

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 171 -

7-8 minutes

Leave Colorado And Never Come Back

Conner

I was an absolute sh*t for doing this. But when I watched Bryson leave with Shay and the other guy, I just couldn't stand watching him leave. Seeing him up close like this was a punch in the gut, so I waited for them to get a few stalls down, and then I went to Rolland, who sold motorcycle parts, and told him I wasn't feeling well, and I had to use the bathroom. I told him I might be a minute, and he said no problem he'd watch my stall. I took the money I had already made that day and I followed them. I didn't care if anyone stole my sh*t I could make more. I just wanted to make sure they got home okay. They all looked a little shell-shocked. Well, the one guy looked like he wanted to murder me when I said I knew who Shay was in the grocery store, but he complimented my work, he wasn't a total a*shole.

So, I walked to my truck, which just so happened to be in the same row as them. The guy and Shay were

so concentrated on Bryson they didn't notice when I walked by them and got in my truck. Bryson had been pale. That worried me. I wondered what was going through his mind.

When they pulled up to a really nice house, I just drove by. They got home safe. That's all that was

important.

I was going to leave it at that. I went back to my stall and sold every piece I had brought with me and had

commissions for three tables and chair sets.

So, tell me why I was sitting down the street from their darkened house? I have no clue why I was there. It

wasn't even on my way home. But something pulled me here tonight. The house was dark, it didn't even

look like anyone was home. There were no cars in the driveway, but they could have been in the three-car

garage. Seriously, Bryson was doing well for himself, if this was his place. Or maybe they all pulled their

money together to get it. Headlights turned down the street and I watched as a car pulled into their driveway. It was Shay that got out and only Shay. Hmm, I wondered where the guys were.

I watched her walk into the house and I let out a breath. Why was I here? I was just about to start my truck

and go home when I saw a car door open down the street. It was dark, the car was parked in between

streetlights, and I wondered why the interior light didn't go on. I found that really f*cking strange.

A man walked close to the streetlight. He was in all black and had a bag with him. The way he was walking made me scoff. He crouched a little and looked suspicious as f*ck. If I was a neighbor looking out the window, I would have called the cops. But I wasn't, and I wanted to see where he was going. When he turned and walked towards Shay's, Bryson's, and that guy's place, I went on alert. No f*cking way was I going to let anything happen to Bryson's girlfriend. That would destroy him. I could tell he was in love with her by the way he looked at her when our confrontation happened.

I slipped out of my truck and closed the door quietly. On quiet feet, I followed the guy. I slid into the shadows of the foliage that was around. This guy looked into a window, and he must be watching Shay do whatever it was she was doing. He was oblivious of my approach. I looked into the window from the front of the house and froze. From my angle, Shay was just taking off the little sundress she had on. She

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was in a black bikini, and d*mn, Bryson was a lucky man.

* POR

The guy at the window was about six feet away from me and my eyes bulged. The way his hand was moving, was he jerking off? Sick f*ck. I was just about to move to take him down when he suddenly ducked, so I froze. I did not want to get caught out here looking in the windows of a woman's house. I really didn't want to go back to jail. I had one year of probation. I had nine months left. I didn't want to get caught doing anything stupid.

I watched as he slowly peeked over the window seal. He fumbled with his pants and I think he was

putting himself back together, thank f*ck. He swiftly took off down the side of the house towards the back. I followed at a steady pace. I just glimpsed him going around a corner, when I saw the backyard

open up. I almost whistled through my teeth. The backyard was stunning. I hid behind a tree. I saw the

guy hop the wrought iron fence, and I was a little impressed. The fence was a good eight feet high. But

the bars in between were close together, and you could stick the toe of your shoe in to get wedged to help

you climb.

I'll have to somehow let Bryson know about that flaw. When the man moved away, I got up close to the fence and looked around. The backyard was bigger than I initially thought. Going around another corner it opened up more. I didn't see the guy, so I jumped the fence too.

I put my back to the house wall and peeked around. I was in a dark shadow, and I was lucky I was also in

all black. The guy was at the back sliding door, and he was doing something to the lock. That's it, this guy is going down. I looked down on the ground and saw a fist-sized rock. I

picked it up and weighed it in my palm. Yeah, this will do. I stepped around the corner quietly, I threw my arm back and chucked it. Bingo! I

hit the guy right in the head, and he slumped to the ground. I looked around some more and that's when I

spotted the tiny cameras, two of them on the overhang. I took two more rocks and threw them, shattering the lenses. Wasn't an all-star pitcher in college for nothing. I swiftly ran over and put the lock-picking tools this guy was using back in the bag he brought. I looked inside the glass door and didn't see anyone. That was good. I then grabbed the bag and picked the guy up. He was out cold. I hefted him over my

shoulders and went back to the fence. I was just about to throw him over when I looked to the left and

noticed a latch. It was one of those latches that could only be opened from one side. I flipped it and opened the gate to it. I dropped the guy, went back through, relocked the latch and hopped over the fence. I didn't want to leave the gate unlocked.

I picked the guy back up and swiftly took him and his bag to my truck. I opened the back door of my truck and threw him and the bag in. F*ck what was I going to do with him? I got in my truck, started the engine and took off. I went to my warehouse, got the guy out, took him inside and I got an idea. I went to my work bench and laid him over it. His stomach was on the bench and his hands and feet were hanging there, so I got some rope and tied them to each other and I went to fill a bucket with cold water. Once the bucket was full, I went to the guy and poured it all over him.

The man came to with a loud gasp and cursed profusely.

"What the f*ck? Where the f*ck am I? Why am I upside down?" he screamed.

"You're in my warehouse," I said.

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4-6 minutes

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He tried to look up but, of course, at his angle all he could see were my legs.

“Who in the f*ck are you?”

+ Points >

“You’re in no position to demand answers. Now you’re going to answer my questions, or you will pay the consequence. Who are you?”

“Let me f*cking go!” he yelled.

“Wrong answer,” I said. Okay, I shouldn’t be doing this. This is the stupid sh*t that could get me in trouble. Like for example, what in the f*ck was I going to do with this guy when I got my answers?

I walked over to my tool table and got a chisel. I walked back over to the guy.

“I just got out of prison. Been out for about three months. Want to know why I was there?” I asked

menacingly.

“I don’t give a f*ck,” the guy spat out.

“Well, you’re gonna want to know. You see, I have particular tastes,” I lied, “I like to shove objects up people’s asses.” I then poked his ass with the chisel. He squealed and I chuckled.

“Now, I’m going to ask you again. Who the f*ck are you?”

“Carson Wendell.”

“Good, now, Carson Wendell, why were you lurking outside that house tonight?”

“It’s my house. I lost my keys, and I was trying to break in the back door,” he said.

“Wrong,” I called out. I jabbed him hard in his ass crack where his b*tthole would be, and he screamed like a little b*tch. I started laughing, and did it again.

“STOOOOP! Okay! It’s my ex-girlfriend’s house. I was trying to break in to get to her.”

“Why?” I said, poking him again.

“Because, she’s mine! She’s living with two f*cking a*sholes who she has no right being with. She wasn’t supposed to move on. We’ve only been broken up for a little over a year. Who f*cking does that? We were

together for four f*cking years!”

“Why did you break up?”

He was quiet except for his ragged breathing.

I dug the chisel into this guy’s covered ass. If I pressed harder, it would rip through his pants and really go in his b*tthole.

He squealed, “I cheated on her, and dumped her. She never f*cking looked back. Just packed up and left.”

“Good for her. No one wants to be with a f*cking cheater,” I said. The irony is not lost on me. “Shay just so happens to be my best friend’s girlfriend. I won’t let anything happen to her because it would kill him. So you have two f*cking options. You’ll take a beating from me tonight, and I will put you on a Greyhound and

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+8 Points >

send you far away. You’ll leave your car, and let it get repoed. You’ll let wherever your staying rent lapse and lose all your sh*t. If I ever find out you’re in Colorado again, I’ll f*cking kill you. Or, I can make it look like you were breaking in here, and I can call the police and let them deal with you. But once you are out? I’ll hunt you down and kill you. Which do you choose?”

He started crying, he then pissed himself, and I scoffed in disgust.

“If you don’t choose, I’ll choose for you.”

“You can’t call the police, please. She has a restraining order against me. I don’t want to go to jail.”

“Good choice.”

I untied him. I wasted no time in beating the sh*t out of him. It looked like someone had already started, his eyes were already black and blue. I just added to the damage. He was pretty much a boneless heap when I got done with him. He had his wallet on him, so I ordered a ticket on the Greyhound that was leaving in an hour with his credit card. I drove him to the bus station and waited with him until it was time

to go.

“Remember what I said. You step foot in Colorado again, I’ll f*cking kill you.”

He nodded and stumbled his way to the ticket stand and got his ticket. I waited until he got on, and the

bus left, then I went to Grady’s. The bar was dim. I needed some ice for my knuckles, but figured whiskey

would dull the pain just as easily. I was three shots in when a pretty little thing sidled up to me. She had

long black hair, and beautiful green eyes.

“You look like you’ve had a rough night,” she said, grazing a red-tipped fingernail over the knuckles of the

hand on the bar.

“You could say that. I’m Conner.”

“You can call me Tasha. Want to spend the night with me, pet?”

I knew what a pet was, and my d*ck hardened instantly.

“Yeah,” I said. I slammed my last shot and followed her out of the bar.

Roc

Do we all know who Tasha is?

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10-12 minutes

1 2K

< She's So Wrong

+8 Points

She's So Wrong

Shay

I needed a nice hot bath. I got a bottle of wine out of the fridge and opened it. I was going to get a wine glass, but decided against it. I didn't need it. My mind was a jumbled mess.

I thought about how they'd treated me. They've been amazing, especially in bed. They're very attentive, and they make sure I am satisfied every time. I took a pull of the wine bottle, some wine dribbled down and hit my sundress. I swallowed and sighed.

I walked back into the living room and stripped my sundress off. I still had my bikini on and started to walk

up the stairs. When I got into my room, I did something that I only do when I am really stressed out. I

opened my dresser drawer, took out a small tube and popped it open. Edibles were something I did when I either needed to sleep or de-stress, so I popped three gummies in my mouth and chewed. I made a face from the aftertaste, and then I turned on my Spotify and played my favorites list. As the sounds of Honest

by Song House and Kyndal started to play, I took off my bathing suit, picked up the bottle and took my

phone into the bathroom. I put my phone on do not disturb, because I really needed a minute to myself. I filled the tub as hot as I could stand, and poured some of my vanilla and cinnamon bubble bath in.

I put my hair in a bun and then stepped into the tub. I sat and laid back. I picked the bottle up off of the

edge of the bottle and drank a quarter of it in one go.

I sighed as I let the heat of the water warm my body and soothe my soul.

Bryson

Bryce and I were still in shock fifteen minutes after Shay left. She told us to stay here and in a semi-stern voice said she needed some time to herself. We f*cked up. I tried to see it from her point of view. Here

she had two men that she loved, and one was lost in his head, and she was trying to help, but I wouldn't let

her because I didn't know what she could possibly do. I just needed to process. And the other man she's

in love with froze when she told him she loved him. So, she needed time.. But to do what? Was she

thinking about where she wanted our relationship to go? Or did she want to call it quits? There's no way I'd let her. Just like with Bryce, I'd grovel and beg, or, if desperate enough, tie her down and give her many

orgasms until she agreed to keep me. I had my phone in my hand. I wanted to call her so freaking bad, but I also wanted to give her the space she seemed to need. I looked at Bryce, and he was also staring at his phone with a perplexed look on his face.

"Do you think she's going to break up with us?" I asked him.

“No way. You didn’t see her when she told me she loved us. There was so much there in her eyes. I think we hurt her though. Now that I know what love is, I’m going to tell her as much as possible. I regret not saying it right away. I knew she was it for me. The joy that went through me when she told us that it was going to be all of us or nothing, I should have known then. Because she’s made me feel things I’ve never

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< She’s So Wrong

+ Points >

felt before. She’ll forgive us, and we will talk about everything. What are you going to do about Conner? Are you wanting to see him? Talk things out? Befriend him again?”

He looked a little anxious, “Hey, you’re my best friend. He is my past. I do want to talk to him. Tell him I forgive him for his actions, and maybe we can hang out sometimes. You, me, him, even Shay if she wants. He really was a good friend before all that sh*t happened. I just want some closure. Maybe we can invite

him over?”

“Maybe, let’s talk to Shay. Communication man, we need to be better at it.”

“Do you think she’s had enough time to be by herself?” I asked.

He laughed, and shook his head. “She’s probably just now getting home. It’s only been twenty minutes. Let’s give her another ten before we start heading home.”

I snorted. We really couldn’t be away from her voluntarily that long. I looked over the party. In a corner, Rage was behind James, his arms wrapped around him, whispering in his ear as they stood off watching the party. Savage looked like a kicked puppy sitting next to them. I watched as James unwrapped his arms from holding Rage’s arms, and put his hand on Savage’s head. Savage looked up with hope and love and when James nodded at him, Savage jumped up. Rage let James go, and Savage grabbed James by

both of his cheeks and slammed his mouth onto his. He kissed James like it was his life, and then he dropped to both knees and buried his head into James' stomach as James held him. That was sweet. Even big bad bikers get scared of losing someone they love, and they aren't afraid to show it. Of course,

Dawson's house seemed like a safe place for everyone."

"Look at Malo, he is really into that chick," Bryce said.

Malo and some chick were in the hot tub in their own little world. They seemed to be talking really close.

Both of them were laughing, and their hands were moving as they talked. I watched as he brought up a hand and brushed her cheek. She gave him a shy smile and bit her bottom lip. Then she nodded, and he leaned in and kissed her. F*ck it looked like lust and love were all over the place. And here we were like

two a*sholes pining for our woman.

All of a sudden, my phone lit up and I froze. This was a different signal. One that was a part of our security system from work. I looked over at Bryce, his phone was going off. I saw Dawson, Mic, Ford and Davis grab their phones out of their pockets. I clicked on the alert and I inhaled sharply.

"F*ck, someone's in the backyard again. It's Carson!" I said.

Dawson and the guys came running over. Our house was a good twenty-minute drive from where we were.

"I've notified the police. They should be there in ten minutes," Mic said.

"I told Savage, his club is closer than our house. They said they could get there in ten also. Let's go,"

Dawson said.

We all ran to our vehicles. Dawson and the guys took off in their SUV and I told Bryce to drive as I was glued to my phone. He was taken aback by my request because Shay was the only other person I let drive

2/4

She's So Wrong

my car, but I didn't care at that moment, I needed to watch what was happening.

"Holy sh*t!" I yelled.

"What?" Bryce yelled back.

+8 Points

"He just fell to the side, it looked like a rock hit him. He was bent trying to unlock the sliding back door, and now he's passed the f*ck out. F*ck I wish the camera angle saw past the sliding glass doors." Suddenly the feed went black. "No, no, no!"

"What!"

"The feed went black, trying another camera. Nope, that one is black, trying the one in the house. There, yes, I see someone bent over him, his back is to the door, he's grabbing a bag and..." I gasped. "It's Conner, he's picking Carson up and taking him. F*ck why haven't we got cameras all over the outside?"

"We haven't had time. D*mn it, we should have gone with her," Bryce said, beating my steering wheel.

"Why was Conner at the house? How does he know where we live?"

"I don't know, man, I just want to get home to our girl. We'll worry about that later."

We made it there in record time. The police and the Lords were both there banging on the front door. Both Bryce and I pushed out of the Camaro and ran to the house. We pushed through the bodies and punched in our code and burst through the door.

“SHAY!” we both yelled. Nothing, I thought I heard faint music upstairs. I asked Dawson and the guys to take care of the cops and the bikers.

Bryce and I ran upstairs and followed the music to the bathroom.

“Heeeeeeey, my handsome guyssss,” Shay slurred. Both Bryce and I looked at each other.

She was gorgeously naked in the tub, her bubbles hardly hiding her delicious body from our sight. But it was her face I was concentrating on. Her eyes were half-lidded, she had a blissful smile on her face. A bottle of wine laid on the ground tipped over. It looked to be empty.

“Pretty girl, are you drunk?” Bryce asked.

“Nooooo, well/maybe a little bit, and I am really high, you should come into the bath with me. I’m all sssslippery,” she said and started to giggle. “I think I messed up.” She popped the p.

I had a smirk on my face because she looked so f*cking adorable. I heard Bryce chuckle and he crossed

his arms.

“How did you mess up, Sunshine?” I asked, getting close to the tub and crouching down. I cupped her cheek and she leaned into my hand with a hum.

“I have only ever had one edible at a time, mostly to help me sleeeep and far and few in between,” she sang, and then booped me on the nose. “But I took three, because I am ssssooooo stressed.”

3/4

< She’s So Wrong

“I’m sorry you’re stressed, baby. I’m sorry Bryce and I did this to you.”

+8 Points >

“It’s okay, because I understand. Your actions speak loud. You lust after me, and I get it. I mean, we’ve basically done nothing but f*ck like rabbits for a week. I gave it up too quickly.

That is where I messed up too,” she snorted. “Why buy a cow when you can have the milk forrrr freeeee, right? I fell too fast, you guys, you guys can’t love someone that’s easy, so I am good for right now, but I am not Mrs. Right,” she said with a hard T, and then she sniffed hard and loudly as tears came to her eyes.

Before I could disabuse her of her ramblings, she hiccuped. “I’m good enough to f*ck but not good enough

to love,” she sighed, and then she closed her eyes and fell asleep.

“F*ck, we did a number on her,” Bryce said.

I reached into the tub and picked her up. Bryce held open a towel and I put her into his arms. I physically ached with her words. She was so wrong, and we were going to show her just how wrong she was. She’s not ready for the love bombing Bryce and I are going to give her. Bryce took her to the bed. He dried her off, I took down her hair, and we put her under the covers and tucked her in.

“We need to do damage control. We need to show her just how loved she is,” Bryce said.

“Yeah. She’s going to be so sick of us by the end of the week. We’ll worry about the Carson and Conner

thing later. Right now, she needs us. Let’s go talk to the guys.

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4/4

< Cheering Me Up

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 174 -

8-10 minutes

Cheering Me Up

Shay

+8 Points)

Ugh, my heeeeaadddd. What in the f*ck did I do last night? My temples throbbed and I felt groggy. Flashes of last night, eating three edibles and drinking a whole bottle of wine. D*mn. I messed up. How did I get to bed? Speaking of bed, why am I alone? Did they not come home last night? Inhaling sharply, I sat up and then grabbed my head.

“I wonder if they found someone less dramatic,” I mumbled.

Sighing and a little heart broken, I got out of bed and stumbled to the bathroom. I was surprised to see it all clean. The tub was empty, no bottle of wine. My phone was still on the sink counter, but no song was playing. I tapped on it, there was thirty percent left, enough to see no messages or calls. It was nine a.m. Well, guess they're at work from wherever they spent the night at last night. Luckily, I didn't have to be at work this morning. I think I'll just bake some cookies today. Lemon, chocolate chip, wedding cookies, frosted sugar cookies. Yeah, that sounds like a plan.

I got in the shower and cried, of course. It wasn't the cute couple of tears. No, it was ugly crying, sobbing my heart out because knowing they didn't come home last night and not knowing where or who they were with, gutted me. But it was also kind of cathartic.

I took a couple of deep breaths to calm myself because I was getting a little nauseous and I really didn't want to throw up. I got out of the shower, brushed my teeth and hair and left that to air dry. I walked to my closet and threw on some gray sweat shorts and a white T. No bra, no underwear. I just didn't care today. Why would I care? My relationship was obviously over. I pushed them too far. I gave myself too soon and

too much. Lesson learned.

Stepping into the kitchen, there was a note card and two tylenol on the island.

Hey Sunshine. I hope your head isn't pounding too hard this morning. There's some orange juice in the fridge and a parfait I made for you. It's vanilla Greek yogurt, blueberries, raspberries and strawberries. There's a small baggie of granola and mini dark chocolate chips next to the parfait in the fridge also. I didn't think your tummy could handle anything too heavy this morning. At ten, Bryce has someone coming over, so don't be alarmed when someone knocks on the door. You were adorable last night.

Bryson

I was adorable last night? So, they did come home? The smile that split my face was enormous. I felt a hundred times better. I was still going to bake cookies. I might even throw in some brownies too.

I got to work after eating my yummy parfait, and started humming. I started with the chocolate chip cookies and the brownie batter. Everything was running smoothly when a knock came, startling me. Was it ten already? I was just about to put in my last batch of chocolate chip cookies, but I set them on the

counter and went to answer the door.

"Hi, I'm Hanna."

1/4

< Cheering Me Up

A blonde woman with a giant black rectangular bag and a smaller bag stood in front of me.

"Um, hi, I'm Shay. Can I help you?"

* Point

"Oh, I'm here for your massage? I was hired to do a ninety-minute Swedish Massage and a thirty-minute

hot stone therapy.”

“Oh!” I stepped back and let her in.

“Where would you like me to set up?” she asked.

“Well, how much room do you need?” I asked.

She looked around wide-eyed.

“Your living room is huge, there is fine. I just need ten minutes, and then we can get started.”

“Okay, I was making some chocolate chip cookies, would you like one?”

“That’s sweet, maybe after the massages?”

“Okay.”

I went back into the kitchen and put the last batch in the oven. Ten minutes was perfect timing.
So Bryce

hired me a massage therapist? What was going on?

The timer dinged just as Hanna said she was ready.

I took the cookies out and laid the man on the over top. Then I went to the living room.

“Here you go,” she said, handing me a notecard.

Pretty girl. You had a rough night last night. I want you to relax. Enjoy your massages with Hanna. I

already miss you.

Bryce

Short and to the point. I smiled, it was just like him.

I looked at Hanna. "I'm not wearing any undergarments."

She smiled, "That's fine. I prefer it that way. I'll turn my back if you want to strip and get under the sheet however you want to start, face up or face down."

She did just that and when I was ready I told her. I decided to start face up. She moved around adjusting the sheet, and then she moved off and started some music from some speaker she must have brought with her.

For the next forty-five minutes, I relaxed as she massaged my head, neck, shoulders, chest, arms, hands, legs and feet. She even folded the sheet to keep my modesty and put a towel over my chest to rub my stomach. When she was done with my front, she asked me to roll over. Then she started all over, starting with my head and working her way to my feet. When she shifted the sheets to expose my glutes, I moaned when she dug in there. I never knew getting an ass massage would feel so good.

714

<Cheering Me Up

She told me she was going to start the hot stone therapy and if it was too hot to let her know. But it wasn't. It was so f*cking good. My muscles literally felt like goo when she was done.

"Okay, Shay, I'm done. Wouldn't you mind if I stepped into your kitchen to wash my hands?"

+8 Points >

"No, not at all, and grab some cookies or brownies or both. That was amazing. Thank you so much," I said, looking up at her.

When she left, I reluctantly got off of her massage table. I dressed quickly back into my shorts and shirt and fluffed my now-oiled hair. I'm gonna need another shower.

I walked into the kitchen just as she was taking a bite of her brownie.

"Oh. My. God! This is to die for. My brownies never look or taste like this. What do you do to them?"

“Well, they’re homemade, and I swirl melted caramel, coffee, and I use melted butter instead of oil in my batter. There’s also another ingredient, but it’s a secret,” I said, smiling.

“These are sinful. Can I take another for the road?”

“You can take the whole batch. Let me get you a container I don’t need back. I’ll just make more. That

massage was amazing. My gift to you.

“You are the sweetest, thank you!” Hanna said happily.

She finished her brownie and packed up her belongings. I handed her a disposable container and thanked

her again.

I was so d*mn relaxed. I ran upstairs and took a quick shower, then got back to baking my goodies.

I couldn’t wipe the smile off my face. I don’t know what was going on, but I was liking it. And the fact that Bryson and Bryce did come home last night, I felt so much relief. I must have just been out of it and didn’t

know they had come home.

Another knock two hours later after I had just got done with the wedding cookies, and the sugar cookies

had me excited to see what was next. I opened the door but no one was there. I looked down and saw a

black box with a huge purple bow on it. It was kind of big about the size of what my air fryer came in. I

bent to pick it up, and it had some heft to it. There were four golfball-sized holes on the side of the box. I

brought it into the house and set it on the coffee table in the living room. I picked up the card from the box and started reading.

We miss you so much when we are separated, and we realize we are surrounded by people to keep us occupied. But when you're lonely and missing us, who do you have that's just yours? We hope you like your new little friend. Bryce and Bryson

My new friend? I quickly undid the bow and pulled the box off.

"Oh my God!" I squealed. A cute little puppy slowly opened its eyes at my squeal. It stood and stretched and then became excited as I picked it up. I looked between its legs and squealed again. "I'm not the only girl in the house anymore. Hi my baby. Oh you are the cutest," I said to my girl. She licked my face,

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< Cheening Me Up

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 175 -

8-10 minutes

making me giggle as her cute little tail wagged a hundred miles an hour.

+5 Points

"What should I name you pretty girl?" I giggled at what I called her because it was the same as what Bryce

calls me.

"What kind of puppy are you?" I asked her. I looked in the box and there was a piece of paper, it showed her breed and that she had all of her shots. "Oh, it looks like you are a pure-bred Brittany. So, what should I call you? With your orange and white coloring, how about Pumpkin?" She went wild with little yips and puppy kisses.

I giggled uncontrollably. "Well Pumpkin, we need to go get you some staples. Let's go to the pet store."

I cleaned the kitchen, did the dishes, and put all my goodies in a container. There were ten containers. I sighed. I baked when stressed. This really helped.

I picked Pumpkin up when I was done, and we went to my car. I guess this was the guys' way of trying to cheer me up. It worked. I couldn't wait for them to get home now so I could thank them.

Roc

I looove doggies. I've always wanted a Brittany.

12

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4/4

Sugar and Spice

Sugar and Spice

Bryson

I was nervous. She didn't text us all day and I have no idea how she's handled our gifts.

+5 Printe

“Do you think we are going to walk in on a pissed-off woman, or a happy one?” I asked Bryce. We were sitting in my Camaro, both of us nervous as f*ck.

“I’m crossing my fingers and toes that she’s forgiven us for being inconsiderate asses. I’m telling her I love

her tonight,” he said.

“Me too. I just want to reassure her that she’s ours, and she’s not going anywhere and neither are we. I

have something to tell you,” I said.

“What’s up?”

“I want to marry her, but if you want to marry her, I will gladly step aside, and we can have a commitment

ceremony.”

He looked at me, his mouth dropping open. “You’d do that? For me? You’d let me marry her?”

“Yeah. I mean, we’re for life, right? “Especially with your situation, I think it’s only fair,” I said.

“What situation?”

“You know, how you can’t have kids,” I said quietly.

“I’m guessing she told you. Yeah, mumps, but I’ve come to terms with it. And seriously dude, I’ve always seen you married to her. Especially since you’ll be the one giving her kids. They need to have your last name. I’ll just be Pops to our babies,” he said with a smile.

“I love you, man,” I said, leaning over and pulling him into a hug.

“Love you too, brother. Now let’s get in there and see what our woman’s reaction is to us.”

We got out of the car, and we walked up to the door. Both of us took huge breaths and I put in the code. The door opened and we walked in. There was low music playing, the lights were

dimmed. We walked in and there was candlelight coming from the kitchen. I held my breath as we stepped into the kitchen and I let it out with a whoosh, and Bryce groaned.

Lying on the kitchen table was our gorgeous girl, naked, with strategically placed cookies. She had a sleep mask on covering her eyes, her hair was splayed out like a fan. There was a dusting of powdered sugar and some white swipes of what looked like frosting on different parts of her body. Next to her was also a bottle of lube and 6 packets of condoms.

“Holy sh*t,” Bryce breathed out.

“I think she forgave us,” I whispered.

She smiled. I couldn’t strip fast enough and neither could Bryce.

(Sugar and Spice

“No condoms tonight baby,” I said.

She inhaled sharply but didn’t say anything, so I took that as permission.

+ Points >

Bryce and I high-fived. He took one end of the table and I took the other. I immediately licked the frosting off of her lips and I saw Bryce start at her ankle and work his way up.

My tongue plunged into her mouth, she tasted sweet and sugary. I moaned and so did she. I kissed her jaw, and licked her neck and worked my way down to her right breast where a dollop of frosting and a small sugar cookie was on her pretty pink n*pple. Her breasts were covered in powdered sugar. I went from one breast to the next. Her gasps and moans filled the kitchen. Bryce’s face was buried in her p*ssy. Her body arched and shuddered. An orgasm ripped through her as I pulled deeply on her left n*pple. Bryce’s arm was moving, and I knew he was thrusting his fingers into her as he sucked on her clit. I was so f*cking hard. I wanted in her so badly. I didn’t care if I took her ass or her p*ssy, I just wanted to feel her wrapped around my bare c*ck. A knock on the table caught my attention and I looked over at Bryce. He held up the lube bottle and pointed at himself. I nodded. She still had a dusting of powdered sugar on parts of her body, but the cookies and frosting were gone. And d*mn those cookies were delicious.

I picked her up and she gasped. I carried her to the bedroom while Bryce blew out the candles.

“Where’s the puppy?” I asked her.

“She’s asleep in the bedroom next to us. I can’t wait for you to see what I did to that room.”

“Do you like her?”

“I love her. Thank you so much.”

“I’m so sorry for everything baby. I wasn’t ignoring you, I just needed to figure out my own feelings about Conner. We’ll talk about it later, okay?”

“Okay, I’m sorry for the way I reacted,” she said.

“No, baby, you have nothing to apologize for. You are perfect, my ray of sunshine. I love you so d*mn much.

Her breath caught. “I love you too,” she whispered. I kissed her gently, and then I sat on the bed with her straddling me. Our kiss turned hotter, and she was moaning in no time as I cupped her breasts and pinched her n*pples. I lifted her and speared her with my c*ck. She gasped and threw her head back. I laid back and put my hands behind my head.

“Ride me baby, I’m all yours. Do whatever you want. You’re my everything, Sunshine, I love you so f*cking much,” I gritted between my teeth.

I watched her ride me, it turned me so f*cking on as she grabbed her breasts and played with them. I yanked my hands from behind my head and gripped her hips. I helped her ride me as Bryce walked in. I wanted her to get off before he entered her. I took my thumb and started circling her clit.

“Oh, God, Bryson!” she cried out as she convulsed and her p*ssy gripped me, making me groan in pleasure.

214

< Sugar and Spice

“So f*cking good, Sunshine.”

+8 Points >

Bryce walked up behind her, his d*ck glistening with lube. He pushed her gently forward, and she started moaning loudly. He must be lubing her ass. She was grinding on my c*ck, and it was getting really hard not to c*m too fast. I tried saying the ABC’s but couldn’t get past B. F*ck, f*ck, she felt so d*mn good. So

tight, warm and wet.

“Ready, pretty girl?” Bryce asked her.

“Yes,” she whimpered.

She stilled, and I grabbed her ass cheeks and spread her wide for him.

“F*ck,” he growled.

She lowered more, putting her forehead on my shoulder.

I put my mouth to her ear.

“You’re doing so well, baby. You’re about to take both of our c*cks deep within you. We’re going to fill you

up with so much c*m until it’s dripping out of you.”

She cried out, and I felt him sliding into her. It never failed to amaze me how good it felt to share her with

my best friend. To feel us filling her with our c*cks with only a thin piece of skin separating us.

Bryce set a rhythm, and I joined him. We alternated thrusting into her. She was moaning and crying out. She screamed for more and for us to go harder, he lifted her hips a little for me and we both let her have it.

We thrust hard and fast. Her scream started low and gradually pitched higher and higher until she

shattered. She squirted all over us. It was so much that not only did she soak me and Bryce, but the bed

comforter under us. It spurred us on until we both shouted as we came. My body jerked hard, and I saw

stars. Euphoria came over me and I swear I was in heaven. Everything went white, and I came so f*cking

much.

Bryce collapsed on her and the weight of both of them was actually comforting.

"F*ck, I think I had a mini stroke. That was the best f*cking nut of my life," Bryce panted out.

Shay started giggling, and then I started laughing and he grunted.

"Take her to the shower. I'll clean up out here and then join you," I said.

He lifted her off of me, but not before I was able to grab her cheeks and kiss her. I took off her sleep mask, and she locked eyes with me.

"I love you," I said.

"I love you too," she whispered.

Bryce

4

< Sugar and Spice

I was ecstatic. Seeing how she was on the kitchen table, joy burst through my body. Tasting her from ankle to p*ssy was heaven. She was sweet and tangy, and it was my favorite flavor combination.

* Points)

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 176 -

18-23 minutes

I wasn't lying when I said that was the best nut of my life. I f*cking felt like I had gone to another dimension. It's one thing to go raw in her sweet tight p*ssy, but to go raw in her ass, f*ck that was a whole new experience. I had never done that before. You get pleasure being gloved up, but the sensation is so

much more acute raw.

"Did you like my surprise tonight with the cookies, frosting and powdered sugar?" She asked as I carried

her.

"Pretty girl, it was the best surprise ever. You don't know how happy I was to see you like that. Especially

after how much of a fool I've been."

"Let's not talk about that," she said.

I turned on the shower and waited a beat and then walked us in. I let the water warm us as it came down

on top of us, and then I shifted her, so she wasn't in the direct spray. One handed, I pumped some body wash into my hand and washed my d*ck thoroughly. Then I rinsed myself off, shifted her and backed her up against the shower wall and looked at her in the eyes. I slipped inside of her and she moaned.

Her eyes fluttered and closed.

"No, open those pretty green eyes and look at me. I want you to see my eyes when I tell you this."

She did, and I could see the wariness in them.

“I love you, so f*cking much. I didn’t tell you before because I wasn’t sure of what love was. I have never

been in love before. But with help, I figured it out, and it was everything I felt with you. I love you Shay

Duvall, with my very being, my complete heart and soul. You are my forever, there will never be anyone

else. It will only ever be you.”

She let out a sob, and she slammed her mouth on mine. I kissed her deeply and started moving inside of

her. I held her against the wall and to me as I f*cked her hard and fast. Her p*ssy gripped me, and she

cried her pleasure into my mouth and I came instantly. Yeah, it was fast, but it was perfect.

She pulled back and looked at me.

“I love you too,” she whispered before kissing me again.

12

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< OHHHHH

OHHHHH

Shay

+8 Points >

I woke up with a start, something made my eyes pop open. The guys were on a two-week mission, Bryson in Italy and Bryce in California, both with their teams. They've been gone for five days. Camille was staying with me, and I loved it. She made a great taste tester for me.

The last two months have been wonderful. Bryce and Bryson, since they've confessed their feelings for me, have woken me up with s*x and kisses every day before they left.

Camille confessed she and Malo had been inseparable since the barbecue. She confessed to me that she was falling fast last night as I made energy balls for the twins, Gemma, Willow and Axel. I also made some for Ava. This pregnancy was taking a lot of her energy, and she swears she's having a boy. She said this pregnancy was so different from when she was pregnant with Gemma. She finds out next month what she is having. We are all excited.

There it was again a muffled sound. I looked at my phone, and it was four in the morning. I had on a tank and underwear. It was nice inside the house, but it's gotten chilly outside since it's the middle of October.

I walked out of my bedroom and followed the moaning as it got louder towards Camille's bedroom. I

knocked and I heard a choked sound.

"Camille?" I called out.

"Bathroom," I heard her gasp.

I hastily walked over to the bathroom. Pumpkin was whining and lying down as she faced the jack and jill bathroom in the room Camille was using.

The bathroom door was half open. "Are you okay?"

"No, I am puking my guts up."

"Was it dinner? I swear the shrimp was good."

She chuckled, "I don't think so, that shrimp risotto was to die for." She then puked. "But it doesn't taste as good coming back up."

I grimaced and rubbed my own tummy. I felt fine, but the visual made me a little nauseous.

"Maybe the flu? Do you feel like you have a fever?"

"No, I don't think so. I just rolled over, and my tummy felt like it rolled, and I ran for the bathroom. Honestly, if I didn't know better I'd think I had a few too many."

My brow furrowed. We didn't even have w

Added to the library

memade apple cider.

"Do you have any other symptoms? My friend Janelle throws up when she gets her period. Are you about to start yours?"

1/4

< OHHHHH

She was quiet for about five minutes.

"Sh*t, oh f*cking sh*t, no, this can't be happening, it was one time," she whispered yelled.

"Camille, I'm coming in."

"Girl, I'm naked as the day I was born."

+8 Points >

But she said it too late. I saw her in all her glory and I burst out laughing. Seriously, how does someone look elegant on the floor, leaning on a toilet after puking? She was just sweaty.

"You look beautiful," I said.

She snorted. "You're just too sweet."

"No, you do, just sweaty. So, why are you cursing?"

"Malo and I have f*cked since the barbecue, and let me tell you, that man has a f*cking elephant trunk in

his pants and the man knows how to use it, and the way he eats p*ssy, f*ck I need to stop, I'm turning

myself on."

"You're turning me on, he's hot as f*ck, and now the next time I see him, that's all I am going to picture

now, you two having s*x."

"You'd enjoy it, he has mirrors on his ceiling, we're beautiful."

"I bet you are."

"Anyway, we always use condoms, but six weeks ago, I woke up to him f*cking me from behind as he spooned me. Except he wasn't f*cking awake. The man was dreaming about f*cking me and he was actually doing it. He didn't wake up until we both exploded, and he was deep inside me without a

condom."

"Ohhhhh," I said, my eyes wide, and mouth in a perfect O.

"Yeah, but, I chalked it up as not a problem. I never used condoms with my ex, and I never got pregnant.

Luckily, I got tested when I actually found out the bastard was cheating on me, and I'm clean, so I reassured him about it, and I told him I wasn't even sure I could get pregnant, because Rex and I were

together for a decade since I was twenty, and not once did I have a scare."

“Maybe it was him who couldn’t have kids,” I said.

Her mouth opened, and then closed and then opened again.

“I never thought about that,” she whispered.

“Oh, sh*t, Shay. When you asked if I was about to start my period, I realized I hadn’t had one in a while. The last time I can remember was a week before the barbecue.”

“Giiiiirrrllll. I’m running to the store. You take a shower, and go drink a sh*t ton of water.”

She nodded.

2/4

(OHHHHH

+ Points >

“Pumpkin stay with auntie,” I said to my precious girl. Bryson, Bryce and I have been working with her and training her to do tricks and protection. She gave me a cute little bark, and guarded the bathroom door when I gave her the hand signal we use for guarding.

I went back to my room and put on a sweatshirt and a pair of sweats. I slipped my feet into a pair of Uggs. and grabbed my keys and phone. I saw I had a text in my group text with my guys.

My Hot Stuff: Good morning beautiful. I hope you have a great day. I’m glad you and Camille are having a good time. Give a kiss to Pumpkin from me. I love you so much. Can’t wait to be back home. My hand

isn’t sufficient.

My Prince Charming: Good Morning Beautiful. I love and miss you something fierce. Nine more days and counting. If I can catch this a*shole early, I’ll be home sooner, but he’s a slippery mother f*cker. I might need an incentive. HmMMM.

I giggled. Before I knew what I was doing, I was stripping my top off and posing for some topless pictures.

I sent two that looked cute and sent them.

Good Morning my handsome studs. Here's a little spank bank material. I love you both and miss the two of you like crazy. My vibrator is getting a work out.

I put my clothes back on and ran downstairs and out of the house. Fifteen minutes later, I handed Camille a box with two tests in it. She was sitting on the bed in her robe. She looked nervous as hell. I didn't

blame her.

"Do you want some tea and toast?" I asked her.

"Um, no, I am okay. I'm so nervous. I don't want to do this alone?"

"Girl, I love you, but I am not holding the stick for you."

She burst out laughing. "God, I love you. Will you take one with me? I know you're not pregnant, but it'll trick my brain, and I'll know I am not alone in doing this."

"Sure. I'm about to start my period in a couple of days, so I know it'll be negative."

She ripped open the box and handed me one. I went to my bathroom, Pumpkin following me. I did my business on the stick, washed my hands and took it back to Camille's room where I laid the stick face

down next to hers.

"Okay, three minutes. What do you want for breakfast? Or do you want to go to bed after this? I'm sure you'll be fine. Whether it's positive or not. You said Malo can't get enough of you and he's the sweetest, right? I think if you are pregnant, you and he will work it out and figure out what you want to do."

"Oh, if I'm pregnant, I'll keep it no matter what he wants. I know that sounds b*tchy, but I've always wanted kids. I want a bunch. I'm an only child and hated it. I want a f*cking football team."

"I know what you mean. Me too. I want like six."

"Yes!" she said, pointing at me.

3/4

КОННННН

"I think I'll be too wired if it's positive. Are you tired? I can cook for you for once?"

"No, absolutely not. I love cooking and you're my guest."

"Fine if you insist. Crepes? With fruit and whipped cream?"

"Ohhh, that sounds amazing. You got it."

The timer went off on my phone and I grabbed her hand.

"Are you ready? You've got this. We'll flip them over at the same time, okay?"

"Yeah, thanks. Shoot if I am pregnant, it would be awesome if you were too, so our kids can grow up

together."

"Yeah, that would be awesome. Come on." We held hands as we walked into the bathroom.

"One, two, three," we both said. We flipped them over and looked.

"Oh, I think I got ours mixed up, this says positive," I said. "You're pregnant!"

"Oh my God, Shay, this one says pregnant too!"

What? Wait, what? I looked at hers and then at mine and, sure as sh*t, they both said pregnant.

+ Points

"No f*cking way!" I squealed. She screamed, I screamed, we jumped up and down, Pumpkin barked and

jumped thinking we were playing.

“Okay, wait, we need to make sure,” I said.

I ran back to the store and for the next two hours we drank so much water and peed on two more sticks each. We had six positive pregnancy tests. Hers said six weeks on one and mine said four weeks.

“Holy sh*t Camille, we’re pregnant,” I said in shock.

“F*cking pregnant,” she whispered. We were both in a daze.

In between waiting to pee, I made us crêpes, and I just noticed both of us had like six each. Yep, pregnant.

20

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< A Baby

A Baby

Shay

+8 Points >

Camille was on cloud nine. I was happy myself but nervous about how the guys were going to take it. We haven’t talked about children. Hell, we just confessed our feelings for each other.

It’s been four days since we found out. Five days until they come home.

“Camille, how are you going to tell Malo?”

“Well, I am making a homemade onesie with Maori designs on it, and I’m wrapping it in a box with the test. On the onesie, it’s going to say “I love you daddy” in Maori. I looked up the translation.”

“Oh, that’s so sweet.”

“What about you?”

“I don’t know yet. I’m really nervous. We haven’t talked about kids besides the fact that Bryce can’t have any.”

“Oh, that’s so sad.”

“Yeah, he told me there’s like a 0.01% chance. I mean, I guess it could happen but we both doubt it. But that’s okay, all the children Bryson and I have will call Bryce daddy too, or whatever name he picks out. I just hope they’re both going to want this one,” I said, putting a hand on my stomach.

“Yeah, I’m a little nervous about telling Malo too, but we’ve also talked about kids, so, I’m keeping my fingers crossed he’ll be happy that our one slip up from using protection resulted in us having a child. I never bothered with birth control since it never happened with Rex.”

I nodded.

“Hey, everything will be okay,” she said. “They love you so much.”

“I know. That’s what I’m banking on.”

Bryce

“I f*cking can’t wait to get home. I can’t believe the rescue mission I went on took so long. But I am happy. we saved those children. I met some members of the Lords Of Chaos Mother Chapter from New York and Florida. They helped with this big raid too. You should have seen these two ninja chicks. One was a dark-haired raven beauty and the other was a blonde teen of about sixteen. The dark-haired one was tiny as f*ck, I think about 5’2 or 5’3, and the blonde little girl was taller than her. They were like little tornado ninjas. Slicing and dicing left and right, using guns only when they deemed it necessary. Our intel was not to worry about them,

and I could see why. We rescued fifty kids, man. We f*cking strategized with everyone and practiced our breach over and over, so when it came down to it, it was second nature. How

<A Baby

did your hunting go?”

+8 Points >

“We got him, but he’s injured badly and probably won’t walk again in his life. He tried to escape by jumping from the fifth floor. I couldn’t f*cking believe it. He landed on his back and shattered his spine.”

“Good, traffickers, especially ones as evil as the guy you were after, deserve worse than death. Who kidnaps pregnant women for their babies? I hope they have fun with him in prison,” I said.

“Me too,” Bryson said.

“Hey, I saw your friend Conner, I think. He was in California with the little dark-haired woman. He looked smitten as f*ck. We still need to have that conversation with him. I’m going to ask Mic if he can look him up to get his address. We got to know what happened that night.”

“You’re right. It’s been so long I completely wiped it from my memory. Sh*t’s been so f*cking great with

Shay. Look what I bought while in Italy.”

He pulled his bag open and took out a small ring box. We both stood next to his car and he passed it to me. I opened the box and whistled. It was a beautiful engagement ring. The gold band was braided and

twisted where it held a beautiful tear-drop diamond ring.

“How many carats is that? It’s seriously dazzling.”

“It’s two carats. I spent seven grand, do you think she’ll like it?”

A shadow loomed over us and we both looked to see who it was. Dawson stood there.

“That’s gorgeous. She’ll love it.”

“Really? I’ve seen Isha’s, this one doesn’t compare.”

“Yeah, well, Isha’s ring was my grandmother’s ring, it’s priceless, and my grandfather got the hugest stone

he could find at the time. Isha could knock someone’s head off with that thing,” he said. “But this is Shay

all the way, very precious and elegant. I’m telling you she’ll love it. When do you plan to do it and how are you doing it?”

“I haven’t gotten that far yet. I just saw this ring and knew it was Shay’s.”

“Why you and not Bryce.”

“Because I can’t have children and the children should have Bryson’s last name,” I said.

“What?” Dawson asked, shocked.

“I have a 0.01% chance. I’ve been tested a couple of times and I literally have low swimmers. I remember one time, I asked the doctor to be brutally honest with me. He said. A male ejects anywhere between 1.25 to 5 milliliters of c*m at one time. He said a healthy amount of sperm is fifteen million per liter and some over 200 million. He saw 2 in my ejaculation. Two little mobile sperm and a whole bunch of dead ones. So yeah, when Shay gets pregnant it will be Bryson’s,” I said matter-of-factly.

“I’m sorry man,” Dawson said, putting his hand on my shoulder. I just shrugged.

214

< A Baby

* Points 2

“Seriously, it stopped hurting a long time ago. But I will love Bryson’s and Shay’s children like my own, so it really doesn’t matter who fathers them.”

“That’s how Mic, Davis, Ford and I feel. We’ve never told anyone, only we and my parents know that neither Seth nor Rya are mine or Ford’s. But we love them as if they came from our loins. So I hear you.”

I thanked him and then he looked at Bryson.

“I know you didn’t ask for it, but I give you my blessing. Shay is special, and I think the two of you are good

for her.”

“Thank you Dawson, that does mean a lot to me,” Bryson said.

He nodded and then shook our hands and told us good luck.

“I want to get her a ring too, one for her other hand. Do you want to do a proposal together?”

“Absolutely, we just got to figure out when,” Bryson said.

“Let’s just get home now. I miss her so much.”

“Me too.”

We drove home as quickly as we could, with one stop at a florist where Bryson got her a bouquet of pink tulips and I got her a cute fluffy teddy bear holding a box of her favorite Ferrero chocolates.

We walked in and called out for Shay when we didn’t see her in the living room. Silence is what met us, which confused us because we both texted her that we were coming home.

We went to the kitchen and on the dining table was a buttery bun sitting in a cardboard oven, with a recipe card sitting in front of it.

“Recipe,” Bryson read. “1 egg, 1 sperm, and a heaping spoonful of love. Bake for 9 to 10 months and enjoy the bun in the oven coming in the summer of 2026.”

He whispered that last part and I inhaled sharply. Inside the bun was a pregnancy test and it read positive.

“Holy sh*t Bryson, we’re having a baby.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"Let's check the room. It's only seven, she should be up."

We ran up the stairs, abandoning the flowers, our bags and the teddy and chocolates in the kitchen. We burst into our room and we both froze.

She was sleeping in a pretty mint-green silk night gown. It looked like she was trying to wait for us but lost her battle to sleep. I picked her up, and her eyes fluttered open.

"You're home," she said sleepily.

"Yeah, we are baby. I'm going to put you under the covers. It's a chilly night."

3/4

< A Baby

"But I wanted to stay up," she mumbled.

"We'll talk in the morning, pretty girl. Bryson and I have a whole week off. I love you Shay."

"I love you too," she said softly and was out before I slipped the covers that Bryson pulled back for me over her shoulders.

"She looks exhausted, but also beautiful," Bryson said.

"I heard the first semester is brutal. I wonder how far along she is?"

Points >

Bryson smiled, we'll find out soon enough. I'm going to go hop in the shower and then lay next to her. I just want to hold her.

"Good plan. I'll do the same in the extra bathroom. I heard Pumpkin scratching at her door when we ran up the stairs. Shay must have shut it so we could have privacy. I'm going to go greet her."

I left and went to Pumpkin's room. When I opened her door she barked and jumped at me.

“Hey gorgeous, you know you aren’t supposed to do that. Wow, you’ve gotten big in the last two weeks. Did you have fun keeping the girls safe while we were gone? Malo bought you a big bone for looking after his woman. He’s going to ask her to marry him, but that’s our secret, okay.”

I scratched behind her ears and she gave me a big doggy grin with her tongue hanging out.

I couldn’t believe we were having baby, I was so d*mn happy.

Roc

I’m so happy for them. Tomorrow we will see Malo’s reactions to the news of his baby mama.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 177 -

7-9 minutes

Best Day Ever!

Malo

“Malo, where are you off to in such a hurry? Do you want to get a drink with us?” Rogers asked me.

“No can do, my man. As much as I love you guys, I need to go see my girl. I’ve missed her so f*cking

much.”

“P*ssy whipped so soon, it’s only been what? Two months?” Santiago teased.

“She’s got me so wrapped it isn’t even funny. And there’s no timeline for love, my friend. You two should know this,” I said, pointing at them, making them chuckle.

“You’re really into this girl?” Rogers asked.

“I really am. I even bought a ring. She’s it for me. I will be making her Mrs. Ngata soon.”

“Well, congrats Malo. That’s fantastic. Raul and I are thinking about making it official too,” Rogers said.

“I hope you do. I’m really excited. So, I’ll see you guys later.”

I waved as I literally ran to my truck. I was vibrating with how excited I was to go to Camille’s and see her.

I texted her the moment I got off of the plane that I would be seeing her in an hour.

I got to her apartment in record time and grabbed my bag. I took the steps two at a time and took a huge.

breath. I knocked on her door and couldn’t wipe the smile from my face.

She answered the door and I lost my breath. She was wearing a white silk-looking night gown, with lace

containing her giant breasts and stopping at mid-thigh.

“You’re gorgeous,” I said, pushing my way in, dropping my bag and grabbing her by the arms. I slammed my mouth down on hers. She moaned and I drank the sound down.

“Malo, I’ve missed you so much,” she said in between kisses. I bent down and lifted her. She squeaked and wrapped her legs around me and dove her fingers through my hair and locked them behind my head. I

braced her against her door and got comfortable as I got my fill of her luscious lips.

“Two weeks away, baby, is just too long. I’ve missed this face, these lips, your glorious breasts and this

amazing ass.”

She moaned as I kneaded my favorite part of her body.

“I need to get you on your back so I can explore your body.”

I carried her to her room and she stared at my face with such love, and my heart beat faster.
Tonight I was

going to change both of our lives.

I took her to her room and laid her down on her bed. I stripped her from her nightie and buried my face in her neck as I kissed and sucked at her skin. She tasted like vanilla and it drove me insane. I wanted to

just eat her up.

Best Day Ever!

"Malo," she breathed out when I took one of her dark n*pples into my mouth and sucked. I opened my mouth wider and tried to fit as much of her hefty breast into my mouth. As I worshiped her melons, I took my hand and cupped her heat.

"F*ck baby, you're soaking wet," I said. I leaned back and slipped her panties off. Her p*ssy was glistening. I took my thumbs and spread her, her hot pink center looked tasty and I indulged myself. I dropped to my knees and licked her from entrance to clit and swirled my tongue around her bundle of nerves.

"MALO!" She screamed, lifting her hips.

I used my whole mouth on her, sucking and licking her juicy c*nt. Devouring her. She cried out and

whimpered and gripped the strands of my hair, shoving me into her. I couldn't get enough, and then she

burst, and I groaned, her taste becoming more intense as she came all over my face.

I cleaned her up with my tongue, and then I stood and stripped as fast as I could. But not before taking the

ring out of my pocket and palming it.

She stared at me, splayed out before me, her eyes heavily lidded.

“I love you, Taku Aroha, my heart, because that’s what you are. You make me so happy. You are so

beautiful, and I am hoping,” I said as I leaned over her and grabbed her left hand. She watched me, her eyes roaming my face. I slipped the ring on her finger as I slipped my d*ck halfway inside of her.

She gasped at both the ring and the intrusion.

“Malo,” she whispered.

“I am hoping you will become my wife,” and then I slammed home. She cried out and wrapped her legs

around me.

One of the things that I loved about Camille is that she could take all of me. I groaned at the feel of her

hot, wet, tight p*ssy.

“God you’re so f*cking tight, I love it.”

“It’s because you’re so big. Your monster c*ck stretches me to the brink.”

I chuckled, “Either way you feel amazing,” I said, pulling out and slamming back in.

“Will you be my wife, Taku Aroha?”

“YES!” she cried out as I pulled out and shoved back in over and over. I leaned up and watched my d*ck disappear into her and come out glistening with her p*ssy juices.

I plunged over and over and growled as she clamped on me when her orgasm shot through her body. She arched, and I leaned over her and took her right breast into my mouth as I continued to pound into her.

“I’ve been saving my load for you for two weeks, baby. I’m going to make you my baby mama. Our babies are going to be beautiful,” I said. We’ve talked about children, but we never talked about when to have them, and I was ready.

2/4

I saw a tear fall from her eye and I leaned onto my elbows and pumped slowly.

“Hey, hey, what’s this? You’re supposed to be happy.”

“I am, I am so happy, Malo. I’ve been through so much, and you come along and sweep me off of my feet and make all my dreams come true.”

“You are my Queen, Taku Aroha. You are my everything. I will worship the very ground you walk on for the rest of my life. Now, get ready, because I am going to make you see heaven.”

I stood at the edge of the bed, lifted her legs over my arms and pounded into her fast and hard. The sound of our skin slapping mixed with her cries and my groans, was magic. Then, she screamed as another orgasm slammed into her, making my own pleasure heighten, and I was c*mming hard.

“I LOVE YOU!” I shouted as I filled her up.

Her body shook as did mine, and then I collapsed onto her. She wrapped me in her arms and I knew I was home. She was my home.

We lay there for a little while. I had shifted us, so I was lying behind her.

“I have something for you,” she whispered. She rolled from the bed and I slapped her ass as she went. She squealed and I chuckled.

She came back to bed with a slim rectangular box. I sat up and she handed it to me.

“Thank you, my love.” I said.

“Malo, before you open this, I love you. You make me happy, and I am so glad you came into my life.”

I leaned over and gave her a sweet peck.

I opened the box and there was some fabric. I picked it up and unrolled it. Something hard and plastic fell out onto my lap. I picked it up and my eyes widened.

“Baby?” I asked.

She had tears coming out of her eyes. I held up the fabric and it was a onesie. I love you Daddy in the Maori language was on it.

“Camille, you’re pregnant?”

“Yeah, it happened when you f*cked me in your sleep.”

“That was the night I dreamed about f*cking a baby into you. And it came true. This is the best f*cking day ever!”

I set the items aside and dove for her. She laughed, and I made slow sweet love to her this time. I have never been so happy.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 178 -

11-14 minutes

Seeing Our Baby

Bryce

“Mic, Bryson and I need your help with something.”

Mic looked up from his computer as Bryson and I took a seat in front of his desk. “Hey, welcome back. Was your week off relaxing?” he asked.

“Yeah, it’s been awesome. We have some news, but we need to talk about something first,” Bryson said.

“Remember the man that took Carson out two months ago, and we told you we’d deal with it?” I asked.

“Yeah. Before you get into that, we looked more into Carson and Ford and Davis have been watching his

place. He’s disappeared. He hadn’t paid his rent, and we found out his car was parked down the block

from your place, and it got repoed. He’s gone right now. The last evidence we found about him in

Colorado is that he bought a bus ticket and left. No sign of him since.”

“Yeah, we think Conner had something to do with it,” I said.

“Conner? That’s the man that took him?”

“Yeah,” Bryson said, and then told him about his past and how he knew Conner.

“D*mn, that’s rough. You don’t think he’s after Shay, do you? Because if he is, we need to get Dawson and

the guys in on this conversation,” he said, reaching for his phone.

“No, we don’t think he’s after Shay. If he was after anyone, it would be Bryson. But, we now want to talk to

him. I’m sure you guys will find out from Isha tonight, but Shay’s pregnant,” I said, with a huge grin. “And

we want to talk to Conner and find out why he was at the house that night. We just want to make sure

Shay is safe, and he doesn’t have any sinister thoughts about Bryson. We just want to make sure nothing

goes wrong.”

“Holy f*ck! Dawson, Aria and Patrick are going to be ecstatic. I’m going to be an uncle! F*ck.congrats guys,” he got up and rounded his desk. We stood and hugs went all around.

“Thanks,” Bryson and I said.

“Anyway, we need to know Conner’s location. We need to find out what happened that night and where Conner’s head is at,” I said.

“Yeah, no problem, what’s his last name?” Mic asked.

“Bruin,” Bryson said.

“Here, he lives and works at Bruin Custom Furniture. Here’s his website. D*mn, he’s good,” he said.

He turned his monitor and I nodded. The man was talented for sure.

I typed in the address in my phone notes and the guy’s number too.

1/5

Seeing Our Baby

We thanked Mic, and went about our day.

“Do we want to talk to Shay about this?” I asked, as Bryson drove us home.

** Points)

“Yeah, I think we have to. She has a right to know what went on and where her ex is. Also, I want her with us, just in case.”

“Good, me too. Also, Pumpkin needs to come with us. She can help guard Shay.”

“Have you noticed how protective Pumpkin’s become this last week? She’s all over Shay,” Bryson said.

"I read somewhere that dogs get real protective over a pregnant female in their pack. We're Pumpkin's pack."

"Huh, that's good to know," Bryson said.

We got home and walked into the house to the most delicious smell. We walked into the kitchen and there was our baby. She was bent over, getting something out of the oven. I noticed from the corner of my eye that both Bryson and I had tipped our heads to the side to stare at her incredible ass.

"That's an edible sight," Bryson mumbled. I hummed in agreement.

She straightened and turned. Her eyes widened, and her smile was beautiful.

"Hi," she yelled. We both started chuckling. She put a pan on the counter and took out her earbuds. "Sorry. I was blasting some Stray Kids in my ears."

"Um, who?" Bryson asked.

"Please tell me you know who the Stray Kids are," she said incredulously.

"Um, no," I said.

"Oh my God, they are so good. I love them. They are a KPOP boy group. They're all adorable and there is this guy named Felix that has this deep voice that you would not see coming. They're all so good. I am

obsessed."

I growled a little in my throat and Bryson crossed his arms with an angry scowl on his face.

She started giggling and grabbed her phone. She took the Bluetooth off and started playing something she called Megaverse. I have to admit it was really good.

"That deep voice in the beginning is Felix. Here, look at the video."

She showed Bryson and I a bunch of Asian dudes singing, rapping and dancing. She found them adorable?

“Babe, they look...”

“Don’t you say it, Bryce. I know what you ar

ey are guys, and they’re hot.”

Added to the library

“Stop saying that!” Bryson snapped.

I saw her bite her lip to keep from laughing.

2/5

Seeing Dur Baby

“My prince, you aren’t really jealous of some KPOP group, are you? I’ll never meet them in real life, and it’s not like I’d ever have a chance with any of them.”

“First, they would be so lucky to have you. Second, yes, I am jealous and last, my prince?”

“Yeah, you’re my Prince Charming. I even have you named that on my phone.” Bryson’s smile was wide and smug.

“What do you have me as on your phone?” I asked.

“My Hot Stuff.”

“Oh, I can live with that,” I said.

“What’s in the dish?” Bryson asked.

“Roasted chicken,” she said and lifted the top off. My stomach growled. There was a beautiful roasted chicken with small round potatoes, carrots and onions around it.

“That looks amazing baby,” I said.

“Thank you. I also have a pecan pie for dessert. How does your schedule look for tomorrow?”

“We don’t have anything to do, we are on standby, so we are staying home.”

“Perfect, I have a doctor’s appointment tomorrow at eleven. Do you guys want to go?”

“Of course we do,” Bryson said, and I nodded.

“We want to talk to you about something. The night of the barbecue, something happened that we haven’t told you about because we decided to focus on you and letting you know how much we love you. Then life happened and work, and we are just now getting back to it,” I said,

“Okay. Let’s dish up our plates and sit down, because as much as I want to hear what you have to say, I

want to eat more.” Bryson and I chuckled.

Once we were at the table and had a few bites in, and d*mn my woman can cook, I started to tell her what happened that night. She gasped in the appropriate areas and then fully belly laughed at the way she was

towards us when we burst in on her.

“So, now we know where he lives, and we want to go talk to him and find out why he was here and why he did what he did with Carson.”

“Yeah, I’d like to know that too. So, can we go over there after the doctor’s appointment?” she asked.

“Yes, that’s what we’ll do,” I said.

The next day, we made our way to the doctor’s office. Isha referred us to Doctor Evans, because she was fine with the poly dynamic, Isha said. She didn’t judge, and found it fascinating.

We were taken back and when a petite older woman stepped in I smiled. She nodded at me and Bryson and focused on Shay.

<Seeing Our Baby

“Hello, Shay. I am Doctor Evans. I hear you are here to see how far along you are today?”

“Yes, um, these are my boyfriends, Bryce and Bryson,” Shay said, pointing us out.

“Hello,” I said. “You came highly recommended by Isha Becks.”

“Oh, Isha, I love her and her harem, especially Ford Meyers. He fainted at the birth of the twins.”

“Seriously?” I asked. I couldn’t wait to rib him about that.

“Yes, he’s a hoot. So, since you pluralized the boyfriends, are there others in your dynamic?”

“Absolutely not,” Bryson said.

“No, it’s just us three,” I said.

“Alright, then let’s get this party started.”

She examined Shay, and asked her a ton of questions. Finally, she sat on a stool and had Shay lift her shirt for her. She put some gel on her stomach and pushed on a machine.

We watched as she took some sort of scanner thingy and started to move it all over Shay’s gelled up stomach. I saw a lot of black and white blobs on the screen, and had no clue what everything was.

A few buttons were pushed, and then a whooshing sound came.

“That’s your baby’s heart beat. I wasn’t sure if we’d be able to hear it today. You are five weeks, and four days along. This little bean shaped with the fluttering here is your baby and that’s it’s heart.”

I was in awe. She was right, it looked like a lima bean, it was so small. That was our baby and I couldn’t help the tears that came to my eyes.

I looked at Bryson, and he looked at me. He had tears in his eyes too. Then we both laughed and hugged each other. I squeezed him, I was so d*mn happy.

We let

go

of each other, and we descended on Shay. I moved a little, so Bryson could get next to me and I

kissed her forehead while he kissed her lips.

“You’re so awesome, baby. Look what you are doing, protecting our little baby, in your wonderful womb,” I

said.

“You look very healthy, I see nothing to be concerned about. There are no restrictions, just be mindful of your diet. Also, obviously no drinking, smoking or doing any type of drugs. Tylenol only for headaches or any pain you find yourself in. s*x is fine, you won’t hurt the baby at all. I always like to tell new parents this. That’s the very first question I always get. Here are your pictures. I will see you guys in two months.”

She left the room and I looked at Shay. “You are wonderful,” I said, and kissed her lips. Bryson helped her up, and now we were on our way to see Conner.

4/5

I Need To Find Out

Conner

I’m in love, that’s all there is to it. For two months, I’ve been with Lyla. She first told me her name was Tasha, but then explained that’s what she normally uses when she meets random guys, f*cks and run, only she said she’s hooked on me, and I am so f*cking hooked on her.

She gives me what I crave, and she lets me take care of all her little needs to keep her stress-free. She’s told me exactly what she does for a living, and I am flabbergasted. I’m not really a violent person, unless someone I care about is being hurt or will be hurt, but then again, I’ve never killed anyone in my life. Lyla explained the vines and leaves she had all over her body. In two spots she has lotus flowers. I asked what those are for, and she said they are for families she has assassinated. I am in awe of her. She is so tiny, a whole foot smaller than me. Her body is tight and has defined muscles. Her arms and legs are spectacular, her breasts are firm, and just the right size for her. Her ass is fantastic, and her flat stomach now

has bite marks on it from me. I didn't know anything about pain and pleasure before, but I do now.

At this moment, I was watching her do chin-ups with the bar I installed just for her. Mine was right next to hers. I had been sanding a seat for a bench when I looked up and saw her working out. The spit in my mouth dried up. Her long hair was braided and almost to her ass. If I didn't know better, I would think I had the real-life Lara Croft in my warehouse, and I've always had a thing for Lara Croft, both animated and Angelina Jolie's portrayal of her.

"I can feel you staring at my ass," she said.

"Well, it's an exceptional ass," I said with a grin.

She dropped and turned. I was rock hard for this woman all the d*mn time.

She stalked me. That's the only way I can describe her walk. She was graceful and predatory all the way towards me.

She climbed my body and I set the sander down and locked my hands under her delectable ass.

"You came to bed late last night. I didn't get my fill of you," she whispered as she brushed her lips across

mine.

"I'm sorry, my little mistress. But I have to get these orders done, and you've been a great distraction."

"Are you saying because of me, you're slacking?"

I smirked, "Oh, definitely, but, I'm not complaining." I slammed my mouth down on hers and moaned when she sucked my tongue hard into her mouth.

She ran her fingers into my hair and yanked, pulling my head back so she could kiss down my jaw and neck and latch her teeth onto my skin.

"F*ck Lyla, you're going to make me c*m in my pants again, you keep doing that," she chuckled and licked

I Need To Find Out

where she bit me.

“We wouldn’t want that. Lay me on the bench and drop to your knees.”

“Wait, I need to cover it, I don’t want you to get a splinter.”

+8 Points >

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 179 -

9-11 minutes

B

<I Need To Find Out

I Need To Find Out

Conner

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“We wouldn’t want that. Lay me on the bench and drop to your knees.”

“Wait, I need to cover it, I don’t want you to get a splinter.”

31 Need To Find Out

Holding her, I grabbed a thick comforter I had just washed and hadn’t brought up **to the loft** yet **and** threw **it over** the bench before I laid her down. I stripped off her leggings and spread her **wide**. I **didn’t** care **if she had** just gotten done working out a little, I was going to taste my woman. I dove between her legs. And **groaned at the** salty tangy taste of her. She was addicting. I licked her with my full tongue **up** and down her **slit**. **She**

gasped and arched. I turned my head a little and bit her inner thigh.

“CONNER!” she screamed. I speared her with my tongue and used my thumb to rub and pinch her clit and she was gone. She humped my face, smothering me in her slick p*ssy as she came all over it. “You’re such **a** good boy, Conner. You always get me off so fast. You’re my favorite pet.”

I couldn’t help the smile on my face. Yes, she told me about her other lovers, and I was okay **with** it as long.

as I was her main pet. I don’t know why it turned me on that she had others and that she would take me **with**

her to play with them one day. But right now she said we were in our bonding stage, and she has told me she’s never bonded with someone like me as fast as we’ve bonded. She said I was special and the first time

she told me that, if I had a tail, it would have wagged.

I told her about my past and why I had gone to jail. She held me as I cried and told her how much I had missed my friendship with Bryson. She asked if I was still in love with him and I told her no. But I still cared for him because we had known each other all our lives. She said

maybe one day he would forgive me. But then she said if I ever cheated on her, she'd kill me, and I definitely believed her. She also told me that since she feels for me the way she does, she won't be with her other pets unless I am with her. That's how I believed that I was special to her. She has never told me she loves me, but I like to think me being special to

her is the same thing.

Something in Lyla was twisted, and I could live with that. I just wanted to love her and take care of her

needs.

"I love you, Lyla," I whispered in her pretty p*ssy and kissed it. Then I made my way up her body and gave her my best puppy dog look.

"You want a reward?" she asked with a smile. I smiled big and wiggled my eyebrows, making her laugh.

"Back up, take your d*ck out and f*ck my throat/but make sure you make me c*m again too."

I did as she said. She turned around on the bench and let her head hang over the edge. I guided my c*ck into her mouth, wrapped one hand around her throat so I could feel myself there, and she let me f*ck her hard. Lyla had no gag reflex. She took all eight inches of me and swallowed around me, making me grunt and groan with pleasure. She grabbed me by the ass and held me down her throat. Her nose to my balls as she swallowed convulsively around me.

I took my hand around her throat and massaged it, her hum making my eyes roll into the back of my head. She let go of my ass and I left her mouth so she could take deep breaths. Saliva came out in strings as she coughed a little before beckoning me to continue. Over and over, we did this for a good ten minutes before she started pinching my ass, She wanted to c*m, and I knew exactly how she wanted it. As she held my **ass** with my c*ck down her throat. She used a hand to massage my balls, and I was about to f*cking fill her throat up, so I needed to hurry. I started to thrust in and out of her mouth when she let me and I raised my hand that was around her throat and swiftly brought it down and smacked her p*ssy.

She screamed around my c*ck, her body thrashing. I did **it** again and then plunged two fingers into her **and f*cked** her with them vigorously before pulling out and smacking it again. She started c*mming **hard**. I plunged my fingers again, shaking then in her and **f*cking** her, and she started squirting **all over the**

< 1 Need To Find Out

comforter and my hand, and she sucked hard, and I roared with my release. She swallowed around me, drinking my c*m.

“F*ck, oh God Mistress, f*ck so good.”

I made the mistake of talking but couldn't help it, so she bit me. Not hard, but enough to grab my attention. I

slowly pulled out of her while she scraped her teeth along my shaft, making me whimper.

“Oh, my little bad boy,” she said with a grin. I bit my lip, my head hanging down. She popped up and

chuckled. She ripped the belt out of my pants and told me to drop them.

This was the part I craved, the punishment I knew she would give me for speaking and I needed it.

“Bend over the bench, Pet.” I did and I waited in anticipation.

“That was seven words. Right?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

The first cr*ck across my ass had me inhaling sharply. The second and third had me gabbing the bench and biting my bottom lip hard so I didn't cry out. The wood under me creaked, and I chanted ‘don't break’ in my head. She switched her swing, so a small part of my belt would hit my balls, my body arched in pain, but it

felt so f*cking good.

When she was done, I was sweating profusely. My ass was on fire, and she ran her hand gently over it.

“You welt so prettily, Conner. Then she crouched down and licked all my welts. I was so f*cking hard by the

time she was done.”

“You get to walk around with a hard on for a while. I know you spoke on purpose, naughty boy.” I smiled and

winked and she let out a full belly laugh. We cleaned ourselves up and dressed again when a knock came on

the side door.

“I wonder who that is?” I said out loud.

“Are you expecting anyone?” she asked me cooley.

“No,” I said.

“Don’t answer it, give me two minutes.”

She grabbed something from her cleavage and snuck out the back. I knew it was a small blade she held in

her sports bra.

A piercing scream and a child’s wail came to my ears. A bang of two knocks and a pause, then a third knock and I knew it was Lyla telling me to open, that was our signal.

I opened the side door and gaped at who was in front of me.

“Christine? What the hell?”

“This is the Christine?” Lyla asked deadly. I swallowed and nodded.

“Conner,” Christine said. I motioned for her to come in. Lyla followed her. A little girl of about two was in

Christine’s arms.

“What are you doing here, Christine?”

“I came to find you and Bryson. I need to find out who the father of my daughter is.”

I Need To Find Out

Roc

Thank you so much for you all your prayers and kind words. I also want **to** say sorry for **all the mess** ups, I am so tired. Thank you also for pointing them out. It really helps me.

21

Comments

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 180 -

11-14 minutes

WTF?

WTF?

Bryson

Cloud f*cking nine. A baby, a beautiful little baby, was in my beautiful girlfriend’s little tummy. I looked **at**

Bryce, his smile was just as big as mine. We were both walking to the car like strutting **peacocks, and Shay** was giggling her pretty head off.

“You two are acting so proud.”

“We are proud. We are going to have a little baby to complete our family,” Bryce said. I watched Shay melt

and I chuckled.

I had hold of one hand and Bryce had hold of the other. When we got to the **car**, I yanked her to me and sank into her kissable lips.

“I love you so much. I can’t wait to see our little munchkin. I hope she looks like you.”

“She? What if it’s a boy?”

“Then I hope he looks like you. You’re gorgeous, so any kid we have will be gorgeous.”

“You’re just biased,” she said, slapping my shoulder.

“And he’s right,” Bryce said, winking at her. She was letting me drive her car today, and she wanted to sit in

the back, so I opened the back driver’s side door for her and helped her in. I leaned over her and buckled her

in, and she kissed my cheek.

“You take such good care of me,” she said softly.

“That’s because you are the love of my life, and I would be lost without you. I don’t want anything happening to you.”

“I love you,” she said, and kissed me.

“I love you too.”

Bryce had his hand in between the two front seats so he could put his hand on her knee.

“Alright, let’s go get our girl and head over to Conner’s,” Bryce said.

We ran home and got Pumpkin, who was ecstatic to go on a car ride. She had her little doggy head out the window sniffing the air and letting the wind ruffle her fur. Her little stubby tail wagged a mile a minute and had me chuckling. She was an excited pup.

We got to Conner's warehouse and I took a deep breath.

"You okay, baby?" Shay asked.

"Yeah, just a little nervous."

"That's understandable, buddy. Take your time. We don't need to hurry in there," Bryce said.

I nodded, steadying my nerves for about five minutes.

"Okay, I'm ready."

We all got out. Bryce clipped a leash on Pumpkin, who was sniffing away **at the air and ground. We let her go**

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potty and sh*t in the lot. I didn't care that we didn't have a bag to pick it up. Conner could do **it**.

We went to the door and banged on it. We waited for a solid minute and I felt the hair **on** the back **of** my **neck** stand and a low growl from Pumpkin had me reacting. Quick as a flash, I had my weapon that I always carried, out and up as a beautiful little woman came around a corner.

"You're good," she said.

"I have a sixth sense, it's kept me alive," I said calmly.

"Hey, you're the little ninja," Bryce said. "We never got introduced. I'm Bryce Dennison. This is my best friend Bryson Olson and our girlfriend Shay Duvall."

I felt Shay stiffen. I put my arm around her.

“Bryson,” the woman whispered, and then she got a very weird and scary smile on her face.

“I don’t know who you are, but please stop looking at my boyfriend like that, I don’t like **it**,” Shay snapped.

“Ohhh, a feisty little thing.”

We all gaped at this woman. She was six inches shorter than Shay, and at least a foot shorter than Bryce and

1. me.

“You’re stunning,” she said, eyeing Shay up and down, now it was mine and Bryce’s turn to stiffen.

“Oh, calm down boys, if I wanted her, I would have taken her right out from under you and had her screaming my name in five minutes flat.”

All of our mouths dropped open.

“D*mn, all three of you are tempting, but, I only have eyes for my pet right now. He’s special. And you, I remember you, you have good moves on the field,” she said, pointing at Bryce. “You are in for a treat, or not, depending on how this goes. He’s been wanting to talk to you,” she said, pointing at me. “He misses you and if you hurt him, I will hurt you. Now, because I am attracted to her, highly so, I won’t kill you, because I think she and I can become really good friends.”

“Lady, who in the f*ck are you?” I asked.

“Oh, sorry, I’m Lyla Michaelson, I am Mistress of the Underground for a little bit longer at least, and Conner’s Mistress. I’m also the sister of the Lords of Chaos President, in New York.”

“She’s the one I told you about, with the little blonde girl,” Bryce said.

“Ah, yes, one of my proteges and little cousin. Her name is Tiffany. She’s a lot f*cking scarier than I am, **so if** she’s ever in your sight again, it’s not a good thing. The girl is only sixteen,

and she's already doubled the kills I had by the time I was her age. I'm so proud. Alright, let's go. I can't wait to see the look on your face at what you're about to walk into."

She did a patterned knock and Conner opened the door. He was pale, and his eyes widened when he saw all

of us.

"Bryson, you're here. How?"

"I work for a **security** firm, we can find anyone."

He nodded and swallowed hard.

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"Let us in, baby," Lyla said.

"Oh, right. Um, Christine's here," Conner whispered as we walked in.

"What the f*ck?" I said, gaping at him.

"I know and that's not all," he said, running a hand through his hair. He gestured for me to walk into the big bay area. There was wood, tools, machinery and furniture everywhere and there was still more room. This

place was huge. To my left was an oval table with six chairs and sitting on one of those chairs was my ex with a cute little girl with cute little stubby pigtails.

"Bryson," Christine called out, a hopeful smile on her face, then she saw Shay next to me and her smile disappeared.

Shay's hand was squeezing mine for dear life. I looked at her and her eyes were wary, and they seemed to be

latched onto the child.

“Christine, what are you doing here? Didn’t I say to never show your face to me and Conner again? The last time you came to beg me for forgiveness I told you, you were forgiven, but that I never wanted anything to do with you,” I growled.

“Before she explains. Everyone take a seat, your woman is swaying,” Lyla said.

Both Bryce and I snapped our heads towards her. We both reached out and enveloped her in our arms. Our arms also going around each other.

“Oh, this is rich. Seriously Bryson? You wouldn’t have a threesome with Conner and me, but you choose two randoms to have a relationship with?” Christine sneered.

“Shut your mouth b*tch. You can obviously see the love between these three. Don’t be bitter because you weren’t good enough to be the one he wanted to do this with,” Lyla snapped at her.

Conner made a noise. “Not you baby. Their dynamic is something different from what you wanted. Trust me, I have seen this before.” I looked over and saw Lyla rubbing her hand up and down Conner’s back as he eyed us. Not with longing thank God, but with something like envy. Huh?

“Let me have her,” I said to Bryce. He nodded and kissed the top of Shay’s head. I took her to a seat and sat down with her on my lap. I needed to hold her.

“Talk,” Lyla barked out at Christine.

“I was telling Conner and his woman,” she said with a snark. Lyla moved to lunge at her, but Conner grabbed her and sat her on his lap. His head was buried in her neck.

She cradled him. What was going on? I’ve never seen Conner like this.

Christine cleared her throat. “I was telling Conner and his friend that I needed to find out who the father of my child was. She needs a bone marrow transplant. She has Aplastic Anemia. I can’t give her mine. I have been diagnosed with Type-1 diabetes. It happened while I was pregnant with her.”

“What do you mean you need to find out who the father is? You were married, isn’t he the father?” I asked. “Well, I thought he was. I wasn’t completely honest with you two back then. Conner wasn’t the only one I was having an affair with. Do you remember **that** guy I was working with that you said you didn’t like, because of the way he stared at me? Well, I was f*cking him too. When you and Conner kicked **me to the** curb, I became his girlfriend, and then we got married. Three months later because I **found out I was**

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pregnant. We totally thought it was his, until she started getting sick. When they finally **figured out what was** wrong with her, and she needed the transplant, I couldn’t give her any of mine. John was all for **giving** his. **But** then we found out he wasn’t a match at all because he wasn’t her father. He divorced me quickly. He **kicked** us out of the house, he gave me what little I got in the divorce and told me to get lost. I couldn’t find **you** guys. You changed your number, Bryson. Your parents refused to let me in their gated community and told **all** the guards on duty that I wasn’t welcome. I couldn’t find Conner anywhere. So, I hired a private **investigator**. He found Conner and eventually found you. I came here first, but now you’re here too. Seems like **fate**.”

“No. I came to talk to Conner. He and I have some unfinished business.”

He looked at me with a confused look, and I motioned at Shay, and he nodded.

“Well, I need you two to get tested, because she’s one of yours.”

“What’s her name?” Shay asked, quietly. I squeezed her and kissed her cheek.

“Natalie, after my mother.”

“Hi Natalie,” Shay said with a smile and a wave.

The little girl had two fingers in her mouth and she smiled and shyly laid her head on Christine’s shoulder.

“Why isn’t she in the hospital?” I asked.

“I can’t afford for her to stay there,” Christine mumbled.

“And what happens if she is one of ours? Are you going to share custody with us, or let us see her?”

“We can come to an agreement. I don’t want to keep her from her father if you choose to have a relationship

with her.”

I looked at Conner, Lyla was whispering in his ear, and then I saw a small smile and he nodded.

“I know people. We can have a paternity test done in two hours.”

“That fast?” I asked.

She looked at me, “I know people.”

She grabbed Conner’s chin and kissed him thoroughly. I felt Shay squirm and put my lips to her ear.

“Turned on baby?”

“A little. I don’t know what’s wrong with me. But I’m really horny now.”

“Probably the pregnancy,” Bryce said, leaning close. “I googled the effects of pregnancy last night while you guys were sleeping, and it said you could experience an increase in arousal.”

“Well, I am definitely experiencing that,” she mumbled, making us chuckle. I looked over at Conner and Lyla

was looking at us, and she winked as she got off of Conner’s lap. She walked away and grabbed a phone off

of a table.

I cleared my throat. “She’s interesting. How’d you two meet?” I asked Conner.

He smiled at me. I could see the happiness in his eyes and he lit up like a candle.

"I met her at a bar two months ago. I stopped in after..." he stopped and looked at Shay. "**After** I took care of something, this gorgeous woman came up to me and gave me her name and asked **me to play**. I jumped **all** over that, and we've been inseparable since."

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"Wow, congrats, I guess."

"Thanks, I'm really happy."

"**I** can tell. So, this is your place, where you work and live?" I asked. I hated how awkward this all was. **There** was a time when Conner and I could talk for hours and then the next day talk for more hours.

"Yeah, my dad got me this place. I learned how to work with *wood* in the corrections facility and found **out I** was really good at it."

A loud gasp had us looking at Christine.

"You were in jail? Are you some sort of criminal now? If you are Nat's father, I don't want you near her. Who knows how dangerous you are," she screeched.

Roc

This will be broken up in two parts. So, you got three episodes tonight lol. I **couldn't** sleep.

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Comments