

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 191 -

10-12 minutes

Merry Christmas

Shay

+8 Pomts >

“Oh, God!” I moaned as Bryce f*cked me with his tongue. He had both of his hands on my hamstrings, my legs bent and spread. I was wide open to him. He moved his head up and down, his tongue pointed and plunged into me, in and out, over and over. Bryson rubbed my clit and sucked on my right breast, tugging at the n*pple with long pulls. With my right hand, I was jerking Bryson, and he moaned against my breast.

I woke up to both of them between my legs. While Bryce plundered my hole, Bryson flicked my clit. I had

woken c*mming so hard. Then Bryson came up to my mouth and kissed me as I was coming down from

my high and that’s when Bryce bent my legs and spread them wide.

“Bryson, I need to taste you,” I panted.

“How do you want me, Sunshine?”

“F*ck my face,” I demanded. Both Bryce and Bryson groaned. The vibration from Bryce sent me over the

edge. I screamed and he went crazy. He opened his mouth wide and ate me with vigor.

Bryson climbed over me as he held on to our headboard.

“Open wide, baby,” he whispered.

I did as he said, and he sunk into me. I let him use me as he drove his c*ck into my mouth and down my

throat. I breathed through my nose and opened my throat for him so he could sink deeper.

“F*ck Shay, your mouth is incredible,” he grunted. His hips snapped back and forth. I grabbed his ass and

pushed him all the way into me and swallowed around him. I watched as he threw his head back, his eyes

scrunched closed.

“God, d*mnit woman!” he shouted. He lost control and with six short thrusts he grabbed hold of my head

and held me to his groin and he spurted his c*m down my throat. I hummed and he shuddered.

I slurped as he pulled out of my mouth. He was breathing hard as he climbed off of me. He staggered to

the end of the bed.

Bryce climbed up my body, gathered me into his arms and rolled us until I was on top of him. He kissed

me, his tongue tangling with mine. I was surprised since Bryson had just came in my mouth, but he didn't

seem to care. I spread my legs to straddle him and I took hold of his hard, hot c*ck and put it at my entrance. I sank down slowly onto him. I sat up, and he played with my breasts as I rode him, pinching my n*pples between his fingers. I shattered, and he gripped my hips to help me ride through my orgasm. I felt a soft push on my shoulder blades and I leaned forward.

Bryson's lubed up c*ck pressed into my a'shole. I was so used to this position it didn't take much prepping anymore. He slid in, and I moaned at the pressure and pleasure. Bryson and Bryce set up an alternating rhythm. I was a moaning mess as they f*cked me and Bryce

kissed me, swallowing my moans and cries. They both picked up their paces. I knew they must be getting close. All of a sudden, Bryson

1/4

< Merry Christmas.

+8 Points >

smacked my ass twice, and I imploded. My body shuddered and sweat broke out all over me as I came so hard, I saw black dots explode over my vision.

They both shouted and held me still as they jerked while c*mming. Bryson collapsed beside Bryce and me as Bryce held me, my head on his shoulder. Bryson was looking at me and he smiled.

“You’re f*cking wonderful Sunshine. Merry Christmas.”

I was glad to see the sadness was no longer in his eyes. I smiled back at him and told him I loved him

before saying Merry Christmas to both of them.

“You guys almost f*cked me into a faint. I had black spots for a minute.”

“Are you okay now?” Bryce asked with concern.

“Yes. I feel amazing,” I said, smacking a kiss to his lips. I got off of him. He protested, but I rolled and

stood up from the bed. “Cinnamon rolls baby. I have lots to bake. Everyone will be here in an hour.”

We were having Christmas breakfast with our core group.

We quickly showered, and I left them in the bedroom as I dressed in some red and green lounge pants and

a black tank that had Merry Christmas in red and green across my chest.

I made the cinnamon rolls last night. All I needed to do was pop them in the oven. I made homemade

cream cheese icing to go over them and heated it up so it would melt over the top.

I made scrambled eggs, with bacon, tomato and spinach in them. I also made more bacon and sausage links and patties. Bryce entered the kitchen and kissed me on the top of the head as I prepared the cinnamon rolls. They looked delicious. He got out the orange juice, chocolate milk and cranberry juice. He put them on the dining room table and helped set all the food on the table. Bryson came in and got plates, silverware and glasses and put the plates and silverware in a pile on the island. He put the glasses

around the table.

The front door opened and Ava came in with Gemma and Aaron. Her seven-month-pregnant belly finally popped out, and she came in smiling, rubbing it.

“No more looking like I am only four months, I swear he popped out over night.”

“You picked a name yet?” Bryce asked.

“Yeah, Maxim Ryker,” Aaron said.

“Cool f*cking name,” Bryson said.

“Thanks. He’s named after my two favorite uncles. Uncle Max lives in Canada with his wife and twelve children, and Uncle Ryker lives in Utah, off the grid with his ten children and two wives.”

“Twelve and ten children!” I practically shouted as Savvy, James, and Isha came in with their men, followed by Camille and Malo.

“Who has twelve and ten children?” Isha asked.

2/4

<Merry Christmas

“Apparently, Aaron’s uncles,” I said.

“Is that too many?” he teased.

“YES!” All the women shouted.

“Well, Malo and I have news,” Camille said, beaming.

“What?” Savvy and James said at the same time, making us all chuckle.

“We’re having triplets,” Malo said with a huge grin on his face. His chest puffed out.

+ Points >

“No way,” I squealed, running to Camille and hugging her. A round of hugs and back slaps was given to the

couple.

“Congrats, man. Identical?” Bryson asked.

“Two are. They share a sac and placenta and the other has its own sac and placenta. She’s considered high risk, so they are checking her every two weeks right now, and then it goes down to one the further along she becomes. The goal, the doctor said, was to keep them all in for as long as possible. I bought her a pregnancy belt to help her hold the babies,” Malo said.

“That’s so sweet,” Isha said. “I remember how big I got. I should have thought of a belt, it would have

saved some back pain.”

“But, then you wouldn’t have needed me to hold your belly while I held you from behind,” Davis said,

pouting.

“You’re right, whatever was I thinking?” Isha teased, winking at him and then puckering her lips. He smiled

and kissed her.

“Well, let’s dig in while it’s hot,” I said.

We ate and talked about the presents we all received from Patrick and Aria. Isha said she and the guys

and kids spent last night with Nora, Ellie, Mark and Robert, before they left for Bora Bora tomorrow.

Ava gushed about her new car, as did Dawson and Aaron.

“So, that’s who the Christmas card is from,” Camille said.

“What card?” I asked.

“Well, when we left the apartment there was a card taped to our door. We only know you guys here, so we were confused about who it was from. It just said, To Camille and Malo, from A and P. That was it,” Camille said.

“What is in the card,” I asked.

“Oh, we haven’t opened it yet,” she said. Malo got up from the table and got her bag for her.

She pulled it out and ripped it open. Malo had just sat and taken a drink of his orange juice when Camille

screached.

< Merry Christmas

“This is a five-hundred-thousand dollar check!”

Malo choked, OJ came flying out of his nose all over his plate, and then he started a coughing fit.

“Oh, God, baby, I am so sorry. I shouldn’t have shouted that.”

+8 Points

The men laughed uproariously, the kids giggled, the babies squealed, and the women jumped into action

and started cleaning up the table, and wiping Malo down. I got a swifter mop, but James snatched it out

of my hands and started cleaning the floor. So, I got Malo another plate of food.

“Five hundred thousand dollars? Babe, we can get a house!” Malo said.

Camille burst into tears, which had Ava and me bawling along with her. Isha and Savvy teared up, and the

guys were all smiling.

“Dawson man, your parents are f*cking awesome,” Malo said, wiping his face, which had tears wetting his

cheeks.

“That’s not all man. Everyone on the team is getting a fifteen-thousand dollar bonus,” Dawson said. “With the additional teams, we have made a sh*t ton of money already.”

Cheers came from Malo, Bryce and Bryson. After breakfast and after the kids got cleaned up. Savvy

settled Axel and Willow in the theater room while the babies sat in a play pen playing with blocks.

We all exchanged gifts. I got Savvy, Isha, Ava, Camille and James matching diamond friendship bracelets.

James was a little thicker banned for his style. There were new motorcycle helmets for Rage, Savage and

James. Camille gifted me, Ava, Savvy and Isha with brand-new baby and children's clothes that she designed and a dress for each of us. She gave James three new clothing designs that she said she was making for him. One formal, one casual and one party outfit. Dawson and the guys got matching sweaters and hats, Malo, Bryson and Bryce got new guns from Dawson and his guys, and they gave Aaron a new Patek Philippe World Time watch. Savage and Rage got new knives that looked wicked sharp.

"For hunting," Dawson said, with a look in his eyes. They both smiled hugely and thanked him.

More gifts like sunglasses, spa packages, fishing trips with new fishing pools and tackle were all given.

"Awesome Christmas breakfast Shay. Can't wait to taste test your food for the café," Camille said.

"You girls and James need to be here tomorrow at eleven so we can all go to the café, and start putting up

the decorations."

They all said they would be here, and left. I sighed. I thought for my first time hosting Christmas

breakfast, went well.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 192 -

7-9 minutes

Getting The Cafe Together

Shay

"Oh, my God, this place is perfect," Isha said.

“Isn’t it? Patrick and Aria did really well picking this out,” I said.

“Have you picked out a name?” Ava asked.

“I was thinking about Sweet Embers, or Sweet and Savory, since I’ll have both.”

+8 Points >

“How about Shay’s Sweet and Savory Eatery,” Camille said. “You can do Shay’s in big letters and under that

Sweet and Savory Eatery.”

“I love it, I’ll text that to Conner. He’s making my sign.”

“That’s so sweet, so everything has worked out with that?” Savvy asked.

I had told them all, with Bryson’s permission, about what happened between Conner and Bryson and then what happened between Conner and Carson and us.

“Yes. Bryce and Bryson are having a guy’s day with him. Lyla had some kind of job to go on, and so they invited Conner to come over today.”

“What’s she like?” James asked. “I’ve heard of her. The MC speaks about her in an awed whisper.”

“I don’t know why? She’s really nice. She says she likes me and when I asked if that was a good thing, she said very. Apparently, I’m like a sister to her now. She said she got that vibe from me. I thought that was

sweet.”

“Well, you do put off that vibe. You’re very likable, honest, and smart. You take no bullsh*t, and you have this innocence about you. You make it easy to trust you,” Camille said.

“Awe, that’s sweet,” I said with a smile.

"It's true Shay. I was so afraid you'd hate me when I was about to meet you, but you took one look at me and I knew you and I would be close," Isha said.

I got teary-eyed. "Okay, you all need to stop, I don't feel like crying today." They all chuckled. I put every one of them to work. Since Camille needed to stay seated, I had her decorate my menu for the soft opening. She drew so well, and her handwriting was beautiful. I'll make copies of her final work to hand to

customers.

"Can

you put on there, veterans, active duty members, and their families get a twenty percent discount on their order. Same for first responders please, with ID," I said to her.

"That's so sweet, Shay," Savvy said.

"I'll give discounts for educators during one of the months, same for nurses and doctors ect."

1/3

<Getting The Cafe Together

"That's awesome. Malo will appreciate that," Camille said.

+8 Points >

We got to decorating. James refused to let any of us on a ladder, so he hung plants, light strings and artwork that I found at an estate sale. The owner was a fan of vintage fifty-style pinup girls and old military signage and craft pieces. There were hundreds of coasters that were made of bullet casings that I loved and got in a mystery box at the sale. So I themed my café in the fifties and military style. There were pictures of old military planes, and military photographs of vehicles and people deployed throwing a football, or posing with their weapon. I put up pinup girl posters that were cute and tasteful. I decided I would dress as a fifties' pinup girl and so would any staff I hired. The men would wear white t-shirts, their

hair would have to be slicked back and khaki or black slacks. A fake cigarette pack folded up in one of

their sleeves. And black non-slip shoes. The women would either wear fifties dresses or tight pants with a

white, blue or red blouse and a scarf on their head or around their neck. Hair must be styled for the fifties

theme too. I put a job advertisement in the newspaper, online and James and the girls were doing word of

mouth. I have six interviews tomorrow. Four women and two men. One of the men is interviewing to be

my assistant. I need someone strong to help me with the flour and sugar bags. I know the further along I get, I'll need help. One of the girls is a cake decorator. I am okay at it, I'm not great, so I'd like someone

that knows how to decorate food well.

I sent Camille home to rest after three hours. She not only decorated my menu but also rolled silverware. Ava, James, Savvy, and Isha stayed with me until I was ready to go home. We were exhausted.

"Thank you guys, I really appreciate all your help. I am so excited about the soft opening. Davis and Mic designed advertisements for me, and we put them in all the newspapers, and Davis designed a website. I am also going to offer orders online. God, I can't wait."

"We are so happy for you, Shay. All of us have a present for you," Isha said.

James ran out to his car and brought in a box.

"Camille made it, but we all put in our two cents and bought the fabric," James said.

I smiled at him as he handed me the box and I set it on the long front counter. I took off the lid and gasped. Inside were three aprons with various designs, one with cupcakes all over it, another with pies and one with soup and sandwiches. Also, there were pins, like fifty of them. Cake pins, cupcakes, ice cream, soda pop bottles, floats in a coke glass, candy pins, and donuts. All kinds of different sizes and

colors.

“This is great, thank you so much,” I said, teary-eyed.

“We are so proud of you, Shay. You’re about to have your dream come true,” Isha said.

“All my dreams are coming true. I am marrying a man that loves me, I’m having a baby I’ve always wanted, and now I am opening my own café,” I said, tears streaming down my cheeks, so much for not crying. I was so happy.

“Speaking of marrying. Have you guys decided when you are getting married?” Savvy asked.

“Well, I was thinking of asking Bryson to do a courthouse wedding. We can always have something big

2/3

<Getting The Cafe Together

Points)

after the baby is born. That way, I can also plan a commitment ceremony with Bryce, and we can do it all at one time. Bryson and I could have a small reception here in the café. I’ll just invite you guys and your men, Wolf and Janelle and Aria and Patrick, when they get back after the New Year. We can do it on

Valentine’s Day.”

“Are you sure that’s what you want?” Isha asked.

“Well, it’s not like I have any family to be there, and Bryson has his brothers. That’s it,” I said.

“But, I’m sure he’ll want to invite his team, and maybe his brothers will want to be there. And you once said you wanted a grand wedding in the summer. Why not just wait until after the baby is born?

I did want a grand wedding so badly, with all the flowers, photography and family and friends. I wanted the whole bride experience.

“You’re right. There is no reason for me not to do that. I have you guys, Aria, Camille, and Patrick. The baby will be born in June. That’s actually perfect, because August tenth was when the guys confessed their feelings for me, and we became a unit. And look, August tenth is a Saturday next year. It’s fate, that’ll be our one-year anniversary!” I squealed.

“That’s a lot of time for us to plan a wedding and a commitment ceremony,” Ava said.

“I love you guys, thank you for talking me out of a courthouse wedding.”

We all hugged and then left the café. I waved bye to them and drove home. I walked into chaos.

11

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 193 -

7-9 minutes

Relax

Shay

+8 Points

I walked in and shut the door as quickly as I could. The music that was coming from someone’s phone

that was hooked up to the house speakers, was blaring Welcome To The Jungle, by Guns and Roses and I didn’t want a noise complaint. Thank God when Dawson upgraded this house he practically

sound-proofed it. Welcome to the Jungle indeed, I thought as I looked around.

There were Nerf bullets everywhere. I’m talking hundreds of the little blue and orange foam bullets that

were on the floor in my living room, all over my couch, the comfy chair next to it, the love seat, the stairs,

the dining room and the built-in shelves by the fireplace.

A war cry echoed through the air as Bryson, who hadn't seen me standing in front of the closed door, stomped down the stairs and flew through the air like he was Superman, shooting down the front hallway

where bullets flew around Conner, who did some kind of Ninja back, side flip that ended with him rolling into a somersault, coming up with two Nerf guns, shooting where he thought Bryson would be. His eyes

went wide as he watched his bullets hit home right on my breasts.

Then Bryce came out of the kitchen on a full out run, and slid onto his knees like Rambo where he wore

black knee and shin pads. He aimed towards the couch where now a stunned Bryson lay staring at me

with his mouth gaping in a perfect O. My eyes snapped to Bryce as he slid by me, giving me one of those '

oh sh*t, we're caught' smiles before turning and coming to a stop to face me, looking up at me on his

knees. Appropriate, I thought.

There were beer bottles, chip bags and dip all over the living room coffee table, along with three open empty pizza boxes. Crumbs that I could see were all over the floor with the Nerf bullets. Poor Pumpkin was hiding under the dining room table, her head on her paws with a fed-up look on her face, like she was done watching her human kids acting like barbarians.

Not that they could hear, but a little noise came out of me when I saw the plate on the table that just this morning was full of the wrapped cupcakes I was going to bring for my interviewees tomorrow was completely empty. I closed my eyes. That's okay, I can make more. I just needed some time to relax and maybe a little nap.

I looked at the men again. I could not deal with them'at this moment. I needed a bath with some lavender

oil and some peace and quiet. I didn't yell at them as they all stared at me, probably waiting to see how I was going to react to the mess, and it would have been pointless anyway since the music was still blaring, now playing Patience still by Guns and Roses. So f*cking appropriate. I just shook my head and headed for the stairs, walking up them and straight to my room. I dropped my bag and stripped out of my clothes. I went into the bathroom, started the water for my bath, added the essential oil and slowly lowered my tired body into the bathtub.

"Little one, your daddies are so lucky I love them. They had better have downstairs cleaned up by the time I am done here. Also, how does a bacon grilled cheese and tomato sandwich sound?"

1/3

< Relax

+8 Points>

I imagined my sweetpea was nodding emphatically, because I was starving. My muscles started to loosen as I relaxed. I closed my eyes and let out a long breath. I worked hard today and I felt so accomplished.

I started chuckling a little, thinking about all the fun my men and Conner were having today. It looked like they had a blast. I wasn't mad at them, this was their home too, and I'm sure if I had warned them I was coming home, they would have had the place spotless. And, I made the mistake of not telling them that those cupcakes were for tomorrow and for my potential employees.

I relaxed for about thirty minutes, sighing as I felt my mood lightening. The exhaustion from today was slowly slipping away. I got out and dried off, then braided my hair. I slipped into a black cotton jumper and some fluffy socks. When I got downstairs, all the Nerf bullets were gone, the empty boxes and beer bottles were cleaned up. I didn't see one crumb. Bryce and Conner were in the kitchen doing some

dishes, and Bryson came in from outside. I imagined he was taking the trash out.

“Hi Sunshine,” he said sheepishly.

“Hello, my love. I saw you guys had a good time. I’m glad.”

Bryce turned the water off and dried his hands. Bryson kissed me first, then Bryce walked over and took

me into his arms before kissing me.

“We did. Sorry about the mess,” Bryce said.

“No need to apologize, this is your home too. I just needed some quiet and relaxation for a few minutes. We got all the decorations done.”

“Hey Shay,” Conner said, coming to stand next to us.

I smiled at him, and extracted myself from Bryce, who frowned and hugged Conner. He stiffened for a minute but then melted and wrapped me up in his arms.

“Hi Conner. How are you?”

He pulled back, and smiled. “Great. Lyla is supposed to come home in two days. I had a lot of fun today with the guys. I needed it today.”

“I’m sure you did. You’re welcome here anytime. Both you and Lyla are.”

“Thanks,” he said. He looked like a happy little boy whose best friend’s mom just told him he was part of the family. And really, he was becoming one. His relationship with Bryson seems to have healed a lot and even Bryce and him have been talking on the phone and cracking jokes with each other. I was really happy they all got along.

“Well, I’m making myself a grilled cheese, bacon, tomato sandwich. Do you guys want some?”

They all said yes, so I made them two each and then made myself one and ate while I got out my mixing bowl and stuff for the cupcakes.

"What are you doing, pretty girl?"

2/3

< Relax

"I'm remaking the cupcakes you all ate that were for my interviewees tomorrow."

"Oh, sh*t, we're sorry, Shay," Conner said.

+5 Points)

I smiled at him, "No problem. I failed to let you guys know about them. It won't take too long to make

more and frost them up. Since you've been drinking, I want you to stay here tonight Conner," I said.

"I can call an Uber and pick my truck up later," he said.

"No, you will stay here and sleep in one of the guest bedrooms. My first interview isn't until eleven. I'll make some breakfast quiches in the morning that you three can try and let me know if I should include

them on my weekly menu."

"Oh, well, in that case, I am staying," Conner said, making me chuckle.

After the cupcakes were cooled, I put the boys to work frosting them. It was cute watching them try to make them look neat. I couldn't stop giggling as their big hands would try not to squeeze the frosting

bags too hard. Frosting was everywhere. I ended up fixing half of them, but they did try. I think more got

in their mouths than they did on the cupcakes.

By the time I went to bed with my guys, I was dragging. I ended up taking a shower with the guys because they were sticky and wanted me to join them. They made it worth my while with two orgasms. I braided my hair again after we were done and then climbed into bed in between them. We all passed out pretty

quickly.

Around two a.m. I got up to pee. Then I got really thirsty, so I put on my fluffy robe I wore during the winter in Colorado and walked out of the bedroom. I silently walked down the stairs and walked into the kitchen. The moonlight lit my way to the cabinets. I got a glass and went to the fridge. Just as I opened it, a hand came around my mouth and grabbed the glass before it shattered on the floor.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 194 -

8-11 minutes

+8 Points

Who's this?

Shay

“Are you hiding my man here?” Lyla asked from behind me.

“He drank alcohol while playing Nerf wars with my guys. I didn't want him driving,” I said, muffled behind

her hand.

She removed her hand and I slowly turned around. I was surprised to see she was almost the same height

as me. I looked down at her feet and saw she was in a pair of sh*t kicking boots that had about a

four-inch squared heel.

“How did you get past my cameras?”

She scoffed, "Cameras are child's play for me. I can get past any security. No offense to Becks Security,

but they have nothing on my mother's hacking skills, and she taught me everything I know. Plus, I can afford all the good toys."

"You're really scary," I said.

"I know. Thanks for looking after my boy. When I got to the warehouse and didn't see his truck, I figured

he was here."

"You trust him that much? What if he stepped out on you and was at some random chick's house?" I

asked.

"Have you looked at me? Not to mention he knows I'd kill him and whoever he was with. I have no

qualms about killing people that betray me and those I care about. And anyone else I deem needing to

disappear. I checked on your ex, by the way. He is in Canada. I don't think you'll ever be hearing from him again. But if you do, just let me know, I'll take care of him for you completely free of charge."

"Um, thanks?" I said, ending with a slight question. I didn't know if I ever wanted to be indebted to Lyla, like

ever.

"You know, I almost made some moves on you? I was about to elbow you in the face and use my martial

arts on you."

She stared at me, and I swallowed. “You could have tried. But you’d never get a hit on me. I would have used a pressure point the moment you tried to move. I wouldn’t want to hurt you with that baby inside of you. Plus, I like you. You’ll never have anything to worry about.”

“I’m grateful,” I said, I really was. “He’s in the first bedroom on the right. I’m making three quiches in the morning. Spinach and tomato, with bacon. Mushroom and peppers with sausage and a bacon, ham and sausage.”

“Fantastic, I can’t wait to try them. I love quiche. See you in the morning. I have a pet to wake, we’ll try to keep it down.”

1/4

< Who’s this?

“The rooms are sound-proof,” I said with a smile.

“Even better. See ya later sister from another mister.”

+8 Points 2

Then she was gone like she was never there. I got the pitcher of water out of the fridge and got the drink I came down for. So, Carson was in Canada. Good. I never have to worry about him again. That’s a huge

relief.

The next morning, I drank some herbal tea as I watched my men, Conner and Lyla devour my quiches. I

had a little smile on my face as they enjoyed themselves. I also made some blueberry and banana nut

muffins. No one said a word as they ate. That’s a sign that the food is really good. I waited five more

minutes before asking any questions.

“So, should I put quiche as an option for breakfast at the eatery?”

“Definitely, pretty girl. These are all so good.”

“Yeah, Sunshine, I think with your muffins, these quiches, your homemade cinnamon rolls, and donuts,

you’re going to be a hit. Everything you make, I am one hundred percent positive, everyone is going to love.

”

“Anyway, I can get you to make me three dozen of each of your muffins?” Lyla asked.

“Sure, what flavors? I can make anything and when do you need them by?”

“These for sure and maybe a chocolate or chocolate chip? And I’m taking Conner home to meet my

parents and siblings. He’ll be the first they’ve ever met. I’ve never brought anyone home before. It will be

a shock for them.”

“That’s so sweet.. How about a chocolate muffin with chocolate chips?”

“Perfect,” Lyla said.

“You’re taking me home with you? I’d like you to meet my dad.”

“Yes, baby. And if you want me to meet your dad, we can do that before we leave. We’re leaving after the New Year, probably the sixth.”

“Oh, that’s perfect. You guys can come to my soft opening on the third and then stop by on the sixth for

my grand opening and I'll have your muffins ready."

"Alright, we can do that," Lyla said.

Conner and Lyla left soon after. The guys left for their work and I packed up the cupcakes and drove to the café. I had told Conner about the sign, and he said he'd have it ready in two days, and would come by and hang it for me. I was super excited.

My first interview was with Daniel Blake. He was thirty-two and worked at a bakery for six years in Austin, Texas. He moved here three months ago with his boyfriend. We talked about the things he liked to make

best.

2/4

< Who's this?

+8 Points >

"I love to work with dough, so breads, rolls, pies, you name it. I mean, I can bake pretty much anything, but

I love working with dough."

I smiled at that. I did too. I asked how his decorating skills were. He said he was decent, but he was no

pro.

"I can do the easy things like flowers and generic characters with fondant, but anything 3D or shaping things into a certain object, I'm not the best."

"That's okay, I have someone to interview that is a decorating genius, so we can help her if she needs it with our limited decorating skills. Because I'm like you, basic things but nothing too intricate."

“Phew, that’s a relief. The last bakery I worked at, my boss there always put some of us down for our lack of decorating skills.”

“Well, that won’t be me. It says here you’ll work any day but Sunday?”

“Yes,” he said, clearing his throat and straightening his posture. “I hope this isn’t going to ruin my chances of working here, but Sundays are pretty much the only day my boyfriend gets the whole day off and I’d like us to have at least one day off together.”

I could tell that made him nervous. I felt myself softening a little towards him.

“I have no problems with that. I’ll be closing the café on Sundays anyway. Is there another day you’d like

off?”

“Well, Dale works from home, but he is locked in the basement with his gear and clients. He’s a massage therapist. There’s a separate entrance for him and his clients. He basically works six days a week but only works half days on Saturdays. But I imagine this place will be hoppin’ on Saturdays, so I don’t want that day off. How about something during the week, like Wednesdays?”

“Yeah, I can do that. I’ll need you here at six am to help with the front while I’m making up the goodies. I’ll be in at four am to start baking the morning goodies and leave throughout the day. Your shift will end at two. You can take a break whenever just let me know. Or whoever will be on shift with you. On Saturdays, we won’t open until eight, so you can come in at seven forty-five. And leave at one. That way you can also have half of the Saturday off as well.”

“Oh, I can already tell you’re going to be a really good boss. Thank you so much. Um, can I ask what my pay will be? The ad said anywhere from eighteen to twenty-five dollars an hour.”

“Well, since you have experience, I say we start you off at twenty-five.”

“Wow, really, you’re a peach. Thank you. I won’t let you down. I am looking forward to working for you.”

“I am looking forward to it too. One more thing, I am doing a fifties-style theme. I’d like all the males in khaki or black slacks, black non-slip shoes, white t-shirts, and slicked-back hair. If you need any of those items, keep the receipts and give it to me and I will reimburse you.”

“Okay, thank you again. I will see you on the third.”

3/4

< Who’s this?

+8 Points >

I smiled and we said goodbye. The rest of the day went like that. I hired the food decorator, and was excited that she brought in a sampling of her work. It was a fairy cake and her dress was a cake and the rest of her was completely edible. The sculpting was flawless, as was the edible airbrush paint. The fairy herself was made out of rice crispies and she was delicious. I hired an older woman who wanted to work part-time from noon to closing, which would be at four. I hired two college students and a single mom who could work from nine until closing. She said she could only work while her daughter was in school, and I was fine with giving her the weekends off. I even said she could bring her little girl in if her daughter had a day off from school, and she looked at me like I was the answer to all her prayers.

That was all the interviews I had for the day and I was just cleaning up when the café door opened. A boy who looked like he was fourteen walked in. He was rail thin with sharp cheek bones and a pointed chin with huge blue eyes under a mop of sandy-colored hair. Who was this, and why did I feel I needed to help

him?

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 195 -

8-10 minutes

+8 Points>

The Neilson’s

Shay

“Hello ma’am, I saw you had a help-wanted sign on your window. I can do anything,” he said quickly.

“Come sit down,” I said, eyeing him. He was so skinny, his clothes were stained, and his right tennis shoe

had a hole where his big toe poked through. I had two cupcakes left on the plate and I offered him one

with a glass of water.

“Thank you,” he said. He was very polite.

“What’s your name?”

“Trevor, Trevor Neilson.”

“How old are you?”

He looked down at his cupcake. I was surprised he wasn’t devouring it. He looked so hungry.

“I’m fourteen,” he whispered.

“You’re a little too young to work. Why aren’t you in school?”

“It’s still winter break. I know I’m young, but I need to make money and I really will do anything. I can clean, sweep, mop, clean the bathrooms, wash dishes. You don’t have to pay me much, maybe ten dollars a day? Anything really would help.”

“Why are you so desperate to make money?” I asked softly.

“We’re hungry. My little sister and me. My dad left us and mom, she’s sick. She can barely get out of bed sometimes. She coughs constantly, and sometimes blood comes out. We have no money. The landlord has threatened to kick us out of the apartment we live in. So, I need to find a job.”

Oh God, my heart was breaking for this kid.

“Is your little sister at home right now with your mom?”

He nodded.

“How old is she? What’s her name?”

“Five. Her name is Kara. Can I take this cupcake home to her?”

“How about this? I’ll hire you to clean up around here on Saturday and after school. The café closes at four, but I’ll be here for a while afterward. You and your sister come to the café, and I’ll feed you dinner every night. Take this extra cupcake. I’d like to speak to your mom about this arrangement. Can I come home with you right now?”

He chewed on his bottom lip as he thought about my proposal. Then he nodded. I packed up my stuff and then locked up the café. I told him I’d drive us. He didn’t live far, just a few miles away. The apartments

1/4

< The Neilson’s

we pulled up to were dilapidated and looked dangerous.

+8 Points >

I walked up to his apartment door with him. He took out a key and unlocked it. The stench of the place almost made me throw up.

“Mom, I need you, any way you can get out of bed?”

A hacking cough from a back room was heard and then a little girl and a very thin woman in a shirt that was ten times too big for her came out.

“Who are you?” she rasped and then had another coughing fit. I walked to her kitchen, which was barely a kitchen, and found one clean glass and filled it with water. I handed it to her and she drank. “Thank you.”

“My name is Shay Duvall. I just opened a café near here. Trevor came to ask for a job. I’d like to hire him if that’s okay. I told him he could bring his sister after school into the café and clean up. I’ll pay him fifteen an hour and I will feed them and give him the leftovers of the day to bring home.”

“You don’t have to do that, I can take care of my children,” she said defensively.

“Mom, please,” Trevor begged.

“Ma’am, what’s your name?”

“Sharon Neilson.”

“Sharon, please, let me and him do this. They’ll be fed each night and there will be extra to bring home.”

She stared at me. “Fine, but he needs to get his homework done too.”

Trevor beamed and nodded.

“Thank you, Sharon. Why don’t you go lay down while I talk more to Trevor.”

She looked at me and something in her eyes, maybe gratitude flickered. She nodded and went back to her

room. The moment she was out of sight, I got to work.

“Trevor, we are cleaning your apartment right now.”

He sat his sister down on the couch. She stared at me wide-eyed. I checked their refrigerator and

grimaced. There was nothing in it and it reeked. I ordered groceries to be delivered and then found some cleaning supplies under the kitchen sink. I told Trevor to pick up the trash and throw any dirty clothes in

the corner and then told him to clean the bathroom. I then scrubbed the kitchen and refrigerator clean. When the groceries got there, I put what needed to go in the fridge in there

and the rest I put away in cupboards. Trevor and Kara stared at me in awe. I made them both peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and cut an apple into six slices and split it between them. I then got to work on making some soup and I made up three six-inch turkey and cheese sub sandwiches and cut those in half. I wrapped them in saran wrap and told Trevor these were for tomorrow and that the soup was for the rest of the week. I made a bowl before I put the soup away and took it to Sharon.

She was lying down staring at the bedroom door when I walked in.

2/4

< The Neilson's

"I could smell the soup," she whispered.

+8 Points >

"I brought you some. Sharon, you need help. Your kids are starving, this place isn't the cleanest. Trevor says you're sick. I am guessing you have no money or insurance for a doctor?"

"No," she said, as she sat up and I gave her the bowl. "My husband, he left. He found some young pretty thing, and they took all our money. I had a jon for a while after he left, but I didn't have anyone to watch Kara and my boss said I couldn't keep bringing her to work, so I had to quit. Then I got sick and everything just kept going downhill. I was hoping this sickness would pass so I could go job hunting, hopefully find a place that would let me bring Kara. But it just kept getting worse. Trevor's been a big help with her. He

even found a lot of cans and turned them in for money. We ran out of food two days ago."

"Will you let me help you? It's not a hand out. Once you get back on your feet, I can hire you at my café.

You can work off your debt, and we can set up an hourly wage for you, and you can bring Kara in to sit.

There will also be leftover daily food you can bring home."

“Why are you doing this?”

“Because I lost my parents around the same age as Trevor. Some nice people took me in. I don’t want your

kids to lose you, it hurts. I have the means to help. Please, take my offer. I’d like to take you to the doctors and get you looked at. Coughing up blood is serious. Trevor told me that’s what is happening.”

“I think I have pneumonia and possibly bronchitis.”

“Let me help, Sharon.”

“Okay,” she whispered.

I got her and the kids into the car. But before I got in the car, I walked to the door marked ‘Landlord’ and

knocked.

A pasty wrinkled old lady answered the door.

“What?” she asked.

“Number 8, how much do they owe in rent?”

“Six hundred dollars. I just told the boy if they can’t pay by next week, they’re out.

I took out my wallet from my purse. I took out the cash I had in it.

“Here’s six hundred. Here is also my phone number. Call me when their rent is due again. I’ll take care of it.

“What are you, their fairy Godmother?”

“Something like that,” I said, and then walked away.

I got in my car and Sharon looked at me.

“Did you just pay my rent?”

3/4

< The Neilson’s

“Yep,” I said, popping the P. “And I told her to call me from now on when your rent is due.”

“Thank you, I swear I will pay everything back,” she said quietly.

“There’s no need, like I said, we’ll work something out.”

+8 Points >

When we got to the hospital we were lucky there weren’t many people waiting. We were seen pretty fast. Sharon was right, she did have pneumonia and severe bronchitis. We were told she would have to be in

the hospital for a few days.

“I’ll bring the kids home with me. Here’s my number. You can call them anytime. But I want you to rest.”

“I have no choice, do I?” Sharon asked.

“No. I promise your kids will be safe with me. I won’t let anything happen to them.”

“Thank you Shay, thank you so much.” I nodded and clasped her hand. She was taken to a room, and we stayed and visited for another hour. I finally said that I needed to get home, and she needed to rest. The

kids hugged her.

When we got into the car, I turned to Trevor.

“We’re going back to your place to get you two some clothes. The sandwiches and the soup will be fine, you can eat them when you get back home.”

He nodded. As I drove away, I was trying to come up with what to say to Bryce and Bryson. Hopefully they'll see what I did, and go along with my crazy idea of adopting a family.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 196 -

9-11 minutes

Long Lost Sister?

Shay

+8 Points

I got home before the guys. I didn't see Bryson's Camaro in the drive, and I knew Bryce was riding with him. He does that a lot more now, instead of taking his bike. Not to mention he said it was "cold as sh*t".

I unlocked the door and walked into Lyla and Conner eating something that smelled amazing while

watching t.v.

"You two live here now?" I teased.

Lyla shrugged. "The warehouse is nice, but this place is fantastic and it has a real kitchen. I like it here.

better until Conner and I can talk about our future. Who's this?"

I processed her words. Did she just say she and Conner moved in? I shook my head, what the hell, this house is big enough for everyone.

"This is Trevor Nielson and his little sister Kara. Their mom is sick, so I said I'd take care of them until

she's back on her feet. Their place isn't in a very nice neighborhood, so here they are."

I was nervous. How was Lyla around children? Kara and she stared at each other, then Kara smiled the cutest smile and I looked at Lyla. I could see something in her features softening.

"You two look really familiar. Where's your father, and who is your mother?" Lyla asked.

"I don't know where our father is, he left us, and my mom is Sharon Nielson. She does her best," Trevor

defended his mother.

"I'm sure she does. Do you know your dad's name?"

"Wallace Nielson," Trevor said.

Lyla nodded and got out her phone.

"I made Chicken Alfredo with broccoli and garlic bread," Lyla said.

"You cooked dinner?"

"I like to cook. I found out a couple of years ago that it helps me relax."

"She cooks great Shay" Conner said, taking another big bite of his food.

Lyla patted his leg as she one-handedly texted on her phone. Then she looked at Trevor and showed him her phone.

"Do you know this man?" Lyla asked.

I looked with Trevor. There was a very good-looking older man, about thirty-five, with blonde hair and blue eyes. He looks a lot like Sharon.

"No, I've never seen him before. Who is he?" Trevor asked.

1/5

<Long Lost Sister?

"Does your mom have any siblings?"

“No, I don’t think so, none that I’ve ever heard of. Who is the man?” he asked again.

“His name is Gray Knight. A friend of the Florida LOC.”

“LOC?”

“Lords of Chaos,” Lyla said.

+8 Points >

“Oh, I know them. They came to our school and passed out presents before Christmas break, and paid all

the overdue lunch accounts and put money in those lunch accounts.”

My eyebrows rose at that. I knew the LOC rescued trafficked men, women, and children, but I had no idea

they did stuff like that.

“So who is Gray Knight?” I asked.

“Um, someone looking for family. Trevor looks like him.”

I looked at Trevor and she was right. But then again, he and Kara looked like their mother. I had no clue

what their father looked like.

“Do you think they could be his family?”

“Maybe. I’m going to contact him. Trevor, can I take yours and Kara’s picture?”

He shrugged, “I guess,” he said to Lyla.

She did, then she did some more stuff on her phone.

“Is this your mother?” Lyla asked. And when she turned the phone again, I gasped. It was Sharon, but she

looked young, healthy and had rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes, not the dull ones I had seen. She was

standing next to a tall man and he was holding a marriage certificate. This must be the father. He had

sh*t brown hair, sh*t brown eyes and the kids got all of Sharon’s looks. Thank God for that.

“Yeah, that’s her. She said that was when she and my dad got married when I was in her belly. There’s that

same picture in her bedroom, on her dresser.”

“Okay, thanks buddy,” Lyla said.

“Trevor, why don’t you go into the kitchen and make a plate for you and your sister. Eat as much as you want, there are drinks in the fridge. Plates and glasses are in the cupboard with the red stained-glass and the clear humming bird on it. The silverware drawer is the big long one on the island,” I said.

He nodded and took Kara into the kitchen.

“What are you thinking?” I asked Lyla.

“I am thinking that I just found one of Gray Knight’s sisters. He’s been looking for his sisters for years. His dad was a real piece of work. All he wanted were sons. So, every time his wife gave him a daughter, he sold her to couples that desperately wanted children. Gray has two older sisters and three younger ones.

2/5

<Long Lost Sister?

+8 Points >

The information I just pulled up about Sharon says she's thirty-three, got married to Wallace Nielson when she had just turned nineteen, and had a baby seven months later, a little boy named Trevor Nielson. Gave birth to her daughter nine years later. She's adopted. A couple named Martha and Michael Branson. They are deceased. My guess, Wallace found a vulnerable young girl who had just lost her parents and swooped in and married her. It looked like they had left her with a house. It was sold, and after paying off the parents' debt, she had fifty thousand left over. He would have seen that as hitting the lottery, considering he was a dishwasher at a restaurant for three years before they met."

"She said when her husband left he took all their money. You're telling me fifty thousand lasted them

fourteen years?"

"No, my best guess is they, and I mean he blew through that quickly. I have information on him working plenty of jobs over the years, but he didn't stay at any one job before he would quit or get fired. Sharon, on the other hand, was a waitress and bartender for eight years, then she became a bookkeeper after that,

but was recently fired."

"That tracks," I nodded.

"So, what are you doing with them?" Lyla asked.

I told her about Trevor coming in and how desperate he was for a job. "I wanted to see his home life and see his mother. I thought maybe she was a druggie and if she was, I was going to call CPS. But she's not, just really sick. They had nothing in their house to eat, and I don't know. I guess I went into caregiver

mode. I couldn't walk away from them."

"You have a good heart, Shay. You're going to make a good mom."

"Lyla, that was sweet."

“I know. I’m going to send this information to Gray. He’s found one sister, his youngest, but she doesn’t really want a relationship yet with him. She’s been through some sh*t and doesn’t trust well. But she’s good people. She’s actually about to give birth to her and my buddy Flips’ first child. They’ve come a long

way in their relationship.”

The door opened and I turned and saw my men. They both smiled widely at me and then their eyes saw Conner and Lyla.

“Hey guys, didn’t know you’d be here,” Bryson said.

“Oh, yeah, we’re staying for a while,” Lyla said.

I watched as they both blinked rapidly and then looked at me. I just shrugged.

“Okay, not a problem, there’s plenty of room,” Bryce said.

“Yeah, I know, that’s why I chose this place. Plus, you have a kitchen.”

“I have a kitchen,” Conner mumbled.

“No pet, you have a sink, and counters with a hot plate and a rice cooker.”

3/5

<Long Lost Sister?

He blushed, and I smiled.

“Shay, can Kara and I have one of these cookies?” Trevor called out from the kitchen.

“Sure,” I yelled back.

“Shay?” Bryce and Bryson asked.

I smiled and laughed uncomfortably.

+8 Points >

“Um, I met a boy who was in a desperate situation. I’m helping his mother out and taking care of her children for a couple of days. I was thinking of putting them in the rooms with the Jack and Jill bathroom. And then I was hoping we could move their mother in after she gets out of the hospital. She can have the room next to Lyla and Conners. It’s just until they can get on their feet,” I said hastily.

Bryce gathered me into his arms and I felt Bryson come behind me.

“You have such a big heart, Shay. I’ll do a background check,” Bryce said.

“Already done, she’s clean, just in a bad spot. Doesn’t do drugs, isn’t a prostitute, just a woman whose scumbag husband left her and her children and took all her money, leaving them to fend for themselves. Trevor is the boy, a good kid, gets decent grades, he hit up your girl for a job so he can provide food for his mom and sister,” Lyla narrated for them.

“That’s sad,” Bryson said.

I noticed Bryce had stiffened. “We’ll keep them here, and they can stay with us as long as they want. What type of job does she need?”

“I was thinking, since she had experience with a restaurant and bookkeeping like Lyla said, maybe she could be my café manager?”

“That’s perfect Shay. Having a stable environment will be good for the kids. I hope they like dogs.”

“Where is Pumpkin?” I asked.

“In her doggy mansion. Conner wore her out. Conner had fun training Pumpkin and teaching her a new

trick.”

“I taught her how to do backflips, and she can now jump eight feet.”

“She doesn’t have a doggy mansion. It’s just a dog house,” Bryson mumbled.

“Fanciest f*cking dog house I’ve ever seen. I’ve slept in sh*ttier places than what she has. You should have named her Princess, or Queenie or something,” Lyla scoffed.

“She’s our baby, she deserves the best,” Bryce defended.

“Uh huh.” Lyla looked down at her phone.

“Looks like Gray Knight is coming for a visit,” Lyla said.

“Who is Gray Knight?” Bryce and Bryson asked at the same time.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 197 -

7-9 minutes

F*cking Scary

Bryson

The next day at work, I did my own research. Bryce and I wanted all the answers, so I used my work computer to look up Sharon Neilson, Wallace Neilson and Gray Knight.

The last one was probably a mistake because the next thing I knew, Dawson, Mic, Ford, and Davis came over to our desks and demanded to know why we were looking up the CEO of Knight Security. Our teams surrounded us to hear us get our asses reamed or in solidarity. It was hard to tell.

So, we told them about Sharon and her story, and what Shay wanted to do for her and Sharon’s kids. Our

teams went back to their desks.

“The kids are staying with you guys?” Mic asked.

“Yeah, a fourteen-year-old boy and his five-year-old sister. Trevor and Kara. They’re actually pretty good

kids. The little girl has taken to Lyla,” I said.

“Lyla? The LOC assassin, Lyla?” Ford asked.

“Yeah,” I said with a shrug. I watched as Mic, Ford, Davis and Dawson gave each other a look.

“What?” Bryce asked.

“Listen, it’s only rumors, but I’m ninety-five percent sure it’s true. We personally have never seen them work, but we did some things with the New York LOC, and they told some stories about the President’s sister and cousin. The cousin is more normal, has a kid and an old man, but the word is she’s pretty deadly. The sister, Lyla, let’s say the word psychopath, was thrown around in whispers by some of the

brothers,” Dawson said.

“I like Lyla,” I said. “She’s very protective of Conner and Shay. And I am telling you, the little girl is drawn to her. And, I’d rather have her on my side than not. Because, yeah, she’s kind of scary. So anyway, I’m guessing you guys know this Gray Knight?”

“Um, yeah. He’s older than us. I think he’s thirty-five, but he was a legend in the military. No one knows exactly which branch he was in. Rumors are he’s been in all of them, but that can’t be true. He was in some secret military society. Not many make it out, most do it for life, but he did and he opened Knight Security. I can only hope that one day, Becks Security can have the same reputation as Knight Security, and he’s only been open five years longer than us. His firm takes on some elite clients,” Dawson said.

“He’s coming to visit our house. He’ll be here in a few days on the 2nd,” I said.

“No way,” Davis said, wide-eyed.

“Yeah, he wants to see if Sharon is his sister. We offered for him to stay with us since the kids are staying

with us. He agreed. Shay is making a big dinner if you want to come?” Bryce said.

They all got excited. “Tell Shay we’ll bring drinks,” Ford said, and then they dispersed.

< F*cking Scary

+8 Points >

“You’d think they were meeting God himself,” I said. I looked at Bryce, and he had a peculiar look on his

face.

He whipped out his phone and started texting furiously.

“Who are you texting?”

“I have a friend that was in the Army with me. I remember hearing something about a team of men that operated in the shadows. Two were captured by fifteen men once while on a mission. When they were rescued by their own team, they were found drinking beer and shooting the sh*t with fifteen dead bodies

around them. I’m pretty sure one of the guys that was captured, last name was Knight.”

“How come this is the first time I’m hearing about a friend in the Army?”

Bryce smirked and finished his text. “Awe, are you jealous?”

“Answer my question,” I said, crossing my arms and raising an eyebrow.

He laughed, “He lives in West Virginia off the grid. Has one of those YouTube channels where he builds his

own cabin, and cultivates his land. Kind of one of those survivalists. He’s just a buddy I was in the Army

with. We aren’t really close.”

“Oh, cool,” I said. I wasn’t jealous, he just never talked about other friends before.

“You’re jealous,” he said, chuckling. “Just like I was jealous of Conner when we first met. But now he’s a cool guy, and I am secure in our friendship. We share the same woman, Bryson.”

I smiled at him, blushing a little. "You were jealous of Conner?"

"Hell yeah, you guys grew up together regardless of him betraying you, that's a special bond. You're my

best friend. I didn't want to lose that."

+

"You're my best friend too," I said, feeling silly for being jealous.

"Good, I'm glad I can reassure you," he said, bumping his shoulder with mine. "Now let's look more into this, Wallace Neilson. What he did to Sharon is just f*cking horrible. I feel bad those kids have a piece of

sh*t father like that."

We didn't find much on Gray, just that he was the CEO of Knight Security, single and thirty-five. But I guess us looking in on him sent up a flag and that's why Dawson and the guys rushed over to us.

Sharon was just as clean as Lyla said, she didn't even have a speeding ticket. She was in some debt though and I made a mental note to talk to Shay about paying all of her medical bills and paying off her

car.

Wallace Nielson, the piece of sh*t that he was, was living it up. Looks like he hit a small jackpot of thirty thousand dollars two weeks ago. He was in Atlantic City, and staying in a weekly rental. I did a facial recognition search and pictures left and right popped up.

"He's having a grand ol time, hasn't he?" Bryce asked.

< F*cking Scary

+ Points >

“Jesus, the chick beside him looks like she’s barely legal. When Sharon gets better and gets some meat on her bones, she’ll be way better looking than that chick. Wallace is an i***t. How long ago did he leave?” I

asked Bryce.

“Trevor said he’s been gone almost three months.”

I grabbed my phone and texted Lyla

Hey Lyla, anyway we can get into Wallace Neilson’s bank account and set something up for Sharon that can’t be tracked to her? Neilson won thirty thousand this week. That should go to Sharon and her kids. Also, I was thinking about seeing if Sharon wanted to file for divorce. What do you think?

I put my phone down. I didn’t think she’d get back to me too soon, but my phone buzzed within two

minutes.

Lyla Michaelson: Already have the papers for divorce made up and filed. I’ll work on the bank account. It’ll be ready in fifteen minutes.

You have already talked to her and got her to sign divorce papers? How did you get her to agree?

Lyla Michaelson: You’re cute. I don’t need anyone to do what I need them to do. I just do it, there will be no questions asked. Sharon will be divorced by the time she gets out of the hospital. I’m sure she won’t

mind.

“She’s so f*cking scary.”

“Who?”

“Lyla,” I said. I explained what she told me.

“Jesus, she can just make sh*t happen without consequences? Who is she really?”

“I don’t know but, like I said, I’m glad she’s on our side,” I said.

“Me too, and since she likes our girl so much, we had better make sure Shay never sheds a tear over us,”

he said.

I chuckled but then stopped, because I had a sneaking suspicion he was right. Lyla Michaelson is not

someone you want mad at you.

I picked up my phone again.

Thanks Lyla, you’re the best.

Lyla Michaelson: I know. And change my contact name before I do it for you. You can put Tasha

Got it.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 198 -

21-26 minutes

Gray Knight

Sharon

* Ponto >

I was in the hospital for three days. My breathing stabilized, the pressure in my chest went away, and my cough was practically nonexistent with the meds they put me on. I did my treatments three times a day. By the time Shay picked me up from the hospital, I felt so much better.

She brought me home to pack some clothes and take the soup and sandwiches she had made for us to her place. I was reluctant at first, but she told me not to argue and that where we had been living was not suitable for an impressionable young man and a little girl. She said she had a backyard and a pup the kids could play with when it wasn't freezing outside. But she also had a gaming room and a movie theater for their entertainment. I don't know what angel brought Shay to me, but I couldn't have been more grateful.

Last night there was a New Year's Eve party. I met all kinds of interesting people. One of them was a man named Wolf, and he had me bushing all night long. His woman, he said her name was Janelle, also said

some things that scandalized me, but it was all very flattering.

My Trevor bloomed under all the male attention he got from the men in the house. And Kara made two new friends, a little girl named Willow and her brother Axel. I haven't been this happy in so long.

A woman about my height came up to me. She said her name was Lyla. She handed me a folder and told me to live free. Then she smiled at me and, although it was a little strange, I felt very safe around her.

I had taken the folder to the room I was given that was right across from my children and opened the folder. I gasped at the contents. There was a divorce certificate, and filed papers. The signatures on the paper looked exactly like mine and Wallace's, but I know I never signed anything. But I didn't care, because this looked legit, and it was even signed off by a judge. There was even a parental rights termination letter signed and notarized. It said that Wallace gave up his rights to the kids. My mouth dropped open when the next sheet of paper showed a bank account with thirty-three thousand dollars in it in my name. But not my married name. No, it was Sharon Branson. I couldn't believe it. Tears streamed down my face for a bit until I got myself under control.

Today was the 2nd, and I was told a man named Gray Knight was coming to see me. I was told he thought he was my brother, my biological brother. If he is, I hope he can tell me where I come from.

Don't get me wrong, I loved my adoptive parents. They were lovely, and I never suffered under their care. They were fantastic parents. I wish they were still here. But they were older when they adopted me. They'd be in their mid-eighties now. My father had a massive heart attack at sixty-nine. My mother couldn't handle life without him and faded away a year later.

I met Wallace six months after my parents died. I was still grieving, and I had just gotten my family's debt paid off. And here this charming man came along and swept me off of my feet. But the moment I gave birth to Trevor, he started to change. The years were hard in between, but I refused to give up on my marriage. I wanted that forever marriage. I thought having another baby would make things right, but I was so wrong and should have known it wouldn't change what he had become. Kara barely knew her

1/4

< Gray Knight

+8 Points >

father. He was gone more often than he was home. Then, four months ago, a new girl was hired at the mechanics shop where he worked. She was the front-counter girl who dealt with customers paying up their bills. I guess Wallace took one look at her and decided she was his future, because three months ago

he told me he didn't love me and never had and took all the money out of our account and left.

I tried my hardest to make ends meet, but I couldn't, and after I got sick, I thought everything was over. I just knew someone was going to call CPS on me. And then a beautiful blonde angel came home with my brave little boy. She's younger than me, but she's taking care of me and my family and here someone was

coming to meet me claiming to be related to me.

I was really nervous about meeting him. Bryce and Bryson went to go pick him up from the airport. I was

helping Shay with dinner. The front door opened and Isha, a woman I met just two days ago, stepped in

with her children in each arm and her men behind her. That was a revelation.

I never knew there were relationships that involved more than two people. Meeting Shay, Isha and Savvy

was eye-opening. Trevor had a zillion questions and asked me if he could ask them. I wasn't sure if that

was appropriate, but a man named Jack asked me if I minded if he and his husband and wife answered

any questions Trevor had. I was nervous. Should Trevor know about this type of relationship? He knew

about gay men and women, and he asked me a lot of questions about them. I actually had a friend at work named Mary who had a wife and I asked if she could answer any of his questions. They were innocent questions and I sat with him while he did that. But at the time, he was ten. I always knew I would

raise my children by answering all of their questions if I could. I never wanted to lie to them. So when

Jack asked, I finally nodded. Again they were innocent questions. Like did they all sleep in the same bed. Who decided who was going to be the dad, stuff like that. Nothing too inappropriate.

So, now seeing Isha and her men wasn't so surprising and Trevor had his answers.

"Shay, you are practically making a dream of mine come true. Gray Knight is a freaking legend, I can't wait

to meet him," Davis said.

"How is he a legend?" I asked.

"Well, we've heard nothing but good things about him. He is a computer genius, and we heard he can read really fast. I heard he never forgets anything. He can take one look at something and remember it. When he was in the military, Mic was told he could kill a man with a paper clip," Ford answered for Davis.

"Ford," Dawson warned. He was looking in the living room. I turned and saw Trevor and Kara were engrossed in something called KPOP Demon Hunters. It was actually pretty cute. I laughed out loud a couple of times when I first watched it, before I let them watch it.

"It's okay, they're locked in. A fire alarm could go off, and they wouldn't hear it," I said. "So he's a veteran, and he now owns his own security company like you guys?"

"No, we take on any client that can pay. We have men in our firm that need the money. So we take on as many as we can. Gray's business, they cater to the rich. The uber-rich and Gray's firm can be more selective. We hope to get that way one day. We now do deeper background checks on who we take on, we've learned from our mistakes, but we still work with who can pay," Mic said.

<Gray Knight

I nodded understanding.

The front door opened suddenly and Bryson walked in with Bryce and an extremely good-looking man. I felt the air leave my lungs. We had the same hair color and eyes both in shape and color, our mouths were similar and when he smiled, I looked at Trevor, it was the same as my son's.

"Hello, you must be Sharon," he said in a deep smokey voice.

"Yes, and you are Gray Knight?"

"I am. It's very lovely to meet you. And even though we need to do a DNA test, I think I can already tell it's going to be positive that we are siblings. You look exactly like I remember our mom. She was petite like you, blonde and blue eyes like us. My face is rounder like our father's, yours is oval like our mother's."

I could feel tears coming into my eyes.

"Can you tell me why I was put up for adoption?" I always wanted to know.

"You weren't the only one. You are my younger sister by two years, and we have an even younger sister

named Brittney. She's twenty-five. She lives in New York and just found out she's pregnant with her partner's baby. She's very skittish around most men, including me, and doesn't have much to do with me. I hope you and I can get to know each other. There is another sister that is three years younger than you and five years younger than me. But I have no clue who he is. Also, we have older sisters. I know they are a set of twins. They are two years older than me. I found out about you, our younger sister, who is just a couple of years younger than you and them in a journal our mom left when she died. I knew about Brittney because she was born when I was ten, and I remembered mom giving birth to her. But then she

disappeared. Our father was a viscous bastard. He only wanted boys. After every girl that mom birthed,

she wrote in her journal that he would beat her and rage at her. When I was born, she wrote she had never

seen him so happy. Every girl he sold to desperate people wanting children. I was too young to stop him

when he sold you, the other girl after you and Brittney. He was a very abusive man towards me. He beat

me to shape me into the man he wanted me to be, but I refused. After Brittney was born, and he sold her, I

vowed to find all of you. I've searched and searched, but not knowing your names, it's been hard. I have so

many files on girls that were adopted around the times you were all born, but I'm sure not everything was

done legally, so it's been impossible really. Meeting you and Brittney was by chance, and it's all thanks to

the LOC. They found both of you, and I am so grateful."

Everyone was in tears after hearing Gray's story. There were many sniffles, and cleared throats.

“I don’t want you to worry. I was raised by wonderful people. They were older, but they loved me. I never suffered under their care.”

“No, you just suffered in your adult life by the son of a b*tch you married,” Bryce muttered.

I smiled at him. He was a year younger than me, but he treated me like a little sister, and he treated my kids like they were his niece and nephew.

“Yes, I’ve been made aware of your ex-husband. Don’t worry, he will be taken care of. I have friends that live for the hunt and kill.”

3/4

<Gray Knight

My eyes widened. “I’m not sure if he needs to die,” I whispered.

“How about maiming and torturing?” Gray asked me.

“I can live with that,” I said jokingly. But he then whipped out his phone and sent off a text.

“Done,” he said, and my mouth dropped.

+8 Points >

“Who did you get?” Lyla asked, scaring the bejesus out of me as she came up behind me. She rubbed my shoulder.

“Narissa is the closest,” he said.

She nodded, “Good choice. She and Jessie will have some fun.”

“Well, dinner is ready, time to eat,” Shay said after that.

“Before we do, can me and my guys get a picture with you?” Davis asked.

Gray’s eyes twinkled and he smirked.

“Sure.”

I'd never seen grown men fan boy before and it was adorable.

15

1.5K

< Soft Opening

+8 Ponto >

Soft Opening

Shay

Okay, this was it. I looked at the giant clock that was decorating one side of the café. It was f*cking awesome. It went well with the military theme side. In the middle were two old rifle barrels as the hands

of the clock that pointed at .300 Winchester magnum bullets. It was gifted to me by the LOC. It was 5:55

in the morning and there was already a small line waiting for us to open. Sharon was with me as my café manager, along with Daniel, who came in early to help me set up. Both of them wanted to stay with me all day until we closed at four. I thanked them profusely.

Sharon was vibrating with excitement. The DNA test that she and Gray took last night came back positive

within hours with the help of Doc from the LOC. Gray and she had hugged, and she introduced Trevor and

Kara to their Uncle Gray.

I knew they were coming in later today. Gray had asked if he could spend some time with the kids, and Sharon agreed. So, he was taking them on a shopping spree. He said he wanted

to get Trevor a whole new wardrobe and Kara some cute princess dresses and dolls. I think the kids were a little shell-shocked

when he announced that.

“Okay, guys, here we go. The machines are ready for the flavored coffees, hot chocolate and teas. We have all the packaging ready for the treats to be put in. The food is ready. Are we missing anything before I open the café?” I asked.

“No, boss, we’re ready,” Daniel said.

I beamed at him when he called me boss. I walked over to the door and unlocked it. I opened it and

welcomed the first wave of customers.

The morning was busy. In three hours, we had sold numerous breakfast burritos, muffins, donuts, my mini pies, six dozen cookies and I lost count on the coffees, teas and hot chocolates we sold.

I was running back and forth making more muffins, donuts and mini pies. I didn’t think it would be so busy. At nine, Molly, the single mom, came in. She transformed from the timid woman that I interviewed, and she flourished in the chaos that surrounded us. She jumped in and filled up coffee mugs for the customers that stayed in the café to eat. She served orders, chatted with customers with a beautiful smile and cleaned tables off in a jiffy for the next person that wanted to sit. She was a Godsend. At ten, we had a little bit of a lull. Molly washed dishes with Sharon. Daniel and I made up more sandwiches, because if the lunch rush was anything like the morning, we would need more, and I made an extra batch of the

soups too.

At eleven, the door chimed and the grin on my face was wide, Molly and Sharon gasped and Daniel

whistled.

“Holy f*ck look at all of them. Everyone of them are s*xy as f*ck in their own way,” Daniel mumbled to me. “If I wasn’t madly in love with Dale, I’d make for that big guy with the scar on his cheek. He is yummy.”

1/5

< Soft Opening

+8 Points >

“That’s Moose, he’s the big silent type. And don’t let him hear you say that. He won’t care if you are in a committed relationship. If he finds out you want him, he’ll take you.”

Daniel’s eyes went wide and he gulped. “You know them?”

“Yes, they’re like family.”

There had to be at least fifty LOC members. Some with their old ladies or girlfriends and even a couple of the club girls that some of the guys were attached to.

“Hello, how’s my favorite little Silf?” Wolf asked as Janelle giggled under his arm. She winked at me and I

shook my head.

“What’s a Silf,” Sharon asked. She was so sweet and naive at the age of thirty-three.

“Sister I’d like to f*ck,” Wolf said, making her gasp.

“We aren’t related, but I’m like a sister to them, so Wolf likes to say it for shock value,” I explained, and she nodded, still looking scandalized. Her eyes looked at Janelle and I saw them starting to glaze with

sympathy.

“Oh, honey, I’d like to f*ck her too, so don’t have that sad look on your face. I want her more than he does,”

Janelle said.

Sharon’s face went up in flames and there were a lot of masculine chuckles.

“Shay, introduce me to your friend,” Valentine said, walking up to stand beside Wolf.

I bit my lip to keep from laughing. Valentine was the Sergeant At Arms for the LOC. He was a romantic at heart. Hence, his road name. Wolf told me once that he'd been looking for an old lady that he could spoil, but no one had piqued his interest in a long time. The last woman he fell hard for, he found her being spit-roasted by two of his brothers in the club. They had been new brothers that were no longer a part of the LOC. They had broken one of their hard rules. Do not go after a brother's girlfriend or old lady no

matter how hard she tries.

Valentine had been on the road for two weeks and came back to walk in on her and them. The guys were blitzed out of their heads but the LOC had trouble with them before going after women they weren't supposed to go after. I asked Wolf why they were made brothers. He said they were fine until they got patched in, and then the lifestyle got to them. Valentine was all set to make her his old lady. Needless to say, she was kicked to the curb right then and there, butt ass naked. She had been c*cked out of her head,

but Valentine didn't care and I didn't blame him.

"Valentine, this is Sharon, my very good friend. Sharon, this is Valentine, the Sergeant At Arms for the LOC. He is very sweet and bada's. He's very protective and charming and extremely loyal."

"Hi beautiful angel. Are you single?"

Sharon giggled and then covered her mouth with her fingertips.

"Yes, but I am a mother," she said.

2/5

< Soft Opening

"I like kids. Always wanted them," Valentine said. "How about you let me take you out to dinner tomorrow, you ever been on the back of a motorcycle before?"

Whoa, I thought. I knew that was a big f*cking deal. I looked at Valentine closer and sure enough the man had f*cking hearts in his eyes. He was looking at Sharon like she was a cool drink of water, and he was dying of thirst.

“Sharon, why don’t you get a couple of mini-pies and coffee and take a break. Go talk to Valentine for a

little while,” I said.

She nodded in somewhat of a daze and did what I suggested.

“Looks like an LOC wedding will be happening soon,” Wolf mumbled.

“Oh, that will be so great if it happens. Valentine deserves a good woman. She is good, right, Shay?”

Janelle asked.

“She is, but she’s had it rough.” I quickly summarized what Sharon had been through. Wolf growled low in his throat and I saw some of the brothers around us look extremely angry. They did not like women being

mistreated and even hated it worse when children were involved.

I finally got them ordering and moving along. Other customers came in and looked shocked to see the place full of leather-clad bikers. I just smiled at them and got their orders. My guys and their team came in at lunchtime along with Gray and Sharon’s kids.

“Pretty girl, this place is jumpin’,” Bryce said, leaning down to kiss me.

“You look so happy Sunshine. You are glowing. Can you take a break with us?” Bryson asked.

“Yeah, I’ll bring you some chicken noodle soup and some sub sandwiches. Go snag a table.”

I got us all soup and them some sandwiches. I got myself a hot chocolate and brought them coffee.

“You aren’t having a sandwich? You need food. You’re carrying our precious cargo, and I know you’ve

been going at it all day,” Bryce said.

“Don’t worry, I’ve been taking small breaks. Daniel and Sharon have been making me and Daniel has been shoving food in my face all morning.”

“Give Daniel a raise,” Bryson said. And I chuckled. They met Daniel yesterday before they went and picked up Gray from the airport. He had called me with a crisis and said the jelly cookies he had made weren’t coming out like he wanted. I told him we would give them out as samples and he agreed. He brought them over for me to taste. He was worried they wouldn’t be up to my standards and I laughed at him. The man was just as much a genius at baking as I was. They had been delicious and my guys, Sharon, Lyla, Conner and the kids shoved them all in their faces, so there were no more to pass out as samples. Daniel was ecstatic.

“I’ll tell him you said that. He’d probably agree.”

“So, things have been going well?” Bryson asked.

3/5

< Soft Opening

+8 Points >

“Yes. We were slammed this morning and, from the looks of it, we won’t have much left by the time we close,” I said. Even with the LOC gone, the tables were pretty much full. The soups in this cold weather were a hit and the sandwiches were being devoured by every man in the place. Even a couple of women had four-inch subs with their soups. There was a group in the corner eating and eyeing Bryce and Bryson’s teams with interest. Those women were going to be disappointed to find out almost all of them were taken if they made a move.

By the time my guys and their teams left, we hit another lull in customers, and we got caught up on cleaning. The door chimed and my girls and James walked in.

A lot of squeals echoed around the place, making the few customers that were there smile.

“Oh, my God Shay. You all look so cute in your outfits,” Ava said.

“How’s business been?” Isha asked.

“Before you answer that, can a girl get some soup and three of those chocolate éclairs?” Camille asked.

I chuckled and asked Sharon to get Camille’s order. Daniel helped her get everyone’s order and we sat

down.

“Business has been booming. I know we’re new and in a couple of weeks it might die down, but it’s been

exciting,” I told them.

“Rage and Savage, couldn’t stop raving about your breakfast burritos, the hot chocolate which they swear

there’s something in that makes it addicting, and your mini pies.”

“James, I had to make extra pies just for them. They devoured twelve each.”

“Sounds like them. Anyway I can get two dozen to take home? Do you have enough left over?”

“I sure do. I’ll have Molly box them up for you,” I said, calling Molly over.

“Shay, I have some winter squash. We had an over-abundance of them this year. Could you use them?”

Savvy asked.

“I sure can. I’ll even pay you for them,” I said.

“No need. But, Axel’s birthday is coming up, and I was wondering if you could make him a cake with donkeys all over it? Don’t ask, they’re his favorite animal.”

“How about I make him a farm cake with all the animals and many donkeys? Maureen can help me. She is amazing at sculpting. I’ll text her now and see if she’s up for it.”

“Thank you so much. I can cook, and bake what I know, but I am hopeless at making themed cakes,” she

said.

By the time I locked the doors to the café, Daniel, Sharon and I were exhausted. Molly was still chipper as hell when she left to pick up her daughter.

“Sit, eat some soup. It’s been hours since you’ve eaten something,” Sharon said.

4/5

< Soft Opening

+8 Points >

"I can't believe how well we did today. I am so glad I decided not to open tomorrow. I'm going to need the whole weekend to make enough food for the grand opening if today was anything to go by."

"Well, you have me and Daniel to help. Not to mention Maureen. Molly, and Mrs. Corrington. And the two Denise's when their classes are over," Sharon said.

"You're right. It's all men and women on deck Monday."

Daniel brought over hot chocolate for all of us.

"Here's to a successful business and new friendships," he said. We clinked our mugs together and drank.

I couldn't have been happier with how the day went. I was excited for the grand opening.

6

Comments

Get Bonus (Ad) >

1.5K

E

Vote

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 199 -

11-14 minutes

Soft Opening

Shay

Okay, this was it. I looked at the giant clock that was decorating one side of the café. It was f*cking

awesome. It went well with the military theme side. In the middle were two old rifle barrels as the hands of

the clock that pointed at .300 Winchester magnum bullets. It was gifted to me by the LOC. It was 5:55 in the morning and there was already a small line waiting for us to open. Sharon was with me as my café manager, along with Daniel, who came in early to help me set up. Both of them wanted to stay with me all day until we closed at four. I thanked them profusely.

Sharon was vibrating with excitement. The DNA test that she and Gray took last night came back positive

within hours with the help of Doc from the LOC. Gray and she had hugged, and she introduced Trevor and Kara to their Uncle Gray.

I knew they were coming in later today. Gray had asked if he could spend some time with the kids, and Sharon agreed. So, he was taking them on a shopping spree. He said he wanted to get Trevor a whole new wardrobe and Kara some cute princess dresses and dolls. I think the kids were a little shell-shocked when he

announced that.

“Okay, guys, here we go. The machines are ready for the flavored coffees, hot chocolate and teas. We have all the packaging ready for the treats to be put in. The food is ready. Are we missing anything before I open the café?” I asked.

“No, boss, we’re ready,” Daniel said.

I beamed at him when he called me boss. I walked over to the door and unlocked it. I opened it and

welcomed the first wave of customers.

The morning was busy. In three hours, we had sold numerous breakfast burritos, muffins, donuts, my mini pies, six dozen cookies and I lost count on the coffees, teas and hot chocolates we sold.

“Sister I’d like to f*ck,” Wolf said, making her gasp.

“We aren’t related, but I’m like a sister to them, so Wolf likes to say it for shock value,” I explained, and she nodded, still looking scandalized. Her eyes looked at Janelle and I saw them starting to glaze with

sympathy.

“Oh, honey, I’d like to f*ck her too, so don’t have that sad look on your face. I want her more than he does,”

Janelle said.

Sharon’s face went up in flames and there were a lot of masculine chuckles.

“Shay, introduce me to your friend,” Valentine said, walking up to stand beside Wolf.

I bit my lip to keep from laughing. Valentine was the Sergeant At Arms for the LOC. He was a romantic at heart. Hence, his road name. Wolf told me once that he’d been looking for an old lady that he could spoil, but no one had piqued his interest in a long time. The last woman he fell hard for, he found her being spit–roasted by two of his brothers in the club. They had been new brothers that were no longer a part of the LOC. They had broken one of their hard rules. Do not go after a brother’s girlfriend or old lady no matter how

hard she tries.

Valentine had *been* on the road for two weeks and came back to walk in on her and them. The guys were blitzed out of their heads but the LOC had trouble with them before going after women they weren’t supposed to go after. I asked Wolf why they were made brothers. He said they were fine until they got patched in, and then the lifestyle got to them. Valentine was all set to make her his old lady. Needless to say, she was kicked to the curb right then and there, butt ass naked. She had been c*ked out of her head, but Valentine didn’t

care and I didn’t blame him.

“Valentine, this is Sharon, my very good friend. Sharon, this is Valentine, the Sergeant At Arms for the LOC. He is very sweet and bada*s. He’s very protective and charming and extremely loyal.”

“Hi beautiful angel. Are you single?”

Sharon giggled and then covered her mouth with her fingertips.

“Yes, but I am a mother,” she said.

“I like kids. Always wanted them,” Valentine **said**. “How about you let me take you out to dinner tomorrow, you ever been on the back of a motorcycle before?”

Whoa, I thought. I knew that was a big f*cking deal. I looked at Valentine closer and sure enough the man

had f*cking hearts in his eyes. He was looking at Sharon like she was a cool drink of water, and he was dying of thirst.

“Sharon, why don’t you get a couple of mini-pies and coffee and take a break. Go talk to Valentine for a little

while,” I said.

She nodded in somewhat of a daze and did what I suggested.

2/4

< Soft Opening

“Looks like an LOC wedding will be happening soon,” Wolf mumbled.

48 Points >

“Oh, that will be so great if it happens. Valentine deserves a good woman. She is good, right, Shay?” Janelle

asked.

“She is, but she’s had it rough.” I quickly summarized what Sharon had been through. Wolf growled low in his throat and I saw some of the brothers around us look extremely angry. They did not like women being mistreated and even hated it worse when children were involved.

finally got them ordering and moving along. Other customers came in and looked *shocked* to see the place full of leather-clad bikers. I just smiled at them and got their orders. My guys and their team came in at lunchtime along with Gray and Sharon’s kids.

“Pretty girl, this place is jumpin’,” Bryce said, leaning down to kiss me.

“You look so happy Sunshine. You are glowing. Can you take a break with us?” Bryson asked.

“Yeah, I’ll bring you some chicken noodle soup and some sub sandwiches. Go snag a table.”

I got us all soup and them some sandwiches. I got myself a hot chocolate and brought them coffee.

“You aren’t having a sandwich? You need food. You’re carrying our precious cargo, and I know you’ve been

going at it all day,” Bryce said.

“Don’t worry, I’ve been taking small breaks. Daniel and Sharon have been making me and Daniel has been

shoving food in my face all morning.”

“Give Daniel a raise,” Bryson said. And I chuckled. They met Daniel yesterday before they went and picked up Gray from the airport. He had called me with a crisis and said the jelly cookies he had made weren’t coming out like he wanted. I told him we would give them out as samples and he agreed. He brought them over for

me to taste. He was worried they wouldn’t be up to my standards and I laughed at him. The man was just as much a genius at baking as I was. They had been delicious and my guys, Sharon, Lyla, Conner and the kids

shoved them all in their faces, so there were no more to pass out as samples. Daniel was ecstatic.

“I’ll tell him you said that. He’d probably agree.

“So, things have been *going* well?” Bryson asked.

“Yes. We were slammed this morning and, from the looks of it, we won’t have much left by the time we close,

“I said. Even with the LOC gone, the tables were pretty much full. The soups in this cold weather were a hit

and the sandwiches were being devoured by every man in the place. Even a couple of women had four-inch

subs with their soups. There was a group in the corner eating and eyeing Bryce and Bryson’s teams with interest. Those women were going to be disappointed to find out almost all of them were taken if they made

a move.

By the time my guys and their teams left, we hit another lull in customers, and we got caught up on cleaning. The door chimed and my girls and James walked in.

A lot of squeals echoed around the place, making the few customers that were there smile.

“*Oh*, my God Shay. You all look so cute in your outfits,” Ava said.

“How’s business been?” Isha asked.

“Before you answer that, can a girl get some soup and three of those chocolate éclairs?” Camille asked.

3/4

< Soft Opening

+ Poirits >

I chuckled and asked Sharon to get Camille's order. Daniel helped her get everyone's order and we sat down.

"Business has been booming. I know we're new and in a couple of weeks it might die down, but it's been

exciting," I told them.

"Rage and Savage, couldn't stop raving about your breakfast burritos, the hot chocolate which they swear there's something in that makes it addicting, and your mini pies."

"James, I had to make extra pies just for them. They devoured twelve each."

"Sounds like them. Anyway I can get two dozen to take home? Do you have enough left over?"

"I sure do. I'll have Molly box them up for you," I said, calling Molly over.

"Shay, I have some winter squash. We had an over-abundance of them this year. *Could you* use them?" Savvy

asked.

"I sure can. I'll even pay you for them," I said.

"No need. But, Axel's birthday is coming up, and I was wondering if you could make him a *cake* with donkeys

all over it? Don't ask, they're his favorite animal."

"How about I make him a farm cake with all the animals and many donkeys? Maureen can help me. She is

amazing at sculpting. I'll text her now and see if she's up for it."

"Thank you so much. I can cook, and bake what I know, but I am hopeless at making themed cakes," she

said.

By the time I locked the doors to the café, Daniel, Sharon and I were exhausted. Molly was still chipper as

hell when she left to pick up her daughter.

“Sit, eat some soup. It’s been hours since you’ve eaten something,” Sharon said.

“I can’t believe how well we did today. I am so glad I decided not to open tomorrow. I’m going to need the

whole weekend to *make enough* food for the grand opening if today was anything to go by.”

“Well, you have me and Daniel *to* help. Not to mention Maureen. Molly, and Mrs. Corrington. And the two

Denise’s when their classes are over,” Sharon said.

“You’re right. It’s all men and women *on* deck Monday.”

Daniel brought over hot chocolate for all of us.

“Here’s to a successful business and new friendships,” he said. We clinked our mugs together and drank. I

couldn’t have been happier with how the day went. I was excited for the grand opening.

Comments

Get Bonus (Ad) >

1.6K

E

Vote

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 200 -

9-12 minutes

Happy

Shay

I was freaking out. Word had gotten out about how good the café food, coffee, tea and hot chocolate were.

Once again, Daniel and Sharon were with me, but this time Maureen was too. I was happy she agreed to help me with Axel's cake, and she drew up some designs over the weekend. She came to my house yesterday, and

we decided on which one to make.

Everything was ready to go on the inside of the café. The local news was here, and we were all standing outside in the freezing cold. January was unforgiving sometimes in Colorado. So, I wanted to get the ribbon cutting over fast and get back inside.

Once the doors were open, customers flooded inside and my team and I were moving like our asses were on fire, serving drinks, treats and meals. The news crew set up in a corner and started filming and talking as we worked. I watched as the news lady held up a bite of quiche for the camera and ate it. Her eyes widened, and she took another bite really fast. Then she started gushing into the camera about how delicious the quiche was. She then took a drink of her coffee and the moan she let out was a little obscene for t.v. I couldn't help chuckling.

My guys bought coffee, donuts and three quiches to take to work. I told them they didn't have to do that, that I would have made them something at home to take, but they said they wanted to support their woman. Of course, that made my heart melt.

More LOC members came in that didn't get the chance to on Friday. Valentine was with them and Sharon

blushed to the roots of her hair.

After taking his order, he winked at her and smiled. Then he produced a freaking paper rose out of thin air and gave it to her. He called her Sherry, and promised to come back after her shift.

When she got home on Saturday after their date; she was on cloud nine. She said she had never felt the way

he made her feel.

“His eyes *were* only for me. The waitress at the restaurant was trying to flirt with him. He told her to get her manager and when the manager came over, he said he wanted someone new to serve us. That he was having a nice *time* with the woman he hoped was his future and that the lady we had was being highly rude and inappropriate. I literally melted Shay. Wallace’s eyes always roamed. He would flirt back with other women right in *front* of me and the kids when he was around. I don’t know why I tried to hang on so long to my marriage. It was *over* the moment Trevor was born. Wallace complained I didn’t show him enough attention so he’d find it elsewhere. I ignored him and just hoped. Now I see all I did was give him permission to treat me and the kids like sh*t, Easton though, was such a gentleman, and he lavished compliments on me like they were going out of style. Can someone fall in love after a first date?”

“*You* can’t ask me that. I am pretty sure I did fall a little in love with both my guys in the matter of days.”

“He wants to meet Trevor and Kara. I’m not sure yet. I want to see how things go with him and I first.”

“That’s completely understandable. But I have to warn you. From what James has said about the men in the LOC, they fall hard and fast, and when they want something, they stop at nothing until they get it. So be prepared. Easton is his real name?” She nodded, and I thought, huh, I preferred Valentine.

1/3

< Happy

+ Points)

Now looking at them, I think they both fell hard and fast. Valentine was just staring at her as he ate his food, and she couldn’t stop looking at him after every order she took. It was cute as hell.

Lyla and Conner came in a little later. I got her order for her, and she also ordered a quiche for her and Conner to share on their road trip, plus, a thermos each of coffee and hot chocolate.

“You two stay safe while we are gone. Sharon, your ex-husband, is in the hospital. I thought you’d like to

know. He has six broken ribs, a fractured femur, a broken left hand and a broken right arm. His nose is

broken, and his left cheek bone is fractured. Also, he’ll be eating through a straw for about three months.

The woman he was with lost three teeth, two in the front and one of her molars. Her nose was also broken.

One of her implants exploded, and her left foot was broken. She told the authorities they were in a bad car

accident when they got to the hospital. Nothing can be traced back to you. Narissa, my cousin, also said your

ex, before he had his ass handed to him, was ranting and raving about his identity being stolen and all his

money from his bank account was gone. He also tore up the divorce papers and the parental termination

papers and said it wasn’t him that signed them. They had watched him for three days before his accident

happened. Narissa said it was the best entertainment she had since our shootout three years ago at our

cousin’s LOC club in Florida. Those were good times. So fun.”

Sharon and I waved them off as they left.

“So, I guess Wallace won’t be any trouble for you. How do you feel?” I asked her.

“Free,” she said with a laugh. We hugged and got back to work.

Sharon left with Valentine when it was the end of her shift. Daniel and Maureen had already left. And since

Trevor didn’t have to come in and work for me, the two Denise’s were earning their paycheck by mopping the

floors and cleaning the bathrooms. Molly had left to pick up her daughter, Mrs. Corrington was doing dishes,

and I was finishing up the prepping for the next day’s treats and meals when there was a knock on the café

door.

I smiled and ran over to the door to unlock it.

“Oh, darling girl, we are so sorry we didn’t make it back in time. A storm kept us grounded all weekend in

France,” Aria said as she and Patrick bustled in from outside.

“Aria, Patrick, it’s so good to see you. I have some chicken, broccoli and cheese stromboli left if you would

like a slice. I also have coffee, tea and hot chocolate. Or water if you prefer,” I said.

“Yes, we would like a slice and coffee for both of us. Anything sweet?” Patrick asked and I chuckled and

nodded.

I brought them their food along with a slice of carrot cake for each of them.

“So, how was the soft opening and the grand opening?” Aria asked.

I told them everything, and they were so happy for me. I then told them about Sharon, Trevor, and Gray.

“Oh, we know Gray Knight. We ran into him at some of the galas we’ve attended in Florida when we visited there. He is a wonderful young man. So Sharon is one of his long-lost sisters? That’s amazing. He’s never kept it a secret about wanting to find them. He even spoke at the charity event for the women’s shelter for abused and abandoned women and children. He donates millions every year. His story is quite tragic,” Aria

said.

I nodded. “There has to be a way to help him,” I said.

2/3

Happy

“I wish there was. But without their names and information on who adopted them, it’s really quite impossible. I’m amazed that he’s found Sharon.”

“There’s another sister that he found too, but apparently she’s too skittish to be around him. He’s a stranger to her, I get it, but you would think she’d want to know her family.”

“We don’t know her story dear. Maybe one day she’ll come around. Any news about the wedding?”

“Yes, August tenth is when we are getting married. But that’s as far as I’ve gotten,” I said giggling.

“How about you having it at the estate? We can do it in the backyard by the pond and fountain. I can have Patrick hire someone to build a beautiful arch draped in whatever flowers you choose,” Aria said excitedly.

“Really? You’d let me do it at the estate?”

“Of course, dear. We’ll need a big area for all the bikers to be in, not to mention, I’m sure Bryce and Bryson would want their teams there, then all your friends, their men and children.

Dawson and Isha and their family. It's a lot of people. What type of food were you thinking about for the reception? We can do that in the East Garden. There are a lot of trees for shade."

"Oh, Aria, Patrick, yes, thank you so much. I kind of want Asian-inspired food. Bryce and Bryson love Chinese food and I love Japanese food, so I was thinking of doing a mix and buffet style."

"Oh, I love that idea. In fact, we know the perfect chefs to hire. You leave everything up to us. All you need to do is find your dress and tell me what flowers you want. Who is your maid of honor?"

"Isha, I've already asked her. Savvy, Ava, Camille and James will also be in my party. I'll get you the names of the guys Bryson picks. Obviously, Bryce will be his best man, and I'm sure Conner will be in the party too. And I would like tulips in every color."

"You leave it to us. We'll make sure your wedding and reception are spectacular," Aria said, patting my hand.

"Patrick, will you walk me down the aisle?"

"Oh, my dear Shay, I would love to, it would be my honor."

"Shay, would you like us to blow up a picture of your parents and have their portrait at both the wedding and the reception area?" Aria asked.

"Yes, I would love that. I would also like one of Bryce's mom. We're going to do the commitment ceremony right after Bryson and I do *our* vows. So, I will ask him for a picture of her."

They left soon after. That night, after making love to my men, I laid there staring at the ceiling, listening to my guys' soft snores. I thought about my parents. I hoped they would be happy for me. I was marrying a man I loved and who loved me. I was committing myself to another man that I loved and who also loved me. We were having our first child and I fulfilled my dream of opening my own café. I truly believed they were looking down at me and smiling with joy at what their daughter had become.

Comments

