friend. Did you not see our two other friends show up?" I slurred.

Why was my head so fuzzy?

"No, I left in tears. My heart was broken. I felt a connection with you and I just knew, you're the one."

"The one?"

My limbs felt heavy, my vision was dimming. Black spots started to float in my eyes.

"Yes. You were so charming, and you made me feel so special. In fact, I even told my mother about you, and she gave me this little pill to crush up and sprinkle over my chicken. It's how she got my father. I can't have you dating other women, Charles. When I deem something is mine, I make it so. And I always get what I want. My mama said, I deserve the world. And you will be my world."

There was a knock on the door.

"That will be my daddy. You see, my mom kept him until she got pregnant with me, and he finally fell in love with her. And

that's what I am going to do with you. Because I love you."

I felt myself tip and I hit the floor hard. She stepped over my body and I watched her open the front door. A woman in her

fifties stepped in with a cheery hello, and a man stepped up next to her with a kiss to his daughter's head. Then I

watched as he came over to me and hauled me up.

I was paralyzed, but still conscious. He took me upstairs and chained me to a bed. The bed frame was iron and looked

solid. The mattress was firm, and above me was a mirror.

"Thank you, daddy," Aimie said with a giggle.

"Anything for you princess," he said.

"Have your fun, angle and remember when he c*ms, lay on your back with your legs in the air for ten minutes."

"Yes mama,"

"I'll be downstairs preparing your meals for a week. Your daddy and I will lock up when we are done."

"Thank you, mama."

"You took your prenatal vitamins? And you're ovulating?"

"Yes mama. It was lucky that I ran into him today, and he agreed to dinner."

3/4

2 Farms

“Yes Aimie, it sure was. You have a wonderful evening. I love you. Now make me a grandmother,” she told Aimie with a

chuckle.

The door closed and in the mirror I could see Aimie stripping. She climbed over me, my eyes slowly moving to hers. She

smiled at me.

“I know this is unconventional, but I want to be a mother, and you are the perfect specimen to have children with and to be

husband. In time, you will fall in love with me just like my daddy did with my mother. Now, let me get you ready.”

my

She started kissing my chest and worked her way down. My body betrayed me and my d*ck hardened as she licked it. She then swallowed me whole, and I couldn't help the moan that came out of me.

“Feels good? I've done extensive research. I even broke my hymen with my plastic friend so it wouldn't hurt my first time. Are you ready?”

“Aimie, don't do this,” I slurred.

“Shh, you'll like it.” She climbed on top of me and took my c*ck to her entrance.

For the next four hours she had her way with me. As I lay there while she slept, I wondered if this was some type of

karma that was being dealt for something I hadn't even done yet but only thought of. I closed my eyes. F*ck.

A Shock

Bryson

“What about this Sunshine?” I asked Shay as I showed her a bottle of wine from a local winery. I thought it would go well with the roasted chicken I was making tonight.

“I think that would be good,” she said.

“Shay, happy one-week anniversary,” Bryce said, fastening a pretty silver bracelet around her wrist with a colorful butterfly

charm.

“Anniversary?” she asked.

“Well, one week ago we met,” he said, blushing. I smirked, what a softy.

“Well then,” she said with a smile and kissed him on the cheek. He looked pleased and gave me a smug smile and I just shook my head. If he needs that validation, I’ll let him have it. I know our girl wants both of us.

“Jack, Mac!” Shay waved as she made her way to a stall with two burly men, both in white t-shirts with the name JMS

Homestead stenciled on it and both were in dark blue jeans.

“Shay,” they both said at the same time. The biggest of the two, with black hair and moss-colored eyes, turned his back

and picked up a crate with mixed berries, peaches and jalapeños.

“Thanks Jack. Guy’s this is Jack and Mac. They are Savvy’s husbands. Jack, Mac, these are my boyfriend’s Bryce and

Bryson. They work at Becks Security with me.”

“Well, that’s a mouthful. Do you ever call one by the other’s name?” The one named Mac asked.

Shay giggled and shook her head. “Nice to meet you guys,” I said.

“So, you’re part of that new eight-man crew the guys brought on, right?” Jack asked.

“Yeah, we’re both team leads, we each have three men in our team,” I said.

“Will they be at the barbecue this weekend?” Mac asked.

“I don’t know, should we invite them?” Bryce asked.

“Why not? We just invited an acquaintance of ours who is bringing someone he is seeing. He’s a chef at Homecookin”,”

Mac said.

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8-9 minutes

I felt my body freeze and I looked at Bryce, whose whole demeanor just changed.

“Whoa, what just happened?” Jack asked.

“Is his name Charles?” Shay asked.

“Yeah, you know him?”

“Know him? He has a thing for Shay. We sabotaged her date with him on Monday,” Bryce said.

“Yeah, we aren’t too keen on him,” I said.

“He is kind of creepy, he thinks we have some kind of connection that I don’t feel at all. And he doesn’t approve of Dawson, Isha and the guys,” Shay said.

“Oh really? We did not know all that about him. I wonder if he knows about us?” Mac asked, and then leaned over and kissed Jack.

1/4

“Well, if he doesn’t he’ll know Sunday,” Jack said.

“I hate that he’s coming,” Shay said.

“Well, I can fix that. I have his number. I’ll just text him and tell him the barbecue was canceled.” We watched him send

the text.

“There all done.”

“Thanks guys, sorry about that,” Shay said.

“No problem, you’re our girl’s bff and part of our family, whoever you don’t like we don’t like,” Mac said.

“That’s what I call loyalty,” Shay said with a giggle, and we all chuckled. We talked a little longer. I texted the guys on my team while Bryce did the same to his, we told them to bring their family and suits.

“I texted Dawson about the additional people coming. He told me he told Isha, who is now telling the girls, to invite any single ladies. Dawson said there were 2 or three single guys in the group,” Jack said.

“Yeah, Malo, Trey and Dustin. Santiago and Rogers are together and Jim is married with two kids. Dustin was married, but she cheated on him while we were in Vegas. And they got divorced three months ago. Malo has been taking him and Trey out the last two nights since he’s been back to cheer the guy up.”

“Malo? Why does that name sound familiar,” Mac said out loud.

“Wasn’t that your brother’s best man at his wedding a few years ago? Big guy, right? Even bigger than me. He’s like Maori, right? Dark skin, tattoos on his chest, arms and back. Long black hair, wears it in a man bun or braid? There was a guy named Malo in Luke’s wedding,” Jack said to Mac.

“Right, he explained his tattoos to us when we were in the pool at the Venetian in Vegas the night of the bachelor party. That’s got to be the same guy, right? I mean how many Malo’s are out there in the world?” Mac asked.

That did sound like our Malo. I pulled up a picture on my phone and showed the guys.

“Yeah, that’s him. What a f*cking small world. Can’t wait to see him, he is a lot of fun,” Mac said.

“That is a small world, his hair isn’t long now, it’s short, but man, what a coincidence,” I said.

“Yeah, it is, Okay, well we’ll see you guys on Sunday. Thanks for the buys,” Jack said. We said goodbye and walked along.

“Bryson, look at this table man, this is a thing of beauty,” Bryce said, calling me over to another stall. Shay was looking at a cute small sculpture of two men and a woman embracing with a baby in the woman’s arms. They were all faceless and made out of wood that was stained and shining. I might have to buy that for her and give it to her when she becomes pregnant with our first child. I couldn’t wait for that day, and I wanted to talk to her about it. Was it too soon? Maybe to some, but I knew Shay was it for me and Bryce and I wanted to get started on that family for us.

The table was about hip height, and you could see the many rings of the wood on the table-top. It had a long thick middle stand that spread into three pieces to hold the table up. It was a gorgeous piece.

“Conner hey” Shay said. My head snapped up and all the breath went out of me. Bryce’s hand landed on my shoulder and I felt a squeeze of support. I watched as my girl smiled at him, and he smiled at her. She was pointing around the stall at the different furniture. He hadn’t noticed me yet. She waved towards us and that’s when his head turned. His eyes widened. I saw surprise, hope and then dread as his eyes shifted to Bryce.

“Bryson,” he whispered.

“You two know each other?” Shay asked.

“Yeah, that’s Conner, the Conner,” I wheezed out.

A shock

I saw the moment it dawned on her and her smile vanished. She stepped away from him and came to my side where she grabbed my hand, placed herself in front of me, and laid my hand

across her front, so I was holding her against me and she was my shield. I fell completely in love right then and there.

“Bryson, it’s good to see you. I, um, have been wanting to find you and reach out,” Conner said. Looking at me, and then Shay. When his eyes glanced at Bryce, I saw major insecurity and some jealousy.

“How do you know my girlfriend?” I asked.

“I met him at the grocery store. He looked confused trying to pick out a cantaloupe, so I was just being thoughtful and helping him. But then we got to talking, and I found out he made furniture. This is his stuff apparently,” Shay said. “I even have his phone number, which I will be deleting right now,” Shay said. She brought up her phone and I noticed in her contacts she had put, ‘furniture guy possible present for the guys’ and deleted the number. My heart melted.

“That’s all true, but I knew she was your girlfriend when I walked into the grocery store and saw her,” Conner said.

Shay gasped, and Bryce growled low in his throat as all three of us stiffened.

“It’s not what you think. You see, that morning I was driving some furniture to my dad’s and I saw this scene on the sidewalk, and it was all of you and a bunch of other people. When I saw you, Bryson, I was flabbergasted. I’ve been wanting to apologize for so long. It would have happened sooner, but I’ve only been out of jail for three months.”

My mouth dropped, I had no idea. I was so d*mn curious. But I didn’t want to stay and talk. I needed to get out of there.

But he continued.

“I got in a car accident and was drinking. I was on my way back to your place to get you to listen to me and apologize my ass off, but I never made it. I was sentenced to two and a half years. I f*cked up, and I can’t tell you how sorry I am. I alsoI miss you so much. You were my best friend,” he finally finished.

“Were being the operative word, he has a new best friend, actually he has a brother in me. Shay is our girl. You stay away from both of them. Nice furniture by the way,” Bryce said as he guided both me and Shay out of the stall and marched us

towards my car.

I was stunned. When we got to the car, Shay put her stuff in the trunk and turned to me. She jumped into my arms and wrapped her arms and legs around me and squeezed me with her whole body.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know. I took his number, because I thought I could check his stuff out the closer it got to Christmas

and order something for you and Bryce. I’m so sorry.”

“You didn’t know, baby. It’s okay. You have nothing to apologize for.”

“If I had known, I would have tricked him into picking out a rotten cantaloupe.”

I chuckled and held her tight, kissing her temple. When she pulled back, I kissed her properly.

“Let’s get home and start dinner,” I said.

She nodded. I let her down. She turned and kissed Bryce and walked to her car and got in.

Bryce grabbed me and hugged me. “I’m here for you, buddy. I know that was hard.”

“Yeah. Thanks.” He gave me one more good squeeze, and then we got into my car. We followed Shay home and by the time we got there, I had my emotions more under control. I was stunned Conner had been in jail this whole time.

I needed to stop thinking about him. As we got out of the car and brought all the groceries in, I pushed thoughts of him out of my head and enjoyed the rest of the night with my best friend and the woman I loved.

Three Words You Shouldn’t Say Right

+ Ponte)

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 166 -

8-10 minutes

Three Words You Shouldn't Say Right After S*x

Shay

Bryson's been subdued since Friday night. I understood. Seeing the man that you grew up with, the one that betrayed you after three years, is a lot. I know he says he's over the betrayal of what Christine did to him, but I don't think he is over the betrayal of what Conner did to him.

I know it would be much harder for me to get over a betrayal from a best friend than it would be a partner. I stared at him as he slept. We were facing each other. Bryce had gotten up twenty minutes ago and went down to the gym and started to work out. I think he felt Bryson's withdrawal and it was affecting him. So, he was pumping some iron to get his

frustrations out.

Bryson in sleep is so handsome. His face is soft without any worry or stress lines. He looked a lot younger than he did when he was awake. His lips were set, they were relaxed, and I couldn't help leaning in and kissing them softly. He hummed and smacked his lips together, making me giggle quietly.

"I love you," I whispered. "I'm going to keep you safe, and I will protect your heart."

I kissed him again before getting out of bed and walking to the bathroom to do my business, washing my hands and

brushing my teeth, before getting into the shower. I checked myself over to make sure I was still smooth everywhere. I'd

probably have to make an appointment in two weeks.

I was bent over washing my feet, when I heard a hum and hands run over my butt.

"I like seeing you like this, pretty girl. Your ass is amazing. Grab your ankles for me baby."

I did as Bryce asked. He took two fingers and pushed them inside me. I knew I was wet, because staring at Bryson in bed

does that to me. Hell, just hearing them breathe makes me wet. Let's be honest here.

I moaned as he bent over me and kissed my spine as his fingers moved in and out of me. He twisted his hand while he

finger f*cked me and hit a spot that made me squeal. He concentrated there, and my squealing turned into begging. My

stomach tightened, my legs started to shake, and I burst, c*mming so hard and squirting all over his fingers and hand. I

put a hand over my mouth and screamed, hoping I didn't wake Bryson up. He needed his sleep.

"F*ck baby," Bryce said as I slowly stood and turned. He was licking his hand and fingers. His eyes blazing with heat, his

c*ck jutting out.

I dropped to my knees, and he inhaled sharply. I gripped his c*ck and licked him from base to tip where I swirled my

tongue around his head. His head fell forward, his eyes piercing into mine as I kept eye contact with him. I licked back down his shaft and started to jerk him as I gently tongued his balls before sucking one into my mouth and rolling it

around.

"F***ck, pretty girl, the face you make tonguing my balls. I can see your lust, and it drives me wild." I gripped his shaft tighter and his hips bucked as he groaned.

I gave his other ball the same attention before licking back up his shaft and opening my mouth wide. He grabbed my hair and guided me as I swallowed what I could. His groan was loud as he helped me bob back and forth. He leaned over a little and steadied himself with one hand against the wall and the other on the back of my head. As I came forward he thrust, and I

swallowed more of him. I breathed through my nose and took as much as I could. He started to curse and lose control. His knees buckled slightly.

“F*ck, I need you,” he suddenly said, taking me off of his c*ck leaning down and lifting me. He pushed me against the wall, notched himself and slammed into me balls deep. His mouth fused to mine as he swallowed my scream. He was

1/3

< Three Words You Shouldn't Say Right

relentless as his hips snapped back and forth and his c*ck thrust in and out of me.

+ Points

“Your p*ssy is so f*cking perfect. You fit me so well, pretty girl. It's like you were made for me. Your tight, wet, heat is so addicting. I can't f*cking get enough,” he groaned. His hips started to move faster, he was close.

I held on for dear life, he was pummeling my p*ssy. I bit down on his shoulder as the orgasm slammed through me, and he roared his release, pumping his c*m into me.

“You're my f*cking girl, Shay. My f*cking everything. It scared me knowing Conner was so close to you. I don't know why, it just hit me hard.”

I pulled back and stared into his eyes. “Bryce, you and Bryson, I know it's so fast, but, I love you. I feel it in my heart that this is right. I didn't even feel this all-consuming passionate love with Carson. I could live without him. I didn't need to be with him every day like I need to be with the two of you. I hate being separated from you two. So, yeah. I love you.”

His look was so possessive and he squeezed me so hard, I could hardly breathe.

“Shay, I...um...” he started to say.

“Hey, it's okay if you don't feel the same way. I know you care about me, that's all I need right now, okay?” I said, trying to

reassure him. It did hurt that he didn't feel the same way, but that's on me. Maybe I shouldn't have said anything because

now he was looking at me worriedly. I knew the three words you shouldn't say right after s*x, but I mistakenly did. I gave

him a smile. "I need to clean up. I have some more homemade salsa and chips to make, and I promised to bring some

mini pies."

"Okay, hey, we're good?" he asked me, grabbing my cheeks and peering into my eyes.

"Yeah," I said, puckering my lips. He pecked me and let me down.

I quickly rinsed my face as the tears fell from my eyes to mask them with water. Then I washed my body again and got

out. I dried off as Bryce stayed in the shower. I walked into the bedroom and I looked at the bed. Bryson was lying there

staring up at the ceiling. I ran over to the bed, dropped my towel and climbed in. He turned on his side as I got close and

opened his arms. I laid there as he held me looking at him.

"Why are your eyes so sad," he asked me.

"They aren't. How are you feeling?"

"I'm fine, Sunshine. Don't worry about me. But why are you lying to me?"

"It's nothing, Bryson. Are you hungry? I can make some breakfast while I start making food for today's barbecue."

"Can I have an all-meat omelet?"

“Absolutely,” I said with a smile. I kissed him and then rolled out of bed. I walked into the closet and slipped on some

undies and a bra. I grabbed a t-shirt that I wouldn’t mind getting dirty and a pair of cotton shorts. I turned and rammed

right into Bryce.

“You okay?”

“Yeah,” I said. Everything felt awkward. “I’m making Bryson an all-meat omelet. Do you want one?”

“Yeah, that would be great,” he said with a small smile. I nodded and slipped around him. I had to get away from both of

them and this was the first time I’ve felt insecure around them.

I made it to the kitchen where I got some onions. Then I started on the bacon and sausage for the omelet. While the meat cooked, I started cutting onions for my salsa, and so I could cry. I needed it. My stupid brain and mouth. I shouldn’t have told Bryce I loved him, and I should have given Bryson some space because he was clearly struggling and didn’t

want to talk about it.

2/3

TOR VVOTUS Toy

I was sniffing as tears streamed down my face, both from feeling sorry for myself and the sting from the onions.

“Baby, are you okay?” Bryson asked.

“Yeah, the onions are stinging my eyes really badly. But I needed to chop up extra today since I am tripling my salsa batch. Why don’t you guys go watch TV? I’ll bring you your plates when your food is ready.” I was met with silence, but I refused to turn around. I heard feet shuffling and someone got in the fridge, most likely for a drink. I felt a set of lips on the back

of my head, but only one set. Yeah, I f*cked up. I probably scared Bryce. I needed to talk to my girls and James.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 167 -

9-12 minutes

Spilling To A Stranger

Shay

I've successfully acted like I'm okay. I fed my men with a smile. I stayed in the kitchen all morning, making salsa, chips, my mini pies and whatever else I could think of. I may have gone overboard to avoid them. I mean, I didn't rebuff conversation when they asked if I needed help. I even asked if they could run to the store for me for something. I was cheery, I smiled, I just avoided touching and actual conversation. To do that, I made stuffed tomato cherries with chicken salad. Little crab cakes, my mini pies, homemade chips and salsa, zucchini boats stuffed with Italian sausage, mozzarella and homemade marinara sauce. I also made mini meatballs in barbecue sauce. The last thing I did was make a fruit and veggie tray with dips, but I carved all the fruits and veggies in flower designs. By the time it was time to go, I had probably made enough food to feed everyone without whatever everyone else was making and bringing.

"Wow, babe, you really went all out," Bryce said.

"Yeah, guess I went a little overboard, just wanted to make sure there was something for everyone, I guess."

"Well, you sure did that. I can't wait to try everything," he said with a smile. I gave a small smile back. I was able to get

everything in my car, but that left no room for them, so they took the Camaro.

I had changed into a sundress and sandals. And all the way over to Isha's, I gnawed on my bottom lip. I was embarrassed. I think that was the biggest thing, and I hurt my own feelings. All this talk about being it for them. I thought

that equated to them falling in love, but obviously that's all in my head. I was it for them, but I guess that's for now, most

likely until something better comes along.

I shook my head vigorously. Stop it. Those are old thoughts from old hurts. They wouldn't cheat and toss me aside, they

are honorable, they'll be straight up when they are done with me. I was literally in Bryson's arms naked and nothing. I told

Bryce I loved him, and he looked at me like I was trying to trap him. I chuckled. This is all on me. I f*cked up. That's okay, I can play it cool. Today is supposed to be a fun day, all our friends are going to be there, and even some new people,

according to Isha's text, telling me that there were going to be an extra six people, single women that she and Savvy knew. Maybe it was a good thing I went overboard with appetizers.

When we pulled up, Dawson and Davis were outside with Isha. They were talking to a couple of women I'd never seen

before.

I waved when I got out and Isha came over to help me unload.

"Wow," Isha said when I opened my trunk, and the back doors of my car.

"Yeah, I kind of had some extra energy this morning."

"Well, we definitely have enough for everyone. This party kind of exploded. Hey, are you okay? You look a little down."

"What? You can tell?" I thought I was hiding it.

"You're one of my best friends and my sister-in-law, of course I can tell."

"Well, hopefully only you can. I wanna wait until I have Ava, Savvy and James around too. I do need to talk."

"Okay, don't worry, when the party gets jumpin', I'll make sure we have a corner for us."

“Great, so who are these single ladies you and Savvy know?”

*James too. Just some women that I’ve networked with that I’ve gone out to lunch with a couple of times. Friends of Savvy’s from her homesteading group and a friend of James from his school. I met James’ friend. Her name is Camille, she’s something. Has an amazing personality. She calls herself big, bold and hilarious. She’s fabulous really. She makes

Spilling To A Stranger

a lot of jokes about herself though. I think she tries to hide her insecurities by being funny. But I really like her.”

I nodded, and we started bringing all the food in.

- Pointe

I was busy taking the lids off of the mini-pies half an hour later. Ford started the grill, everyone seemed to be having a good time. The guys were in the pool playing volleyball. I had met everyone Isha introduced me to, and I got to say Camille was hilarious. She was a plus-sized girl with a very curvaceous body. She had a one-piece tropical-themed bathing suit on with a see-through matching cover-up. She told me her dad was Nigerian and her mother was Japanese. She joked that she had her father’s melanin skin and her mother’s Japanese hair and that it made for a gorgeous combo with her gray eyes. I agreed, I didn’t know why she joked about it. She was very exotic looking, and I was fascinated by her. She was bold, and had an opinion about everything. She was helping me in the kitchen and gushed over my mini pies.

“My fat a*s will probably eat six of these,” she said.

“Camille, you can have as many as you want. I know I’ll be eating one of each flavor.”

“Where do you put it all, you’re skinny.”

“I have a high metabolism, I can eat anything.”

“Ugh, you b*tch,” she said good-heartedly.

“So, what do you do for a living?” I asked.

“I design clothes for bigger women. There are all these beautiful clothes out there for women that are more aesthetically

pleasing to the world. Us big girls need more options. I embrace my curves, others should too.”

“That sounds amazing. Do you have a boyfriend? Girlfriend?”

“Why, you interested?” she asked with a wink as she popped one of my cherry tomatoes in her mouth. She moaned and

took another.

“If I was in to women, I’d give you a try,” I said cheekily.

She chuckled, “These are to die for.”

Thank you. This is what I like to do. I like to make food that people enjoy.”

“You should open your own eatery up.”

That’s the plan some day.”

“To answer your question, no. I haven’t found anyone that would enjoy all of this. My last relationship was a lot of give and take. I gave my all, and he took it all for granted. I finally came to my senses and left him after ten years. The ass has been trying to get me back for three months, but I refuse. Once I’m gone, I am gone, no looking back ever.”

“Good for you. There are a lot of good-looking men here. I’m sure you can find one to give you a good time.”

She scoffed with a tiny laugh. “Men that look like them don’t go for the bigger girls like me. They go for girls like you and that gorgeous woman, Savvy. Even Isha and Ava have a better chance than I do. Isha’s a curvy little thing with a great ass and rack, and she’s stunning, and Ava has those thicker thighs and ass, but she still has a small waist and perky boobs. I am a

size twenty, I have a lot of ass and ginormous t'ts that hang low when not held up with Herculean effort from my bras and bathing suits," she said, laughing.

"I don't know Camille. You may be a bigger woman, but you carry it well and you're f*cking beautiful. You're funny and bold and just from talking to you, I can tell you're intelligent. You're a whole package."

"Why thank you, Shay, I think you're my new best friend."

2/3

"Anytime babes," I said with a wink.

"So tell me, are any of those hunks out there yours?"

I smiled and nodded. "Yeah, two of them, for now at least."

"Two? Wow, and what's "at least for now," supposed to mean?"

I thought for a minute, I did like her, but I didn't really know her. But then again, maybe getting a stranger's perspective might be easier.

I looked up from fiddling with the crab cakes and I felt tears fill my eyes. F*ck.

"Oh, sweetie. Hey, what's wrong? I know we just met, but if you want me to, I can go kick some ass. I know Karate."

That had me bursting out laughing as I wiped my tears and shook my head.

"It's nothing really, just my stupid head. One of my men is going through something. We ran into one of his old friends who f*cked him over a while ago, and it got him in a funk. He hasn't touched me intimately in a couple of days and I know it's dumb of me to make this about myself, but it kind of hurts he isn't turning to me for comfort. I mean I was in his arms butt ass naked and he didn't do anything. It's not like him, so I felt a little insecure. I mean, for some contexts, we've just recently gotten together. He and my other guy are best friends and they both liked me, so instead of making me choose, we are in a throuple together, which I love, and I thought they did too. I whispered to my guy that I loved him. He was sleeping, so I know he didn't hear me, but I really do. Then I had s*x with my other guy, and he confessed he got

scared knowing that the guy that screwed my first guy over talked to me, and he didn't like it. So, I reassured him and I told him I

loved him and Bryson, my other guy. He kind of froze, and stumbled to say something back. So, I let him off the hook and told him it was no big deal. Except, I think it is a big deal because I've been spiraling in my mind ever since. Sorry, I guess

you can add easy to talk with to your friendship resume."

She smiled and put her hand on my arm and squeezed.

"You should sit them down and talk to them. Maybe the guy you said I love you to after s*x has never been in love before.

He might not know the feeling yet. And your other guy, he just needs to process everything. Being there for him and

letting him do that is the best you can do."

I nodded. Maybe she was right. "Or maybe we moved too fast, and they are just realizing this is all too much. I mean we work together and now live together. We don't have our own space to process. I don't need it, but maybe they do." I paused in thought, and then said what I was afraid of, "What I do know is I should have kept my mouth shut. It was all going so good and I ruined it.

I Think I Just Found Her

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 168 -

11-13 minutes

Malo

This place was beautiful. Dawson, Isha, Mic, Ford and Davis have really built something magnificent. This is what I want. I did not grow up with money, I grew up extremely poor. But with that being said, my family and I never went without. We always had food. We grew our

own, raised ducks and pigs. Traded with others. I was the only son of my parents' five children and when I turned eighteen I told them I wanted to join the military. My family is in New Zealand, but my mother was from America and I had dual citizenship.

I joined the Marines and made many friends that turned into brothers. I lost a few of those brothers, but a few became life-long family for me. I went to Vegas when I got out. I followed one of those brothers and stuck with him for a couple of years. After that, I moved to Colorado and have been here for three years.

A friend told me about Becks Security. He had been looking online for a finance job and saw the ad. I applied right away and got the job. They paid well, the benefits were off the charts, and I was able to send money home to my family. I have been sending them everything since I was eighteen. They have put the money to good use and prospered. My family has a ranch now in New Zealand. They raise all kinds of animals now and sell the best livestock for profit. I was very proud of them. I elected to stay in America. I like it here, the freedom to be whoever you want, and to be with whomever you want

to be with.

I am now thirty-eight years old and, as I saw my friends, I grew close to this last year, and my boss and his family and the new people I have met. I am happy to see the freedom to love is practiced here. Even the little kids running around are so

carefree.

"Malo, your serve," Mac said. That was a blast from the past. Seeing my friend Luke's little brother. When I walked into the backyard, someone jumped on my back, and in reflex I flipped them over my shoulder, and they thudded to the

ground.

When I realized who it was, I yelled like a little b*tch, I'll admit it. I picked Mac up and hugged him in a tight bear hug.

Now he was smiling at me across the net like the little sh*t I remembered him to be even though he was only a few years

younger than me.

I hit the ball, and it lasered right at him. His eyes widened, and I boomed out a laugh when it hit him on the forehead, but his partner Jack was able to volley it back over. I like him. He seemed like a fun guy. I was happy for Mac. When they introduced me to their gorgeous wife and two little kids, I was happy to see Mac thrive. Mac was a lot different from his family, so seeing him here now filled me with joy.

I was distracted by a flash of color coming out of the house when an exotic beauty came into my view. I inhaled sharply. She was helping Shay bring food out. I watched as she smiled and laughed, and I could feel myself harden when her

cover flapped in the breeze and her thick thighs came into view.

“F*ck,” I whispered. The ball hit me in the side of the head and I went under the water. I came up sputtering to a roar of laughter from all of my so-called friends. “I’m out, you f*ckers. I need a drink.”

They jeered at me and I flipped them off. I got out and started to dry myself off slowly as I noticed the Nubian Goddess turned to the sound of laughter and stared at me as I walked to my towel. I stared back at her unashamed as I brushed the towel over my arms, and my powerful chest. I even made my pecs dance, and she smiled broadly and shook her head. When she turned back to the table with the food. I let out a breath. F*ck she was beautiful. I wanted to get my hands on all those curves and squeeze them, to feel all her softness. F*ck Malo, you should not be getting a boner in your

swimwear. There are kids around.

1/4

I threw my towel on the chaise lounge and walked over to the beauty. I needed to know her name. But before I could get there, a mixed-raced man walked up to her and wrapped an arm around her waist. She turned and squealed and hugged him. Of course, she was taken. Two bikers who looked ridiculous in a pair of swim trunks and their leather cuts walked up, and she jumped into their arms and hugged them, all of them laughing.

So, it was like that. Well, might as well just go grab a drink then. I do not poach other men’s women.

“Camille, look at you, that suit is gorgeous on you,” the mixed-race man said.

“You look good enough to eat,” one of the bikers said, and I had to agree, but I did notice the mixed-race man shoot him a look and the biker grabbed him by the back of the neck and whispered in his ear. The mixed-raced man looked at him again, and if looks could kill, the biker would be dead. The other biker smacked the one in the head as the mixed-race guy smiled at Camille and told her she looked beautiful and walked away into the house. Shay went running after him.

“Savage, what the f*ck man, you know he gets jealous,” Camille said.

“I was just messing with him. What’s gotten into him lately. It’s like he can’t take a joke.”

“We’ve been on a run for a week, we just got back. No matter how much we reassure him, we don’t f*ck around on him when we are gone, he still has some insecurities, and then you tell a beautiful woman she looks good enough to eat, and you expect him to jump for f*cking joy. You know, it takes a couple of rounds with us to make him feel secure when we get back. We haven’t been back for long,” the other biker said.

“Sorry, I’ll go talk to him.”

“No, you and Rage stay here, I’ll go talk to him,” Camille said.

I watched her walk away and the jiggle in her ass was everything. D*mn the whole woman was everything.

I finished walking up to the table and looked at the two bikers.

“Hey, I’m Malo,” I said, grabbing a couple bottles of beer out of the cooler that was in front of them. I handed them each one before getting another.

Thanks. I’m Rage, this is my husband Savage.”

“Nice to meet you. Looks like you guys have a pretty gorgeous family going on. Beautiful woman, good-looking guy and you two.”

They both eyed me with furrowed brows and then they smiled.

“Oh, no. I mean the guy, yeah, that’s our baby boy, our husband James. The woman is a good friend of ours. Her name is Camille. Savage, James and I are in a relationship. Camille isn’t part of our unit.”

“Really,” I said, taking a sip of my beer and internally jumping for joy.

“You interested,” the one named Rage asked.

“Yes, immensely.”

They both nodded, eyeing me up and down. “You one of Dawson’s men?”

“Yeah, I work for him, a former Marine turned security specialist.”

“You needed to find that family unit again, right?” Savage asked.

“Yeah, I needed it and found it. Thank God.”

“That’s great man. You look like the type that would make a good biker too, so if you ever want to prospect for the Lord of Chaos, you let us know, we’ll sponsor you.”

2/4

“Thanks,” I said. Never thought to go that route, but good to know, I have options.

“Be careful with Camille. She’s been through some sh*t, but she’s a good girl. Funny and a lot of fun. Also, have patience with her. That’s all I’m going to say,” Savage said.

I nodded, good to know. “Thanks.”

I waited for her to come back out. It took a while. I played with some of the kids. Jim’s kids were the same age as Willow and Axel, and they liked to climb all over the big guy.

When the food was ready, we all gathered and got what we wanted. I saw that Camille had a spot next to her at one of the tables and I hurried over. I sat down next to her, and she turned with wide eyes.

“Hi, I’m Malo,” I said.

“Hi, I’m Camille.”

“It’s nice to meet you. Man, I’m starving. All the food looks great. You seem to be like me and like to try everything.”

Man, I was nervous. I haven’t felt nervous talking to a girl in a long time. The light in her eyes dimmed a little and that confused me.

“Yeah, well, I like food,” she said.

“Me too. I am always eating, got to keep these muscles strong,” I said, flexing. D*mn that was cheesy.

She giggled a little. “Well, it looks like you’re doing a good job at that.”

“Yeah? You like what you see?”

Her left eyebrow rose. “Come on, you have to know you’re hot as f*ck so yeah, I like what I see. Who wouldn’t?”

The smile on my face was huge. She liked what she saw.

A pretty blonde sat next to me. She introduced herself as Lonnie. I said hi, and she asked what I did for a living. I was

taken aback and looked at Camille. She was looking down at her plate just eating.

“I work with Dawson and the guys at Becks Security. What do you do, Camille?” I asked her. She looked up with a smile,

but before she could say anything, Lonnie laughed for some reason and put her hand on my arm.

“That’s so interesting. You must make good money working for Dawson,” she said.

“Um, yeah, I do alright.” I turned back to Camille to listen to what she had to say, but Lonnie tapped my arm and laughed

like I had made a joke and I looked at her like she had lost her mind. I heard Camille chuckle.

“I am a model for book covers,” Lonnie said.

I looked at her. She was thin, had a nice rack in her small red bikini, she had blue eyes and a wide smile.

“That’s good for you,” I said.

“Yeah, I love being a model,” she started to say.

“I’m sorry, Lonnie, but I’m talking to my girlfriend. She was just about to tell me about her new job, so if you don’t mind, I’m going to get back to talking to her, okay?”

Lonnie’s mouth dropped open, and she looked at Camille. I could see in her eyes she was about to say something rude.

“Camille, let’s go over there to talk privately,” I said, pointing at one of the pool tables and chairs.

“Ok,” she said. We picked up our food and drink, and we went to a table.

“Sorry, I just didn’t want to keep hearing her yapping. So, again, what do you do?”

3/4

TUOKT Just round mer

+8 Points >

She stared at me for a minute. I looked at my chest and didn’t see any food there, because sometimes I can spill, and then I picked up my napkin and wiped my face.

“Did I get it?”

“Did you get what?”

“Whatever it was you were staring at. I’m a messy eater.”

She started off with a giggle, and then it turned into a full belly laugh. She jiggled everywhere. I couldn’t take my eyes off her ginormous t*ts. I licked my lips, I wanted to suffocate myself between them.

“You surprised me,” she said.

“I did? How?”

“Well, usually when someone that looks like you starts a conversation with a pretty little thing like her, they fall all over themselves to keep her attention. I’m usually not the type of girl that men pick to talk to when there are other more prettier ladies around.”

“You’re joking. Have you looked in a mirror? Have you seen your exotic beauty? Girls like that are a dime a dozen, but you

are a rare gem.”

“Oh, oh that was good.”

“I’m being serious here. Now, I want to know more about you, so again, what do you do for a living?”

Her smile was dazzling, and all I could think was, I think I had just found my future wife.

Best Friends Are The Best

Shay

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 169 -

9-12 minutes

“That girl, Camille, is really nice. I like her a lot,” I said to James.

“Yeah, Camille is the best. She designs and makes the best freaking clothes for plus-sized women. They are gorgeous and flattering. She’s got a showcase coming up. I can get us all tickets if you want to go?” James said as he took a bite of the beef rib on his plate.

We were all hiding in Isha's girl cave. I guess you could call it. A room where she could write and be by herself if she wanted to.

"Okay, it's time to spill. I need to know what is going on with you two," Isha said.

I looked at James, and he looked at me, and then we looked at Ava, Savvy and Isha.

"I don't think my guys want me anymore," we both said at the same time, and then we both gasped, before we all burst into laughter.

God that felt good after the emotional day I've been having.

"Okay, who wants to go first? And just so you know, they're going to be looking for you. But I texted Dawson and told them to stall all of them for at least half an hour."

"Thank you," I said. And James nodded. "You first; James. I need to hear someone else's drama right now."

He nodded. "Well, the guys have to go on runs for the club. You all know this. Normally, when they go on a run, they make sure to call every night, or send a text, and they did for the first few days. The last text I got from them was that they both loved me, and that was it. Radio silence for five days. I didn't think they would even be home for this barbecue. They just showed up last night, and they didn't say anything to me about their silence. They acted like nothing had happened, and last night in bed, we didn't have s*x. They both said they were exhausted. That's never happened before. When we got here, I commented on Camille's suit. She looked gorgeous and Savage said she looked good enough to eat. Like, who says that when they're in a relationship? It had shocked me and I glared at him. He grabbed me and whispered in my ear that I had better get that look off my face, or he'd punish me. Normally, that would get me excited, but I wasn't. I was just hurt, so I walked away before I said something that I would regret. And he didn't come after me. That's another thing that would have happened three weeks ago. He would have chased me down, but Camille did instead. She asked if I was mad at her, and I told her no. Then she tried to reassure me that Savage was just messing around. I told her I didn't want to talk about it, so we talked about her showcase instead. Then you guys came with a plate for me and here we are. I just feel like they're hiding something, or maybe they messed around with someone and don't know how to tell me, or they're done. I mean we've been together for a year and a few months, it's been bliss, but maybe they're bored. I know they like to f*ck women too. I'm pretty sure Isha is the last one they've f*cked but maybe over this year, while they've been on runs or visited other clubhouses, they've taken part in some activities with club wh*res or maybe another guy. I

don't know," he said, as he took his napkin and whipped at his right eye. I grabbed his hand and squeezed it.

"Have you talked to them?" Ava asked.

"I haven't really had the chance. Like I said, they came home, declared they were tired, they showered, and we all went to bed. I tried to ask how the run was today, but they both just told me club business, and I understand that, but there has to be something they can say, right?"

"From what I understand about club business, they can't say sh*t. The research I've done with the help of Wolf, is only the brothers of the club get to know about club business, not even their women get told anything," Ava said.

Best Friends Are The Best

"Yeah, I know," James said, popping a stuffed cherry in his mouth. "D*mn Shay, these are good."

"Thanks," I said, smiling.

"James, they can't talk about club business and for them to go radio silence, it most likely means they were in a dangerous situation and probably had to kill some people. That's what happens when the teams go radio silence," Isha said, and I nodded. "But what you can do is tell them how you are feeling. Because the Rage and Savage, I know, adore the f*ck out of you. They love you so much, they hate seeing you affectionate towards us, and we're all like sisters to you. So make them sit down and talk to them. And I bet they will show you how much you still mean to them."

"Yeah, I guess you're right. It's just I'm so d*mn insecure when it comes to us. I don't know why. They are so gorgeous, but I know they like women too, and I'm the one keeping them from living that part of themselves. I can't share them. I

won't do it."

"And you shouldn't have to. You're all in a committed relationship. We all make sacrifices for the ones we love. Because look at me. I love Aaron with all of me, but I wouldn't mind bringing another woman into our relationship, and when Isha

and I did our thing at that one barbecue, I thought that maybe he'd be more open to it. But he said, although it was hot to

watch me get eaten out while he f*cked me, he didn't want that as a relationship. And I respect that," Ava said.

James nodded. "You're right. I'll talk to them. Thanks guys. You are all the best. I love you all so much."

"We love you too," Savvy said.

We all ate a little. They told me my crab cakes were amazing, and they all loved the stuffed cherries.

"Okay, your turn, why are you so sad? Are things not going how you thought they would? I thought everything was going

great the last time we spoke," Savvy said.

"They were going great until Friday. A little backstory on Bryson. I don't mind telling you, because you're all my best

friends and without it you wouldn't understand. Bryson had this best friend he grew up with. They were obviously super

close. He also had a girlfriend that I think he was going to marry. Anyway, he used to work for a smaller security place

and was gone on training. He was supposed to be gone for two weeks, but he came home and found his best friend f*cking his girlfriend in Bryson's and her bed."

"NO!" Savvy and Ava exclaimed and Isha and James gasped.

I nodded and told them it all. Conner's excuse why, then me meeting him in the grocery store, seeing him at the farmers'

market, his confession about his DUI and seeing me in the store.

“He apologized profusely to Bryson. We just left, and since then, Bryson’s been out of it. Lost in his head. I was in his arms

naked, and he didn’t so much as look at me. I know I need to let him process it all, but it hurts. He won’t turn to me for

comfort. And I know I shouldn’t make this about me, because this is a huge deal, but I just can’t help it and that’s not even

the worst part of why I feel they don’t want me.”

I told them everything else with Bryce and how he panicked about me, saying I love you.

“They tell me I’m it for them, but it doesn’t really seem like it now. One can’t tell me he loves me and the other can’t open up to me and let me comfort him. Deep down I feel like I’m being selfish, that it’s only been a d*mn week really. It’s been a hell of a whirlwind, but I opened my heart and I let them in, and now I think I’m just d*mb for doing it, and getting my hopes up.”

“No, Shay. Your feelings are valid. I knew if the situation was reversed, and you were shutting Bryson out, he’d be all over you about it, trying to get you to open up to him, and I’m sure if Bryce told you he loved you, and you didn’t say it back, he would have stormed away, shut you both out or something. Or been a real d*ck about it, because that’s how guys mostly are when they don’t get their way,” Savvy said.

“That’s the truth, usually when Rage doesn’t get his way with Savage and me, he becomes a big baby, and starts being a

2/3

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+8 Ponta

smart ass and snarky. But when we don’t react to his foolishness, he gets all apologetic and needy. Savage, he’ll squeeze you out. Won’t talk to you for days. He hasn’t done that to me, because I haven’t done anything to ever really piss him off, but he’s done it to Rage. Savage will f*ck me, and not touch Rage. If we are having group s*x it’s all about me. Rage gets

pissed. But then he'll apologize to Savage for whatever he did, and they are all over each other. It's hot to watch."

"Aaron gets really polite. Like so polite, I want to stab him in the eye. When I finally coax whatever I did to piss him off out of him, he'll explain how he felt about whatever I did or said. Normally, I just give him a really good blow job, and I'm forgiven. He says he gets that way because he doesn't want to yell at me. But it's like Stepford wife creepy and I hate it."

We all laughed.

"I don't ever piss Mac and Jack off, so I don't know what that's like," Savvy said. I just threw a carrot at her, and she giggled and then shrugged her shoulders.

"I also haven't experienced any of that with the guys. But again, like with James, you need to talk to them. Sit them down, tell them how you are feeling. Communication guys, it's key. Maybe that's why Savvy and I haven't experienced what you three have. Because we don't hold anything back and let them have it," Isha said. Again we all laughed. They're right. Communication is key. But it goes both ways. I can't be the only one talking about my feelings.

I told them I loved them all, and we all hugged before finishing our plates. Suddenly, I heard my name being yelled, and James heard his being bellowed.

"Guess, we're out of time," I said.

"Better get up there. Rage and Savage will tear this place apart to find me."

Isha cursed, and we all hurried to gather our things and made our way out of the hidden room that was behind a

bookcase in Dawson's study. It was so freaking cool.

How Do I Know?

Bryce

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 170 -

7-9 minutes

Where was she? Everyone was eating. I had a plate in my hand for her. I know she was busy helping with the food while we played volleyball. We asked if we could help, but she shoed us away.

“Do you see her?” I asked Bryson. He had a plate of desserts in his hand for all of us and his plate.

“I don’t, is she still inside?”

“Maybe? I’ve seen her bringing food out, but I thought she was done with that.”

“Hey, guys, come over here for a minute,” Dawson said.

We walked over. He introduced us to Rage and Savage, the bikers that were protective of all the ladies and James. We nodded, our hands being full. Dawson, for some reason, went into a story about how they know each other. I was nodding but looking around for Shay, Bryson was doing the same, and I noticed the bikers were distracted and looking around too.

I really wanted to go look for Shay but no way was I interrupting her brother and my boss. Then Ford came over and started talking about some douche named Jason and how he and the guys took care of him for Isha. That got my attention a little. So, my bosses were a little dirty. Good to know, I feel a hell of a lot better about working for Becks Security, knowing the lengths they’d go for the woman they love, because I was the same. I’ll burn the world for Shay.

That brought me up short. Is that love? I looked at Dawson and Ford and the bikers.

“So, let me get this straight, you’d go balls to the wall for Isha and would you guys do the same for James?”

“Yes,” they all said.

“Is that love?” I just blurted it out. They all looked at me like I’d lost my mind, and I shuffled my feet. I looked at Bryson, and he gave me a lopsided grin.

“You don’t know what love is?” Savage asked.

“Well, I mean, I knew my mom loved me and I loved her. But I’ve never been in a real relationship, so no, I don’t know what

it is.”

“So, what are you saying or asking?” Dawson asked.

“I, um, I wanna know how you know you love a woman.”

Dawson and Ford smiled, Rage and Savage nodded and both leaned over and slapped their hands on my shoulders.

“I’m in love with Shay, Bryce. I know this because I can’t see my life without her. I physically ache being away from her. I hate not hearing her voice. When she put herself in front of me at the stall on Friday, my heart melted, because she was trying to protect the hurt she knew I would be feeling with the confrontation with Conner. I’ve been assessing how I feel seeing him again. I thought I would feel hate, but I didn’t. I still felt hurt by his betrayal, but underneath that was a longing for his friendship, and I am having a hard time coming to terms with that. Why would I long for his friendship after I caught him f*cking the woman I was in love with-at the time?”

I nodded. I could see how that could be confusing.

“Did he do it out of malicious intent?” Rage asked.

Bryson shook his head. “Apparently, he was in love with me. I didn’t know he swung that way. We had been friends since we were kids. In his mind, in some f*cked up twisted way, him f*cking my girl was a way to be closer to me. I later found

How Do I Know

out she instigated it, but it didn’t take much for him to fall for her sh*t. His betrayal hurt worse than hers.”

Points

“That’s why you’re having a problem. Because he didn’t do it to be a d*ck. I can understand why it hurts. But I bet you guys would have worked that sh*t out in time. Especially, if he had explained the reasoning and where his head was at. Why didn’t you?”

“Apparently, he got a DUI the night he was coming to apologize and explain in detail why he did what he did and what he was feeling. He got in an accident and got arrested. Spent two and a half years in the corrections facility.”

Rage nodded. “You’ll need to have a conversation with him. It’ll help heal whatever is going on.”

“Now you,” Rage said, pointing at me.

“If Shay left you right now, if she said she didn’t want to be with you anymore, what would be your reaction?”

I looked at Dawson, Ford, him and Savage.

I mumbled my answer.

“What?” they all four asked, leaning in. Bryson choked on his laughter.

“I said, I wouldn’t give her a chance to leave me.”

Rage and Savage nodded in approval, Dawson and Ford looked at me as if they both wanted to kill me.

“Explain,” Dawson snapped.

“I can’t see my life without her either. I’d probably drop to my knees and beg her for scraps. Seriously, she’s everything I thought I would never have. I love the dynamic I have with her and Bryson. I see us all growing old together, the whole white picket fence, and kids and a couple of f*cking dogs. She’s my reason for everything. I want it all with her and

Bryson.”

They all nodded with smiles on their faces.

“You’re in love, man. That’s exactly how it is. That’s how I feel with my guys and Isha. I know that’s how Rage and Savage

feel with James,” Dawson said.

I looked at the bikers and they nodded.

“You’re in love, dude. If the thought of her leaving you kills you, and the thought of her gives you the thought of white picket fences, she’s your future, you’re in love,” Ford said.

I took a deep breath. The thought of her leaving me made my heart race. I started looking around again.

“She told me she loved me this morning and I didn’t know what to say. I was trying to tell her that I didn’t know what love

was, but she cut me off and I let her. I was afraid.”

“Yeah, I saw the look in her eyes when she came out of the bathroom. I tried to get her to tell me, but she wouldn’t, and then, of course, I told her I was fine. She’s hurt. She wants to help me, and I’m not sure how she can. But she needs our love, we need to tell her how we feel. She’ll feel so much more secure, especially with what she’s been through. She told

you she loved you man, congrats,” Bryson said.

I could tell he was a little hurt and I shook my head.

“No, Bryson. She said she loved us. Her exact words were, ‘Bryce, you and Bryson, I know it’s so fast, but, I love you. I feel it in my heart that this is right. That’s what she said. She loves us.”

His smile was brilliant and I smiled with him. We bumped elbows because our hands were full.

“Look, I’m glad your girl loves you, but I am starting to get really anxious. I can’t find my baby boy, so I gotta go, come on Rage.”

*B Points

“Yeah, I haven’t seen Shay, it’s making me agitated too,” Bryson said. I looked at Dawson, and he looked a little guilty. But I turned on my heel and followed Bryson into the house. We both put our plates down.

“Shay!” I yelled.

“JAMES!” Savage bellowed, and my eyes widened. He was either pissed, or scared. His eyes were a little wild.

“Calm down,” Rage said.

“I can’t breathe,” Savage said. “He’s mad, I can feel it.”

Rage put his hand on the back of Savage’s neck and started rubbing. “He’s here somewhere, we all came together in his

car.”

“What if he left us?” Savage wheezed.

I started to freak out. What if Shay left with him, or in her own car? I looked at Bryson, he looked worried too. I pulled out my phone to call her, but suddenly, James came down the hall, followed by all the ladies and Shay was the last in line.

“I’m going to go home. You guys stay and have fun. I need a moment to myself,” she said with a small smile.

“Baby,” I started.

“No, please, I need to think. Just have fun. You rarely get some guy time, okay?”

She leaned up and kissed my lips, and did the same to Bryson. We both stood there, stunned. Did we just f*ck up everything? Did I, now that I know what love is, have I already lost it?