

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 181 -

9-11 minutes

< WTF? Part2

WTF? Part2

Bryson

All of a sudden, Lyla came out of nowhere and smacked the sh*t out of Christine. D*mn, I'm starting to like

this woman.

“Don't you f*cking judge my man, wh*re. At least he didn't f*ck three guys while in a committed relationship. Not to mention, if he is the father of your child, I could make you f*cking disappear, and she would know me as her mother, and trust me, I'd make a better d*mn mother than you any day. She'll grow up knowing her worth and be able to kick ass too.”

Christine held her cheek, tears streaming out of her eyes as she gaped at Lyla. I couldn't wipe the sh*t eating grin off of my face.

“For your information Christine. I got in an accident after drinking and driving. Luckily, no one was hurt. But I did my time, and I'm not a bad guy. If she's mine, I will want at least 50/50 custody with you. And if you refuse, I'll sic my girl on you,” he said with a wicked grin. Lyla—looked at her and I could tell she was a

stone—cold killer. Yeah, I wouldn't f*ck with her.

“Wow, Conner, you found yourself a badass,” I said.

He smiled at me like a love sick fool. I'm sure Bryce and I had that same look when it came to Shay.

“Yeah, she's f*cking awesome. So, do you want to discuss why you're here? I'd like to get some things off of my chest too.”

“Yeah, but let’s find out which one of us is Natalie’s father.” He nodded at me. I looked at Christine, and she

looked at me with longing. I shook my head.

“If I am Natalie’s father, I will fight you for full custody. With your track record, I’m not sure if she’ll be safe

living with you. Who knows how many men you’ve been with since your divorce.”

“That’s a low blow, Bryson. I’m a good mother to her. I won’t let you take her without a fight.”

“I may not be as capable as Lyla in the making people disappear kind of way. But I know people and I have

friends who love me, and they do make people disappear for a living. I mean, I am the unofficial little sister

to two of the Denver Lords of Chaos motorcycle club, and they love their husband and me, and will do

anything their husband asks. Not to mention, the President of the club, and a soft spot for me,” Shay said

smugly.

What the f*ck? He does? Why am I just hearing about this now? I looked at Bryce, and he was staring at

Shay, so he didn’t know what that meant either.

“Ohhhhh, you’re **that** Shay,” Lyla said. “Wait, aren’t there five of you, that the club is really protective of?”

“Yes, me, and my best friends Isha, Ava, Savanna, and James. James **is the** one married to the two **Enforcers**

of the club. Well, technically he’s/married to Rage, but he’s Savages’ husband too.”

“I get it. Like I said, I know a lot of people that partake in the same dynamic **as** you three do,” Lyla said.

“Um, can we get back to the President of the LOC having a soft spot for you?” Bryce asked.

Shay blushed.

WTF? Partz

“**It** was before you guys,” she whispered.

“Well, I want to hear it,” Bryce said..

“Me too,” I whispered in her ear, making her shiver.

“He liked me. He wanted me to be in a relationship with him and his Old Lady, and his Old Lady wanted that

too. But, I’m too selfish. I don’t want to share my man. I wanted to be the center of attention,” she said,

blushing.

“Well you are that, pretty girl,” Bryce said, leaning over and kissing her.

“You definitely are,” I said, using a finger on her chin to turn her face towards me. I kissed her deeply. I loved

this woman and no other man was going to take her away from me. She was mine and Bryce’s, and President

of an MC or not, I will fight him for her.

“I don’t get it. Why her? Why would you share her with another man, and not me? And why him? Why not

Conner?" Christine yelled.

"First, because I never thought I wanted a relationship like this, it took the right girl and the right man to

show me that this could work. Conner didn't want you, Christine, he wanted me, and to get me, he thought he

had to tolerate you. Maybe if you guys came to me and discussed things with me, I could have had an open

mind back then, but you didn't. You just betrayed me behind my back and did it for almost two f*cking

weeks. While I texted and called you every night, you were screwing my best friend. Bryce and I aren't in a

s**** relationship. I love him, he's like a brother to me, but he's not my lover. We aren't into that. We just

happened to like the same girl and didn't want to compete with each other for her. Luckily, and I thank God

every day for this, she was accepting of both of us. She is the right woman, he is the right man. That's why I

can do this with them."

I looked at Conner. I didn't want to hurt his feelings. But he surprised me. He was smiling and nodding.

"I see that now. You're right, it would never have worked with us. I wanted you s*xually, and I hated sharing

you with anyone else, even in friendship. It would not have been a good idea. I am so f*cking sorry Bryson. Truly in my heart. You were my best friend and loved you. I still do, but in a whole different way now. I'd like to be a part of your life as a friend. I'd like to get to know Bryce and Shay. I would like for you to get to know

Lyla. She's amazing. I hope we can come to some kind of understanding, and heal our friendship."

I looked at him and I could feel myself becoming emotional. I really f*cking missed him. A hand on my

shoulder squeezing it had me looking at Bryce and he nodded. Shay picked up my hand and put it on her belly so I could find comfort there. God, I love her. And Bryce was the bestest friend.

"I'd really like that Conner. I have missed you so much, man."

He got up, and I did too, sitting Shay down in my seat. Bryce instantly snatched her and put her in his lap.

I walked around the table and Conner and I hugged **it** out, slapping each other on the back. I heard him snuffle, and I felt a couple of tears drop from my eyes.

"I really miss you," he said.

"Me too. I am so glad you didn't kill anyone in your accident, and I'm sorry, I wouldn't hear you out in the

beginning."

"No, don't be sorry. Everything happened for a reason. I'm just **glad to** have you back in my life," he said.

2/4

<WTF? Part2

We squeezed each other one more time and broke apart.

A knock on the door sounded. Lyla slipped out the back and that confused me.

"Why does she do that?"

“Safety, she has enemies she says. I just let her do her thing.”

“So, you’re her pet?”

He blushed, “Oh yeah, best f*cking girlfriend ever. But don’t tell her I called her girlfriend. She hates that. So, I call her Mistress. It’s a whole dynamic.”

“I am guessing so, can’t wait to hear about it.”

He chuckled and we hugged one more time. The banging on the door happened. Conner answered, and a

man came through the door. He was massive.

“Wolf!” Shay cried out.

“Little Shay, I see you found your unit.”

Wow, his voice was deep. The f*cker was as big as a bear it seemed. I recognized him *now*. He was one of

the men that was at the door the night of the barbecue when we saw Carson trying to break into the house.

“I did, and they are the best of men,” she said proudly.

“Good, now, Medic and Doc couldn’t make it, they’re on a run. They were needed, but I’ve done this a

thousand times because my men are idiots and sometimes forget to wrap their sh*t. So, who wants to go

first?”

“I will,” Conner said.

Wolf looked him up and down.

“Mine,” Lyla said, getting in Wolf’s face, or should I say chest.

“Okay, Little Killer, D*mn. Sorry.”

Seeing this big massive behemoth of a man cower to the little woman in front of him was a sight to see.

After Conner, I went, it was all done so fast, and he was surprisingly really gentle.

“Two hours. You’ll have your results. I’ll text them to Lyla.”

We nodded. He left with a wave.

“Now, what?” I asked.

“Let’s eat, are you hungry Shay?” Lyla asked her.

“Yes, please, I’m starving. I need some meat, and spicy noodles, and pickles, and, oh my God, some

pineapple.”

Bryce and I started laughing.

“You’re pregnant?” Lyla asked.

“Yeah, five weeks along.”

“Bet you don’t know who the father is,” Christine snarked, and Lyla hissed at her, making her hunch her

3/4

< WTF? Part2

shoulders and wrap around her now sleeping baby.

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“**Sure**, I do. It’s theirs. Biologically, it doesn’t matter, because they will both be this baby’s **daddy**. He **or she** will be so loved by them. So, yeah, I know who this baby’s fathers are.”

Christine rolled her eyes and then looked away.

“How about some Chinese, and we have some pickles and pineapple here. I’ll go make you a cheese **and** meat board. With some fruit and pickles,” Lyla said.

“Thank you Lyla. I can help,” Shay said.

“Nope, you just rest. Conner will help me. I may be an assassin, but I know how to be a good hostess, **my** aunt Lia is awesome at it and taught all of us girls.”

Shay thanked her and I sat down again. She reached out and held my hand. Now we **sat** there and waited. What will happen if I am the father? I’m one hundred percent positive Shay and Bryce will accept little Natalie. But a lot will change in the house with a child underneath. I guess we’ll have to learn to live with it. I mean, we would have had to adjust anyway with Shay carrying our child, but I thought I would have more time to prepare. God, this was not what I wanted to deal with when I woke up this morning.

“Hey, everything will be okay,” Shay said, squeezing my hand.

I smiled at her, hoping she was right.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 182 -

9-12 minutes

You Are Not The Father

Shay

Natalie was a doll. I noticed Christine starting to fidget the more time went on, getting closer to the two-hour

mark. She let Natalie down, who was starting to whine after she woke up and wanted to explore. With **the** amount of power tools around, I wasn’t comfortable letting the two-year-old wander around by herself.

She toddled around with an unsteady gate but with the enthusiasm all toddlers have. Everything she reached

for was extremely dangerous, and it didn't seem like her mother cared. She was too busy trying **to get**

Bryson's attention, who was completely ignoring her and talking to Conner and Bryce. They were talking about his furniture and I saw a lot of pieces that could be in our place soon.

My heart was happy for Bryson. I could tell how much both him and Conner missed each other, and **Bryce** fit

in with both of them. I liked Lyla. She had watchful eyes and I had the feeling her "attraction" to me was just

to push the guys' buttons. She would smile and wink at me with a mischievous twinkle in her eye that Davis,

Ford and Mic often got when they wanted to needle Dawson.

I also noticed the ice she got in her eyes when she looked at Christine. She was now on the phone talking to

someone as she watched Christine.

"Chay, up?" Natalie asked, holding up her arms.

She was such a smart little girl and if she was Bryson's, I think I would love to be her mommy.

"You're such a pretty and smart girl," I said, nuzzling her cheek. She giggled and played with my hair. She

used the bunch in her little fist to rub her face with it.

I felt someone come up next to me and turned. It was Christine.

"Don't get too comfortable with my daughter, **or** your place by Bryson's side. When it comes out that she's his, do you think he'd really let his child go for you?"

“I’d never ask him to do that. But I also know he’d never leave me, or the baby I carry. He loves me, and not the type of love that is fickle. He loves me with his whole being, and I am pretty secure in that.”

She scoffed, “We’ll see.”

“Are you sure she’s even either of theirs? I don’t believe she is. She looks nothing like them. She has blonde hair and brown eyes. Your brown eyes but your hair is brown, so where does her blonde hair come from?”

“It’s an inherited trait, obviously from one of our ancestors.”

“Oh, come on. Bryson has reddish–brown hair and gray eyes. Conner is Black and blue. I’ve seen pictures of Bryson’s family, there isn’t one blonde–haired person in that family,” I said.

“So, he hasn’t introduced you to his family yet? And you think he’s in love with you? His family is everything

to him.”

“We haven’t had time, he’s been busy, and we’ve been getting to know each other better,” I said, defensively. I wasn’t going to let her words get to me.

“What’s going on here?” Bryson asked as he and Bryce walked up to **us**.

“I was just telling her how much your family means to you and I find it weird **that** you haven’t **introduced** her

You Are Not The Father

to them yet,” Christine said smugly. “I mean when we started dating you brought me home right **away**. I

stiffened at the blow, and she smiled widely. I looked at Natalie and she smiled at me. I kissed **her** forehead

and handed her to Christine.

“Excuse me,” I said.

I walked off to her chuckle and Bryson calling my name. I needed to get away just for a minute. These **d*mn**

hormones.

I walked out the back, Pumpkin at my side. I sat down on a tree stump. Pumpkin barging herself between my legs. I hugged her, and she put her head on my shoulder. I knew Bryson loved me. I don't know **why I let** her words hit the mark. I also knew it was the hormones making me a little more sensitive than I **actually**

1. am.

“Pretty girl, don't let her words get to you. You know Bryson loves you,” Bryce said as he crouched down next

to me. I could actually hear Bryson yelling in the warehouse.

“I know. I'm just a little sensitive right now. We have been busy, so I don't blame him,” I said, with a small

smile.

“This is a lot for you right now. Who knew this b***h would show up and drop a kid in all our laps? What do

you think of Conner?”

“I like him. I think, like he's said, he's paid for what he's done. He did something awful and karma bit him in the butt. And I want Bryson to be happy. I'm glad he has his friend back. What about you? Not feeling

jealous?”

“Oh, I'm very jealous. But he's my brother, the one of my soul, my best f*cking friend. I'm confident in our bond. Plus, we share the prettiest woman ever. And, I also like Conner and am happy for Bryson and him. I am glad they can work through their conflict and come out

stronger on the other side. I think it will take some time to become one hundred percent with him, but Bryson will work it out. I think spending more time with Conner will help that. I like Lyla, I think she will also help Conner to heal, just like you helped Bryson.”

“I love you Bryce. You always know how to make me feel better.”

“I love you too, pretty girl.”

Screeching tires caught our attention. Banging on the warehouse door and yelling had us going back inside

the warehouse as Lyla slipped out.

“What’s going on?” I asked.

“No clue. Are you okay?” Bryson asked, taking my face into his hands.

“Yeah, I love you.”

“I love you too,” he said, kissing me.

I saw Christine glaring at us sitting at the table. Natalie is being held by Conner. She was giggling as he

bounced her on his knee.

The signal from Lyla came, and it was Bryce that opened the door. A blonde-haired man came storming in. Christine stood with a cry and snatched Natalie out of Conner’s arms.

“You f*cking b***h. You kidnapped my child and ran here to Denver? Didn’t **think I would find you, did** you? But what you didn’t know, was I had **an** inkling you would pull something like this **and air-tagged Natalie’s**

You Are Not The Father

diaper bag. Not only are you a cheating wh*re but now I got you on kidnapping, and I **am** going **to get** full custody of my daughter.”

“John! Get out, you’ll ruin everything!” Christine screeched.

“What the f*ck are you talking about, you f*cking c*nt?” He yelled back.

“The hospital bills are astronomical, she’s bleeding us dry, your insurance only covers a quarter of the bills. I was trying to get one of them to take her off of our hands. I was just about to split. They would have taken

her!”

“You’re so f*cking evil, I can’t believe I married a manipulative cheating b*tch like you.” This man, John said. He reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out papers.

“You will sign these. They are divorce papers and papers to sign your parental rights away. I will take care of

my daughter.”

“Wait, are you saying Natalie is your daughter?” I asked. “She said, you found out you weren’t Natalie’s dad when you did a bone marrow match.”

“Bone marrow match? She doesn’t need a transplant, she’s got type–1 diabetes. And I am her father. I knew Christine was f*cking two other guys when we were together, so I had a secret paternity test done while

Christine was recovering from childbirth. She’s mine.”

“So, you knew about these two?” I asked, pointing to Bryson and Conner.

He squinted at them. “I knew about him. Sorry man, she said you were cold and aloof and needed someone warm. The other guy I never knew who he was, but she called out his name once when I was f*cking her. One day she came to me in tears and said her boyfriend and the other guy had abandoned her. So, I took her in and when we found out she was pregnant, I married her, Maybe stupid on my part, but I thought eventually she’d learn to love me. I was in love with her. But that all changed after Natalie was born, and I found out Christine was f*cking one of my friends, who felt guilty and told me about it. I confronted her. She cried and begged for me not to leave her. So I didn’t. But in my gut, I knew she was going to run with

Natalie. Natalie was diagnosed with Type-1 when she was one. She almost died. Christine likes to use Natalie's illness for sympathy. I was already in the process of drafting up divorce papers and terminating her parental rights when she ran. I'm glad I went with my gut and put a tracker in Natalie's diaper bag, or who knows what would

have happened to my baby girl."

Natalie saw her daddy and squealed. "Da, Da, Da," she chanted, clapping her hands.

"Hi, my baby," John said with love in his eyes.

"Give her to me," Lyla said.

"No, she's mine!" Christine screamed. She turned to run, and Lyla reached out and grabbed her by the hair. Christine wailed. I stepped over and took Natalie from her arms and Lyla turned Christine around, punched her in the throat, and effectively cutting off the scream. Then she chopped her on the side of her neck and

Christine went down, hitting the ground hard.

I handed Natalie to John, who held his baby girl like she was his lifeline. I watched as Lyla grabbed the divorce papers and the parental termination papers and looked them over, then she forged Christine's name. We all gaped at her.

"Don't worry about her anymore. She won't be a problem for you ever again. I do not like women **that use**

You Are Not The Father

their children for sympathy."

She handed the papers to John. He nodded and thanked her. He left right away.

"What are you going to do with her?" I asked.

"It's better if you don't know. Plausible deniability," she said.

I smiled and nodded my head. I turned to Conner.

“I really like your girl...”

“Don’t say it, she’s my mistress,” Conner said, hastily looking at Lyla. She winked at him and mouthed ‘Good boy’. His body vibrated.

“Ookay,” I said, trying not to burst into giggles.

“Well, now that all that drama is finished. Let’s get down to why we came here,” Bryson said.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 183 -

8-10 minutes

Giving Then My Explanation.

Conner

“Well, I got the text from Wolf. Confirms neither of you are the father. I’m going *to* take this lying sack of sh*t somewhere and deal with her. I’ll be gone for a couple of hours, baby boy.” She walked over *to* me and leaned down to kiss me. “When they leave, I want you to put your vibrating stroker on, but you aren’t allowed to c*m. When I get back, I’ll let you f*ck me in the a*s for being such a good *boy* today,” Lyla whispered against my lips. She plundered my mouth and I groaned. I had to grip my seat *to* keep my hands *to* myself. She doesn’t like being manhandled without permission.

When she pulled back, I saw how pleased she was with me. She pecked my lips then said goodbye to Bryson, Bryce and Shay, before using her incredible body and lifting the b*tch Christine over her shoulders. I knew better than to offer to help. I did not want to get my head bit off, and I wanted my prize at the end of the day.

“You give her control?” Bryson asked.

“I need it. It keeps me grounded. It stops intrusive thoughts from running wild in my head.”

“It must have been hard in the corrections facility not to have that need met,” Bryson said. I blushed and cleared my throat.

“I had a friend on the inside that helped me out,” I said.

“Oh? Okay then.”

“So, I am guessing you want to know why I was at your house that night when I took Carson.”

“Yes, we definitely want to know that. How did you even know where we lived?” Shay asked.

“Well, after seeing you guys at the farmers’ market,” I explained about following them just to make sure they

got home. Then I told them how something was pulling me towards their house on Sunday night. “I never

intended to walk up on your property, but something was screaming at me to get over to your house. Anyway,

I’m sitting there in my truck. I see no one is home. I sat there for a couple of hours and I never noticed that down three houses there was a man in a car sitting and waiting also. I was just about to leave when Shay’s car came around the corner and pulled into the driveway. That’s when I noticed the man in the car open his

door. No interior light, which I thought was odd.”

I told them about following the guy and him jerking off outside the window and that I was about to attack him when he ducked. Then he took off around the house. I told them how I followed him, saw what he was doing and chucked a rock at his head. I took out the cameras and picked up his body.

“We saw all that. What happened after?” Bryson said

“Oh, well, I um, gave him two options. He could either go to jail or leave Colorado and never come back. That was, of course, after I beat the sh*t out of him. He chose to leave. He said there was a restraining order against him, and he didn’t want to go to jail. So, I made him bleed, broke his nose, although I think someone else broke it because his face was already bruised and his nose had been swollen. Then I used his credit card and bought him a ticket out of town and state, I have no idea where he went after he got out of Colorado, but I know he’ll never come back. Lyla said she would look for him and check up on him. I’m pretty sure that’s code for killing him, but I don’t question her.”

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8

<Giving Then My Explanation

+8 Points >

“Wow, you really saved our girl that night, Conner. That man was her ex. He was pretty much obsessed with her for some reason. He was the one that cheated on her and broke it off. Thank you,” Bryce said. “If you had gotten caught, you would have gone back to jail.”

“Yeah, well, I knew Shay getting hurt would devastate Bryson. I knew how much he loved her. I could see it in the way he grabbed her to him when I saw you all outside the café. I wasn’t going to allow him to be hurt **if** something happened to her.”

“Thank you Conner,” Shay said.

I nodded and gave her a smile. “I could tell in the store you were special, Shay. Honestly, I went off the rails

for a minute and thought I could somehow get rid of Bryce and *convince* Bryson to forgive me and let me be a

part of your threesome. Sorry. But it was an intrusive thought,” I shrugged with a chuckle.

“Well, I’m glad you didn’t act on it. I would have hated hurting Bryson when I killed *you*,” Bryce said with a

smirk. I smirked at him and nodded. “I don’t know Bryce. I grew up doing martial arts with Bryson.”

“We could spar sometime?” Bryce offered.

I smiled widely, “I’d like that.”

“Well, I think it would be a great idea to get together and have a costume barbecue party at *our* place on

Halloween. Conner could meet everyone, we could invite our core people from the MC. It'll be great. I'd love

to see how the bikers will dress up," Shay said.

"Whatever you want, baby, you just let everyone know. Bryce and I will buy the meat."

"Awesome, I want three tri-tips and a hundred hot dogs. I'll need twenty pounds of golden yukon potatoes,

and I'll make a hundred rolls. Conner, can you bring enough salad for like thirty people?"

"Um, yeah, can we also bring drinks?" I asked in awe of her. "Are you cooking all the food?"

"Oh, yes, I want *to* do this. This is what I live for."

"Trust us dude, her food is f*cking amazing. She can seriously do it all, but we will also be her sous chefs.

Because you're pregnant baby, I don't want you exhausting yourself," Bryson said.

"Don't worry, I'll have Savvy, Ava, Isha and James helping me. You guys will be doing all the entertaining, so

you had better come up with some manly games and sh*t. It's going to be cold so everything except

obviously cooking the meat will be inside. But we have that big outdoor heating lamp, so I'll be fine. It won't take long to grill the meat. I do want *to* marinate it for twenty-four hours though. Oh, I'm so excited. Conner,

there will be two pregnant women there, so please bring some non-alcoholic beverages too. The MC likes

Modelo, Coors, and Budweiser. Some of their ladies like those hard Mike's Lemonade drinks, White Claw and

Angry Orchard Ale the green apple. Those are also Savvy and Isha's favorites. Any old hard liquor will do. Wow, now I'm hungry again. Can we get some tacos?" Shay asked Bryce and Bryson. We all chuckled.

"Yeah, Sunshine, we can get some tacos. Conner, thank you again for keeping Shay safe. I owe you," Bryson

said.

"No, man, I owed you, but even if I didn't, I still would have done the same thing."

We shook hands, and then he pulled me into a hug and I really appreciated it. Bryce came next, and he surprised me with a hug too./

"Thank you, Conner. I am really glad you and Bryson worked everything out, and I look forward to getting to

2/3

<Giving Then My Explanation

+8 Points >

know you and Lyla better. I really like her. She's fascinating," Shay said.

"I agree. I am pretty sure she likes you three too. I think it would have been different if you all came blazing in here with accusations, and I thank God you didn't. I'd hate to have to dig your graves."

"I f*cking believe that. She may be interesting, but she's scary," Bryce said, making *me* laugh. I didn't see it,

but I knew others did.

I locked the door after they left and did some more work on the bench. Once I was done, I took a shower, and then I did what my mistress wanted me to do. I got the toy she bought me out of its case. I stroked my c*ck until it was hard, and slipped the silicone sheath over it. I laid on the bed and breathed deeply. I needed to really center myself. I clicked the remote

control button and inhaled sharply. The vibration and the suction of the stroker had me groaning. My ab muscles tightened, and I had to concentrate hard on not c*ming. Sweat had already started to bead on my forehead. I needed to please my mistress, so I blissed out, and waited for

her to relieve me from my state of euphoria.

8

Comments

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 184 -

10-13 minutes

< Cornered

Cornered

Shay

“Girl, you made a sh*t ton of food,” Camille said.

“There are like thirty people. I’m not sure if there is enough. You’ve seen how big those bikers and security guys are. Malo will probably eat half of the scalloped potatoes.”

“And I’ll eat the other half. You’re probably right, we might need another pan.”

I laughed at Camille. I loved her so much, and glad our babies will be growing up together.

She brought a rum cake and was dressed as a s*xy referee in a black and white striped shirt with a deep cleavage, and she was showing massive amounts of b*obs and little black shorts with a whistle around her neck and red and yellow cards in her shirt pocket. Malo was in a rugby uniform, and they looked adorable together. Conner and Lyla showed up with all the drinks and a cr*p ton of salad with various bottles of dressing. Conner was in some overalls with a tool belt and a yellow hard hat. Lyla was in all black, her long black hair in a long braid with a real gun strapped around her leg and a knife sheathed on the other. Conner said she was Lara Croft and I didn’t know who that was, so I got a thirty–minute lesson about Lara Croft. **Lyla** rolled her eyes every five minutes but had a small indulgent smirk on her face as

he talked. Bryce and Bryson were dressed as Men In Black, and I was a s*xy alien in a silver bodysuit that had a plunging neckline. I painted my skin with light green body paint and had a silver headband on with sparkly stars. Pumpkin was my alien sidekick in a silver doggy vest, and she also had a silver headband with sparkly stars.

The meat was cut up into strips, I had homemade tortillas with all the fixings in case someone wanted steak tacos and by someone, I meant me. I also made a spicy sour cream mix, because it seemed like I always wanted something spicy with this pregnancy.

The scalloped potatoes, parmesan–encrusted potatoes, and the rolls were all laid out with the hot dogs for the kids and anyone else that wanted one.

The party was going strong. I loved seeing all the costumes. A lot of the bikers were biker zombies, two came as s*xy biker vampires, and I was surprised when Wolf and Janelle came. Wolf was Frankenstein and Janelle was Frankenstein’s Bride. When I told him he looked great, but I was surprised he wasn’t a werewolf. He looked at me confused and I said never mind, missed opportunity.

There was a biker Jack Skeleton, and his Old Lady was Sally. I was really surprised how creative some of them got. The twins and Gemma were three peas in a pod. Dawson dressed as Batman. Isha, of course, was Catwoman. Mic was dressed as one s*xy Joker, while Ford was dressed as The Penguin and Davis was Mr. Freeze. Ava donned a black wig and a long skin–hugging black dress that showed off her baby bump, **and** came as Morticia Adams and Aaron was Gomez Adams. I laughed my ass off when Rage and Sav showed up in cop uniforms with their cuts on, and James was their prisoner. Mic and Jack came **in** firefighters’ uniforms with no shirts on and Savvy dressed in a really cute red, orange and yellow bodysuit, **her** hair was in a beehive updo and spray–painted with yellow, red and white. She said she was **fire**. **Willow and** Axel were two Dalmatian puppies. There were little bikers that some of the kids dressed up as, **and there** were princes and princesses.

One of the bikers that came was a prospect that Wolf ordered to stay at the door and **pass out candy**. **He**

came in all black from head to toe. He wore his cut and held a giant ass black **plastic** cauldron **filled with**

Gornered

candy.

I watched everyone enjoying my food and I couldn't be happier. Bryce and Bryson set up a poker room for anyone that wanted to play. We turned on a kids' movie in the theater for all the kids **that** were here.

Us women and James, my core five that now includes Camille, a lot of the Old Ladies and Lyla and I all gossiped about our men, kids, projects and charity runs. I was really interested in the charity runs. They explained everything to me. The MC fascinated me. I have to admit used to, when I was first introduced to them, had a prejudice, I guess, because of what I'd seen in movies or on TV or read in books. But the **LOC**, although, can be dangerous, they did a lot of good too.

"Oh, hey, I invited a friend of mine. She's bringing her boyfriend with her. I hope you don't mind. Her parents are friends of my parents, and they begged me to include them tonight," Janelle said.

"No, I don't mind, the more, the merrier," I said to her.

"Good, because they just arrived."

I turned and saw a pretty blonde woman in a fifties housewife costume, her hair done to perfection, curled and sprayed with a ton of hair spray. But what surprised me was the man who was dressed as Ward Cleaver.

That's it, they were the parents of Leave it to Beaver.

"Aimie, this is Shay, Shay, my friend Aimie, and her boyfriend," Janelle said.

"Charles," I said in surprise.

"Oh, you two know each other?" Amie asked. She narrowed her eyes on me.

"Not really. We went on a date a while back and that was it. I'm in a committed relationship now, and we're

having a baby," I said quickly. I did not want her to get the wrong idea.

“Oh, okay, yeah, Charles and I started dating about two months ago, but we fell madly in love. It was like love at first sight. Right, Charlie?”

“Yes,” he said automatically. His eyes bore into mine.

“Awesome. Well, welcome to our Halloween party. There’s plenty of food. Charles the guys are playing poker and pool in the game room if you’d like to join them. Aimie, us women are just gossiping,” I said.

“Oh, I love a good gossip sesh. Charlie, why don’t you go sit in the living room, I see some men watching some kind of *boxing*,” Amie said, smiling at him and pointing.

“Okay,” he said. He turned and walked away and did as she said.

“Wow, you really have him controlled,” Camille said.

“My mother said always begin a relationship with how you want it to run. I told Charles that we would **be** having a baby in the first year of our/relationship and be married in six months. I just found out **I’m two** weeks pregnant. He’s really been very accommodating.”

“Hmmm,” Camille hummed. This chick was weird, I thought. I looked around, and it looked like **others** thought so too.

Aimie regaled us with an unbelievable story. She said she had gone on a date with Charlie, and then he saw her on another date with a blonde woman. She didn’t get a good look at her, but she was devastated and thought their connection ended there, but then she saw him again at the farmers’ market, and **it was love at**

Comered

first **sight**. They’ve been together ever since and have been **trying** for a **baby** that finally came true, tve grateful Charles found someone and his infatuation with me was just fleeting. He was **way** too Intense for me and the connection he talked about us having was only one–sided.

I excused myself to go to the bathroom. Peeing seems to be a constant for me now. I was six weeks to the day, and I was feeling a lot of the effects. I threw up this morning. My cravings are seriously **out** of control, I’m peeing a lot and I cried at a puppy commercial today. Luckily, a lot of this happens after Bryce and **Bryson** leave, but this morning they saw it all, and they were beside themselves. I woke both of them **up to** my retching. Bryson held my hair for me

while he told Bryce to make me some tea and toast. He then held me as I brushed my teeth and sat with me on the bed as I moaned in agony. When Bryce brought the tea and toast in, Bryson helped me drink the tea while Bryce fed me the toast. They were the sweetest. Both of them wanted me to rest, but since I had so much cooking to do, I nixed that idea. I was fine after eating **the** toast and drinking the tea. I showered with both of them. They made me feel really good with three orgasms, and after I finished both of them off, I was good to go.

I washed my hands and fixed my pigtails. I opened the door. Pumpkin was sitting there, but as I was about **to** step out, Charles stepped in front of me, blocking me in. Pumpkin growled and Charles kicked her. She yelped, and I opened my mouth to scream, but he clamped his hand on my mouth and pushed me back **into** the bathroom. It all happened so fast. He kicked the door with his foot and locked it.

“Don’t f*cking scream. I need your help.”

He took his hand from my mouth. His eyes were wild and he was sweating.

“I’ve been taken against my will. This is the first time she’s unchained me and let me out of the house. Her

father drove us, and he’s waiting in the car right now. She’s only allowing a few hours of fun tonight. I am

sure she’s searching for me right now. Shay, please, I need your help. She keeps me chained to a bed and

forces me to have s*x with her every night. Now that she’s pregnant she’s going to force me to marry her.”

“What do you want me to do? If this is true, you can escape right now. Why trap me here?”

“Because I want you to come with me. I still feel a connection with you. I had to think about you to get hard

to have s*x with her. We can still be together.” !

“Charles, I am in a committed relationship. I’m pregnant with their child. I love them.”

“No, you’re just being brainwashed by all the other people around you. This isn’t you.”

“You don’t f*cking know me. Don’t tell me I’m being brainwashed. I love my men and they love me. Get the f*ck out of my way,” I screamed.

I could hear Pumpkin barking and scratching **at** the door. I heard my name roared and then the door

splintered. Pumpkin came flying through the air and latched onto Charles’ hand. He screamed, and I took the opportunity to punch him in the throat.

He choked, grasping at his throat with his other hand, Bryce came through the destroyed door like **my own** avenging angel. His arm c*cked back, and he slammed it into Charles’ face, blood spraying **across**

in the bathroom. Bryson came in behind Bryce and scooped me into his arms.

“You okay, baby,” he asked.

“Yes, he’s talking nonsense, get me out of here,” I said.

He nodded, and I watched as we walked away, Bryce continuously beating Charles in the face.

mirror

Cornered

Wolf’s **looming body** came up to us.

“We’ll take care of **it** from here,” he **said**.

I nodded. As we walked down the hall, I saw Almie. She looked fuming mad. Her eyes burned **into me**. **Mine** widened. What the f*ck did I do?

I

14

Comments

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841

1.5K

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 185 -

10-12 minutes

< Asylum

Asylum

Aimie

+15 Points)

This isn't fair. I knew it, just knew it, she was the blonde that Charlie had a date with right after we had our date. I never saw her face, but her hair is the right shade, if a bit longer. And I did see her from behind, and she looked like the same woman. As I watched her walk to the bathroom, I was one hundred percent sure

it was her.

I was standing here listening to Janelle talk about her and Wolf's weird love life. I've always hated Janelle. Our parents were friends, and hers and mine always encouraged us to play together, hang out with each other, and become closer. The problem? Janelle always likes the bad boys and the sweet innocent girls. Her promiscuity was well known. I heard a rumor she was a s*x addict and I totally believed it. Her man was okay looking if you like the behemoth, dumb jock look with massive muscles and tattoos. I did not. I liked the clean-cut, boy next door look. The Prince Charming look alike, and Charles fits that bill.

His attitude needed an adjustment. Mother brought me special pills for him every day, and I have been diligently working on him. But he has been stubborn. It's only recently that he finally seems to be under my control. Just like my daddy, so I thought it was okay to let him loose, and we could go to this Halloween party. He was acting perfectly until I turned to make sure he was still sitting on the couch, and found he had disappeared. I thought maybe he would go to attend the poker tables that I was told that were in the game room and searched for him there. I passed two men in black suits, laughing about telling Shay what a man named Dawson had just told them about something that had happened in her

teenage years.

I rolled my eyes. Shay, that's that blonde's name. I already hated her, knowing she was the one Charlie wanted to replace me with. I'll never let that happen.

He wasn't in the gaming room. I stomped my foot. He knew he was supposed to sit where I told him to or there would be consequences. I walked back upstairs and went back to the living room. Still not seeing him, I thought maybe he needed the restroom.

Someone cried out that a dog was lying on the floor and seemed to be hurt in a hallway to my left. The two men in black suits rushed by me and crouched down at a pretty dog on the floor. I heard a muffled yell. One of the men shouted Shay's name, and then he reared back after trying to open the bathroom door and kicked it. It literally exploded, pieces of the door going everywhere. I heard a manly yell as the dog flew through the door and then the yell abruptly cut off. The big man that kicked down the door flew into a rage and I heard the unmistakable sound of a fist hitting skin. The other man stepped in the bathroom and came out with that Shay woman in her arms. We locked eyes, and that's when I knew she was in the bathroom with Charlie. Wolf said something to the man holding Shay and they both nodded. I put a hand to my stomach where the child I so desperately wanted, lay.

Wolf walked into the bathroom and hauled the first man in black out. I saw two cops with the same leather vests that Wolf wore, holding the man in the suit with all their strength. He was really struggling to

get away.

< Asylum

+15 Points >

“How dare you get anywhere near my woman and child? I’m going to f*cking kill you. They are mine, all mine, you get the f*ck out of our house,” he spewed as Wolf held up a bloody-faced Charles.

I cringed as they got closer. Blood was pouring out of his mouth and nose, and I think I could see four front teeth missing from Charles’ mouth.

“OOOhhhh, please don’t gib me back,” Charles moaned. Not being able to talk properly because of his missing teeth.

“Shut the f*ck up, you’re a walking corpse,” Wolf growled.

“Wolf, Wolf, what does that mean? He’s the father of my child, you can’t just take him. Give him to me, I’ll

take good care of him,” I begged.

Wolf looked at me. I took a step back, never seeing him look this menacing.

“I know you’re Janelle’s family friend. But she f*cking hates you. I don’t even know why you came. Your little boyfriend here just accosted someone Janelle and I care deeply about. She’s like a sister to us. She’s helped my club financially and does our taxes for us. Your little baby daddy just f*cked up. So, you had better look for an alternative father. And stay the f*ck away from Janelle.”

I scoffed in outrage, “I don’t even like Janelle. She’s a f*cking freak!” I screeched.

Wolf’s eyes iced over, he looked over my shoulder, and I was suddenly grabbed.

“Wolf baby? Am I going with you?” Janelle asked pleasantly.

“No, my love. Find a friend or two and take them to the club. You can start without me, and I’ll see you in

a bit.”

She squealed. What in the ever loving hell? They were both freaks.

“Let me go! You have no right to take me anywhere, I am a pregnant woman!” I bellowed.

I was ignored. The man that was manhandling me had an iron grip on my arm and I couldn’t yank it out of

his hand.

I was thrown into the back of a blacked-out van and so was Charles.

“Charlie, what did you do? You know d*mn well you were supposed to sit there and wait for when it was time to go. How dare you get close to that Shay woman?” I hissed at him. He just moaned and curled into a little ball and started crying. Pathetic.

There was nothing but the sound of Charles crying and sniffing. Finally, after what felt like forever, the van stopped. The sliding door was yanked open and the man that did Wolf’s bidding reached in and took Charles. Wolf looked at me.

“Either get out on your own, or I’ll drag you out.”

I tentatively took a step out until I was standing before him. We were in front of some gate that went on as far as the eye could see with barbed wire on top and below it. A white gate guard shack sat to the side.

2/4

< Asylum

We walked up to it.

“I have two for admittance,” Wolf said.

+15 Points >

The man in the shack picked up the phone. He was big and bulky and was in white scrubs with white socks and white tennis shoes. We waited for about ten minutes when another van came into my sight, but

this one was white.

“What is this place?” I whispered.

“Hell.” Wolf said.

Another two big bulky men jumped out of the van in the same uniform as the guy in the shack.

The front of the fence started to move, and it was then I noticed the small wheels at the bottom. It slid

open big enough for the two men to come through.

“What do we have here?” One of them asked.

“I have one that needs elimination and another that is pregnant. Do with her as you will. She is never to

leave. She will be a permanent resident at the asylum.”

“Yes, sir,” they both said.

“What? No! I have rights. My mother and father will be looking for me! They’ll come to Janelle to find me!

* I screeched.

“That’s true they will come. But when I tell them that you and your man here told us you were running off to Vegas to get married and that we don’t know what happened after you left, they’ll have to believe me. I’ll make up a romantic story since you were pregnant, and he talked you into the Vegas trip and you agreed. I’ll even tell them I funded the trip for you. I have a blonde that looks just like you, and a man that can pass for him. They’ll go to Vegas, and since I already pilfered your IDs while you were in the van out of your bag, I’ll have them get married under your names. Then the trail will run cold from there. They’ll think you either

ran off to live your lives or something nefarious happened to you. What they won't know is that you'll spend the rest of your life here, and he'll be dead. Your baby, if you carry it to full term, will become

mine. I can't have kids, and my woman wants one. Yours will do just fine."

I looked at him in horror. I was grabbed by the two men in white, and I screamed and jumped wildly

around trying to break free. Wolf's man put Charles in the van. He was now passed out, or dead. I didn't know, he wasn't moving or making noise. How did it come to this? I was supposed to live the perfect life,

with a perfect husband and children. One boy and one girl, with a Golden Retriever to finish our family.

The van took off, and I banged on the sides screaming for help. When the van stopped, and the door opened, Charles was still out, and he was carried off to wherever they were going to take care of him.

I kicked and slapped at the other guy, who suddenly reared back and slapped me. I stopped screaming and looked at him stunned.

"If you don't cooperate, I'll knock you out and then strap you to a bed where you will be force-fed and

3/4

< Asylum

+15 Points >

hooked up to an IV with nutrients until the baby is born. Afterwards, we'll send you to the incinerator to be cremated. That's where your boyfriend is going now."

"Oh, God. If I cooperate, then how will I be treated?"

“You’ll be treated like any other guest we have here. You’ll eat three meals a day, have your recreational time, take medication if needed and live your days out in some semblance of peace.”

“I’m never going to see my mother and father again, am I?”

“That’s right. If you’re a model citizen, you will get rewards like a candy bar or your choice of movie on

movie night.”

“So, this is a prison.”

“Oh, it’s much more than that sweetheart. Welcome to the asylum, where the LOC put their undesirables that haven’t committed a crime that requires death. You’ll never escape. Some have tried and they get

incinerated. Follow the rules and don’t cause trouble. Understand?”

“Yes,” I whispered. Tears fell from my eyes and I put a hand over my belly. My dreams were crumbling through my fingers and there was nothing I could do about it.

Roc

I felt like this is where she belonged anyway. Sorry so late, I fell asleep and slept for five hours. Much needed.

24

Comments

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1.5K

H

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4/4

< Yes!

Yes!

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 186 -

9-12 minutes

Bryson

+15 Points >

Shay was three months along now. I couldn't believe all that's happened since we first met. Our relationship was stronger than ever. The drama that happened six weeks ago with Charles seemed like something that happened forever ago. I didn't ask what happened to him, knowing Wolf and the LOC, the guy was probably long gone. After all the hoopla, the party went on until the wee hours of the morning. It was a pretty fun night.

I have been talking to my parents for the last two weeks. They know all about Shay, but what they don't know is about my relationship dynamic yet or that she's pregnant.

Now that they don't have kids in the house, they travel a lot in their RV. They've been gone for six months, visiting other family members and family friends, not to mention my brothers and their families. My youngest brother Mark lived in Maryland with his new wife, Sienna. He was twenty-three and she was twenty-two. They got married two years ago. I was a little skeptical since they were so young, but they were high school sweethearts, and who am I to say anything to him about love? My middle brother, Donnie, and his wife Mya, moved to Alabama, where Mya is from. He fell in love with her southern charm and her family's craziness, but in a good way. Apparently, they always have cookouts and her brothers are always mud wrestling. At their wedding, it started raining halfway through the reception. But that didn't get her down. No, her brothers grabbed her and some people brought out guitars, bangos and a fiddle and a real f*cking shindig started. I loved it. My parents even got in on the dancing in the rain and mud. Donnie was really happy, and I loved that for him.

Now it was my turn, and I was hoping my parents would be as accepting of my relationship as they were of my brothers. They might not understand our dynamic, but they didn't have to. I just wanted them to love Shay and Bryce as much as they love Mya and Sienna.

I haven't told Shay yet that my parents were home. I just told her the reason I hadn't introduced her yet was because they were traveling, and I wanted to do it in person instead of over the phone.

I laid in our bed watching her sleep. Her morning sickness has finally subsided. Thank f*ck, I hated seeing her like that. I wish I could take all the misery away from her and deal with it myself. She deserves just to experience the goodness of her pregnancy, none of the nastiness. Her appetite has impressed Bryce and me. Last night, not only did she finish her plate, but mine and Bryce's as well when we took her to Pepe's for pizza and pasta. Then she had dessert. We were in awe of her.

I moved the sheet from her shoulders down to her hips. Her breasts were fuller. They were a nice handful to begin with, but now they overflowed my palm, and I wasn't hating it. I mean who would, they're b*obs. Bryce had to go to work this morning and I didn't. My team had just gotten back from a three-day mission. We rescued two little boys that had been kidnapped right out of their stroller while the mom got distracted by a woman asking for directions. When she turned around, her six-month-old twins were gone. They are home now. She found out her husband was having an affair and the mistress wanted to drive a wedge between them so they would divorce. They were divorcing alright. But the mistress was now in jail with

1/4

< Yes!

+15 Points >

her accomplices and the husband was about to pay child support and alimony. He was devastated he was losing his family, but I say good for her, because there's someone out there that will love her and her children and will treat her like she deserves to be treated. I couldn't understand when men and women

cheated on the person they claimed to love. It just wasn't in my DNA I guess.

I took my fingertips and circled her right n*pple smiling when it instantly hardened. I brushed my fingers"

down to her slightly rounded stomach. There was the tiniest bump just under her belly button. I laid my palm on it and rubbed her tummy. My baby was there, and I already loved it. I scooted down and laid butterfly kisses where I had palmed her stomach.

“Hi there little one. I am so excited to watch you grow in your mommy’s belly. I can’t wait to meet you.

You have two daddies that are going to love you beyond reason. You and your mother are the most important people to us. You’ll never suffer a day in your life. Your daddies will make sure of that.” I kissed her stomach again. I was starving, and I knew exactly what I wanted for breakfast.

I moved to crawl over her and settled myself between her open legs after removing the sheet. I put her

legs over my shoulders and spread her p*ssy lips with my thumbs. I took a long lick from her center to her clit. She moaned sleepily, and I wiggled deeper into the bed and got closer to her. A smile bloomed

across my face. I wanted to wake her up with an orgasm.

Shay

I was sitting in a giant chair with my legs wide as men lined up in front of me. There were hundreds. I was

tied to the giant chair. Their eyes devoured me, and they all looked like Bryson and Bryce. That made my p*ssy weep. My men were gorgeous. All of them stroked their c*cks as, one by one, they came and fed from my p*ssy. I knew it was a dream obviously, because I didn’t have hundreds of Bryce and Bryson’s, but

d*mn each one knew how to use their tongue. The last two stood in front of me and then dropped to their

knees. Dual tongues started flicking at my clit. I screamed as an orgasm rocked through me for what

seemed like the hundredth time and that’s when my eyes popped open because I was soaking the bed.

"F*ck," I heard someone say.

I looked between my legs and there was Bryson lapping up the mess I made.

His eyes looked at me. They were dazed, and I could see the lust blazing in them.

"Bryson," I whimpered, as he continued to flick my sensitive clit.

His eyes cleared, and they focused on me. The satisfied grin he gave me was wicked.

"I've been at this for twenty minutes, and you've c*m six times and squirted twice. We've made a huge

mess. But, that was my goal, to enjoy my breakfast," he chuckled. He placed a kiss on my clit making me jump at how sensitive I really was.

He kissed his way up my body, his face and chest glistened with wetness. He nuzzled my neck and sucked the skin there. I was sure there would be a hickey when he was done. He slipped into me just as

2/4

< Yes!

+15 Points >

he came to my lips and plunged his tongue into my mouth at the same time. I sucked on his tongue, making him groan. I could taste myself but it wasn't unpleasant. He grabbed both of my hands and intertwined his fingers with mine. His thrusts were slow but powerful, making me gasp as I brought my legs up and crossed my ankles behind his back. He pulled back and stared into my eyes. With each thrust he circled his hips, rubbing against my already overused clit. I could feel the zinging pleasure zip through

1.

"I love you so much," he whispered.

"I love you too," I gasped.

His speed picked up, but he never stopped staring into my eyes. The love I saw there melted everything inside of me. I felt tears prick my eyes.

"Bryson," I cried out as my orgasm flowed over me like a warm blanket, my body shuddering. He slammed his mouth to mine as he groaned. His kiss was all-consuming as he emptied himself inside of me.

"Shay," he said, his forehead connecting to mine. "Will you marry me?"

I inhaled sharply, and my eyes popped open. He was looking at me with so much love, longing and a little

fear.

"Yes!" I practically screamed. His smile was brilliant. I was going to pull him in for another kiss, but he suddenly slipped out of me, and jumped off the bed.

"I was going to plan a romantic scene. Bryce has been telling me to get on with it, but I wanted it to be special. This felt special," he said, as he opened a drawer that he used for his underwear and socks.

He got something out of it and then came and hopped back into bed. I bounced a little and giggled. He showed me a ring. Its braided pattern and twists at the top to hold the diamond were unique and gorgeous. He slipped it on my finger and it was a perfect fit.

"I got it in Italy. It's one of a kind. There is no other like it," he said.

"It's gorgeous."

He grabbed my hand and kissed the ring.

"My parents are back. We have dinner plans with them tonight. I've told them all about you, but they don't

know about our dynamic or that you are pregnant. So, tonight should be fun," he said with a grin.

“Oh, God! Do you think they’re going to like me?”

“I think they’re going to love you. Do you want to invite anyone? I know how close you are to Dawson. Maybe having Isha and him with us will make you feel less nervous?”

“Actually, can I invite Patrick and Aria? I’d like them to meet you and Bryce. Dawson told me he hadn’t told them of my pregnancy yet. They are special to me.”

“Absolutely. Dinner is in Longmont at a restaurant called Sugarbeet. We have reservations for seven.”

3/4

< Yes’

“Okay, I’ll call them and ask if they’d like to come. I’m not even sure they’re in town.”

+15 Points >

I called Aria, and she was delighted to hear from me and for the invitation to meet Bryce and Bryson and Bryson’s parents. They accepted and said they would pick us up. I let Bryson know and he nodded.

We took a shower and I let him rail me against the shower wall. All the orgasms this morning had my bones feeling like liquid, and I have never felt more relaxed than I did this morning.

6

M

15K

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The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 187 -

7-9 minutes

Surprised inheritance

Surprised Inheritance

Bryce

“Do you think they’re going to like me?” I asked Shay.

“Baby, I am just as nervous as you are.”

“Why? You’re the f*cking best. There is no way they aren’t going to love you. You’re giving them a grandchild. Plus, I was talking about Aria and Patrick. They’re important to you.”

+15 Points)

I watched as her smile bloomed across her face. I knew she was nervous about meeting Bryson’s

parents. I honestly was a little too, but Patrick and Aria are like her parents. What if they think I’m not good

enough for her? My background isn’t the greatest.

“Patrick and Aria will love you. They are open-minded, they accept Dawson and the guys’ dynamic, and

they love Isha. Their family is another story, but luckily, we don’t have anything to do with them. Thank f*ck. They consider me the poor orphan girl that Aria and Patrick took in, and I should feel lucky that I was taken in by such a prestigious family.”

I looked at her confused, so she told me how rich Dawson and Isha actually were and the family legacy.

My jaw hit the floor, and she couldn't stop laughing at the look on my face. I was utterly flabbergasted.

"Wow, that's amazing," I said, a little dazed.

"Bryce, are you actually okay with me marrying Bryson?" She looked at me a little nervously.

"Absolutely baby. I think it's perfect. I know you love me and him the same. But I feel that there will be less of a stigma on our children if they have Bryson's last name, and you and he have the same last name."

"But, I want you to be represented in there too," she said quietly.

"And I love that you want that. But I'm happy, Shay. I love being a part of our dynamic and all I want is to

live our lives together with all our children. I don't need a marriage, I don't need our children or you to

have my last name. I just need to be with you and Bryson."

"I love you so much," she said, sniffing. "I just don't want you to feel like you're second to me, because you

arent"

"I know, pretty girl. I don't feel that way at all. I know I had thought that before, but not anymore. I feel

your love all the time," I said, gathering her in my arms and kissing her deeply. She moaned, and I felt myself hardening, but we didn't have time for me to strip her and have my way with her. "I love you, you are my f*cking life Shay I thank God every day you came into my life. Who knew the s*xy as f*ck, slightly tipsy girl, that rocked my world would be my forever?"

She giggled, "I was more than tipsy

"I know, and I am thankful I was the guy you decided to have drunken s*x with." She burst into laughter.

<Surprised Inheritance

“What’s so funny?” Bryson asked, coming in with our girl.

“Pumpkin!” Shay squealed.

+15 Ponte >

Pumpkin was in a doggy hospital for six weeks. That a*shole had kicked her so hard he broke her ribs. We visited her every night and were so happy that she got to come home today. Bryson went to go pick her up while Shay and I got ready for tonight’s dinner.

Shay bent over, giving me a fantastic view of her delectable ass in her fleece leggings.

“I was just telling Shay I am glad I was the guy she chose to have drunken s*x with when we met.”

Bryson chuckled. He then gave me a look and pointedly looked at Shay. I nodded and waited.

“What’s this?” Shay asked.

I bent to one knee behind her. She took off the ring I had gotten her and was waiting for Bryson to ask her to marry him so I could ask her to commit to me for the rest of our lives. I asked Bryson to tie a ribbon

around Pumpkin’s collar with the ring attached.

“This is so beautiful, where did it come from?”

“I don’t know, maybe Bryce knows,” Bryson said.

She held the ring in her fingers as she turned, and then she gasped at seeing me.

“Shay, you are the love of my life and I want to spend the rest of my life with you. So, I am hoping you will commit yourself to me for the rest of our lives.”

“Oh my God, Yes!”

I took the ring from her hand and slipped it on her fourth finger on her right hand. The ring was silver, and

it held a beautiful opal that was perfectly round. The colors in the opal were brilliant.

“I love you so much,” I said.

“I love you too,” she said as she threw herself into my arms. I stood and caught her and held her to me as I kissed her.

“Now we have more to celebrate for tonight. I can’t wait. Shay, do you think Patrick and Aria will like me?” Bryson asked.

“Oh, you two. I swear. Yes, they will love you. Trust me. They are so open-minded, and are the sweetest people,”

I guess we were all pretty nervous tonight. We took Pumpkin outside and put her through the paces. She ran back and forth from the ball we all threw. She had fun running her obstacle course. She ate and drank

to her heart’s content.

“I guess she’s back to one hundred percent. That’s good. I hope that f*cker suffered,” I said through gritted teeth. Shay rubbed my arm up and down.

216

< Surprised Inheritance

+15 Points >

“I don’t know what he was thinking. There was no way he would have gotten me out of the house without anyone seeing. He was crazy. Looked normal from the outside, but insane up here, and the things he was saying. That he was being held hostage by Aimie. I just didn’t see it. But who knows? I don’t even know what happened to her after you took me to our room,” Shay said to Bryson.

"I don't know either," he said.

"All I know is Rage and Savage were holding me back from killing Charles and the next thing I knew, Janelle was taking three women with her and leaving with a huge grin on her face. She said to tell you guys, sorry for Aimie, and that was it."

"She glared so menacingly at me when Bryson carried me away."

"I'll find out from Wolf," I said.

Shay's phone pinged. "Car's here."

We gave Pumpkin a huge bone to gnaw on while we were gone. Her dog shed was heated and had water in it. There was a light dusting of snow, but Pumpkin's dog shed was kitted out with plush blankets, a huge dog bed, a heated lamp in the ceiling, and a water bowl the size of the moon. She'd be comfortable while

we were out.

We stepped out of the house and in front of us was a white-stretched limo.

"Whoa," I said.

A driver was holding the door open. Bryson got in first, then Shay, then me. Sitting across from us on the other side was an older man and woman in elegant dress. Were we underdressed?"

"Patrick, Aria. I've missed you so much," Shay said, scooting over to them and hugging them both before coming back to us. "This is Bryson and this is Bryce. They are my fiancés."

"Oh, Shay, we are so happy for you," Aria said happily.

"Very good. And how are you feeling? Morning sickness all gone?" Patrick asked.

"Yes."

“Wonderful. It’s nice to finally meet you strapping young men. Dawson has told us a lot about you two. He praises your work and actions. He says you guys and your units are a great asset to Becks Security.”

“It’s great to meet you both. We love working there. The missions are fulfilling, the security part of it is interesting,” I said.

Patrick chuckled. “A lot more boring than the missions.”

Bryson and I both chuckled and nodded.

“So, which one is Shay marrying legally? We need to know,” Aria said.

“Me. Bryce wants our children to have the same last name as me and Shay,” Bryson said.

3/6

< Surprised Inheritance

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 188 -

5-6 minutes

“Why is that?” Aria asked.

+75 Points >

“I can’t have children. And I don’t want the ones that Shay has to have the stigma of not having the same last name as their dad. I don’t know why I’m so hung up on it, but that’s my reasoning. And I am completely fine with it. I know I am loved by Shay and Bryson and my bond is solid.”

“That’s wonderful. Well then Shay. Now that you are getting married, we can give you your true inheritance.”

“What do you mean?” she asked, confused. I was taken aback myself. What inheritance?

“Your parents put in their will that your inheritance will be kept a secret. I can only think that they wanted you to find true love instead of someone wanting you for your money. And to be honest, it was smart. They left you with more than you think. Your first inheritance was just an installment. Enough for you to get by after college. Patrick and I really didn’t pay for your college. That was all provided by your parents. You were young when they died, and I don’t think you realized exactly how rich your family was. Yes, you lived a good life, but as a child you wouldn’t need to know what your family finances were. Dawson didn’t know until he got his first inheritance, when he turned eighteen. He just knew he lived a good life and there was a legacy he had to uphold.”

“So, you are saying, because I am getting married now, I get the rest of this inheritance?”

“Yes, and also, since you are pregnant, your child’s trust will be enacted once he or she is born, and any other children after that will also have a trust. They set it up very nicely.”

We all sat there, stunned as the limo moved along the highway.

“Um, how much?” Shay asked. I was really glad she asked.

“The moment you say ‘I Do’, you and Bryson will receive thirty million dollars. Your children each get five million. If you only have one child, the rest of the children’s trust set-ups will revert to you on that child’s eighteenth birthday. I think they have a total of five children’s trust set-ups. If you have more than that, you will have to fund any extra children’s trusts,” Patrick chuckled.

I looked at Bryson and Shay. I’m sure I had the same shell-shocked look on my face as they had on theirs.

“Also, since Patrick and I won’t be here for Christmas, we are going to France. This is your Christmas

present. We were going to call you soon to give it to you, but since you invited us out tonight, it was a

good chance for us to give it to you,” Aria said, handing over a folder to Shay.

“And since we knew about you two, these are your Christmas presents,” Patrick said, handing both Bryson and me an envelope.

We all just stared at them.

“Go on, open them,” Patrick said. He looked like he was the one getting a present. He rubbed his hands together in anticipation and they both had a huge smile on their faces.

I ripped open my envelope and took out a check.

4/5

< Surprised Inheritance

+15 Points >

“HOLY F*CKING SH*T,” I shouted. Ten million dollars. I was holding ten million dollars in my hand. I looked at Bryson, his eyes were bugging out, and his mouth was dropped open. I could only assume he

had the same.

“Perfect reaction, I love it,” Patrick said, laughing with glee.

“Patrick, Aria, oh my God. You bought me a café?”

“Yes, dear, and it’s in a prime location in Denver. Very good foot traffic, it’s been remodeled with the

newest and best walk-in freezer and huge refrigerated cold storage. Eight ovens and three stoves in the

kitchen. And a whole wall of cooling racks. The front can seat a hundred people, and there is also

outdoor seating that can fit another hundred in nice weather. The display cases are huge and there are

three of them. Brand new coffee, tea, and smoothie appliances. There is a display refrigerator also in the

front," Aria said.

I looked at my pretty girl. She had tears streaming down her face.

I took out a handkerchief from the suit I was wearing and took her face in mine to wipe away her tears and

clean up her makeup.

"There, perfect," I said. She smiled at me.

"Thank you so much, this is my dream come true."

"You're welcome darling. All you have to do is fill it with your treats and name it," Aria said happily.

"Thank you for the generous Christmas gift. I am gobsmacked," I said. Patrick's smile was huge, he was like a doting dad. Something I've wanted my whole life.

"Yes, thank you. I'm speechless," Bryson said. His voice was gruff.

"You are both very welcome. Thank you for making our little girl happy. And we look forward to spoiling your children," Patrick said.

The rest of the ride we conversed about the baby, our jobs, and the charities they are a part of.

We pulled up to Sugarbeet fifty minutes later.

"Ready to meet my parents?" Bryson asked us.

"Ready as I'll ever be," Shay said nervously.

"Ready," I said, taking Shay's hand in mine. The one that wore my ring and brushed my thumb over it. Bryson had her other hand, and we walked into the restaurant together.

Roc

Thank you all for your kind words. I do feel so much better.

5/6

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 189 -

9-11 minutes

< Disappointment And Acceptance

Disappointment And Acceptance

Bryson

+15 Points >

Aria and Patrick were f*cking awesome. Forget about the fact that they just handed me a ten million dollar check like it was pocket change, but they accepted me and Bryce like we were their own children. Their acceptance was seamless. Like it was every day, they were told that the people they loved were in a relationship with multiple people. But then again, I guess from what Shay has said, they've accepted Dawson for years and the way he was with Mic, Ford and Davis even before he became s*xual with them. Shay was blessed to have people that loved and accepted her without thought. Now, I just hope my

parents are the same.

My parents were traditional and that's what scared me. They believed in love between a man and a woman, but I've never heard them say a bad word towards those that didn't have the same beliefs as

them, so I was hopeful.

I had an idyllic childhood. My parents treated all of their boys equally. I've never felt favoritism from them or felt they favored either of my brothers. They were strict when they had to be, but they were also present

and raised us with manners. We went on family trips. They came to every one of our sports events.

When all the sh*t went down with Christine, they were supportive and had my back. I've never felt neglected by them and I have always felt their love. I had high hopes they would support me and my

relationship.

We walked into the restaurant. Shay was between Bryce and me, both of us holding her hand. I saw my parents across the restaurant and I gave a small wave and had a warm smile. Their eyes took me in, and then they looked at Shay, their smiles still in place. But then I saw it, their confusion about seeing another man with me also holding Shay's hand and then their shock as we stepped up to the table, and they saw

Aria and Patrick.

"Mr. and Mrs. Becks, what do we owe the pleasure of your company?" My father asked, standing. My

mother also stood, and they shook Aria and Patrick's hands.

"Wait, you know each other?" I asked.

"No, son, but everyone knows who the Becks are, they're Denver Royalty."

Aria laughed lightly, "We're here to meet you. Shay is our adoptive daughter in a sense, and she asked us

to come."

"We thought this was a great opportunity to meet the family our Shay would be joining," Patrick said.

Oh sh*t.

"Joining?" My mother piped in.

“Oh, dear,” Aria whispered.

1/4

< Disappointment And Acceptance

+15 Points >

“Oops, did I let something out of the bag?” Patrick chuckled.

“Mom, dad, this is Shay, the woman I’ve been telling you about. I asked her to marry me.”

“Oh, Bryson, this is wonderful!” My mother gushed. She came around the table and practically snatched Shay for a hug, effectively ripping her hands out of mine and Bryce’s. “I’ve been waiting forever for Bryson to find a nice girl to settle down with. He’s the oldest but our last son to get married. I was starting to lose

hope.”

“Geez mom thanks,” I mumbled. Shay gave a little giggle.

“Well, son, she’s beautiful.”

“Thank you dad,” I said, smiling.

“And who is this? Is this your son, Mrs. Becks?”

“He will be soon,” Aria said, and I could have kissed her. Bryce blushed and Aria put her hand on his arm

and rubbed it up and down. Patrick nodded proudly.

“Oh? Is he marrying someone too? Wow, two weddings for you, you’re so lucky,” my mom said.

Aria looked confused and Patrick’s eyes sharpened as he looked at my parents. I think he just figured out

my parents didn't know about our dynamic.

"Mom, dad, this is Bryce. You know, my best friend. I've told you about him in the last year and a half. He

and I have bonded like we are brothers. He's also Shay's other fiancé. We are in a throuple. Why don't we

sit down?" I asked quickly. My parents looked lost.

"A throuple, son? What is that?" my dad asked.

"It's when three people come together that have feelings for each other and decide to have a relationship.

In Bryce and my case, we have an extremely close bond, like I have with Mark and Donnie. Actually, our

bond is closer. We've been in some situations together. He's saved my life a time or two, and I've done the

same with him. We both liked Shay and, instead of competing for her affections, we decided to convince

Shay to love both of us and, lucky for us, she does. She and I will legally be married and she and Bryce will

have a commitment ceremony, and we'll all live happily ever after," I said. Trying to explain it as simply as I

could.

My parents sat there frozen. A waitress came to our table just at that moment.

"Hi, I am Rebecca, I am your waitress tonight. Can I get you all something to drink, perhaps a bottle of wine? We have a very nice Chardonnay or maybe some bourbon for the men?"

“Rebecca, we will take the wine, bring the bottle and two glasses, four glasses of bourbon, and Shay darling, what would you like?” Aria asked.

“I’d like a glass of water and some sweet tea.”

“Very well, I will be back soon,” Rebecca said.

214

Disappointment And Acceptance

I stared at my parents. My mom was the first to break.

“How does that work? She sleeps with both of you?”

+15 Points)

“Well, that’s not really an appropriate question to ask, but I’ll answer. Yes. Shay sleeps with both of us,” I

said.

“You take turns? Or do you all sleep in the same bed?” my father asked.

Jesus, why are they asking this? Can’t they just say, congratulations?

“We share a bed,” I answer.

“Do you and he…” my mom stops and swallows. Just at that time, Rebecca came back with our drinks. I

told her we needed another minute or two before we ordered. I wasn’t sure if we were going to order. I

downed my bourbon.

“No, mother, Bryce and I are not like that. We are best friends that share and are in love with the same

woman. Also, you're going to be grandparents. Shay is three months pregnant."

"Do you even know who the father is," my mother snapped. Shay inhaled sharply. I took her hand, and I

saw Bryce take her other hand. Patrick and Aria visibly moved their chairs closer to Bryce and Aria put her

hand on his shoulder and leaned over to pat Shay's hand for comfort.

"Bryce and I are this child's fathers. We will share responsibility and raise him or her together with Shay. This child will have all the love from all of us," I gritted between my teeth. I was so disappointed in my

parents at this moment and utterly embarrassed. It's devastating to see the two people that you thought

you knew and loved to react with anything less than support.

"I meant biologically. How is this going to look for our family, Bryson? We are a very traditional family. If people found out that one of our sons was in a different sort of relationship, how would that look?" my mother asked. "My friends would humiliate me, your father's golf buddies would make rude comments and that would devastate him. We could lose our positions in our social circles and become pariahs."

I stood abruptly, prompting Shay and Bryce to do the same. Aria and Patrick finished both of their drinks

and also stood up.

"I wasn't aware that me being in any type of relationship would require me to increase your social standing in whatever social circle you belong to. In fact, it never crossed my mind that my parents would be so shallow and superficial with their character. My relationship only concerns me and my partners, no one else. I don't care what you think. I have never in my life been more disappointed in you than I am now. Strangers who have never met me before tonight treated me more like their son than you have tonight. Our child will have nothing to do

with you unless you can change your attitude about my relationship with my best friend and our woman.”

With that, I turned with Shay and Bryce right behind her, hand in hand, as we walked out.

“Bryson, I am so sorry,” Shay said quietly.

3/4

< Disappointment And Acceptance

“Sunshine, you have nothing to be sorry about. My parents should be the ones apologizing to us.”

“Brother, maybe I should go explain how we all are in our relationship,” Bryce said.

+15 Points >

“No. They understand, they just care more about how it looks for them. I’ve never seen them like that before. Since they’ve retired, I guess they’ve become narrow-minded and care what others think of them and apparently about their children.”

“Well, it looks like I now have two more sons. I’ve always wanted more children. Six sons and two

daughters, has a nice ring to it. Before we go to France, I want a family photo. Next Saturday, ten a.m. It will be my Christmas present from all of you,” Aria said.

I smiled and turned to her. “Sorry Patrick,” I said, and then engulfed her in a huge bear hug. Aria laughed, Patrick chuckled and Shay wrapped her arms around me from behind, followed by Bryce.

“Oh, well, I got to get in on this too,” Patrick said. And then I felt his arms come around all of us and I felt

something shift inside of me. Pure love and joy.

18

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The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 190 -

10-12 minutes

Early Christmas Dinner

Shay

“Helloooooo,” Aria said happily.

“Hello, gorgeous,” Bryson said to Aria, leaning down to kiss her on the cheek.

“Prettiest mother-in-law in the world right here,” Bryce said, kissing her hand.

“Oh, you two. Such charmers.”

“Hello, Aria,” I said, giving her a hug.

“Hello dear. How are you feeling?”

“Good, always hungry, but luckily I’ve only gained five lbs so far.”

“That’s how I was with Dawson, until my eighth month, and then I blew up like the Good Year Blimp.”

“And the most beautiful blimp you ever saw,” Patrick said, walking up to us. “Come in, Dawson and the guys and Isha are in the family room where we are taking our picture. They are fighting over who gets to be beside Isha and who gets to hold the children.”

We chuckled and made our way to the family room.

“Shay! Please, help me,” Isha called out. She had hold of both babies who were giggling as she was passed from guy to guy. They were definitely fighting over her like Patrick said.

“Okay, okay, you big lugs, let your wife go so we can get this sorted out. Dawson, you and Ford stand next to Isha, Mic, Davis, grab a kid,” I said.

They each did as I said. A man was smiling while holding a camera. He looked at me and his eyes were

full of thanks.

“Aria, Patrick, you stand next to Dawson, and I’ll stand in the middle of Bryson and Bryce. Bryce stands

next to Patrick,”

I looked at everyone before going over to stand in the middle of my men. Isha was in a bright red sparkling dress that went to her ankles. The top had a sweetheart neckline with a see-through sheath over her shoulders. All of her men were in black suits, as were mine with red handkerchiefs in their pockets. I wore the same dress as Isha. Aria was in a similar dress but in sparkling emerald green. Patrick’s suit was the same as the guy’s, but with a green handkerchief, Seth was in a small black suit and Rya was in a pretty red dress.

“Okay, everyone looks great. Let me take my place.”

“Beautiful! This is a gorgeous family.”

“Thank you, Eli. When we get the right picture, I want two sixteen by twenty prints, and one sixteen by

< Early Christmas Dinner

“Yes, Ma’am,” Eli said.

“Alright everyone, smile pretty,” Aria chirped.

I watched as the photographer’s assistant started making funny noises and faces right next to Eli the photographer. I was desperately trying hard not to laugh, but then I heard the babies giggling and I couldn’t wait to see the final picture.

Our picture was taken in several poses before Aria was happy with the one she chose.

It was the very first pose we took. I had to admit the smiles on Seth's and Rya's faces were precious.

+8 Points >

"I can't wait to see them in print. This is going right in the family room above the fireplace," Aria said. "When your baby is born, we'll get another one done next year. And for every child born after that by either of you, we'll get a new one. Plus, I want one of just the kids over the years to watch them grow. Oh, I'm so

excited about being a grandmother."

I hugged her. Aria was the mother of my heart. I missed my own mother, but over the years Aria has

become just like one to me.

"Have you checked out your café yet?" Aria asked.

The men went to Patrick's den while Aria, Isha and I changed in her bedroom with the children.

"Yes, and I love it. Again, thank you so much. I'm going to start decorating it right after Christmas and I think I am going to have my soft opening Friday the third and my grand opening Monday the sixth."

"Oh, I can't wait, what are you thinking of for the soft opening?"

"Well, for lunch and the afternoon, I figured some soups. I was thinking minestrone, tomato, loaded potato soup and classic chicken. With those, I will also offer grilled cheese on homemade wheat bread, and sourdough. I'll offer a variety of cheeses to use and the option to add tomato and bacon. For treats, I thought about muffins, blueberry, cranberry, banana nut and cinnamon streusel. Plus, various cookies, cupcakes and my mini pies. I'll also offer coffee, tea, both hot and cold and smoothies. Plus, milk and soda. Then at the grand opening I figured I'd take that whole Sunday before and do whole pies you can buy by the sliced or whole. Cakes, cookies, cupcakes, donuts, and a breakfast sandwich or burrito. Then, for

lunch and afternoon, I'd like to make two stromboli's, one with pepperoni, salami, ham and cheese and a chicken one with broccoli and cheese. And offer the same drinks."

"I, for one, can not wait to try all the food," Isha said.

"Good because I need you, the girls and James to come be my taste testers the Thursday before the soft opening and also that Sunday," I said.

"You know we're there, I'll send out an SOS."

"Thanks girl."

"Can I make a request?" Aria asked.

2/4

< Early Christmas Dinner

"Of course," I said, I'd grant her anything.

"Chocolate éclairs and pastry puffs with Bavarian cream and white cream. Everyone will love them."

"Absolutely! Those are great ideas."

We gossiped about Bryson's parents. Aria and I told Isha everything, and she was outraged.

+8 Points >

"The ironic thing is, they're so worried about their social standing in their circle, but did they not think about what it would have meant for them to have their son be married to an adoptive daughter of the Becks, and wait until they find out about your inheritance," Isha said.

"Well, I hope they don't. I'd hate for them to try and use Bryson in that way," I said.

"Well, I'm pretty sure his parents are suffering at the moment in their circle," Aria said.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Well, it just so happens it wasn’t really hard to find out what social circles they were a part of, and Patrick and I might have gone around talking about how happy we were that you and Bryson were marrying and that we loved your dynamic with Bryce and how much love you have to give. Everyone knows about Dawson’s and Isha’s dynamic and no one talks against them. They know if we ever got wind of it, we’d destroy them. Anyway, we talked about how narrow-minded some people are and how we couldn’t imagine not accepting our son the way he is. I mean the audacity of abandoning one’s child.”

“Oh, Aria, you and Patrick are amazing. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome dear. We love you, and we love your boys.”

“We love you too. Are you and Patrick ready for France?”

“Yes. We need this trip. The family has been bombarding us with requests for money because they all want to have extravagant Christmases and don’t want to live within their means. Not to mention, Patrick and I need to get out of town before the LOC gets their present.”

“Oh, my God mom, what did you do?” Isha asked.

“We might have gotten all the boys brand-new top-of-the-line Harley’s and Indians. Wolf’s tank on his Harley is diamond-encrusted with President in small rubies on it. And Janelle’s seat behind him on the

back rest says Queen, in diamonds. I really hope they like them. The women, including their club girls, are all getting brand-new medium Dior Toujours bags and spa packages. And the old ladies get a shopping spree each with a five-thousand dollar budget. They saved my son’s wife’s life. I can never repay them

enough.”

“Oh mom, you and dad are so generous.”

“Speaking of moms and dads. Do you think your mother and your Uncle Mark would like a trip to Bora Bora? I was thinking Nora and Robert could go with them. All-inclusive for a week.”

“Yes, definitely. I don’t think my mother’s ever been there, not sure about my Nana.”

3/4

< Early Christmas Dinner

+Points

“Good. Okay, I think they were the last. Patrick and I got James a brand-new architect drawing desk. It’s the kind that you can move when you stand up and bring it to your level, plus a new computerized drawing pad that you can project in 3D. Ava was looking at a new car for her and the kids, so we bought it and it will be delivered Christmas Eve. Aaron, we bought sixteen plots of land and Dawson let it slip that Aaron, and he were looking at matching Ferraris. So, we got both of them one. Mic wanted new skis, and we bought him a two-story cabin in Aspen. Ford wanted a jet ski and a snow mobile. We also bought him a small yacht. Davis, well, he is now a co-owner of the Colorado Rockies with Patrick. He’s been a fan of theirs forever, and he always said he wanted to own a sports team. Savvy mentioned once that she, Mic and Jack wanted to start breeding race horses. So we bought them two Thoroughbred Stallions and two Arabian Mares. We got the kids each a custom-built play houses.”

“What did you get, Isha?” I asked.

“Oh, they got me First Editions of Pride and Prejudice, Grimm’s Fairy Tales, The Great Gatsby and Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland, all in pristine condition.”

“Wow, First Editions? That’s so rare. I feel like our family picture isn’t enough, Aria.”

“Nonsnese. It’s all Patrick and I want. We have never been happier.”

Isha and I gave her a hug. Aria picked up Seth and I took Rya. We went out into the dining area where the maids were setting the table for dinner. I was looking forward to the roasted duck and baby potatoes and carrots. Not to mention, the chocolate lava cake Aria said would be for dessert. Aria called the boys in for dinner, and we sat and had our Christmas dinner a week early. I looked at Bryson, I could tell he was a little sad. Bryce said, besides last year, he always had holiday dinners with his family. Bryson had reached out to his brothers and told them what had happened. I was happy that his brothers and their wives accepted Bryson’s relationship, and they all said they were going to give their parents a piece of their minds. I would love to be a fly on the wall in that house next week.

Roc

Sorry so late. Back at the in-laws for the weekend to help MIL out. FIL got readmitted to the ER today. I swear just as he seems to get better something else happens. One of his antibiotics effect the lungs and he now a pneumonia symptoms? It was all confusing. So he will be in the hospital all weekend. I hate that we have to get older and the body breaks down like this. They got him on oxygen and he seemed chipper when we visited.