

# The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 211 -

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Meeting Kellen

Lyla

More Rewards >

“Are you ready Conner? We have to stop at the Asylum. Wolf has handed transport over to me along with their well-being. I am in need of servants

for the underground.”

“Yes, Mistress. Our bags are in the car. All my orders have been delivered, and I put a two-week hold on the site stating I am on vacation. Can we stop

at the corrections facility first?”

“You want to say goodbye to your friend?”

“Please, you can meet him this time. I got permission for more than one

visitor. I think you’ll like him.”

“Anything for you, pet. You are my sweetest boy.”

I watched him beam. He really was. If I believed in love, I would probably consider myself in love with Conner. There has never been anyone like him. Sure, I have other pets, but none that I can stand longer than an hour

or two with. I’ve never lived with one. But seeing Conner’s sweet vulnerability and eagerness to please without being annoying, plus he is not a stage five clinger, stirred something in me. He learns from his mistakes. He has no resentment in his heart. The fact that he could still be

friends with a man he betrayed and show remorse for his actions spoke volumes. He even saved the woman his friend was in love with from a fate that I think would have destroyed

her. As much as I care about Shay, I don't think mentally she would have come out on the other side if her ex got a hold of her. Too much had happened in her young life. I don't think she

could have taken much more.

1/10

< Meeting Kellen

More Rewards >

Conner had talked about his friend Kellen before. He told me that when he was on the inside that it was Kellen that kept him from taking his own life, that pulled him out of the despair he spiraled into. He said Kellen was strong, mentally and physically. He can give and receive beatings, and Conner knew this, because he took a lot of Conner's beatings from the guards, when Conner refused to do something corrupt for them. Like killing another inm\*te.

The guards were tasked with certain jobs from outside sources, and they used the inm\*tes to carry out those jobs. If an inm\*te refuses, they normally end up in the hospital, but never Kellen. He could take it, and he often did, for both himself and Conner. I admired that. But the downside of that was Kellen had self-control issues and hardly ever talked. His anger can snap in an instant. Sometimes he didn't think before acting, and when he wanted something he just took it. Except with Conner. With Conner, he was gentle. Conner loved Kellen and I knew it, by the way he talked about him. He loved him like he used to love Bryson, but I think more intensely

since Kellen was his protector.

Conner was like that. He needed a protector and that's what made him perfect for me. I was intrigued by this Kellen.

I had my mother do an intensive background check while I did a surface level one when Conner first mentioned him.

He was inside for assault. No surprise there. He had beaten a man almost to death when he accused Kellen of hitting on his girlfriend. The man was

drunk.

Kellen had been at the bar his brother owns. He had lived with his brother. The woman in question started hitting on Kellen. He wasn't interested, so he showed her no attention at all. She got pissed and told her boyfriend

2/10

< Meeting Kellen

More Rewards

that Kellen had been hitting on her. Surveillance showed that the boyfriend tried to get into Kellen's face as he sat at the bar. You could see the brother shaking his head. Kellen said something that really pissed the boyfriend off. The brother behind the bar put his hands up in exasperation and then just waved at Kellen. The boyfriend swung. His fist connected with Kellen's face. Kellen didn't move an inch, but the guy held his hand and looked to be screaming. As I had watched the video, I smiled when Kellen's lips mouthed 'my turn' and then he hit the guy back. It could have stopped there, but Kellen didn't stop.

The judge said he could have thrown the case out if it was self-defense. But because Kellen took one too many swings and the guy ended up with a broken eye socket, a broken nose, a broken jaw and several broken teeth,

he was sentenced to five years.

He had already been there for two years when Conner arrived and became his bunk mate. They had been inseparable.

I knew Kellen could talk, it was just hard for him now after all the beatings, so Conner says. He was rambling as he drove us towards the facility. I didn't mind it. I liked the sound of Conner's voice, it reminded me of Demons. Low, smooth, with lots of base. I turned my head and looked at him. He was 6'2, with brown hair that had natural blondish highlights and a hint of red when the sun hit it. He was buff, not as big as Demon but bigger than Ice, closer to my Uncle Beast. He had tattoos on his arms, chest, and the back of his hands. None on his stomach, neck or back. His eyes were

blue, like the ocean.

I looked towards his c\*ck. I've had bigger, and smaller. He was average about seven inches, and it wasn't too thick where it hurt until it didn't. I've had those kinds, f\*cking Ninja. I had to act like his d\*ck didn't affect me,

3/10

< Meeting Kellen

More Rewards >

but honestly, I felt him for days afterward. Poor Ava having to deal with that, but she seemed to love it. No, Conner was perfect. He made me wetter than a slip and slide, he knew what the f\*ck he was doing.

"It doesn't bother you that you are about to meet a past lover of mine?" he asked.

"Did it bother you to meet my lovers, past and present?" I asked curiously.

"Not your other pets, no. Because you've assured me, I'm the only one special to you, and you said you wouldn't play with them without me. But there was one I felt a little intimidated by, even though he seemed devoted to his old lady."

"Ninja?" I asked incredulously.

I watched as he gnawed on his bottom lip and then nodded.

"Baby boy, you know it was one time. And he's so in love with Ava. There were never any feelings between us, it was just a pressure release for me."

"I know, you've told me. But meeting him, I could see why you'd want him."

I chuckled. "You're better looking. So much hotter than Ninja," I said.

“Really?” he asked, perking right up and smiling. D\*mn, his smile was stunning. He looked like an eager puppy that had just been praised by its owner. He even did a little wiggle dance in his seat.

“Yes, my pet,” I said, leaning over and running my fingers through his hair. A feeling I’d never felt before with anyone other than Conner swept through me. “So much hotter.”

“Okay,” he said, blushing a little. I chuckled. My phone rang and I smiled.

4/10

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<Meeting Kellen

More Rewards >

“Woman, it’s been awhile since I’ve heard from you,” I scolded. I have friends, cousins, and a sister who I loved and would kill for. But I also had one best friend, who I would scorch the world for. Her name was Dominique Rose Marsh. And it was she who I am a little miffed with right now.

“Phone works both ways, Lyla bear.” She was also the only person I would ever let call me something as ridiculous as Lyla bear.

“I’ve been a little busy. I have someone special in my life, he’s permanent,” I said. Conner smiled, I smirked.

“And you’ve been keeping him a secret?” she asked.

“No, he’s met the family.”

A huge gasp came over the phone. “I am so jealous right now I could vomit.”

That made me laugh. “It’s your own fault. I tried to call you when I took him home to tell you we were driving through Ohio and I wanted you to meet him, but my calls went to voice mail. Then by the time you got back to me, we were already on our way to Florida and I had missed that call. It seems we’ve been playing a lot of phone tag lately. I haven’t seen you in like a year.

”

“I...I know, things have been hectic. Malcolm’s been really busy. I’ve been doing dinner after dinner to help him with these billion-dollar contracts. Have to be the perfect wife and hostess you know? He finally said we can

try for a baby,” she whispered.

I smiled at her news. Malcolm and she have been married since she graduated from college. Twelve long years. I knew at 34 she wanted a

5/10

<Meeting Kellen

More Rewards

baby desperately before it was too late. But Malcolm didn’t like children and had told her this when they were dating.

“That’s wonderful Domino,” I said, chuckling.

“B\*tch,” she said without malice. I knew she hated the nickname I gave her

when we were little.

We were pulling up to the facility.

“Domino, I have to go. Remember, you call I’m there.”

“I know. I love you, Lyla,” she said. She always told me that when we ended our calls.

“I know.” I ended the call and felt some pressure off of my chest. It has been too long since I saw her. I needed to rectify that.

We were let through once our name was checked on the list. We waited in the waiting area for fifteen minutes when gigantor was led into the area in handcuffs.

The video did not do him justice. The way it was angled, it looked down on the bar. I knew he was thirty–seven, three years older than me and five years older than Conner. His hair was dark brown, shaved on the sides and longer on the top. He had piercing blue eyes, and a chiseled jaw. I was surprised his nose was straight and when he saw Conner his smile was dazzling with perfect straight white teeth. He had a scar on his left cheek

that started high on his cheek bone and almost ended at the top of his upper lip. He had muscles just like Demon. He was huge and me at 5 ‘3, I figured he was also at Demon’s height of 6 ‘5 or maybe 6 ‘6. He had all eyes for Conner.

“Connie,” he said in a smooth smokey baritone voice. I thought Conner’s

6/10

< Meeting Kellen

More Rewards >

voice was deep. This guy was like Barry White. F\*ck. And what the f\*ck?

Connie?

“Pet?” I asked.

Conner’s face was bright red and I smiled. This was f\*cking adorable.

“Kelly, it’s so good to see you. I want to introduce you to someone. This is my... g.. um, my Mis,” I stopped him. He was clearly flustered and didn’t know how to address me in front of the guards.

“I’m Lyla, Conner’s woman.” I saw Conner’s head whip towards me. I looked at him. There was panic warring with joy, warring with lust, some confusion and then a little hurt. I chuckled and looked back at Kellen. His piercing eyes bore into me. If I was a lesser woman, I’d be intimidated, but I’m not. As I stared at him, my emerald eyes turned icy, and I let my killer come forth.

He. Did. The. Same. I felt a buzz run through me, I got hot, like really hot, what the f\*ck was going on? Then he smiled, and I felt myself blushing for the first time in my life. Jesus.

He was apparently granted a satchel because he pulled out some flash cards. Three stacks, rubber-banded. He took off the bands and flipped through one, then the other and then the last one and took out five cards.

The cards looked to have words, symbols and numbers on them, and then he put them down and rearranged them to form a sentence.

**I am happy for you.**

He pointed to both of us.

Conner smiled, "Thank you. How have you been?"

7/10

< Meeting Kellen

"Good," he said.

More Rewards >

"Do you need anything? Money for your commissary? Games? Books?"

Conner asked.

Kellen shuffled around his cards and laid them out.

**I need new brushes. Mine are barely hanging on.**

"Your paint brushes? I'll have them delivered in an hour. We are going out of town for two weeks. How much longer do you think?"

Kellen held up three fingers.

"Seriously? Isn't that early?" Conner asked excitedly.

"Good," Kellen said, pointing at himself.

Conner leaned over and put his mouth to my ear.

"Mistress, can Kellen move in with us when he gets out? He just said he's getting out in three months for good behavior." He pulled back and looked at me with pleading eyes.

I looked at Kellen again. He looked at me with raised brows like asking

what Conner was whispering. The way he looked at Conner put an ache in my chest. It was the same look, Ninja gives Ava, and my brother gives Ally.

Hell, how all my cousins look at their old ladies and their men. My father and uncles look at their women the same too. It was the way Conner looked at me.

“Yes, whatever you want, pet.”

Conner beamed, and that look came over his face as he leaned in and kissed me. I allowed the public display. I liked that look.

8/10

<Meeting Kellen

More Rewards >

“Kelly, Lyla says you can move in with us when you get out. I can hire you too. I have my own warehouse that’s also a wood shop. You can do your art there too. Will you come live with us?”

Cards were plucked out of piles and arranged quickly.

**Are you sure? I won’t be intruding? I am really big, but I can take a corner?**

“Nonsense. Our bed is huge. You can share with Conner and me. I don’t mind, and I know he won’t either,” I said.

Kellen’s eyes went wide, and he looked at Conner. I chuckled.

“I know everything, and I like to watch and play.”

Kellen let out a deep growl. He hastily put his cards in their prospective piles and put the bands back on. It had to be hard with the d\*mn cuffs.

He smiled at us, knocked twice on the table, and got up and walked away with a guard trailing behind him.

I looked at Conner expecting to see his heart broken. D\*mn, I was going to have to kill his friend. But I was in for a surprise because he was beaming.

“Thank *you* Mistress. He was very happy with the offer, and he accepted.”

“He did?” That’s not what I saw.

“Yes, he knocked twice on the table. That means yes. He was too overwhelmed to speak. Um, I was surprised you gave him your real name.”

Ahhhh that’s what the looks were for. “He is your friend. If you trust him, I trust him. Besides, if he ever betrays you, I’ll kill him. So no big deal.”

“I love you,” he said, kissing my cheek.

9/10

<Meeting Kellen

“I know. Come on, time to go.”

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More Rewards >

That 3 am inspiration hit and Lyla was talking. I needed to get this out in preparation. And this one was long, I know a lot of you don’t mind, but sorry to the ones that *do*.

18

Comments