

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 201 -

10-13 minutes

Sharon

Sharon

Three and a half months have passed since Shay saved me and my children. The café has not slowed down at all. But Shay has. She's just hit the seven-month mark and Daniel, Marueen and I have been nagging her to take it easy. Even Molly jumps in if she sees Shay doing *too* much.

Bryson, Bryce and I have become very close, like brothers and sister, and we are all like mother hens around

Shay. She just laughs us off. But I know how tiring a pregnancy can be, and I just worry she's going to burn

out.

I miss Gray so much. He offered to take me and the kids back to Florida with him and set me up in a house

and job, but I told him I loved living in Colorado, and I loved my job. Not to mention, I am in love with a man

that adores me.

Gray did an extensive background search on Easton. He humbly gave me a folder with the information and reluctantly admitted that Easton was actually a good guy. Despite having some misdemeanor offenses, he wasn't a criminal that he expected to find in a one percent motorcycle club. However, I suspect that's

because the LOC protects their loyal members and Easton had obviously not been caught doing the more

criminal aspects of his job. I am not so naive in thinking Easton is an angel with the law. He's the freaking

SAA in a motorcycle club for heaven's sake. You don't get that rank by being innocent in your endeavors.

Plus, Easton isn't hiding anything from me. He's told me some of the things he's done. He said he didn't

want anything from his past to come biting him in the ass and have me leaving him for omitting anything.

That made me love him even more with his transparency. In fact, it's what made me fall head over heels for

him.

I introduced him to Kara and Trevor a month ago. Trevor knew I had a friend. He wasn't oblivious. He didn't

hold back in telling Easton that if he hurt his mom, he now knew people that could hurt him. I had gasped at his audacity, but Easton's booming laugh and assurance that if he ever hurt me, he gave Trevor permission to make him regret it. They've been inseparable ever since. Trevor adored him and the feeling was mutual.

Kara melted my big biker even more. She calls him Cupid, and I thought it was so cute. She learned all about

Cupid in kindergarten when they learned about Valentine's Day and making cards for all their classmates.

She told me that since Valentine's name was the same as the holiday, he was her cupid.

She had given Easton a Valentine that said just that. 'You are my Cupid, I love you Valentine.'

And I did believe she did love him. He was the first man to ever show her any attention that didn't have harsh

yelling words. She adored him and every time he came over to Shay's, she squealed and ran to him. His smile

and the way he looks at her like she's his own melts me every time.

One night, as I put her to bed, she looked at me with her sweet innocent eyes and asked me something that melted my heart.

"Mommy, do you think Valentine could be my daddy? I pray every night that he will be."

I told her to keep praying and maybe one day it will come true. Quite honestly, I've been praying the same thing. Not that he would become my daddy, but my husband.

I haven't heard from Wallace at all. Not even a text. I had mentioned that to Shay, and she said, maybe he

wasn't willing to open that can of worms. I asked what she meant. She said the LOC doesn't play when it

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< Sharon

+0 Points >

comes to those they care about. That she wouldn't be surprised if Valentine hadn't made a visit to Atlanta and reminded Wallace to stay away. That took me aback a little. Had he? For some reason, that gave me a

little thrill.

I recalled what I read about him. Easton Miller was thirty-eight. He was a veteran and had been an Army Ranger. What surprised me was that he had a degree in Biology and Anatomy. When I told him about the background check that Gray had done, he didn't seem surprised. He said he actually expected it. When I

asked him about his degrees, he held out his arms.

“I am into fitness, baby. Look at the men in my club, we all are. I wanted to learn *more* about how the body worked to bulk mine and my club brother’s bodies up, plus the types of food we should be putting in *our*

bodies ninety percent of the time. And staying healthy prolongs our lives and I want *to live* as *long* as I can to live with the woman I love for as long as possible.”

I blushed at that. “The woman you love?” Before this conversation we had not confessed our feelings for each other. It was a lot of dating and flirting. We hadn’t even gone all the way yet.

He picked up my hand and stared at me. We had taken the kids to a local fair and Trevor wanted to ride a

ferris wheel with Kara, so we sat at a picnic table watching them.

“Yeah, because when I found her, I wanted us to grow old together. So, what do you say, beautiful? Do you want to grow old with me and be my old lady? Because I love you Sherry with all my heart. I know you’ve

been through some sh*t in life, but I promise to love you and your kids and show you the life you deserve.”

Tears streamed from my eyes and I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him senseless.

“Yes, Easton, yes!”

There had been a family day picnic the next day and Easton announced that I was his old lady and Trevor and

Kara were his. Shay’s house was getting crowded and Easton didn’t want us living at the clubhouse, so he

bought us a five-bedroom, three-and-a-half-bath house with a huge backyard and pool. He built a play house

for Kara in the backyard too, and a workout obstacle course for him and Trevor. All of this was done in a

month's time and I couldn't be happier.

I was afraid that Easton would make me quit the café, and I was working myself up to telling him no, but he

asked me if I was happy, and I told him I was extremely happy with how my life had turned out. He said that's all that mattered and if I wanted to keep working **at** the café, who was he to tell me to stop, even if he could

afford to take care of me for the rest of our lives. He just had to put that in there, and I laughed.

I woke up this morning feeling a little icky. I had this Saturday off: Daniel was opening the café today. We alternated so we could have a full weekend off each. Molly had gotten promoted to assistant manager to me. Daniel was the head baker now instead of Shay's assistant. They shared the responsibilities of all the cooking and baking. It really has helped Shay as her pregnancy progressed.

I wasn't thinking anything about feeling a little off until I was in the kitchen making breakfast for Kara and Trevor. Easton was gone on a week long run and will be home tomorrow.

The bacon was cooking, and I couldn't stop gagging. I've never had an aversion to bacon. I mean come on, it's bacon. But this morning the smell was unbearable. Trevor came into the kitchen with Kara and I told him to watch the bacon as I ran to the bathroom and threw up.

Little feet came running and Kara burst into tears.

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< Sharon

"Mama, you're sick again?" she asked in her sweet little voice.

"Yes baby, but not like before, I promise."

+ Points

Tingles rushed over my body. There's no way right? We've only been intimate for a month. No, we don't practice safe s*x, but that's because I figured, since I only had two kids so far in between, my body wasn't too

fertile. And Easton said since I was his old lady, there was no way he was having anything between us. We

had gotten tests done together, and the moment we both came clean, Easton took control and made me see

stars.

I brushed my teeth and went back to the kitchen. Trevor looked at me worried.

"Mom, are you okay? Should we go to the doctors?" he asked as he typed away *on* his phone.

"No, baby. I just need to go to the store after breakfast. Who are you texting?"

"Uncle Conner. Auntie Lyla said when she was out of town and if da...um Easton is gone, to text him since

everyone else had responsibilities. Uncle Conner can drop anything to take care of us while everyone else is

busy.

"Oh, Trev, you don't have to bother him. I'm fine."

"I don't want you to go to the hospital again, mama. You scared me last time. Kara and I need you and I

know d... Easton would be really sad without you."

I stared at him over our plates, "Trevor, do you want to call Easton dad?" He blushed hard.

"Do you think he would mind? I feel like he's a better dad than the one that helped you make me. And I know Kara wants to call him dad."

“I do, I want to call my Cupid daddy. Because he’s the best daddy ever,” she said, smiling as she ate her jellied

toast.

“I think he would love that. I know he loves the two of you so much.”

Trevor beamed and Kara squealed and clapped her hands.

Ten minutes later as I was cleaning up the kitchen, a knock came to my door,

I opened and smiled as Conner held up a plastic bag.

“Little man texted me and said *you* were throwing up. I took a gamble and bought you a couple of pregnancy tests.”

“Thank you, I was just about to drag the kids with me to the store. Do you want to come in? I have some of Shay’s coffee cake.”

“No, thanks. I have to get back to my shop, I have three orders I need to get done.”

“Okay. Thanks again for these.”

“Anytime,” he waved as he walked away.

I was surrounded by a family that wasn’t blood, but you really didn’t need blood to find a family. I waited an hour before using the first stick. I knew I should probably have waited until the morning, but I was just too nervous and a little excited to wait.

Trevor and Kara were outside. The day was really nice at sixty–seven degrees. Trevor was such a good big

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< Sharon

+0 Points >

brother. He had made a lot of friends at school and some from the *LOC*. But he preferred to help me with Kara. He really loved her, and I was happy that he wasn't one of those teenage boys that didn't want anything to do with his little sister.

I waited three minutes locked in mine and Easton's bathroom. My knee was bouncing up and down as I sat on the side of the jacuzzi tub. When my phone alarm went off, I reached for the stick. The plus sign was colorful and bold. I burst into happy tears but then my breath clogged into my lungs. What if Easton changed like Wallace did? I don't think I could survive that heartbreak.

I shook my head, no, Easton wasn't like that. He loved my kids like they were his own. Plus, I remembered him once saying he loved kids. We've never had the talk about us having kids, so I hoped with all my heart he would be happy with this.

Comments

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 202 -

7-9 minutes

Valentine/Easton 1

Valentine/Easton

Finally, I was f*cking home. I don't like going on these runs anymore now that I have a sweet little woman at home and two of the most amazing kids ever.

I turned off my bike. It was three in the morning. My house was dark except for a candle in the window. I knew it was one of those battery-operated ones, and I thought it was really sweet that my Sherry had it lit. She said it was for me to find my way home. Like I could ever forget. I haven't been this happy ever in my

life. Not even with my ex, which was almost eight years ago.

Sherry gave me peace. The moment I walked into that café and set eyes on her, I felt the chaos in my mind just stop, and the lyrics that used to fill my head start again. I give her a poem *once a week* about how beautiful she is, how happy she makes me, and I can't see my life without her. She just makes me so happy. Wolf warned me about her past, and also

hearing it from her lips had me seeing red. I had volunteered for the last ride last month because it was going to Hollywood, Florida and I wanted to stop in Atlanta, Ga and pay a

visit to her m*ronic ex. I knew at that time he was still in the hospital and I even brought him flowers, thanking him for being a complete and utter ass. I told him how I was going to make her my old lady and then described all the filthy things I was going to do to her when she accepted. He couldn't respond because his jaw was wired shut. When I tapped him on the cheek, tears left his eyes and I chuckled. I then told him how I was going to raise his son and daughter and that if they accepted me, I was going to adopt them. I explained how amazing they were, and his little girl told me she loved me on Valentine's Day. I could see the rage and hate in his eyes. But when I explained to him what I would do to him if he ever tried to contact Sherry, Trevor or Kara, terror filled them. I smiled, then left him to ponder his existence.

Sitting here, *on* my bike, I pulled out the ring box from my jacket that was over my cut. I saw it while I was in Texas this week. Her favorite color was yellow. We had gone to a strip club to unwind. I just drank beer while my other brothers got lap dances. I wasn't interested. Why would I be when the woman of my dreams was at home? Looking *around*, I didn't even find any of them remotely attractive, but that was where my brothers

wanted to go, and I was vetoed.

One of the strippers had a yellow diamond ring on her finger. She was giving Moose a lap dance. He was blitzed out of his head, so I didn't think he would mind if I had a talk with her while she worked. I asked

where she got it. She told me she and her fiancé found it at a jeweler in Fort Worth. I pulled out my phone

and looked up jewelers in that area and when they came up, I handed her my phone. She pointed at the one

they went to. I told my brothers the next day we were going to Fort Worth.

My pinky finger was about the same size as Sherry's delicate ring finger. So, I used that as a measurement and found the perfect fifteen-carat yellow princess-cut diamond. It set me back 300k, but I didn't care. I had

more money than I could spend in my life.

Unlike most of my brothers that bought new bikes, used some recreational drugs and bought whatever they wanted, I saved my money over the years. I've been with the Colorado LOC since I was twenty-eight years old. I got *out* of the Army, didn't know what direction I wanted my life to go in and met Wolf when I was working as a bouncer in a nightclub. His woman kept eyeing me, and I was not interested. I watched their group most of the night. I knew with them around, trouble would follow.

She kept whispering in Wolf's ear and pointing at me. He'd look and stare and nod to her. He had sent one of

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< Valentine/Easton 1

his prospects over to tell me he wanted to talk to me. Then that prospect *took* over bouncing for me. That's when I found out they were in negotiations with the owner to buy the club. I walked over, and he explained the partnership he had with his old lady. Janelle was beautiful, but I wasn't *one* to f*ck around. I politely declined. I told her she was extremely beautiful, but I was the type of person that believed *there* was one

man for one woman, and I was looking for that. I was a relationship type of person. Wolf looked at me with

respect. Then he invited me to join his club. He said the couple *of* times he was at the nightclub, he noticed

me, and had seen me in action. Something zinged through me urging me to accept. So, I did, and it's been

one of the best decisions of my life. I worked my way through the ranks, I had the respect of my President,

and they all knew I was loyal as f*ck. They had my back and I had theirs.

All the money I've made doing illegal sh*t I've pocketed. I even had investments that were lucrative, and I

managed to avoid recessions over the years. Sherry doesn't know all about my finances. She's never asked.

But looking at this ring now, I had a feeling she was going to have questions.

I also had gifts for my little girl and my little man. I found a comic I overheard him talking to his mother

about, and my princess, I got her a baby doll with a stroller and little doll clothes. She liked to pretend to be a

mama like hers. I had it in my duffel bag on the back of my bike.

I got off my bike and grabbed my bag. From the last run, right after she moved in, I knew she would be

sleeping on the couch. She said that our bed felt too empty without me there. I swear my heart wanted to

burst out of my chest and splat at her feet after that comment. This woman was my everything.

I unlocked the door as quietly as I could and stepped into the house. Sure enough, my woman was covered

in a crochet blanket that Isha had bought her for her birthday. She brought her pillow from the room and laid

her head upon it.

She was so beautiful, her skin was flawless, and I love the weight she's put on since I met her. She was such

a skinny thing when we first met and now, she has subtle curves that I love to dig my fingers into.

I put my bag down and opened the box up and took the ring out. I lifted her left hand and slipped the ring on

1. it. She didn't stir. I leaned over and kissed her lips lightly.

I stepped back, picked up my bag and hastily took it to our bedroom where I dropped it, quickly undressed

and showered in record time. I then wrapped a towel around my waist as I got out and went back to the

living room. I slipped my hands under her and picked her up. She hummed and snuggled into my arms. My

brow furrowed. Normally she would wake up when I picked her up. She must be exhausted.

I carried her to our bedroom and laid her down where I slipped off the t-shirt she had on, one of mine, and her

pretty little cotton white panties. It was time for my little woman to wake up.

Roc

I have to split this, it ran away from me. So another will be posted right after. Sorry it took so long, it was my friends birthday yesterday and I was spending some time with her.

Comments

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 203 -

10-12 minutes

2/2

< Valentine/Easton 2

Valentine/Easton **2**

Valentine/Easton

I spread her legs and settled in between them. I bent my head and inhaled deeply, the scent of her sweet p*ssy filling my nostrils, I loved the way she smelled. Vanilla from her body wash and her distinct scent was a heady combination. I swiped my tongue through her lips and hummed in appreciation at the taste of her.

I swirled my tongue around her clit and flicked it gently. She moaned and shifted, spreading her legs wider

and I smiled.

I licked her up and down, and I watched her face as her lips parted, and her cheeks flushed. Her eyes fluttered open as I sucked on her clit and her body arched.

“Easton,” she cried out. Now that she was fully awake, I went feral. I plunged my tongue into her and f*cked her with my pointed tongue, then I flattened it and licked her from her ass to her clit as her body started to convulse. I pushed two fingers in her and she f*cked them as she shattered. I made sure her orgasm went on and on as I curled my fingers and latched onto her clit and sucked hard. Juices flowed from her and I grunted in appreciation as her taste intensified. I cleaned her up as she mashed her p*ssy into my face. When she came down, I kissed her thighs, lower stomach, and each breast and n*pple before I claimed her mouth. I thrust balls deep and kept thrusting as I kissed her, as if my life depended on it. I couldn't get deep enough, I wanted her to consume me. I pulled away from her and rolled her onto her stomach, lifting her hips, ass in the air, and plunged right back into my very favorite place. I f*cked her hard, grabbing both of her shoulders and holding her as I pounded mercilessly in her c*nt. I missed her so d*mn much.

Her p*ssy clamped down on my c*ck in another shattering orgasm that had her sobbing in pleasure. I wrapped her hair around my fist and pulled her up, my other hand circling her throat.

“This p*ssy feels so f*cking tight and warm. It's made for me, all mine. Never give this p*ssy to anyone else. My p*ssy, my sweet c*nt. Whose p*ssy is this, Sherry?” I growled, tightening my grip the way I knew she

loved.

“Yours Easton, it's all yours,” she gasped.

That wasn't enough for me and she knew it. I pounded her harder, letting her go. She fell forward and braced herself. I grabbed her hips and moved her back and forth on my c*ck with brutal force.

I slapped her ass three times, making her cry out and shutter. I slowed my pace suddenly, waiting for her frustration. I swiveled my hips, hitting her in that spot she loved so much.

"Easton, please," she begged.

"You know what I want, my love. Let me hear it."

She moaned and I smiled. I swiped my palm up her spine and gripped the back of her neck. I bent over her,

thrusting in slow hard thrusts.

"I can't hear you baby? Let me ask again, whose p*ssy is this? Be a good girl and give me what I want, and then I'll give you what you want."

I could see the tears of frustration and lean even more forward and licked them from her pretty face.

"This p*ssy is yours, this sweet c*nt will never feel another, it's all yours, my king."

Valentme/Easton 2

"F*ck yes, good f*cking girl, my beautiful queen," I whispered in her ear. I sat back up and slipped out of her, turning her, picking her up so she was straddling me and plunged back into her. She cried out, throwing her head back. I took a n'pple in my mouth as she bounced on me, sucking it. She held my head and ground herself in my lap. My balls tightened, and I knew I was about to blow. Her n'pple popped out of my mouth and I grabbed her by the back of the head and slammed my lips to hers. My other hand urged her hips as she humped her way to completion. I pulled away from her mouth and buried my face in her neck as I palmed her ass and moved her up and down on my rigid c*ck. I was growling and moaning and with a loud f*cking roar that was muffled in her neck, so I wouldn't wake the children I came, and that triggered her orgasm. Her body

tightened around me. We were both breathing so hard as I held her to me.

“Welcome home,” she whispered, and I chuckled.

“It’s good to be home,” I said with a smile looking into her eyes.

She lifted her left hand to brush away the hair that had fallen into my eyes and she froze.

“Easton,” she gasped.

“I know by making you my old lady in the biker world we’re already married, but I want to make it official too. I want our son and daughter to know how much I love their mother. I want you to feel secure knowing that I’ll never abandon you. There will never be anyone that comes between us. Sharon Elizabeth Branson. Will you

marry me?”

Her tears filled her eyes and spilled over. The smile on her face was radiant.

“Yes!” she cried out and wrapped her arms around my neck before kissing me thoroughly.

“There’s something I need to tell you. I hope it makes you happy,” she said. Her cheeks pinkened as she

looked into my eyes.

“What? What could you possibly need to tell me that would make me any happier than I am now?”

She took a deep breath. “I’m pregnant,” she whispered.

My eyes widened. I looked down between us. I threw her off of me, and she bounced with a squeak, and then I had my ear to her belly. I couldn’t hear anything.

“Are you sure? I don’t hear anything,” I said, looking at her.

She looked at me and then a chuckle started, that turned into a giggle, and then a full-on laugh.

“You can’t hear the baby, Easton, you know this?”

“Oh, well, yeah technically. But this is my baby, so I thought maybe there would be some sort of sign,” I mumbled. I don’t know why, I all of a sudden became d*mb.

“God I love you, come up here.”

I did as she said.

“You’re happy about the baby?”

“Yes, so very happy. I can’t wait to see you big and round with my child. You’ll look even more beautiful than you do now. Do the kids know? How did they react?”

“No, I thought we could tell them together,” she said with a loving smile.

“Oh, I can’t wait. I know our princess will be extremely happy. I hope Trevor will be too.”

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< Valentine/Easton 2

“I think he will be. He’s such a good big brother.”

After another shower with my love, I surrounded her in my embrace and rubbed her back as she fell asleep in my arms. A baby. I couldn’t keep the smile off of my face. I never thought I’d have children, especially one from my loins. I loved Trevor and Kara. That won’t change just because I all of a sudden will be having a biological child with my woman. I’ll need to let them know that. I don’t want them to have any worry that I will love them any less. They have already been saddled with a sh*tty father. I wanted them to see me as the father they deserved.

I got up before everyone. I just couldn’t sleep with the great news I wanted to share with my children. I whipped up some waffles and got out some of the homemade strawberry syrup Shay made and gave to Sherry. I cut up some fruit and got out some whipped cream and chocolate sauce.

Kara came into the kitchen first, rubbing her little fists into her baby blue eyes. She dropped them and when she saw me she squealed.

“Daddy!”

Oh God! I dropped to my knees as she ran over to me. I opened my arms, and she slammed into my chest. I wrapped myself around her.

“My princess, I have missed you so much,” I said as I kissed her head.

“Daddy, I have missed you too. Mommy said I could call you daddy if I wanted, and I want to, okay?”

“Yes, I love it, it’s my favorite name that you call me.”

“Even more than Cupid?” she asked, blinking up at me.

“Yes, even more than Cupid, but I love that name too.”

“So, can I call you Daddy Cupid?”

I chuckled, “Yes, you can call me whatever you want.”

“Okay, I love you, Daddy Cupid,” she said, puckering her lips.

My heart felt so full. I gave her a quick peck and told her I loved her too.

“You made waffles? Mommy only makes waffles when she has a surprise.”

“We do have a surprise. But we have to wait for your mommy and brother to wake up.”

“Oh, they’re getting up,” she said. And before I could stop her, she went running out of the kitchen screaming

for her mom and brother.

I finished setting the table when Trevor walked in.

“Hi... Dad,” he said hesitantly.

“*Oh*, you too,” I said, and I couldn’t help it. I felt tears come to my eyes, I can’t remember the last time I cried.

I put my arms out wide, and he smiled and walked into my embrace.

“I can call you dad?” he asked as he squeezed me.

“There is nothing more in this world right at this minute that I want more. I am honored, Trevor.”

He backed up and smiled at me.

3/4

< Valentine/Easton 2

+ Ports>

“You’re a great man, Valentine, and you treat my mom, my sister and I like we are your world. I don’t think

there is a better man out there for us.”

“Jesus.” I pulled him into another hug. “I love you son.”

“I love you too, dad.”

I kissed his head and then ruffled his hair. He giggled and then cleared his throat and laughed in a more

manly way. I just smiled and shook my head.

My woman came into the kitchen with tears in her eyes. I think she and Kara were listening around the

corner.

“Trevor, Kara, I have two important things to tell you,” I started. “I asked your mom to marry me, and she said

yes.”

Kara clapped and cheered. Trevor smiled and nodded with approval.

“The second thing is,” and here I hesitated and gulped, becoming nervous. Sharon squeezed my hand in solidarity. “Your mother and I are having a baby,” I said, holding my breath.

“Huh?” Kara asked with a confused look on her face.

“A baby? You’re not too old for that?” Trevor asked us and our mouths dropped open.

He started laughing and then said he was happy to have another sibling. My shoulders relaxed and I closed

my mouth.

“What does that mean?” Kara asked.

“It means, my darling girl, that you are going to be a big sister,” Sharon said.

Kara screamed, “I am!” and then she started dancing in a circle, her little arms pumping the air. We all laughed. This is what I needed in my life and I couldn’t be happier.

25

Comments

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 204 -

11-13 minutes

One Down

Shay

“Oh my God, Sharon, I am so freaking happy for you, for both the baby and the proposal.

“Thank you, Shay, I’m still over the moon. Will you be my matron of honor?”

I gasped, “Yes!”

“Ahhh, I’m just so happy. We were thinking of Valentine’s Day next year. Well, really Kara suggested it and Easton, of course, said that it was perfect. He spoils her so much. And he made my heart melt when he went for a walk with Trevor. He told me he wanted to explain to Trevor that even though I’m pregnant with his child, that he would always love him and Kara just as much as if they came from him. Then *he* asked Trevor if he could adopt him and give Trevor his last name. Trevor came home beaming with tears in his eyes. When Easton asked Kara, she called him silly and told him that he was her daddy. Of course, she wanted his last name. So we are starting the adoption proceedings this week.”

“Ahhh, it just gets better and better for you. I couldn’t be happier with how things have turned out,” I told her.

“Me too. It’s like Wallace is this distant memory. I honestly couldn’t care if he dropped dead.”

I nodded, and hugged her. I was really so d*mn happy for her. The door chimed and Ava walked in with Gemma up front in the double stroller and Max, her newborn, sleeping contently behind his big sister.

“Out, out, “Gemma demanded.

“I swear people talk about the terrible twos, but it starts way earlier than that,” Ava grumbled as she unstrapped Gemma. She toddled over to me with a huge smile on her face as I held out a butterfly cookie with bright pink and purple frosting.

“I honestly can’t wait for this one to hit that stage. This is when they are the most fun,” I said to Ava.

“You say that now, but just wait, you have no idea,” Sharon said to me and Ava nodded. “They get into everything when they are finally on their feet. And they can be so fast.”

“Well, she’s sitting pretty right now eating her cookie,” I said.

“Wait until she’s done,” Ava said.

“Just put her in the corner where the toys are,” I pointed. I opted to get rid of a few tables and made a toddler

and little kid corral. There were tons of toys, books, baby puzzles, coloring books and crayons. When Molly brought her little girl in for the first time, it gave me the idea. Little Lisa was bored out of her mind and now when she comes she’s happy and entertained.

She’ll

“Oh, Shay, what a wonderful idea. She’ll love it over there. This is amazing. I swear your ideas just keep getting better and better. So, are you guys still not going to find out the gender? I have some newborn girl’s clothes that I want to get rid of.”

“No, we want to be surprised, but hold on to those clothes because Sharon could use them if she has a girl.”

“What?! Oh, Sharon, that’s wonderful,” Ava gushed.

“Thank you, and he asked me to marry him before I told him I was pregnant.” She held out her ring finger and Ava gasped,

175

< One Down

“Holy sh*t girl, that thing is huge!”

+8 Points

“I know, I was flabbergasted, I didn’t even know he could afford something like this. But he confessed to me last night that he paid cash for the house and my new car. He’s rich, like if I wanted, and he wanted neither of us would ever have to work again. Neither would Trevor, Kara nor this baby. But of course, we are not raising them like that. Trevor will know the value of a dollar. Kara will know that she will have *to* work hard for everything that she wants, that batting her little eyes isn’t going *to* slide as an adult.”

Ava and I chuckled.

“Well, Trevor has a job here whenever he’s ready.”

“So, Shay, have you heard from Bryson’s parents?”

I lost my smile and shrugged.

“Yeah, his mother called Bryson and asked if he was still determined to marry me and when he told her yes,

she said okay, and then hung up. So, I don’t know where we stand. Was that an okay, they accepted us, or

was that an okay we’re done?”

“Jeez, poor Bryson and you,” Sharon said, when Ava and I explained about the dinner disaster that happened.

“More so Bryson. I couldn’t care less. If they don’t want to be in our lives, that’s their problem. They’re losing

out on a great daughter-in-law and their grandchild,” I said.

“That’s right,” Ava said with a nod.

I smiled at her. Max gave a cry. Ava picked him up immediately, put a wrap on and snuggled him in. Then

she lifted one side of her shirt and started to feed Max.

“Ava you don’t have to cover up,” I said.

She shrugged, “I just prefer to cover up. Aaron would be livid if a random man saw my breast.”

Sharon and I burst out laughing, and then I think we both started thinking at the same time because both of

us got a peculiar look on our faces.

“Yeah, I have a feeling Easton would lose his sh*t,” Sharon said.

“Same, Bryce and Bryson *would* probably cover me with whatever they had on their bodies.”

We all chuckled. Ava fed Max and kept an eye on Gemma while Sharon and I took customer orders and

served. Daniel, had come in Sunday *to* bake for today’s customers. Dale was on a trip where he was continuing his education. Learning from a different form of massage, so he had this day off.

The door chimed and I wanted to groan.

“You okay, you just lost your smile,?” Sharon asked.

“I guess us speaking of them brought them into existence. They are Mr. and Mrs. Olson, Bryson’s parents,” I

mumbled.

I watched as they looked around, pointing at the decorations, smiles on their faces. They hadn’t looked towards the front yet. I told Sharon to switch places with me so she would be making the coffee, teas and smoothies. We stopped the hot chocolate as the weather started to warm.

They were now looking at the menu above and behind me. I watched as Mrs. Olson looked at me first. She had a smile on her face that was wide and welcoming, and then she recognized me. Her smile left her face

215

< One Down

and she elbowed Mr. Olson. He looked at her, and then he looked at me. The surprise on his face was almost comical. Did they not know this was my place?

“Oh, it’s Shay, right?” Mr. Olsen said.

“Yes, sir. What can I get you today?”

“You’re working here? I thought you worked with Bryson?” he asked.

“I still work with Bryson, but I work from home. I don’t have too much work from Becks Security at the moment. Their taxes are done, and I’ve helped their men with their taxes. No one is on any missions at the moment, so there is no work for me right now. This is my place, I own it.”

“You own it? It’s very nice, I love the decor,” he said. Mrs. Olsen hasn’t said one word, she’s just staring at

1. me.

“Thank you. Can I get you and Mrs. Olsen anything?”

“Yes, you can break off your engagement with my son,” Mrs. Olsen snapped.

“Gloria, stop.”

“No, Donald, I want my son in a traditional relationship. Not this throuple he told us about.”

“Gloria, I want to be in our son’s life. Look at her, she’s really pregnant, that’s our grandchild.”

“Who knows if that’s Bryson’s child,” she hissed.

“It is Bryson’s child, and now you two can leave,” I said.

“Shay, please. I don’t agree with my wife,” Mr. Olson said.

“Donald!” Mrs. Olson screamed.

I looked at the customers behind them, and they were all staring at the couple. No one seemed to want the drama to stop. I smirked. Some even had their phones out. F*ck it, I’m being petty.

“Okay, well then, Mr. Olson, what can I get you? Mrs. Olsen, you can leave.”

“Oh, you would like that, wouldn’t you? First you corrupted my son with your sinful relationship, and now you’re trying to pull my husband to your side!”

“I’m not trying to do anything but serve my customers.”

“Don’t act all innocent. You’re carrying another man’s love child, trying to trap my son!”

“Gloria, God d*mnit! Shay is the woman our son loves. She’s carrying his child, whether it’s biologically his

or not, that’s his child. I want to be a part of their lives. That’s our first grandchild right there,” he said,

pointing at my stomach.

They stood there arguing and I just called the next customer.

“Girl, you sure you want to be a part of their family?” A woman asked me quietly.

“I love their son. It’s up to them if they want to be a part of my family,” I said.

“Stand *your* ground. F*ck that lady, the old man seems okay. He’s hot too. If the son looks like the father, good on ya,”

I let out a laugh and gave her her order. I saw Mr. Olson’s ears go pink. I think he overheard our conversation

3/5

< One Down

as his wife kept nagging at him.

+8 Points >

I helped three more people, and she was still yelling at him. I was about to step in when the café door flew open. Bryson and Bryce stepped in. Bryce came straight to me and wrapped his arms around me.

“Are you okay, pretty girl?” he whispered in my ear before kissing my head.

“Yeah,” I said, as I watched Bryson grab his mother by the arm and march her out of the café.

“Sorry, Shay, I’m trying to work on her,” Mr. Olson said.

“It’s okay, Mr. Olson, is there anything I can get for you?”

“Coffee and a blueberry muffin, please. Hello Bryce, it’s nice to see you. I’m sorry for my wife.”

“Mr. Olson. I can’t say I’m happy to see you and your wife in my girls’ establishment making a scene. But I

am glad that at least you are coming around to accepting us.”

“I love my son, and I want to be in his life and any children you all bring into our lives. If she never comes

around, I hope you won’t hold that against me. Please.” he pleaded.

“We’ll talk to Bryson. But, I don’t see that being a problem,” Bryce said as I gave Mr. Olson his coffee and

muffin.

“On the house, Mr. Olsen.” He smiled at me and nodded at Bryce.

“Well, that’s one down,” I said to Bryce.

He pulled me into his arms again and kissed me. Sharon told us to get a room and we both laughed. I

followed Bryce outside. He was standing there with his hands on his hips, looking up to the sky.

His head turned as he heard the door open, and he came to me and wrapped me in his arms.

“I’m sorry. Ava sent me a video of them arguing. I was surprised at what I heard. My dad actually accepted

our relationship?”

“He says he loves *you* and that he wants to be in our lives and our children’s lives. I have no problem with

that. He was very nice and respectful. I don’t think even in the beginning your dad had too much of a

problem with it. I think it’s just been your mother that’s got a problem with us,” I said.

He looked down at me, “Yeah. I can accept him, but I don’t want anything to do with her, and I told her that. She tried crying and telling me I was such an ungrateful child, but I just ignored her. When he came out to fetch her, he hugged me and told me it was *good* to see me. It felt good. Then he grabbed her hand and dragged her away. She was still b*tching. I have no problem cutting her off completely.”

“I *love you* Bryson,” I said. I felt bad for him losing his mom like this, but it was her decision. She didn’t have to like how our relationship was, but it’s not up to her. If she still wanted to be in her son’s life, she should just accept it, keep her opinion to herself. She doesn’t have to like it, but she should respect her son and his decisions.

“I love you too, Sunshine.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 205 -

10-13 minutes

Vote

1.7K

Everyone Is Getting Love

Points

Everyone Is Getting Love

Shay

Ohhhh, my tummy hurts. This little one is active today. He or she has been pushing against me, *rolling* around, or kicking my bladder.

These Braxton Hicks were getting more and more intense. The doctor warned me about it when I first felt them at six months and panicked. I thought I was going into labor and I called her office. She called me

back within fifteen minutes and reassured me that I wasn't going into labor. So after that, I looked up

everything I could about Braxton Hicks.

Today my tummy looked odd. It was more of an oblong shape. I pointed it *out to Sharon*, and she told me

that was the baby's butt.

"He or she is most likely in a position where it's starting to turn head down. But instead of continuing to roll

into the position it is supposed to be in, it must have gotten comfortable and stopped right there."

"Well, this little nugget is making it hard to breathe," I said, taking a deep breath.

"Sit down Shay, you're doing too much again," Daniel said. He got into the habit of grabbing a chair and

bringing it behind the counter so I could sit in front of the register.

F ? 5 F & Pos

"I'm fine. Jeez. Women have been having babies for centuries. I'm not the first to work while pregnant.

Some women don't have the luxury of sitting and resting like this during their pregnancy," I complained.

"Some women don't have over-the-top men that care for their well-being either. I care for my life, and I

definitely don't want two gorgeous, muscular men breathing down my neck either," Daniel said and then

c*cked his head to the side. "Well, maybe I do."

I giggled. "Don't let Dale hear you say that."

His face cleared of its smile and he turned away.

"Daniel, what was that?"

"Nothing, really. I think Dale and I's relationship has run its course. He's been distracted lately. Working a lot

more and hasn't had a lot of time for us. I think he wants to break up and doesn't want to tell me. Or is trying

to find the right words to tell me."

"No, Daniel. Dale loves you, we all see it. He dotes on you when he comes in with your favorite drink, or if he sees something that reminds him of you and buys it to give to you."

"Well, it's been a while since he's been in. And we haven't had s*x in a month. He's always too tired. He hasn't taken a day off in a month either, Every Sunday he tells me he has a new client that can only get his massage *on* Sunday. That's the real reason I came in last month on that Sunday. He wasn't out of town. I just didn't want to tell you guys that I think my boyfriend is cheating on me. It's embarrassing."

I

"Oh, Daniel, I know how you feel. But you have to ask him. Communicate with him. Maybe there really is a client, and maybe he really is exhausted," I said.

"I'm too scared. I love him so much. Honestly, if he is off being with someone else, I kind of feel like I'd rather be in denial and pretend it isn't happening just so I don't lose him."

< Everyone Is Getting Love

“That’s no way to live, Daniel. Trust me. I tried that with Wallace and I was miserable. Then, when I had the

proof, I just accepted it. I had nowhere to go. Hell, if it wasn’t for Shay, I had a feeling my kids would have been taken from me, and I would have just died.”

“Sharon, don’t say that please. I couldn’t see my life without you and the kids,” I said. “I felt a connection with you from the moment we met. You’re one of my sisters now, just like Ava, Isha, Camille and Savvy. I love you,

Sharon.”

“Oh Shay, I love you too, and I feel the same. You were an angel sent from above, and you saved me and my children.”

We sniffled and hugged and then Daniel came over and wrapped his arms around us. He started sniffing too. Luckily, we were at a slow point and no customers were here. Molly was doing dishes and singing some tunes with her ear buds in. I liked her and adored her daughter. A couple of times, I saw Janelle eyeing her and I told her not to think about it, but Moose was eyeing her too. I asked Wolf about Moose. He told me Moose liked both men and women but preferred women. Normally, when he f*cks a man, he uses it as a punishment. I wrinkled my nose at that, and Wolf laughed. He told me it was a good intimidation factor and got them what they wanted out of the people they needed to get information from. I wasn’t sure I wanted that for Molly. However, Molly didn’t seem interested. And at least Moose wouldn’t pressure her into anything if she wasn’t interested. So, he had that going for him.

The door chimed and Dale walked in. Oh, here we go, I thought. I looked at Daniel, and he smoothed his hands down his apron and swallowed nervously.

“Hey babe, I was on this side of town today and I got you some boba tea. This one is white tea with coconut milk and lychee flavoring. I don’t think you’ve tried this one yet.”

I looked at Daniel, his eyes flicked over at me, and then he put on a smile. I just sighed, he was going to fake

1. it.

“Thanks,” Daniel said. Dale moved in to kiss him, and Daniel turned his face, so Dale would kiss his cheek. When Dale pulled back, he looked at him with furrowed brows.

Dale looked at me and his eyes lit up.

“Shay, can I talk to you? I might need to put in a big order. I have this new client, and I have been bragging about your mini pies and quiches.”

“Sure. I got up from the chair and Dale walked to the far corner of the café, away from Sharon and Daniel.

“Okay, I lied, I don’t have a new client. I’ve been working extra, doing more massages with the clients I have, to make some extra money.”

“Why Dale? I’m going to come out and say it, because I don’t want Daniel putting himself through heartache. Are you having an affair?”

“What? No! is that what he’s been thinking?” He asked, looking panicked and looking over my shoulder. I turned but didn’t see Daniel. He must be in the back doing inventory. That’s what he had already been doing

before we took a small break.

“Yes, that’s what he thinks. He even lied and **said** you were out of town last month on a Sunday when he came in to bake for the next day’s opening”

“Oh God, I thought I was hiding it better.”

214

< Everyone Is Getting Love

“Hiding what?” I snapped.

+B Points >

He took a deep breath. "I want to ask Daniel to marry me. I wanted to ask you if I could disrupt the café tomorrow. On Sundays, I've been working on some dance moves with a group of people. Tomorrow, twenty people are going to trickle in starting at 11:30. I'll come in at 11:55 to have lunch with Daniel. At noon on the dot, if you could play a version of Bruno Mars' 'Marry You' that I am going to give *you* over the speakers, someone is going to jump up and start dancing, and then another person and another, *you* get my drift. Then, at one point, I would jump up and join them, ending with me on a bent knee in front of him."

"Oh my God, yes!" I whispered yelled, so Daniel couldn't hear me. "Um, is your version of 'Marry You' family appropriate?"

"Oh, yeah. It's my friend Joey singing. He sounds just like Bruno. In the song, instead of" It's a beautiful

night, he changed night to day and girl to boy in those parts."

"Okay, I can't wait," I said.

The next day, I was on pins and needles. I told Sharon, Maureen and Molly about it so they wouldn't be startled when everything happened. Plus, Daniel usually doesn't take his break until 1:30, when the lunch

rush dies down.

When 11:30 hit, I spotted two women walking in with black leotards and green skirts. They chatted away in line and got some sweet tea from Daniel. They didn't let on what was about to happen. I was pretty sure they were a part of this. By the time Dale walked in, I wasn't so sure I could spot the dancers. There were

some construction workers in the corner. Businessmen and women were all around. A few college students.

A mom with her two teenage sons. At least I think they were teens. They looked like they could be anywhere

between sixteen and nineteen.

“Daniel, Dale’s here. Why don’t you take your break early?”

“We’re in the middle of lunch rush,” he pointed out. He was right, of course, the place was hopping.

“That’s okay, Mrs. Corrington is coming in early today to help. She said she needed a few extra hours.” Just

as I said that, Mrs. Corrington came bustling in from the back door. I had told her why I needed her, and she

said she wouldn’t miss it for the world. She adored Daniel.

“I’m here dearies,” she called out as she was tying her apron on. I looked at the clock, and it was 11:58. I was getting anxious. Come on Daniel, cooperate.

“Okay” He grabbed two drinks and some sandwiches and took them to the table Dale had snagged, I let out

a quick breath.

Dale looked over at me and nodded. I quickly put in the USB he gave me with his version of Marry Me into the speaker system and pressed the play button. I turned up the volume and the music came blaring out.

I watched as a startled Daniel looked up at the nearest speaker, his mouth dropping open at how loud the music was. Everyone in the place froze for a minute and then the magic started.

I was surprised when one of the construction workers followed by one of the dancers I spotted stood up and started dancing.

I saw Daniel mouth ‘Oh my God, it’s a flash mob, and then he smiled. He still had no clue and I couldn’t keep the tears coming from my eyes. My little bundle of joy moved and kicked like it was dancing. I laughed and rubbed my tummy. Sharon, Molly, Marueen, Mrs. Corrington and I were bunched together, holding hands with

< Everyone Is Getting Love

wide smiles on our faces.

+8 Points >

Businessmen and women, the mother and two sons, more construction workers and the other dancer joined in. The rest of the customers were clapping along with the song. I could see Daniel singing with the song, but I also saw his head c*ck at the lyrics. When Dale got up to join, Daniel's mouth fell open and his hands went to his mouth. All of us were in tears at that moment because we knew it was about to happen. Dale grabbed Daniel's hands and got him to stand. Daniel was shaking his head *no* as he stood there. I think he thought Dale wanted him to join, so he just stood there and started swaying side *to* side. Close to the end, Daniel twirled on one foot and then slid into a bent knee position that ended up right in front of Daniel with a ring held up. That was smooth.

When the song stopped, Dale opened his mouth.

"Daniel Morrison Blake. I love you with my whole being. You are the man of my dreams, the only one in my heart. You are my first love and I want to grow old with you. Will you marry me?"

Daniel couldn't voice his yes because he was a blubbering mess. So he dropped to his knees, nodding his head as he threw his arms around Dale. They embraced and then Daniel leaned back. He held his left hand out and Dale put his ring on it.

11

Comments

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 206 -

11-13 minutes

48 Points

Shane Patrick Dennison–Olson

Shay

POP... My eyes flew open. Oh no, oh God, it's happened. I looked over at Bryce and then at Bryson. They were both dead to the world. I needed to wake them.

I cleared my throat.

"My water just broke," I said in as normal and calm a voice as I could. I was seriously freaking out. I wasn't ready, I mean I should be. My baby bag was packed, and I got waxed, no way was I going in there with a 70s

p*m bush.

A groan from one and then a mumble from the other. Both of their arms were around me. One under my belly and the other above it just under my now huge breasts that neither of my guys could get enough of.

"Bryce, Bryson, my water just broke," I said a little louder. I was trying to hold it in, but I could feel it leaking

out and soon there was going to be a huge wet spot.

"What Sunshine?" Bryson yawned. I couldn't blame them for how tired they were. I mean, I'm pretty sure we all just fell asleep a couple of hours ago. We were trying to get in as much s*x as possible before we couldn't for the next few months. They made me c*m six times before I made them c*m twice. Oh sh*t, will the doctor

know? Jesus, that's an embarrassing thought.

"I said, my water just broke, we need to get up," I started to breathe heavily. I couldn't hold it in anymore.

"That's nice, baby," Bryson mumbled.

That's nice? F*ck it. I let my muscles relax and I pushed a little and a gush came pouring out.

"1...2..." I started to count.

"What the f*ck, baby, did you pee the bed again?" Bryce asked.

“That was one f*cking time, and I sneezed in my sleep, my f*cking water has broken,” I snapped. I hated it

when he brought that up. I cried for like an hour after, while they tried not to laugh at me as they remade the

bed with clean sheets.

“Your water?” he asked. I looked at him incredulously. He was pretty blurry eyed.

I couldn’t wait for them anymore. I threw off their arms and scooted as best as I could from between them to

the end of the bed. Why was the f*cking bed so long?

“Pretty girl, where are you going?” he asked, yawning hugely.

“To the hospital,” I grumped.

I stomped my way to the bathroom, fluid flowing from my v*gina down my legs. I got a towel and rolled it up. Then I went to the closet and grabbed a night gown. I got a pair of granny panties that I specifically bought for my last three months of pregnancy. They were just more comfortable than anything else. I stepped into them and literally put the towel inside them to catch the flow. I then grabbed a pair of Bryce’s sweats and put them on. They were so long, but they fit around my ginormous belly. I put the night gown on and grabbed my bag. I slipped a pair of flip-flops on and waddled out of the closet.

The loves of my life were f*cking sleeping. How? The bed was soaked.

W/5

< Shane Patrick Dennison–Olson

“AHHHHHHHHH,” I screamed.

Both of them popped up and out of bed, they had their legs spread in some kind of fighting stance, their heads whipping side to side looking for a threat.

“Oh, good, you’re up. My water broke, it’s time to go to the hospital.”

+ Points

There were twin “Oh sh*t,” yelled, and I watched as they started running around the *room*. One went to the bathroom, the other to the closet.

“I got your pants, man, and a t-shirt. Throwing it on the bed,” Bryson yelled.

“Not the bed, it’s soaked,” I said.

He popped out of the closet and looked at me, “Huh?”

“My water broke in bed,” I said slowly.

“Why didn’t you wake me?”

I could literally feel my blood pressure rising. But before I could yell, a contraction hit, and I bent over.

“Oh, oh God, that hurts worse than Braxtons.”

“Bryce! Bryce, hurry!” Bryson screamed as he jumped around trying to put his long legs in a pair of sweats. He didn’t make it, he fell forward and crashed at my feet.

“I’ll be downstairs. Hurry, please,” I gritted and legs spread slightly waddled towards the stairs.

“Pretty girl, wait for me,” I heard Bryce yell. I stopped. I didn’t think I could make it down the stairs. The towel between my legs was already soaked, so I pulled it out, and it plopped on the floor. I didn’t want to slip so I

waited.

Both Bryson and Bryce came out of the room moments later. Bryce swooped me into his arms as Bryson took the bag from me, and then they started down the stairs.

“Take my car please. I don’t want to soil the Camaro.”

Bryson nodded and swiped my keys from the table by the door.

Luckily the streets were deserted. We got to the hospital in record time. My contractions weren't too close, maybe twelve minutes a part. The hospital got me in and settled in a private room quickly. Bryson sat on one *side* of me while Bryce sat on the other. We talked for a bit. I was checked constantly to see how far my dilation progress was going. Two hours into my labor, Dr. Evans walked in.

"Hello, hello. How is our mama to be?" She asked as she rubbed hand sanitizer into her hands and then put *on* a pair of gloves.

"I'm good. The contractions are coming faster. I think they are six minutes apart now," I said.

"That's good. Let's check your progress."

She checked me and smiled.

"You are six centimeters. Last time we checked you out your baby was sideways. I want to make sure he or she is head down. So we are going to do a quick ultrasound."

That was exciting to hear. I get to see my little one again. She put gel on my belly and the transducer on my stomach. She turned the monitor towards her at first. She knew we didn't want to know what the baby was

<Shane Patrick Dennison–Olson

until it was born.

"Everything looks good. We just have to wait for you to dilate more. How is your pain? Are you wanting

anything?"

"No, I want to do this all naturally. No drugs," I said.

She nodded and cleaned me up. She closed the gown and put my blanket over my legs and lap.

“I’ll be back to check on you in an hour. If your contractions start to come closer, call a nurse.”

We all nodded.

“Almost time Sunshine. Sorry it took me a minute to wake up,” Bryson said.

“Me too,” Bryce said with a sheepish look.

“You are both fine. We kind of exhausted ourselves last night.

“Yeah we did,” Bryce said with a smirk.

“What time is it?” I asked.

“Five,” Bryson said.

+ Points

“Can you guys start sending out texts? Tell Sherry it’s up to her if she wants to open the café or not. If she

doesn’t, she can put a sign on the door about me going into labor. Our customers have been so great, I think they will understand.”

They did as I asked. They both had to work today, but Malo would be team lead today for Bryson and

Santiago would be for Bryce. It was all arranged last week as my time got near.

I was a little worried. My due date was June 3rd, but it was only May 20th.

“Do you guys think the baby will be okay? It’s two weeks before its due date.”

“Yeah, baby. Our nugget will be fine. The book said that the last month the baby could come any time. Plus,

the doc would tell us if she saw anything,” Bryson said. He leaned over and kissed my temple.

“Relax

Sunshine. Everything will go well.”

I bit my lip and nodded. I closed my eyes and rubbed my belly. Three more contractions went through me in

a matter of minutes and Bryce called a nurse..

When she walked in the room, she used hand sanitizer and gloved up.

“Hi, I’m nurse Angie. I just came on rotation. We ready to have a baby today?”

“Yes,” I panted. “Like now, please. I am feeling a lot of pressure down there. I need to push, I think.”

“Okay, sweetie, let me take a look.”

She moved my blanket and gown out of the way.

“Oh,” she said.

“Oh, what’s oh,” Bryce asked quickly.

“Well, I see a pretty patch of hair here,” the nurse said.

“Sunshine, didn’t you wax?”

Shane Patrick Dennison–Olson

“Yes, Bryson, that’s the baby,” I snapped.

+ Points

“Oh,” he said again and then grinned. I wanted to smack him. Bryce chuckled, and I glared at him. He held his hands up in surrender.

“Let me get the doctor really fast,” Angie said.

She left for three minutes and then she and Dr. Evans came in. Both started to hand sanitize, glove up and put on paper coverings. I watched as Nurse Angie put some kind of clear shield over Dr. Evans' face. I looked

at her funny.

"Sometimes fluids and other things come flying at me," she said.

I don't know why, but I found that hilarious and just as a contraction hit, I screamed and laughed at the same

time.

"I think she's going crazy," Bryce said.

"No, I just had a visual of fluid flying out of my v*gina and hitting Dr. Evans in the face. I'm sorry, Dr. Evans," I said, taking deep breaths as another contraction came.

"No problem, alright, we are rockin 'and rollin, let's push on three for a count of ten. Ready, one, two, three."

I pushed. Both Bryson and Bryce had a leg, spreading me wide, and they both had a hand on my back, helping me push. I felt so blessed to have both of them here with me. Thank God, neither of them had a

mission to go on. I thanked Dawson for that. He told me that he's only been taking local jobs, so they were

close.

For an hour, we pushed until finally, the baby's head came out.

"We have a lot of strawberry blond hair here," Dr. Evans said.

"Congratulations buddy," Bryce said to Bryson.

"This is your baby too, Bryce," Bryson said to him.

"I *know*. I just wanted to congratulate you." I squeezed his hand, expecting to see a tinge of sadness in his

eyes.

When he looked at me, I saw nothing but love and joy. He beamed at me.

“Okay, Shay, I need one big push to get these shoulders out. They’re pretty broad.”

“Come on pretty girl, you can do this. I love you baby,” he said.

“I love you too. I love both of you. Let’s do this.”

“Love you Sunshine, one... two... three...,” Bryson said.

I took a deep breath and pushed with everything. I let that breath out with a warrior’s yell. I felt the shoulders come out, and then I felt our baby slide out.

“It’s a boy!” Dr. Evans shouted.

“Holy sh*t a boy!” Bryson yelled.

“Good job, pretty girl,” Bryce said to me with a smile. I gave him a tired one as he leaned down and kissed

1. **me.**

< Shane Patrick Dennison–Olson

“Okay, who wants to cut the cord?” Dr. Evans asked.

“You Bryce. Cut our son’s cord,” Bryson said.

+8 Points

I watched as Bryce’s smile widened more, and he gladly took the scissors from the nurse and snipped the cord. We all laughed when our son let out a piercing wail. Doctor Evans put him on my chest and his crying

stopped immediately.

Dark pools looked at me. I couldn’t tell the green color of his eyes, but it was dark right now. He did have a

lot of strawberry blonde hair. His little mouth moved, and his little tongue was flicking out.

“He’s so adorable,” I said. “Hello Shane Patrick Dennison–Olson. Four strong names for the four men that I

have loved in my life.”

“Dennison–Olson?” Bryce asked, shocked. I looked at Bryson, and we smiled at each other.

“We wanted to surprise you, Brother. Shay and I talked and we wanted to hyphen our last names. I’m going to

change my last name to Dennison–Olson. Will you do that too?”

“F*ck yes I will. F*ck yes!” Bryce said happily.

Roc

Shane is Shay’s dad. I don’t think I ever named her parents.

तर

16

Comments

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 207 -

10-13 minutes

Babies

Shay

Two weeks after Shane was born, Camille gave birth to a beautiful baby girl and two baby boys, who were completely identical. They named the girl Aya Akona. The boys were Koa Abeni and Ade Arika. Camille was over the moon with their babies, but Malo was so enamored with his daughter, he had a hard time letting anyone hold her. Even her mama.

We were having a barbecue to welcome Shane, Aya, Koa and Ade to the world. Shane was a month old and the triplets were two weeks old. The moment Camille got done feeding Aya, Malo would swoop in and snatch her to burp her and then put her in the sling he wrapped around his body. The boys were sleeping in their stroller that accommodated three babies. It was really wide.

“It’s like, I’ve been forgotten,” Camille pouted.

“Never, Taku Aroha (my heart),” Malo said, bending down and kissing her lips. “You will always be first in my heart, but this is my little princess,” he said like he made his point. He pecked her again, gave her a dazzling smile and walked away.

I giggled as Camille stuck her tongue out at him.

I looked down at Shane, he was milk drunk and passed the f*ck out. His little head nestled on my breast, and his lips parted in dozing bliss.

“That little princess was six pounds and the boys were six pounds eight ounces. I hate that I had to have a c-section. I’m still sore as f*ck.”

“But you wouldn’t change it for the world,” I said, smiling at her.

“Definitely not. I’ve never been happier. Ran into my ex, did I tell you that?” she said, shocking me.

“No, b*tch, spill,” I said. I looked over and called Ava, Savvy, James, Sharon and Isha. They were all mingling, but abandoned their husbands immediately. I chuckled.

“I smell tea,” James said, holding a sleeping Rya on his shoulder as he rubbed her back. I saw Seth with his father. They were floating in the pool. Davis was reclining on a pool float and Seth was sleeping on his chest.

“Camille ran into her ex,” I said, and looked at her.

“Malo and I were walking in the park not too far from here, actually. I had been cramping all morning. I thought it was just Braxton Hicks. So, there we were walking hand in hand. We were contemplating the names of the babies. Aya was going to be for his grandmother, and

the boys were named after my dad and his, when, all of a sudden, Rex was in front of us. I was flabbergasted.

Flashback two weeks ago

Camille

“What about Aya, Koa and Ade? “Then we can do Akona for Aya, Abeni for Koa and Ariki for Ade a mixture of both of our heritages,” I said to Malo.

<Babies

“I like it,” he said, bending down and kissing me.

I spied an ice cream cart, and I was just about to suggest we get some when I heard one of the most

annoying voices ever.

“Well, well, well, if it isn’t my doormat,” Rex said with a sneer.

“The f*ck you just said to my wife?” Malo said. Malo and Rex were the same height, but where Malo was bulky with muscle, Rex was a string bean and I have no clue why I wasted ten years of my life with him. Looking at the two standing toe to toe was a massive difference. I could only conclude I should have gotten my eyes checked.

“Wife? Since f*cking when? And who the f*ck are you?”

“I’m the man that’s about to crush you into the ground if you don’t back the f*ck up right now,” Malo growled. I could see Rex’s eyes become slightly wary.

“We got married when we visited his home. We told his parents we were expecting, and they insisted we marry while we were visiting. So we did. Satisfied Rex, now if you’ll excuse us, I really want some ice cream.”

“Expecting? You’re pregnant?” I saw the devastation written all over his face. If it wasn’t for the fact he used to call me a fat b*tch, dumb, and cheated on me, I’d feel sorry.

“Yes Rex, I can give birth any day now. By the way, you should get yourself checked. Malo and I were only together for like a month when I got pregnant. It was always you. It was never me. Thank God for that.”

“Baby, you want ice cream?” Malo asked, completely ignoring Rex now. He came back to my side and started rubbing my belly. Rex watched him. Hurt and longing were written all over his face.

“Yes, I want chocolate with crushed oreos for a topping. Oh and we need to find that pickle vendor. The one that sells those giant pickles.”

We started to walk by Rex, but he reached out and grabbed my hand. I’ve never seen Malo move so fast. One minute Rex was standing, the next he was ten feet away from us. Malo hit him so hard, Rex went flying.

“Don’t touch my woman, next time I’ll f*cking kill you and make it look like it’s self-inflicted.”

F*ck the ice cream. I grabbed Malo by his hand and, as fast as I could, we got into the backseat of our brand-new SUV.

I sat reverse cowgirl on his lap.

“F*ck me Malo, that was the hottest sh*t that’s ever happened to me.”

“Don’t have to tell me twice,” he said.

I lifted the skirt of my sundress. He ripped my panties, and he took out his c*ck. I sank onto him. I was riding him like my life depended on it when my orgasm hit me and I squirted all over his lap. He came with a loud roar. It was hot, messy and fast, but it was perfect. He was holding me as I leaned back, his hands on my big tummy, and he was kissing my neck when he froze.

“Baby, are you still c*mming?” he asked.

“No,” I said. And then I cramped, and more fluid came out of me.

“Baby?”

“Malo, my water just broke.”

Babies

Shay

We were all laughing.

“He scrambled so fast. His pants were soaked, it looked like he had pissed himself.”

I chuckled. “Well, obviously, Rex didn’t press any charges. Malo isn’t in jail.”

“Nope, I have no clue what happened to him. My guess is he walked away like a whipped puppy. I don’t really

care. I’m too happy with my life, to think about him.

For the next month, Bryce, Bryson and I were on a really good schedule when it came to Shane. They

alternated at night who burped him after I fed him.

Conner and Lyla moved back to the warehouse. They said to give us privacy with our new family, but my guess was, they wanted peace and quiet. Even though the rooms were pretty much sound-proof. But I wasn’t going to complain. As much as I loved those two, I was happy to have my house back to just us.

We were invited to the clubhouse at the LOC compound. It was a family day and even though we weren’t

members, Wolf said he and Janelle wanted us there. Not to mention he asked me to make three hundred

mini pies and cupcakes with pink and blue frosting.

We showed up. Moose, Booster and Gunner came out to help with bringing in the food. There was a table

outside set up specifically for my food. There were some kids running around, not a lot, but enough for the

family atmosphere. I didn't see Wolf or Janelle anywhere.

A lot of the old ladies came rushing over to see Shane. I was holding him in my sling. I took him out, since

with all the noise he woke up. Molly surprised me with her presence. She blushed when I asked what she

was doing there. She hadn't let on that she was dating any of the bikers. Her daughter came running over to

see the baby, and she held up her hands to Moose. My mouth dropped open and I looked at Molly.

"He has told me everything about him. I don't mind. He treats me and my daughter like we're his world, that's

all I could ever ask for," she said quietly as she cooed at Shane.

"No judgment Molly, I just wanted to make sure you're happy."

"Very," she said, smiling at Moose. He winked at her and smiled at me. Moose's smile made his face softer,

and I gave him a smile back.

"Don't hurt her, or I'll tell Wolf on you," I muttered.

He chuckled and nodded at me. Good, I'm glad we had that talk.

"Everyone gather around!" Wolf yelled.

"Wolf, keep your voice down," Janelle demanded.

"Sorry baby," he said. My jaw dropped at his immediate capitulation.

He cleared his throat and moved out of Janelle's way. She was holding a little pink bundle in her arms.

"Please welcome the club's princess, Janelle, and my daughter, Lianna Marie."

A roar went up in the air. Lianna and Shane started crying. Mothers and I started chuckling, but the men

looked scared sh*tless.

344

Babies

"It's fine, cheer away," Janelle yelled.

The roar went up again. Bryce took Shane to sooth him. We had a cooler with a couple of bottles of breast milk, and we had a portable bottle heater. Once it was ready, Bryce fed Shane and he quieted.

I walked up to Janelle and Wolf. I hugged them and gave each of them a kiss on their cheeks.

"Congratulations, she's beautiful," I said.

"Thank you, we got lucky. The mother didn't want her and gave her up for adoption, and we were next on the list," Janelle said.

"That's the story we are sticking with," Wolf said quietly. I nodded.

"Wonderful," I said. I asked Wolf what happened to those two wackos, and he told me the truth and what would happen to the baby. Apparently not everyone knew, and I felt blessed to be in their inner circle.

We had a great time, and later when we got home, while Bryce and Bryson were distracted with Shane, I ran up to one of the spare bedrooms where I was hiding my wedding dress. I'd been working out hard, unbeknownst to them, and with the breastfeeding, my body had snapped right back in the two months since Shane had been born. I had 21 days until we got married. I wanted to make sure I looked amazing.

I slipped it on. It was a plain white satin slip dress. There weren't any embellishments on it, because that's the way I wanted it. It was lightweight and with my bigger breasts from the pregnancy, I looked f*cking amazing as it molded to my body. It had thin pearl spaghetti straps, and I decided to go with my hair up. Bryson had bought me an emerald necklace that I would wear with it and Bryce got me the matching

bracelet. I couldn't wait.

Bryce called out for me, and I yelled that I would be right there. I stripped and hung the dress up and put my sundress back on. I took a deep breath and went to join my men.

Roc

The book is almost over, just another few chapters and then the epilogue. I hope you have enjoyed this duo series. Thank you for all the #moontickets. You all are amazing. I will be starting a new CEO series. With new characters and some old ones mixed in. Don't worry, your favorites will be getting their books. I just need some more time on decided where to go with them. I've been writing non stop for a year and half and I just want to make sure I give you guys quality stories. Thanks again. It's just one chapter tonight. Sorry. Have to get up early tomorrow for the drive home.

10

Comments

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The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 208 -

8-9 minutes

Grandpa

Grandpa

Shay

"I can not believe you and Valentine are having twins. How did they not see it in the beginning?"

“Baby A was hiding baby B. Now do you want to know what we are having?” Sharon said with a sparkle in her eye. I looked over at Shane who was sleeping in the playpen I brought in for him. I could just see his little head around the corner.

“Um, yeah,” I said, grinning hugely.

“One of each, a boy and a girl. The boy is Baby A. He’s big, which is the reason why he was hiding his little sister. She was tucked right behind him.”

“Oh, I bet Valentine is ecstatic,” I said, grabbing her and giving her a hug.

“Yes, so are Trevor and Kara. Trevor has started to workout with Valentine. He said he had better bulk up since he now had two baby sisters to protect.”

“That’s so sweet. I hope we have a baby girl next. I think Shane would make a great big brother.”

“Well you’re in the clear, right? You gonna start right away?” Sharon asked.

“No, we aren’t having s*x until our honeymoon,” I said with a blush.

“Wait, are you telling me that they agreed to not have s*x for the next twenty days? After you’ve been cleared, what, two weeks ago?”

“It wasn’t my idea, it was freaking Bryce’s idea. He thought it was romantic and he convinced Bryson. I am so freaking h*rny it isn’t even funny,” I grumbled, making her chuckle.

The door chimed and both of us looked over. I smiled and held up one finger. I went around the corner as fast as I could in the storage area and picked Shane up. I came back around the corner and handed a sleeping Shane over to his grandpa.

“Here you go Donald, your grandson, Shane Patrick Dennison–Olson,” I said to Bryson’s dad.

“Oh, he’s handsome, Shay. Great name. I was wondering how you guys were going to do the last name. Will you be hyphenating it as well?”

“Yes, we are all changing our names to the hyphenated version.”

He looked at me surprised. "Well, that's different. I'm glad you all found a way to incorporate the names."

"Thank you."

"I'm sorry I couldn't make it sooner than this. Gloria has been keeping a very tight watch on me."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. A grown man should be able to move around on his own, don't you think?"

He chuckled and nodded. He was gazing down at Shane with adoring eyes.

"He looks just like Bryson did when he was born. Same brow shape, same nose. Has his eye color come in yet?" he asked.

"They are just like mine. Different shades of green."

"Glorious"

Why don't you come over for dinner tonight, Donald? I know Bryson would like to see you. And I would love a picture of you, him and Shane together"

"Really?" he asked, surprised with a grin on his face.

"Yes, in fact, can i take a picture of you and Shane now?"

T'd love that. And if you could send it to me, that would be great."

I sure can. Come around at six."

Shane woke up just as Donald nuzzled him nose to nose. I took a quick picture. Donald leaned back a little,

and he smiled at Shane. I took another. He then kissed Shane's forehead and I took a third.

"You ready for the picture Shay? He's awake."

I giggled. He had no clue. "Yes, I'm ready."

Donald held Shane in front of him. Shane had a serious look on his face while Donald beamed like the proud

grandpa he was. Then Shane smirked, probably taking a sh*t, but I snapped it real quick. It was an adorable

picture.

I gave Donald my number, and he sent me a text. I then sent all the pictures I took and my address..

"Oh, you took so many, I don't know which to choose for my lock screen. I'm definitely going to go get these

printed. This one right here I'm going to blow up into a 16x20 or 20x24 and put it in my bedroom so I can see

it first thing in the morning," he said, pointing at the one where both of their eyes were closed, and he was kissing Shane on the forehead.

"Wouldn't that piss off Gloria?"

"Yes," he said smiling.

"You like to make her mad?"

"Not really, but she deserves it. And since I don't believe in divorce, I won't make that move. She'll have to. I

believe in my vows. But I won't follow her blindly. I want to be in Bryson's and Shane's lives. I can't say I

understand the dynamic you, Bryson and Bryce have, but my son is happy. That's all I ever wanted for him.

Plus, I like you and Bryce."

I chuckled. "We like you too. Your wife, not so much."

"I can tell you the feeling is mutual. She may or may not come around, but if she doesn't, it's her loss.

Because this little man is so handsome. Well, I had better get going. She's probably going to be just getting.

up from her nap by the time I get home. Thank you for the pictures, Shay."

"You're welcome. I'll see you tonight."

He nodded, and we waved at each other as he left.

"Something smells good," Bryce said as he and Bryson walked into the house.

"Making chicken breast marinated in Italian dressing and putting it over white rice in cubes, with broccoli. It's a quick and easy meal."

"There's an extra setting," Bryson said.

2/4

Grandpa

"Yeah, your father is coming over," I said, looking at him. His eyes widened a little.

"Really? That's interesting. So, just him then?"

"Yeah," I said, watching him closely.

"Good, I don't want any drama around our son."

"Your dad stopped by the café today. I took a couple of pictures. I'd love to get one of you, him, and Shane," I

said, handing him my phone as I leaned up to kiss him and Bryce.

He looked at the pictures I took with a smile, while Bryce went over to the pen where Shane was lying on his

back looking up at the animal mobile that was slowly moving in a circle.

“These are great,” Bryson said, showing Bryce.

“They are. His wife didn’t come?” Bryce asked.

“Nope, he had to sneak out while she was napping. Apparently she’s been watching him like a hawk.”

Bryson shook his head.

“I’ve never seen this side of her before. I never thought she’d be so judgmental.”

“Baby, she’s never heard of a relationship like ours before. It was a shock to her,” I said.

“I understand that, I really do. But she didn’t have to go off like she has and say the things she’d said. She never gave you and Bryce a chance.”

He took Shane from Bryce. This was a nightly routine. One of them would pick him up right when they got

home and hold Shane for a while, then the other would swoop in and steal him.

A knock at the door came, and I hurried over to answer it. Donald came in with a smile and a bottle of white

wine, before kissing my cheek.

“Hi, this is non-alcoholic, but it tastes fantastic,” he said, handing the bottle to me.

“Thank you. It’ll go great with our chicken. How did you escape the warden?”

He smiled, “I told her I was meeting with some old friends for a drink.”

I shook my head and chuckled.

I watched as Donald walked up to Bryson. They were almost the same height. Donald was only an inch

shorter. He hugged Bryson and then dropped a kiss on top of Shane's head. To mine, Bryson's and Bryce's

surprise, Donald held open his arms and leaned in to hug Bryce.

The atmosphere was jovial. I got my picture of the three of them and one of them with Bryce. Then I set up

my camera and we took a family photo.

Bryson and Donald gave Shane a bath and Donald put a diaper on his grandson and put him in pjs. Bryson

let Donald put Shane to bed.

When Donald came down, he had tears in his eyes.

"Thank you, Bryson, Bryce and Shay. Thank you for letting me put my grandson to bed. It meant the world to

me."

"Anytime dad. You're welcome in our home. Just text Shay first, and please don't bring mom.

Trevirips

"I won't love you soonald said.

"I love you too, dad."

We all hugged him and waved him off.

"That was a nice dinner," I said.

"It was. I'm glad he came around," Bryson said.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 209 -

9-12 minutes

Unit

Shay

“Are you ready?” Isha asked me. I looked at Ava, Savvy, Camille, and Sharon. James got his certificate online so he could marry people. *We* asked him to marry us. He said he mostly got **it**, because more and more bikers were finding their old ladies, and they needed someone that could legally marry them at the club. It worked in our favor.

“Yes, so very ready. Not to mention, I am so ready for the wedding night! I said, lifting my arms in the air. Peels of laughter echoed around the room. I had told them all about Bryce’s request. Bryson and I were biting at the bit to tear each other’s clothes off. Bryce was barely hanging on himself.

For the last twenty days, I’ve teased the guys. From the moment they got home. I started wearing very little around the house. Running to them the moment they walked in the door, all my jiggle bits jiggled enticingly. I also bend over low in front of them in whatever I wear my ass, basically in their faces. Instead of wiggling down to the end of the bed, I climb over them and rub on whoever I’m crawling over, making sure I make contact with my breasts or ass, or sliding my p*ssy across their lap. Instead of going to bed in a sleep-set like I normally do. I’ve been sleeping naked. The frustrated moans, groans and curses have had me in stitches.

The most devious moment in the last three weeks was just after I had put Shane to bed, while Bryson was in the shower in our room and Bryce was in the shower next door. I got my lube and favorite vibrator and started playing with myself when I felt they were getting done in the showers. They both came into the bedroom at the same time and froze as they watched me rub my p*ssy with fingers from one hand while the other hand played with my breasts. Then I picked up the vibrator and turned it on and brought myself to completion. They both had raging hard ons and were jerking them like crazy as I came down from my high. Their c’m shooting in ares. I giggled as they cleaned up their mess and gave me disgruntled looks.

When they got into bed they tickled me senseless. But the joke was on them. While I sighed in contentment, they both had hard c*cks again.

Now the time was finally here. Sharon walked down the aisle with Rogers, then came Malo and Camille, Savvy walked with Santiago, Ava walked with Conner and Isha walked with Bryce. I had my hand wrapped

around Patrick's arm

He patted my hand with the one that wasn't busy holding its arm. It was a beautiful evening. The sky was hues of orange, pink and hints of purple at dusk. We had tiki torches around that also kept the mosquitoes away. Patrick and Aria went all out. There was a lot of white and peach. My colorful tulips, a beautiful arch covered in flowers where Bryson stood beaming while he watched me walk towards him. I looked towards Bryce and his smile was just as big as Bryson's. Most of the LOC was there. Bryce and Bryson's teams were there and even the group that was hired just a few weeks ago was there. Molly, Marueen, Mrs. Corrington, Tina and Lisa, the two college students that worked part-time at the café, Daniel and Dale were all there. Donald held his grandson and was sitting next to Aria's other side while they waited for Patrick to sit with

them. Beside Donald were Bryson's brothers and sisters-in-law

Lyla stood in a place where she could see all the entrances and exits of the yard, with Pumpkin right beside her. Even though I had told her she could relax here at Patrick's and Aria's, I instinctively knew she would do this. She was always vigilant. But I wasn't focused on Lyla at the moment. No, I was focused on Bryson and

Bryce.

We had decided that instead of doing the wedding ceremony and then the commitment ceremony one after the other, we wanted to incorporate it all at once. James knew exactly what we wanted.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to the union of Bryson Olson and Bryce Dennison to Chay Duvall. This ceremony will encompass the wedding portion to Bryson and the commitment ceremony to Bryce. A unique union between three people that love each other and are growing a family together. Who gives this bride to

these two men?”

“I do,” Patrick’s voice rang out loud and clear. He leaned down and kissed my temple and put my hand in Bryson’s.

Bryce came around my other side, and we all faced James.

“Before we proceed, is there anyone that objects to this union? Speak now or forever hold your peace.”

James waited for a beat and then smiled.

“Love can come in many forms. Once you find your soulmate, or in this case soulmates, there is nothing better in this world. I should know,” he said cheekily. The audience erupted into chuckles and whistles.

Bryce, Bryson and I chuckled with them.

“Shay is one of my very best friends. All the women in my life are extremely special to me. They are my sisters of the heart. I couldn’t wish for better men than Bryce and Bryson for her. They truly are gentlemen and I have had the honor of watching them fall in love with my sister. Shay and Bryson, do you fully commit to Bryce in bond and love forever and always until death do you part?”

Both Bryson and I said we did. I exchanged rings with him and Bryson, and he clasped hands, put their

foreheads together and then hugged. When they parted, I looked at Bryce, taking his hand in mine and

smiled brilliantly at him.

“You are one part of my soul that I couldn’t imagine living life without. You came into my life as a savior and rocked my world in one night.” Chuckles again went into the air. “I love you so much, Bryce, you are a wonderful partner and an amazing father and I can’t wait to see what our future brings.”

There were tears in his eyes, he leaned down and brushed his lips with mine.

“Shay, you accepted me and built a family with me. This is something I have longed for, for a very long time. You and Bryson are here for life. I love both of you,” he said, pointing to his chest over his heart. “Thank you for making me a father, something I never thought I’d be able to achieve. You, my pretty girl, are my everything. There will never be another for me, it is until death for us. I love you.”

“I love you too,” I said with a small sob. We kissed and then turned back to James,

“Bryson. Do you take Shay to be your lawfully wedded wife, for better or worse, in sickness and health until

death do you part?” James asked.

Bryson took my hand and cupped my cheek. He opened his mouth and a God awful screech came out of

nowhere.

Our heads snapped towards the side yard, where a disheveled Gloria came charging like a raging bull. Our mouths dropped open. Her hair was in disarray and her shirt was torn at the sleeve. I could only imagine she got in some kind of scuffle with the front gate guard. We should have known something like this would

happen. Why did I dismiss Patrick’s offer to provide security for today’s event? But no, because I thought it **was** just going to be family and friends, what would we need security for? St*pid, st*pid me, I cursed.

“You can not marry her,” Gloria screeched. “This is against God’s plan! I will not..”

I watched with horrified fascination as Lyla stepped in front of a raging running Gloria and clothes lined her with a swift kick with her leg. Gloria’s eyes widened, and she grabbed for her throat as she fell to the ground. I looked over at Donald, and he closed his eyes and shook his head. He turned forward and cradled Shane, refusing to acknowledge his wife.

Lyla grabbed Gloria by the hair and got her to her knees. She faced us and forced Gloria to watch. Her hand over her mouth, while her other hand held Gloria’s head still,

She nodded and winked at me. I smiled and turned to James.

“Ask again please,” I said,

James nodded and asked Bryson again if he would take me.

Bryson’s voice boomed I do, and when James asked me, I said “You’re d*mn f*cking right I do.” I then looked

at Gloria and smiled.

“Bryson and Shay have some words they would like to say,” James said.

I gestured for Bryson to go first. I had to get my anger under control.

“Sunshine, despite the God awful woman I’m related to, the rest of my family loves and accepts us. I’ve always told you from the moment I met you I felt something, a connection, and now I know it was our souls intertwining with each other. Thank *you* for bringing our son into this world for us to cherish and love. You are a wonderful mother, a fantastic woman and all I could ever wish for. I love you, with everything I have.”

Tears flowed from my eyes as I smiled and leaned up to kiss him softly.

“Bryson, you are my Prince Charming, my calming place, my gentle protector. You have brought me joy, happiness and family. I thank you for helping by giving us a son to raise, and I hope many more children will come in the future. Our unit and love is all I have been wishing for since finding out it was possible to love more than one person. I love you, now and forever,” I said.

He leaned down and kissed me, and then we exchanged rings.

“By the power invested in me by the awesome state of Colorado, I now bless this union and pronounce you husbands and wife. You both may kiss the bride.”

Bryson kissed me first, thoroughly to whistles and cheers. Then Bryce took me and devoured my mouth. They both had me weak in the knees and soaking wet within a minute.

“Everyone, please stand. It is with honor I introduce you to Bryson, Shay and Bryce Dennison–Olson,” James

shouted.

The cheers from everyone were deafening. It was a good thing Patrick and Aria had a lot of privacy out here.

Lyla must have dragged Gloria off somewhere. I didn't see her as we walked back down the aisle and I

honestly didn't care.

I have never been happier. Who knew in two years I'd go from a broken heart to being loved by two men? I

sure didn't.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 210 -

9-11 minutes

< Reception And The Appetizer

+8 Ports>

Reception And The Appetizer

Shay

The reception was in full swing. Bryson and I had our first dance and then Bryce and I had one before we invited other couples to join us. Daniel and Maureen had made a beautiful six-tiered cake and four sheet pans of cake. Each tier had its own flavoring in the middle. All tiers were made of vanilla cake with raspberry, lemon, chocolate, Bavarian cream, strawberry and peach in the middle. The sheet cakes were cut into squares with all the flavorings too.

I was extremely grateful when the three of us cut the cake and that neither of my guys felt they needed to smash came into my face.

“You’re too beautiful to get you all messy right now, that’ll happen later,” Bryson whispered into my ear.

“I’m bringing some of this cake to our suite at the Montero, so I can lick the frosting off your p*ssy later,” Bryce mumbled after I gave him a little bite of it for pictures.

F*ck, I was so ready.

I danced with Patrick and then Dawson, while Aria danced with Bryce and then Bryson. Wolf took me to the dance floor and twirled me into his arms.

“I know that Janelle and I tease you a lot. But I just want you to know that I am really happy you found your loves. I really do see you like a little sister. I also want to thank you for everything you have done for the club these last two years. You’ve helped us profit and find cuts in ways I’ve never even thought of.”

“You saved Isha’s life, and you helped me see my worth before Bryson and Bryce came along. You made me feel like a desirable woman again, Wolf. Both you and Janelle have. Before I could go into my pity party after Carson cheated on me, you and Janelle flirted so much with me, I felt pretty again. And, I love being your little sister. Because I see you as much as one of my brothers as Dawson, Mic, Ford and Davis are.”

“Hey now, let’s not go too far. If anything ever happens where those guys f*ck up, I wanna be in the running as your rebound f*ck.”

My head flew back and I laughed. Leave it up to Wolf to say something completely inappropriate. He leaned down and kissed my forehead before passing me off to Mic.

Donald and I were dancing, and I stared into his eyes. I was looking for sadness over his wife’s behavior. I had a talk with Lyla a little bit ago, and I had some news to depart to him.

His eyes were clear. He was happy, his smile was affectionate as he talked about his grandson and how happy he was for the three of us.

“Donald about Gloria,” I started to say.

“I’m sorry Shay. It’s all my fault. When she saw the picture of Shane on the wall a couple of days after I saw you, she went livid and tried to rip it down. I told her if she touched it that we were through. Not saying I would have divorced her, but we would have spent our lives separate. I didn’t tell her about the wedding. I can only suspect she had followed me, or maybe she checked my phone location. But I didn’t expect her to show up. I must thank that woman for stopping her.”

“Yes, about that woman. Um, I don’t know how to tell you this, but you won’t be seeing Gloria ever again.

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Divorce papers will be at your house signed and backdated with a judge’s signature by the time you get

home.”

“I don’t understand, why won’t I see her? And how is this all possible?”

“Well, that lady has deep connections, so deep that even the President of the United States has her on speed dial and defers to her on certain decisions. Gloria will disappear from your life forever. I don’t know the

details, I didn’t ask. But you will no longer have contact with her.”

He was quiet, staring off into space. Then his eyes shifted over to Aria, who was holding Shane and dancing

with him.

“I’m okay with that. I am assuming Bryson knows?” he asked.

I nodded.

“Then I will tell my other sons that their mother left me, and we are divorced. They will most likely be shocked

because their mother loves her status. I just went along with her antics because she was my wife. What more could I do? I am old-fashioned, I'll admit. But you can teach old dogs new tricks, and I refuse to give up my

sons and their happiness," he said with a smile.

I was relieved at how well he took the news. Bryson had taken the news well also and basically said good

riddance. All he cared about was our happiness and our children and future children and that he didn't want them around that type of negative person.

All the single ladies stood in the middle of the dance floor while everyone counted for me to throw the

bouquet. They counted backwards and when they hit one, I tossed it behind my shoulder and right into the

hands of Molly. Her cheeks went up in flames, and she hid her face behind the bouquet. I looked over at

Moose, and he had a grin on his face. When all the single bikers and team members of Becks Security got on

the floor. I sat in a chair on Bryce's lap where he held me to him and slowly inched my dress up while Bryson

decided to crawl from the end of the dance floor towards us with a wicked look in his eyes. The women went

crazy, screaming at the scene in delight. He crawled right between Bryce and my legs and put his head under my dress, where he took a quick swipe of my soaked thong with his tongue before clamping his teeth on the

garter and peeling it down my leg. The men roared when Bryson stood and wiped his mouth, then licked his

palm.

We all counted down for Bryson and when we hit one, he slingshotted the garter over his head behind him. It arced high into the air. Men jumped for it, but only one arm shot up as the garter hooked around a single

finger. The males parted and Moose stood there with a sh*t eating grin on his face. Guess we all know who's next to get engaged.

The reception was just hitting midnight when we made our way out. Aria and Patrick had a limo waiting for

1. us. Everyone threw *colored* confetti, popped poppers and cheered as we got into the car.

The *moment* the door shut, Bryson put up the divider. We had a forty-minute drive to the winery/luxurious hotel we were staying at for a couple of days, before we went on our honeymoon to Italy for a week. It's going to be hard being away from Shane, but Aria and Patrick are watching their grandson, and they have told me Donald will be visiting a lot too, not to mention Isha has already said she will be helping when she brings Seth and Rya over. She was having baby fever, and I predicted she would be pregnant soon.

"I've been waiting too damn long to get into you," Bryson growled.

He picked me up and made me straddle his legs.

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+8 Points

"How much do you like your wedding dress, Sunshine?"

"I love it, don't you dare rip it," I said, panting as he nibbled and licked my neck.

"Let's get it off of her, I need my mouth on her," Bryce said huskily.

Bryson lifted me, while Bryce worked my dress up and over my head. Bryson turned *me* on his lap and looked down over my shoulder as he watched Bryce peel my white thong with his teeth down my legs. The dress

had a built-in bra, so I was now bare to their sight.

I felt Bryson fumbling behind me, and then he lifted me once more and impaled me on his hard, long c*ck. I

moaned loudly, my back to his front, my head leaning on his shoulder. He bent his head and latched onto my

neck. Bryce put my thighs on the outside of Bryson's and started licking my clit like it was his favorite candy.

Having my clit licked and a hard d*ck in me was exactly what I needed after going without s*x for so long.

Bryson lifted me a little and started thrusting up into me as Bryce latched onto my clit and sucked. My

orgasm slammed into me, making me scream as I grabbed Bryce's hair and humped his face while moving up

and down on Bryson. Bryce backed up and Bryson grabbed me under my thighs and f*cked me on his d*ck,

moving me rapidly until he grunted and came. His body shuddered. Once Bryson was done, Bryce grabbed

me and had me straddle him. He plunged into me not caring that he was f*cking Bryson's c*m into me. His

groans were telling me he loved feeling me slick and warm. I rode him hard, he grabbed my ass and helped

1. me. I grabbed his head and yanked at his hair, making him look up at me as I loomed over him. I slammed

my lips onto his. I sucked his tongue into my mouth and mimicked sucking his c*ck. He went feral and

f*cked up into me harder, and slamming me down onto him. Then he held me down and groaned loudly as he

emptied his seed into me, triggering my orgasm. I couldn't stop my hips from rotating. He smacked my ass,

prolonging my pleasure.

We had been so pent-up it was fast and sweaty, but it was f*cking glorious. They both helped me back into

my dress, but Bryce kept my panties in his pocket. I sat in Bryson's lap while he held me. I held Bryce's hand

when he sat next to us.

"That was an appetizer before the main dish," Bryce said, making Bryson chuckle and me giggle.

Ten minutes later we pulled up to the Montero. Let the night's activities continue, I was so excited.

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