

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 101 -

12-15 minutes

Got My Answers

Davis

This is the day we get to see our little Bean and hear Bean's heartbeat. I know we already have a picture of Bean, but I want to see it in person. I couldn't hide my excitement as I whipped up some waffles for my Angel. I have the homemade whipped cream already made with some cut-up strawberries, some blueberries and bananas. I also have a small bowl of peanut butter and dark chocolate chips. She's been craving peanut butter and dark chocolate chips by the spoonful. I thought she just wanted Reese's peanut butter cups, so when I brought some home the other night she burst into tears. I felt horrible.

So I gave them to Mic, who loves them, and went back to the store and got some peanut butter and dark chocolate chips. She gave me a blow job for a job well done.

Our appointment was in a couple of hours. I thought about the family dinner we had last weekend and thought it went really well. I smiled, thinking about how happy Patrick and Aria were when they found out they were going to become

grandparents.

Ford set the table and Mic got the drinks. Dawson brought the bowls of fruit, peanut butter, chocolate chips, and whipped cream to the table, and I brought two stacks of waffles.

"Do you think I should make some bacon?" I asked.

"She hasn't really wanted a lot of meat lately. We need to ask the doc about that. She needs protein," Dawson said.

I nodded. "There's a lot we need to ask the doc. I also think we should cool it with the group s*x. It might be too much for her body, you know?"

"You don't want to have s*x with me anymore?" I heard a tearful voice ask. I whipped around.

“What? No baby, I didn’t mean it like that. I meant that maybe taking more than one or two of us at a time might be too

much for you.”

She sniffed, a tear ran down her cheek. Oh, God, I made her cry.

“I think I’d know if it was too much for me. It’s not. I need all of you,” she said in a tiny voice.

“Okay, okay, I’m sorry. Forget I said anything, okay?”

She nodded, and I wrapped my arms around her and she snuggled in. Jesus, her hormones are crazy. Something I’m

going to ask the doc about without her hearing.

After breakfast, we went to the store and got a Congratulations card for Nora and Ellie. I wish I could be a fly on the wall to

see them open this card.

“Baby, have you told your mom and Nana, what happened with Jason?” I asked tentatively.

“No, I didn’t want them to worry. It’s over now, no reason for them to know.”

“You sure? We’d be there with you if you wanted to facetime them,” I said. She gave me a small smile and shook her

head.

We all walked into the doctor’s office. There were two couples there waiting. Dawson and I were in black basketball shorts and t-shirts, mine was white and he was in teal. Mic and Ford had black joggers on, and each had a different hue of gray for a t-shirt on. The weather was still mild in October during the day, but it got a little chillier at night. Our Angel had on a pair of blue leggings that looked great on her ass and one of my t-shirts that was red. She swam in it, but she knotted it on the side to make it fit her.

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I grabbed her and put her on my lap while Mic and Ford took a seat next to us. Dawson went to check her in.

The other couples were eyeing us with curious looks. One couple looked to be around our age in their thirties, and the other couple, the girl, was probably Isha's age at twenty-four, but the man was much older than she was, maybe mid to late forties. No judgment here. Hell, we were a five-way couple. I didn't even know what you would call us.

"Baby, how are you feeling? Any dizziness, nausea, bleeding?" Dawson asked as he sat down with a clipboard.

She chuckled. "Give me, I'll fill it out." Dawson handed her the clipboard. I saw the older man's eyebrows shoot up when Dawson called her baby. He had looked at me with her in my lap. I just smiled, and he gave me a head nod.

"I'm so f*cking excited. Do you think they'll let us hear the heartbeat today?" Mic asked.

"They'll let us see the baby, right?" Ford asked. I chuckled, we were all excited.

"I'm sorry, I have to ask. Which one of you is the father?" The lady that was part of the thirty-something couple asked.

"We all are," I said.

She blinked, and a confused look came over her face. I could feel Isha shaking and I looked at her. She was silently laughing, hiding her face behind the clipboard.

"Oh, um, how is that possible?"

"They're my boyfriends," Isha said.

The girl that was her age perked up, "All of them? Like you have s*x with all of them?"

I looked at the older dude, he looked curiously at us.

"Yes, I do. We're a unit," Isha said.

“It isn’t really any of their business,” Dawson said loudly for the others to hear.

“Dawson, don’t be rude. I’m not ashamed of our relationship. If they have questions, let them ask,” Isha said. He smirked

at her and gave her a wink.

“So, you all share her, and you don’t get jealous of each other?” The thirty-something dude said.

“Well, we’re all in a relationship. They’re my boyfriends just as much as they are hers,” I said.

Mic smiled and leaned over to kiss my temple.

“Oh, you are all together, together,” the twenty-four-year-old woman said.

“Well,” Ford began.

“Yes, we’re all together, together. We love each other, like she said we’re a unit,” Dawson said. Ford, Mic and I beamed at

him. Isha leaned over and kissed his lips.

“That’s fascinating. That’s just like Savanna and her husbands from that homestead channel we watch Bri,” the

twenty-four-year-old woman said.

“Yeah, baby. Just like them. See, I told you it was socially acceptable,” her husband said to her. She looked over at us and then looked at Isha.

“Would you ever accept a woman in your unit?”

“Only if I knew her well, and we all agreed on it, but we’re comfortable how we are now,” Isha said, and we all nodded.

“My husband has a buddy and he has a wife. They’re really awesome. I like them a lot. They’ve expressed wanting to swap or become a couple with them. It’s something we’ve been discussing.”

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The thirty-somethings got called back, and I could tell they didn’t want to go. I chuckled.

“You’ll have to weigh the pros and cons. You’re pregnant. Will this happen now, or after the baby is born?” I asked.

+8 Prints

“I’m three months along right now. If we were going to do it, I’d want to do it before the baby was born. I’d like to see if we could make it as couples together. I really want to see my husband with her.”

Her husband blushed vividly.

“It’s hot dude, trust us,” Mic said.

“You ever heard of Club Vector?” Isha asked.

The man nodded, but the woman shook her head.

“Why don’t you guys take your friends on a date there? Get a room, put on a show. See if it’s something you are all willing to do moving forward afterward.”

“That’s a great idea, baby girl,” Mic said.

“If it doesn’t work out, you’ll know. It’ll just be a wild night you can remember when you’re old and reminiscing. Or you

might find that you like it, and have a whole new partnership with your buddy and his wife,” Ford said.

They got called back, the guy nodded his thanks. I think he really wants to try it out. I saw how he eyed the five of us. He's interested in this lifestyle.

We were waiting for about ten more minutes when we were called back.

We were only in the back room for five minutes when a woman walked in with a white coat on. Her eyebrows rose at the sight of all of us.

"Hello, I'm Doctor Evans. Hi Isha, how are we feeling today?"

"I'm good, Doc," she said. I cleared my throat and she grimaced.

"Um, what was that?" Doctor Evans asked.

"Hi, I'm Davis. These are our boyfriends, Mic, Ford and Dawson. We're the fathers."

"Okay, unusual but okay. No judgment here. In fact, good job," she said to Isha, which had all of us chuckling.

"So, Isha went through an ordeal," I started, when the doctor told us she was aware of the situation, which was a relief.

"She's fainted a couple of times when she gets anxious or overly upset, and it's worrying us," I said.

"It isn't a big deal, I'm just exhausted," Isha said.

"Well, now it could be a very big deal, Isha. Let's check your vitals."

The guys and I stood back and let the doc do her thing. When she took Isha's blood pressure she frowned a little. My heart rate picked up. I looked at Dawson, his brows furrowed. Mic was chewing on his bottom lip and Ford was biting his thumbnail. Signs that we were all worried and nervous.

"Isha, have you had some dizziness?"

Isha nodded.

“And you said you were exhausted. Are you fatigued all day?”

Isha nodded again.

“Okay, I’m going to be frank. Your body is going through some rapid changes with your pregnancy. It’s common for your blood pressure to fall below normal values in the first and second trimesters. When you’re pregnant, your blood vessels

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expand to ensure healthy blood flow goes towards the baby. However, with your other symptoms, I think you have something called syncope. It’s a condition of feeling faint and passing out. Make sure you are drinking plenty of water. Don’t stand for long periods of time. Lay on your side instead of your back. Eat at regular intervals to keep your blood sugars up. Stress needs to stay low. If you do get stressed out, sit down immediately, or if you’re already sitting, lie down

somewhere.”

“Okay, will this be for my whole pregnancy?”

“It should stabilize by the end of your second trimester, and into your third. You’ll be back to normal once you give birth. But I think with four wonderful men at your beck and call, you’ll be just fine. Now, would you like to hear the baby’s

heartbeat?”

“Yes,” the guys and I chimed in, making Doc Evans chuckle.

“Can we have an ultrasound too? I promised my boyfriend’s mom a picture and I want to give my mom and Nana one too.

“Sure we can do that.”

Isha lifted her t-shirt and lowered her leggings. The doc put some sort of gel on her belly and turned on the ultrasound

machine.

“Okay, ohh, looks like your little one has grown some in the last couple of weeks,” she said, moving the wand around on

Isha. I looked at the screen but had no idea what I was seeing.

“Dude, do you see anything?” Mic mumbled to me.

“No, you?” I asked, he shook his head. I looked at Ford and Dawson. They were moving their heads side to side, guess

they didn’t see anything either.

Suddenly, a whooshing sound came out of the machine.

“Here’s your Bean’s heartbeat.”

“It’s so fast,” I said in awe.

“That’s normal. We’re at a hundred and ten beats per minute. It’ll get higher as the pregnancy progresses. And here is

your little one,” she said, pointing out what looked like an actual bean on the screen.

“That’s why you call it Little Bean,” I said to Isha. She nodded, with tears in her eyes. I leaned down and kissed her pretty

lips.

“This is f*cking awesome,” Ford said. “Sorry Doc.”

“No need, I swear like a sailor outside the office.”

Dawson and Mic were hugging each other and slapping each other on the backs. I smiled, squeezing Isha’s hand.

The Doc printed out three pictures for us. She said she would see us at Isha’ three-month check-up, but if anything occurred, like more fainting, to contact her.

I kissed Isha real fast and followed the doc out of the room.

“Doc, um, can I ask you some questions?”

“Sure.”

“She’s not liking meat right now. How can we get more protein in her?”

“Eggs, protein shakes, peanut butter, beans, yogurt, cottage cheese, nuts, there are a lot of things. G*ogle can help you out with that.” I chuckled.

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+ Points 3

“Okay, what about her mood swings? They’re all over the place. One minute she’s happy, the next, one of us says the wrong thing, and she bursts into tears. Or she’ll get really insecure all of a sudden.”

“That’s normal. All I can tell you is be mindful of what you are going to say to her. And don’t take it to heart.”

“Oh, okay. Um, one last thing,” I said, rubbing the back of my neck. This was a little embarrassing.

“You want to know about s*x right? Every dad wants to know how hard, or fast or delicate they should be. As long as Isha feels okay, keep giving it to her buddy,” she said, slapping me on the shoulder. The profound relief that went through

me had me relaxing.

“Okay, thanks doc.”

“Oh, and I’m sure with your guys’ dynamic you’re wondering if she can take more than one or two of you. You’re good to go in that area too, as long as she’s comfortable.” She gave me a thumbs up and turned to go to her next patient.

The door opened and Isha came out.

“Everything okay?” she asked.

“Everything is excellent. Let’s go get some ice cream.”

My Angel squealed, and I took her hand, happy I got my answers.

< Hmm, Secrets

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11-14 minutes

Hmm, Secrets

Isha

Something is going on. The guys are acting weird. Since the ultrasound, they've been extra-secretive.

Aria came over and picked up her picture of Bean. She was so excited and kept patting my cheek. I told her I wanted to know all about the luncheon and how Mrs. Markson took the news. She said she'd call me on Saturday, which was

tomorrow. I couldn't wait.

I finished my new book. So far it's gotten great reviews. My editor/agent is ecstatic. She loved how it ended with a wedding and a commitment ceremony. All I did was write the dream I wished I had. But I'll be happy with just living with my guys. Who would I marry anyway? There's no way I could choose between the four of them.

The dogs and I were playing outside. Davis and Ford went to work today but Dawson and Mic stayed home. I asked why, and they said they'd come up with a schedule so that two of them would be with me at all times until I have the baby. I

told them that was not necessary, but they said it was. They're worried I'll have a freak-out moment and faint with no one

around. I get it, I really do, but they like working. I hate being a burden.

Dawson saw me stand and hurried out of the jacuzzi where he and Mic were relaxing.

"What can I get you, baby?"

"Well, unless you can go pee for me, you can't really get me anything," I said. I was trying to be gracious, I really was, but it

was a little annoying not being able to do things for myself because they wanted to do it all for me. If I was thirsty, one of

them was already getting me something to drink. I couldn't take three steps before one of them scooped me up. Like

now, as Dawson scooped me up.

"Dawson, I can walk to the bathroom."

"I know, but why would you when you have all this manly hunkiness to carry you?"

"Well, I can't argue with that," I said, and he smirked.

He dropped me off in the bathroom and kissed the tip of my nose. I just shook my head.

After I was done, I poked my head out and saw no one around. I tiptoed to the kitchen to get myself an Oreo. I snuck into the pantry and cracked the door, so a little light could come through.

"So, is everything ready?"

I froze. That was Mic. I didn't hear a response, so he wasn't talking to Dawson.

"Everything has to be perfect. Make sure there are enough fairy lights to brighten the path to the clearing. Yeah, Dawson will show her the plans after. James did a wonderful job. He did everything we asked for."

That piqued my interest tenfold. James didn't tell me he was working on a project for the guys.

"Okay, yeah, five o'clock, we'll be there. Love you too."

He obviously hung up because I heard his footsteps walk away. I quickly grabbed two Oreos. I shoved one in my mouth and chewed, contemplating on what I had just heard. Fairy lights down a path to a clearing and plans for something James drew up? Were they opening a new business or something?

I wasn't paying attention when I walked out of the pantry. I was just about to take a bite of my second cookie when Dawson came rushing around the corner, almost bowling me over.

"Jesus, Isha. Where did you come from? You weren't in the bathroom. I just went to use the one in your room and

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< Hmm, Secrets

+8 Points)

thought I'd beat you back to pick you up. Is that an Oreo?" He scowled at the cookie in my hand. My eyes widened, and I quickly shoved it in my mouth.

He stood to his full height and crossed his massive arms.

"The doctor said to keep my blood sugar up," I spouted as I quickly walked to the fridge and got some milk. I kept an eye on him as I poured myself a glass and drank half of it.

"Baby, Oreos are not on your eating plan for a healthy pregnancy."

"Says who? Who made this eating plan? Mic? It was Mic right, or maybe Davis. You're all health nuts. I like Oreos. I'm the pregnant one, I should be able to have a d*mn cookie or two," I somewhat shouted.

"Okay, okay," Dawson said, putting his hands out to placate me. I rolled my eyes. I was turning into a raving lunatic.

"I'm sorry, I don't mean to be a shrew," I said, pouting.

He chuckled. "You're not a shrew baby. Your hormones are all over the place.

He came towards me and picked me up. I wrapped myself around him.

“You guys really have to start letting me walk. I need to exercise more too. I’m going to blow up like a balloon because

you all spoil me so much. Then I won’t be attractive, and you guys will drop me.”

“The f*ck Isha? Baby, you could gain three hundred pounds, and you would still be the love of our lives.”

“You don’t know that,” I mumbled.

“Baby, I love you so very f*cking much. But you’re kind of getting on my nerves.”

I gasped so hard, but then I burst into laughter, because I was getting on my nerves too.

“That’s more like it. I love seeing and hearing you laugh.”

“I’m sorry. These pregnancy hormones are no joke. I will try to consciously stop the intrusive thoughts that barrage me every day. Now, while I was hiding in the pantry, I overheard an interesting conversation that Mic was having, and I have questions.”

“Did you? And what do you want to ask?”

“He said something about you showing me plans in a clearing tonight?”

His eyes widened. “Hmm, well, looks like you will have to wait for tonight,” he said, walking to the couch to sit down.

“That’s not fair, you said you wouldn’t ever hide anything from me.”

“And I won’t, but this is a surprise, and I’m not going to spoil it.”

“Ohhh, a surprise, can I guess?”

“No. Because even if you get it right, I won’t tell you.”

“Well, that’s not fair.”

“What’s not fair is your lips are not on mine,” he said as he grabbed the back of my head and brought my lips to his. We kissed, our tongues caressing each other. I moaned when his hands roamed over my ass and squeezed. I rocked my hips against his hardening c*ck and he groaned.

“Well, that’s my que,” I heard.

I was suddenly lifted from Dawson’s lap and carried bridal style in Mic’s arms.

“Our baby girl here needs a bath. Why don’t you shower? I’ve already showered. I’m going to help our girl wash.”

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Hmm, Secrets

Dawson grunted and I watched as he adjusted himself. I blew him a kiss, and he growled low in his throat.

“Later Big Daddy, we have plans,” Mic said as he walked away.

“Mic, I swear to God,” Dawson grumbled.

+8 PONTE >

I giggled and Mic chuckled. He went into my room and into my bathroom where a bubble bath was already waiting. There were candles lit, and the lights were dimmed.

“What’s all this?” I asked. It wasn’t my birthday yet. We didn’t celebrate weekly anniversaries. What was going on?

“This is part of your surprise baby. My part. A nice bubble bath with your favorite tattooed man.”

“My favorite, huh? Dawson, Davis and Ford have tattoos too.”

“Yes, but not like me.”

“No, not like you. You’re covered. And it’s so d*mn s*xy,” I said, licking his collar bone where a wicked curved dagger was.

He sat me on the counter and stripped the boxer briefs he put on after his shower. He was hard, his d*ck jutting up. He had such a pretty p*nis. Straight, veiny, thick. My mouth watered as I stared at it. He whipped my bathing suit off and

picked me up. He stepped into the tub and sank down, making me straddle him. My p*ssy coming down on his shaft. He

moaned and I whimpered at the contact. Even though he was as hard as steel, his skin was warm and felt so d*mn good between my lips. I rocked my hips and he hissed.

“You’re supposed to relax. Let me hold you and wash you.” His hands roamed on my body, up and down my back and over the curves of my ass. He thrust up and pushed me down at the same time. His middle finger rubbed up and down my crack, where he pushed against my back hole as he passed over it.

“Hard to relax when you’re revving me up,” I breathed. I couldn’t stop sliding my p*ssy over him. His finger pushed harder until he slipped in. He f*cked my ass with his finger as I pleased myself on his c*ck.

“Then take what you need, baby girl. Ride my c*ck like you want. Slide along my shaft, glide your precious clit along my length,” he whispered into my ear. Goose bumps erupted over my skin. I did as he said, going faster and faster. His

moaning in my ear fueled me along.

“You’re so f*cking hot, Isha. So d*mn gorgeous. Your p*ssy is so slick and perfect.”

I couldn’t stop pleasuring myself and his finger in my ass felt so good. His praise was everything I needed at this moment in time. My neediness, my insecurities over my changing body, Mic letting me know he still found me attractive, Dawson telling me that no matter how much I changed, he and the others would still want me. It was all I needed, and I shattered in Mic’s arms, crying out as my body shook with ecstasy. He growled and lifted me. He impaled me on his thick hard shaft and held me there. I could feel him c*mming inside me as his d*ck jerked.

“F*ck Isha, you undo me,” he said panting.

“I think we undo each other,” I said, giggling.

He took his finger out of me and washed his hands all the while still holding me. Or I guess I held on to him. Then he leaned back and lifted me, taking his c*ck out of me. He turned me, so my back was to his front. He cupped water and bathed my chest, then got soap and started to wash me. It was so relaxing. Even when he got to my p*ssy and gave me two more orgasms. When we were done, he lifted me out of the tub and dried both of us off.

He brought me to the bed and laid me down. He told me to stay while he went into the closet. He came out dressed in a baby blue dress shirt and some gray slacks. He then held up a black lace dress with a black slip underneath. It came off of the shoulders and had lace sleeves. I saw when he laid it on the bed it had a built-in bra. He got a black thong out of the drawers and asked me to sit up. He knelt and helped me put the thong on. Then he helped me stand. He picked up the dress and unzipped the back. I held onto his shoulders as he brought the dress to my feet and shimmied it up my

< Hmm, Secrets

+8 Points)

body. I slipped my arms in the sleeves, and he turned me to zip up the back. The dress was long, it stopped at my calves. He went back to the closet and got my black heels with the red bottoms and helped me put them on. Then he guided me over to my vanity. He told me to glam myself up, and he picked up my brush and started brushing my hair. And then, to my astonishment, he French braided my hair.

“Where did you learn that?”

He smirked, “I’m the oldest in my family. I’m the only boy. I helped my mom with my little sisters.”

“Will I ever meet them? Your family? What about Davis and Ford’s families? Will I meet them too?”

He shook his head.

“You won’t meet my family. They’re very religious, and would probably call you a jezebel for shacking up with four men. They didn’t acknowledge my relationship and told me if I didn’t

leave them, they would disown me. Obviously, I didn't take heed to their warning. I haven't talked to them in years. Davis' family hated him because, in their eyes, he wasn't perfect. His stutter embarrassed them. He hasn't talked to them since before he joined the military. You'll probably meet Ford's parents soon. They run in the same circles as Dawson's family. They also refuse to acknowledge his relationship with us, and try to set him up on dates. I think the last time was six months ago when they tried. He took me on the date. Told the woman she would have to accept sharing him with me and that he would not keep me a dirty little secret, that our relationship would be very public. She got up and left, and we enjoyed a wonderful dinner," he said, chuckling.

"I don't think I will like Ford's family."

"Oh, but they will love you. You're a billionaire, and they want to make sure Ford's money and yours will become theirs."

"Well, that will never happen," I said.

"No, it won't. Just when you do meet them, be wary and don't let them talk you into any investments."

"Okay, the guys are meeting us at Soleil Rouge for dinner."

"What's the occasion, Mic?"

"You'll see baby girl, all in good time."

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 103 -

7-9 minutes

< Proposal

Proposal

+8 Points>

Dawson

I texted the guys. They assured me the clearing was ready and that the restaurant was completely bought out for the night. It would be just the five of us.

When Mic and Isha came out into the living room, I sucked in a breath. Mic looked handsome as usual, and Isha was a f*cking Goddess.

“You’re gorgeous, baby,” I said.

“Thank you. I like that color of lavender on you,” she said to me about my dress shirt. I smiled. It was nice to get compliments from the woman I loved.

We took a limo to the restaurant. She was surprised. She kept asking me and Mic what was going on, but we just smirked at her. She offered various s*x incentives, and I’ve got to say, I almost caved.

When we pulled up to the restaurant she was in awe. There were pink rose petals all over the ground at the entrance and when a worker opened the door, there was a four-man orchestra that started playing soft romantic music. Davis and Ford

were standing at a table draped in white linen with pink and white lilies in slender vases on the table. Only half the lights were on in the restaurant, giving a beautiful romantic glow.

“Hi, Princess, you look stunning,” Ford said, taking her into his arms and kissing her.

“Very beautiful, Angel. So perfect for us,” Davis said, gathering into his arms for a heated kiss.

The servers didn’t blink an eye as they served water, wine and sparkling grape juice to Isha.

I held out a chair for her and Mic put a napkin over her lap.

We had a pre-set menu so when we got there they would serve us right away. We started with a French Onion soup, and

then we had Coq au Vin with asparagus. The dinner was nice, rich and flavorful. I watched Isha to make sure she was eating enough. I also made her drink her water just as much as she was drinking her sparkling grape juice. For dessert, I made sure Isha got her favorite Crème brûlée, while the rest of us had chocolate mousse.

Our conversation rolled seamlessly. She asked about the team of men we hired. We told her about our plans to do fewer missions so we could be home more and help her raise our children. She was so happy we wouldn't be putting ourselves in such danger anymore. I did tell her there might be times we would need to do a mission, but not as much as we have in the past. She said she understood.

"We'll also be hiring a family friend. Her name is Shay Duvall. She's a math wiz, and will be our in-house accountant. It'll be a real help, I told her.

"You've known her for a long time?" she asked.

"Yeah, she was my next-door neighbor growing up. Her parents died in a plane crash. She's five years younger than me and four years older than you. My parents ended up taking her in after her parents died. There was no other family, and we didn't want her to go into the system. I think you'll like each other. She's very brash, speaks her mind, but she doesn't intentionally hurt people's feelings. And she'll call you on your bullsh*t. She hates Ford's family. They look down on her as the poor orphan girl that the Becks took in. She looks down on them as a bunch of self-righteous a*sholes. Which they are," I said.

"Yeah, Shay is good people. She'll definitely love you," Mic said.

"Why do you say that?"

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< Proposal

He smirked. "I'll save that as a surprise when you see her."

"Ugh, you guys and your surprises. You're driving me nuts. I'm excited and frustrated at the same time."

We all chuckled. I was excited too. Nervous but excited.

+8 Points >

After dinner, we all got back into the limo. It was a silent ride as we all contemplated what was about to happen and for Isha I was sure she was still trying to figure it out. It took half an hour for us to get where we were going. We pulled up to a small hilly path that would be our driveway once the area was cleaned out and concrete was poured, which started next week.

Davis picked Isha up. Her heels would have gotten caught in debris or sunk into the dirt. As we walked up the hill, fairy lights lit our way. She whispered 'pretty' as she clung to Davis. When we got to the top, I took her hand. Here more fairy lights were in the trees and there were some lit tiki torches that I knew Aaron lit for us five minutes ago before we pulled up. He and Ava were hiding somewhere with their phones videoing everything. A square table with champagne and sparkling apple cider and seven flutes stood in the middle of the clearing overlooking the Denver city lights. It was an extremely beautiful sight with the full moon high up in the sky. I couldn't have planned a more perfect evening.

"This is so beautiful, where are we?" Isha asked.

I took her to the edge of the hill and turned her to face me.

"We are where we will build our future house. Isha, from the moment I saw you, you captivated me: When I found out you

weren't available, I felt like my world lost all color. But when I found out you became available, all the color came back vividly. I vowed I would make you mine, well ours. I told the boys about you right away that I had found the one. The one that would complete us and make our family unit stronger. You are everything to us. We want you in our lives forever, and we want you legally bound to one of us. I was chosen to be that person."

I knelt on one knee and held out my hand. Davis put the ring box in my hand.

"Isha, will you do me the honor of becoming my wife? Marry me, and then we will have a commitment ceremony with Mic,

Davis and Ford."

As I said their names, they all dropped to one knee, and we all opened ring boxes. Mine held my grandmother's ring, a huge flawless princess-cut diamond that was five carats. The band was platinum with tiny diamonds covering the entire band. Mic's ring was a two-carat sapphire with a thin silver band for her right hand that would replace the promise ring we gave her. Davis' ring was a two-carat garnet pinky ring with a silver band and Ford's was a two-carat emerald pinky ring. We measured her fingers one night while she slept to make sure we got the right sized bands, and luckily, her ring finger was the same as my grandmother's so I didn't have to get it sized.

Her hands came up to cover her mouth and nose. Tears sprang into her eyes, then she started nodding rapidly, and I

sensed what she was about to do, so I stood fast, and she jumped into my arms.

"Yes, yes, yes, oh, my God, yes," she cried out. I laughed, so happy. I put her on her feet and she held out her hand. I put her ring on her, and she laughed and cried at the same time as she was looking at it. Then she went to each of the guys and grabbed their faces, kissing each one and then holding her hands out as they put their rings on her.

"Whoohooo," Ava cried out as she ran out of her and Aaron's hiding place.

Isha screamed and ran towards her. We all, including Aaron, panicked as our two pregnant women slammed into each other and fell to the ground. They were laughing and crying and showing each other their rings. Aaron told us about Ava's pregnancy, and he found out that Ava was actually two months along, so she and Isha could be having their babies really close together. He also told us, Ava told him, the girls were hoping that one of them would have a boy and the other a girl, so they could wish for them to grow up and get married. We better have the boy, because no way am I letting my little girl hang around with a boy so close to her all the d*mn time.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 104 -

9-12 minutes

+8 Points >

We helped the girls up, but they went back into each other's arms, hugging and chattering constantly. Then I heard the words double wedding. I bit my lip. I did not want to disappoint

her, but there was no way we were having a double wedding. She had no clue what was about to happen in her life. For now, I just kept my mouth shut and let her and Ava enjoy the moment.

Becks Family Legacy

Isha

I was filling Aria's cup with hot tea as she chatted about what happened with Mrs. Markson.

"Oh, you should have seen her Isha, she was sitting there all smug, telling us how she sat with her daughter and talked about colors for her nursery. Then she looked at Mrs. Raine and asked if her daughter-in-law had conceived yet, and Mrs. Raine turned a shade of red that I thought was dangerous, so I chimed in with your pregnancy announcement and showed our little Bean to everyone. She was livid. She tried to spout off that my announcement didn't count since my son wasn't married to the baby's mother, but I told that old biddy that it was just a matter of time before Dawson asked you to marry him. And I am so glad to see that he has. Mother's ring, well, I guess now your ring, looks absolutely divine on your pretty little hand," she gushed as she grabbed my hand. "I love that the boys each gave you a ring, it's just so fitting."

"You and Patrick don't mind? Our dynamic, the fact they share me?"

"Why would we mind? You all love each other, you make each other happy. Now, I will admit it's unorthodox, and some in the family will definitely not agree, but it's none of their business and once you and Dawson are officially married, they'll have to deal with it. Besides, I love all the boys as if they were my own. It really doesn't matter who you marry for me and Patrick, but for the family, it must be Dawson."

"Why?" I asked curiously.

"Because of the Becks' Legacy. Surely Dawson has talked to you about the Legacy?"

"Um, no. I don't know anything about a Legacy."

To my astonishment, Aria walked into the living room and at the top of her lungs yelled, "Dawson Xavier Becks! Get your ass in this kitchen now!"

My mouth dropped open at her bellow. Thunderous footsteps could be heard running. It wasn't only Dawson that came running into the kitchen, but Mic, Ford, and Davis too. They

had all been in the basement redefining the plans for our house. They showed me this morning and I loved everything. From the beautiful kitchen with the triple ovens and double stove to the huge backyard where we would have a pool, a place for the dogs to play and run, a sandbox for all the children that we plan to have, not to mention the children that were already in our lives, complete with a huge play house. There would also be a mini putt-putt area. Dawson and Ford loved golf, and they both said they'd always wanted a miniature golf area to mess around with.

"Mom, are you okay?" Dawson asked.

I just sat back with raised eyebrows and sipped my one cup of hot tea I was allowing myself today.

"You haven't told her about the legacy, or what will happen once you two are married?"

I watched him swallow hard and Mic, Ford, and Davis were looking from her to him and slinking back a little, not wanting to have Aria's wrath directed at them.

"Well, you see, there's time, and I haven't really gotten the chance to talk to her about it. I just asked her last night."

"That should have been something you told her about before you asked her. What if she decides it will be too much for her and doesn't want to marry you?"

That had my brows raised even higher. I started to giggle because my six-foot-four man looked like a teenager getting scolded by his mother.

< Becks Family Legacy

They all looked at me and I blushed at all the attention.

"Sorry, it's just so funny seeing my man's mother scolding him. Why don't you all come in here and sit and tell me what the hell is the Becks' Family Legacy?"

Aria huffed and stomped over to her seat while my guys took their time taking theirs.

"Isha, the reason why Patrick couldn't be here this morning is because he's dealing with the family drama that is going on with some of the family's finances. You see, in the early 1800s

a Beckson, saved King George the third's life. His name was Harrison Beckson. He was coming home to his family after being at sea for many years. He was "press-ganged" into the Navy when he was sixteen, just snatched right up and was gone for ten years. His father was the local Vicar during the Regency times. He wrote home often so they would know he was still alive. He was the only son of the Beckson family. Anyway, on his way home he encountered a fierce battle between bandits and soldiers. He didn't hesitate, and he jumped off his horse and helped the soldiers kill and capture the bandits. It turned out the soldiers were in charge of keeping King George the third safe. He had snuck away to visit a lady friend when bandits attacked. For his bravery and

help, he was invited to court where the King made him a Duke and bestowed land, gold, silver, animals and a manor to

him. He was the first Duke of Cornwall normally given to princes', but King George had no sons at the time so it went to

Harrison. Every first son from there on the title went to the firstborn son until Austin Beckson decided to give back the

title to the Royals, shortened his name to Becks and took his riches to America. He was very young, single and heard he

could make even more money across the sea. Which he did. This was in 1848. He ended up in California, where he

bought a parcel of land. His land was lush, and he had dreams of becoming a rancher for cattle. While he was building

his home, he met Elizabeth Marshall. They fell in love, and she immediately started helping him build their home. She

was smart and very capable. Her father was James Marshall, who had struck gold on his land and became instantly rich.

He liked that Austin had his own money. He invested his money with Austin's cattle farm. They were successful. A town

was built close by because of the Gold Rush. And Austin's cattle were bought by local butchers. They made a killing.

Then one day, Elizabeth and Austin and their little boy, James, were having a picnic when James, who was five at the time,

brought a pretty good-sized rock to his father. Austin realized it wasn't a rock but gold. He immediately sent Elizabeth to

get her father, who brought tools from his homestead, and they asked James to show them where he found the rock. He

took them to a small cave that turned out to be a motherlode of gold. Word got out. People wanted to buy up some of

Austin's land and he sold. Soon those people were finding gold. Austin and his father-in-law mined until there was no

more gold to be found. By this time, they were one of the richest families in California. Elizabeth was pregnant with their third child and in the summer of 1856 they decided to sell their farm and land and move to Nevada. When Austin and

Elizabeth died, James inherited everything at the age of fifty-five. He had two sisters to take care of who were already

married with their own families and lived back in England. This was the early nineteen hundreds. James didn't ever have

to work, but he wasn't that type of man. He built a hotel and saloon and soon a whole town was formed. He met Marybeth Winslow. She was young, in her mid-twenties. A wall flower, not as pretty as her sisters. But James fell hard for her sweet nature. They married within weeks of meeting each other, and she gave birth to their one and only child, a boy they named James Junior. When James grew up, he got a job and helped build the Hoover Dam, which James Senior invested in. When James Senior died, James Junior became the richest man in Nevada. James Junior was an intricate part of how Las Vegas became a city. He made friends with some very unsavory men that we all know as the Mafia, and he made deals with them. Over the years, the Becks' fortune grew and grew. Men married, they had children and

the oldest male inherited the bulk of the inheritance. Overtime rules were put in place and some ancestor decided that the firstborn male would be the patriarch of the family and make all the big decisions, settle family squabbles, and is also in charge of all the finances. Males in the Becks' family are rare. It seems most of the men only had one male and then the rest of the children were females. Apart from us, I could only have one child. When Patrick took over as the family Patriarch, and he married me, I was told that I would be his other half, the second decision maker, I would also take care of all the females of the family, where I was in charge of all the birth announcements, the wedding announcements, the settling of accounts in each family household, which I will tell you there are hundreds of families in the Becks' family tree. We aren't a Mafia, or a royal family, although you will be treated like you are by those that covet your friendship, or seek to

2/3

< Becks Family Legacy

+8 Points >

become part of the family through marriage. I am also in charge of vetting potential spouses for family members that want to get married. I'm sure you know that a background check was run on you and your family. I was surprised to find out who your grandmother was, and I had to chuckle, because I know she's going to sh*t a brick when she finds out I am Dawson's mother. She does not like me. Although that's all on me. I once tried to seduce your grandfather just to piss your grandmother off. That was the year before I met Patrick. But don't worry. When I see her again I will smooth things over," she said, chuckling.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 105 -

7-9 minutes

So Much

Isha

During the whole time she was telling me her family's history, I watched Dawson. He kept giving me nervous looks and I had a feeling I knew why.

“So, let me get this straight, when you and Patrick pass away, Dawson and his wife, me, will become the Patriarch and Matriarch of the family. And we will make all the decisions regarding every person in the Becks’ family tree. Don’t they have their own families and money?”

“Yes, some do. They’ve invested wisely. When they are born they get a trust and then when they get married they get land somewhere of their choosing, and another trust,” she said.

“Okay, and Dawson and I will be in charge of various factions, let’s say, in the family, he the male side and me the female side, but we will also make decisions together.”

She nodded, beaming. She was pleased I was understanding.

“And what happens if someone in the family makes poor decisions with their money and loses everything?”

“They’d come to you for money. You would set your own rules for them.”

“And what happens if one becomes a criminal?”

“They are written out of the family.”

“So you are a mafia,” I said.

She chuckled, “Not like you think, but if that’s how you want to see it, then yes. We don’t kill people, we don’t do anything illegal. Our money has accumulated over the years that outsiders come to us for loans. We do have our own banks

around the world.”

“How much are you talking about?” I asked curiously.

Dawson sucked in a breath. I looked at him and he looked worried.

“Why are you worried?”

“I don’t want you to freak out when she tells you. Please take deep breaths,” he said, grabbing my hand.

“We don’t even know what the Becks’ family is worth,” Ford said. He, Mic and Davis looked curious at Aria too.

She chuckled. “We are close to a trillion dollars as a family. Dawson was given a trust of fifty million. It sounds like small potatoes, but like I said, there are a lot of family members. Also, not all of our money is liquidated, obviously. But when Dawson and you marry, his next trust that he will be given is three hundred billion dollars, and you will also receive a hundred and fifty billion dollars. If anything happens with your marriage, like if Dawson dies, you will inherit his whole personal fortune. If he cheats, you will get ninety percent of it. If you cheat, you will forfeit your one hundred and fifty billion and also pay back any money that was spent from that trust. When you have children, they will receive fifty million when they are born. Your firstborn male child will become the Patriarch when you and Dawson die. Any female children you have will receive fifty million when they are born and when they marry, whatever you want to give her and her husband

or wife.”

“Jesus, a trillion dollars. Holy f*ck,” Mic said.

“So our measly millions don’t help at all,” Davis whispered.

“Nonsense, you help very much by taking care of your family. Just because Dawson is as rich as Midas does not mean

1/3

< So Much

+8 Points >

you don’t contribute. You are all very important,” Aria scolded them. They looked sheepish.”

I was utterly stunned. Thank God I didn’t know any of this before he asked me to marry him. I would always wonder if he thought I said yes because of all the money I would have access to.

“I can still work, right? Like, I can still have my publishing firm?”

“Oh, yes, of course. I am in charge of fifty committees. It’s a full-time job. The number of charity balls I host is astronomical. But I love it. Oh, and you’ll also be a part of the Green Hat Society,” she said to me.

“What’s that?” I asked.

“Have you heard of the Red Hat Society? Where women gather to have fun and be feminine and have tea and gossip. They also have balls and have a grand old time.”

“No, I haven’t heard of them, but it sounds fun.”

“Well, the Green Hat Society is like that, except it’s on a grander scale, it’s for the Elite of the world. There are only five

thousand of us. We are the richest women in the world. Only those that are worth five billion or more are invited into the

society. We travel, we entertain, we spend gobs amount of money, and we do kind and generous acts. We can change a

person’s whole future.”

“Isha has already done that. For her friend James. She’s his benefactor,” Mic said with a proud smile.

“Excellent. So, that’s about it. That’s the Becks Family Legacy. And before I forget, Patrick and I will be throwing an engagement party for you and him in two months’ time. The date will be December fifteenth. I already have the invitations

made up. I will make sure to send one to your mother and grandmother.”

“You were so sure I’d say yes?” I asked, smiling.

“Darling, I can see the love you have for my son. I had no doubt. Once you set a date for your wedding, we will get to

planning.”

"I want to have a double wedding with my friend Ava," I said.

Her brows furrowed. "Dear, I'm not sure if that can be arranged. Your wedding will be in high society. It will be televised,

there will be reporters. Once word gets out that Dawson, the heir to the Becks family fortune, is engaged, you're going to

be surrounded by the media. Dawson and the boys will have their hands full keeping you safe. You'll be a target for

kidnappers, stalkers, fake people that want to be your friends. Do you really want to bring your friend into that?"

"I see your point. I'll talk to her." She nodded and leaned over to kiss me on the cheek.

"I'm off. Take care of my grand baby, eat well and drink your fluids." I watched as she hugged and kissed the guys and

Dawson walked her out.

"How are you feeling with all that information?" Davis asked.

"I'm a little overwhelmed. I'd never thought I'd be in charge of massive amounts of money before. I thought my billion dollars was a lot. I need to take a finance class."

"That might actually be a good idea," Dawson said, walking back into the kitchen.

"Are you okay, baby? I know that was a lot," he searched my eyes.

"I'm okay. It is a lot. But no matter what, I love you, and I will stick by you for richer or for poorer."

"Well, that's good, because you two are now my sugar parents. I'm going to start calling you Sugar Mama and Sugar Daddy, Ford said. I started giggling and Dawson told him he better not.

Wow, the Becks' Family Legacy. Just under three months ago, I was cast aside for a younger woman, getting a divorce,

213

< So Much

with two hundred and forty thousand dollars in the bank. Now, I am a billionaire and soon a multi-billionaire in the hundreds of billions. It's just so bizarre how one's life can change in an instant.

"So, when do you want to get married?" Dawson asked me.

"Does it matter if our child is born out of wedlock?"

"No, there were many Becks' males born out of wedlock."

Then I say after the baby is born? I don't want to be as big as a whale in a wedding dress."

"You'll never be as big as a whale baby, but if that's what you want, just as long as I get to marry you, I don't care when."

We kissed. I sighed, all this was so much. But I knew I could deal with it. I just wish my mom and Nana were here.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 106 -

9-11 minutes

Closure

Isha

info.

A masculine groan had my eyes fluttering open. As they adjusted, I felt a warm body behind me **that I** knew was Davis because I vaguely remember falling asleep being Dawson's little

spoon and Davis was **behind** him. But I also remembered Dawson kissing my temple early this morning and whispering he had to go into **the** office. Davis had scooted closer to me and Mic and Ford were still sleeping, so I had reached out and

intertwined my fingers with Mic's and fell back to sleep.

My eyes adjusted to the morning light and the sight that came into view was utterly delicious. Ford was thrusting into Mic's ass as Mic laid on his back and fisted his c*ck jerking it in time with Ford's thrusts. Ford was on his knees, with Mic's legs over the crooks of his arms. Both of them had glistening beads of sweat on

their bodies. Ford's head was thrown back in ecstasy, his eyes closed, biting his bottom lip. His blonde chest hair damp, I followed his hair trail to where his c*ck was buried into Mic. Mic's eyes were closed, he was also biting his lip. His body was arched in pleasure. They were utterly beautiful *to watch*. I felt myself

become wet and moved my fingers under the blanket to slip inside my panties so I could touch myself as

they f*cked. Davis' soft breathing in my neck added to my pleasure. I could tell he was still sleeping, so I felt

a little naughty being the voyeur and unknown by my two boyfriends enjoying each other.

"F*ck Mic, you feel so good," Ford whispered. Mic groaned again at a particular deep thrust by Ford. His hand

increased speed, jerking himself furiously.

"Harder, baby, make me feel it," Mic moaned. That had me whimpering and both their heads snapped to me.

Their eyes locked on mine.

"Like what you see, Princess?"

"Yes," I moaned as I rubbed my clit. I was **so** wet now, I dipped two fingers inside me and thrust them in

and out.

“Let me see,” Mic whispered.

He stopped jerking himself *and* moved the covers so he could watch me pleasure myself.

“Take your panties off,” he demanded. I did without hesitation. I heard Davis grumble at my movement. He

pulled me back into him and snuggled closer before going back into a deep sleep. I whimpered, wanting his

hands on me.

I slowly took his hand and brought it down to my wet **p***ssy. I used his fingers. To pleasure myself. Mic went back to jerking his c*ck. Both he and Ford watched as I used Davis’ fingers on me.

“That’s so f*cking hot,” Ford groaned, pulling out and slamming back into Mic, whose breath hitched as he

fisted himself.

My mouth waters at the sight of them. I stop what I’m doing, and I lean closer to Mic, my ass pushing into Davis, who feels like he has a hard thighs. His fingers twitch, making me whimper as I take Mic’s lips with my own. Our tongues caressing **each** other. My moan is long when I feel Davis shift, two of his fingers slipping inside of me and **starting pumping**. I feel his lips on my spine, my body shivering at **the** contact.

1. *n*. I wonder if in his sleep he knows his hand is buried between **my**

I pulled back from Mic and kissed his jaw, licking my way down his neck to his **pec** and **n*pple**. **I flicked my**

Closure

tongue over his left **n*pple** making him shudder and curse. I kissed down his abs, and I brushed his hand away to replace it with mine and licked the pre-c*m from the tip of his c*ck.

I felt Davis shift, he lifted my leg, and now he was pushing his hard thick c*ck into me. I took **Mic into my** mouth and swallowed him, moaning as Davis started to pump into me from behind. Making Mic **groan**. I felt his hand on top of my head guiding me, and then I felt Ford intertwine his fingers with Mic's as they both fisted my hair and guided me to take more of Mic into my mouth. I gagged when he hit the back of my throat. Mic cursed and thrust his hips. I relaxed my throat and took him all the way in.

“Good girl, baby girl. Swallow around me, just like that, f*ck yes, you're so f*cking good at sucking my **c*ck**.”

For minutes, I sucked him while F*rd f*cked his ass and Davis plundered my p*ssy with long hard strokes.

Mic's spicy taste was heaven. I hollowed my cheeks and bobbed on him faster. His curses and begging spurred me on. Ford praised me for how I was doing such a good job bringing Mic pleasure and Davis thrusting into me frantically was all too much, and I exploded, squealing around Mic's c*ck. He shoved **my** head down, making me take all of him as he shouted his release, coating my throat. I swallowed around **me**, making him whimper. Ford roared his release and Davis cursed long and loudly as he emptied himself into

1. me.

We all pretty much collapsed in a heap on the bed. Ford dropped Mic's legs. I rolled off of Mic's tummy as Ford came down over him. Mic wrapped his arms around him, while Davis laid back down behind me, still buried deep and pulling me into his arms. Ford reached over and grabbed my hand. We smiled at each other,

and he blew me a kiss. I blew him one back.

We were all breathing heavily when, as one, all our stomachs growled. We burst into laughter. Such a great

way to wake up.

After showers, and we got dressed, we decided to go to a local eatery for breakfast.

I sat with Ford and Mic beside me and Davis across from me, our ankles holding each other. I couldn't keep

the smile off of my face..

I ordered strawberry and banana crêpes, and a side of mixed fruit in a bowl. Mic also ordered me two

scrambled eggs.

“You need the protein baby.”

“Okay, thank you. I have to use the bathroom, I’ll be right back.”

After I was done using the bathroom, I stood at the vanity and looked at myself. I was literally glowing. My skin looked healthy, my hair was shining. I smiled at myself and washed my hands. The door opened and Madilyn walked in. Our eyes locked. She froze.

“Isha,” she said quietly. She cleared her throat. “How are you?”

I wanted to snap ‘like you really care’ but I really wasn’t that b*tchy plus, I was in a fantastic mood.

“Almost two months pregnant and engaged,” I said, holding up my finger.

Her mouth dropped a little. “Oh, did you and Jason get back together?” she asked.

My mouth dropped open and then shut. Right, she might not know what happened with Jason.

“Um, no. I’m marrying Dawson Becks. He’s one of the fathers of my **baby.**”

< Closure

“One of the fathers? Ohhh, right, I forgot about his boyfriends, which I guess are yours too?”

“Fiance’s. I’m marrying him, but we will be doing a commitment ceremony with all the guys.”

“Oh, that’s different. Um, have you talked to Jason lately? We had a falling out. I decided I didn’t need him in my life after I found him cheating on me. But he does have some of my things.”

I shook my head. "I think he's in jail, or he's disappeared for good. He kidnapped me, and I was rescued by the LOC. They took him. I told them I didn't want to know what happened to him. So whatever they did to him, that's where he's at. Or not, I don't know."

Her mouth was in an O shape and her eyes were wide.

"Do you think I could still go to his apartment and get my things?"

"Do you have a key?"

She nodded. I shrugged, "I don't see why not then. I would make it fast though, quick in and out."

She nodded. She bit her lips while she looked at me.

"I'm sorry. I know it's too little too late, and I was a major c*nt:– But I loved him, and I thought he loved me,

and he told me things that I realize now weren't true and that's really no excuse. My dad definitely didn't

raise me to be the other woman. I was just blinded by love and his lies. So, I'm sorry."

I didn't realize I needed to hear her say that. Something shifted inside me. She was only twenty-one, and I could see how she got caught up.

"I accept your apology. Thank you," I said.

She gave me a small smile and nodded. A sudden knock came on the girl's bathroom door.

"Princess, are you okay in there? Your food is getting cold."

"Yes, I'm coming," I called out.

"You're really lucky to have all of them. I envy that," Madilyn said.

"You'll find your forever one day, Madi. You're beautiful, and I'm sure you're kind when you aren't stealing someone's husband," I said teasingly. I smiled to let her know I was joking.

She giggled, and nodded.

“Thank you, Isha, for not hating me so much that you wouldn’t accept my apology. You are the kind one. Thank you.”

I don’t know why I did it, but I felt like we both needed it, so I stepped to her and hugged her.

“It’ll come to you when you least expect it. You’re young. Just have fun for now.”

She pulled back and nodded. I smiled and stepped around her to open the door. Ford stood there with a

worried look on his face, his eyes widened when he saw Madilyn.

“Are you okay?” he asked, pulling me into his arms.

“Yeah, just some girl talk, and apparently some needed closure,” I said.

He leaned down and kissed me and took my hand. “Okay. Come on, let’s go feed little Bean.”

I was all for that, because my stomach growled just as he said that. We both chuckled, and I followed him to

3/4

< Closure

our table.

Comments

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 107 -

7-9 minutes

Excited

ਘੋੜੀ

Nora

“I miss our girl, Ellie. I think we need to take the men on a road trip and when I say road trip I mean **the jet.**”

“Me too mom, I think I can talk Mark into that. He misses her too. I have a feeling something is going on. **It’s** not like her not to call for so long. Of course, she is busy with four men, so she isn’t exactly thinking **about us.**”

“I love that for her. She so deserves to be happy.”

“My Darling, here’s the mail,” Robert said into my ear. I smiled at him. We’ve really gotten along for the last month and a half. Who knew at my age I’d find a man that made me feel young and spry.

There was a thick stack until my eyes landed on Isha’s handwriting.

“Ellie, we have an envelope from Isha, and oh, we each have an envelope that’s really fancy, cream and gold. From a P and A Becks. Isn’t Becks Dawson’s last name?”

“Yes, let’s open Isha’s first.”

I handed her the fancy envelope that had her name on it, and she sat next to me as I took my silver letter opener and opened Isha’s envelope.

“Congratulations, what is she congratulating us for,” I asked as I opened the card and two pictures fell out.”

“OH MY GOD MOM!” Ellie screamed. I looked at her wide-eyed and then picked up one of the pictures.

My heart rate increased and pumped so hard. I put a hand to my mouth and tears sprang to my eyes.

“Ellie, you’re going to be a grandmother, and I’m going to be a great-grandmother., Oh God, this is so precious. Hey little Bean,” I said at the little bean-shaped image.

“Oh, God, I can’t believe this is how she announced it to us. Why didn’t she call?” Ellie asked.

“Probably felt sending us a picture was best. I love having a picture. Oh wow, our baby is having a baby. This

is fantastic.”

“Isha, oh Isha, Nana and I just got your card. This is wonderful. How far along are you? Seven weeks? Oh mom, she’s seven weeks. We’re coming to visit. How are you feeling? Any morning sickness. Oh, my poor baby, I had all day sickness with you too on some days. You’re fainting too? That happened to me also.”

“And me, I fainted a lot with Danny,” I said.

“Did you hear Nana? She fainted with your father. Syncop? Don’t think it was called that back in the day.

Have you been under a lot of stress?”

“Tell her to take it easy. Stress isn’t good for the baby. In fact, I’m going to make her a nourishing broth and bring it with us and a salve for her belly to help her not get stretch marks.”

“Did you hear all that dear? Oh, do you know a P and A Becks? Isn’t Dawson’s last name Becks? It’s Dawson’s parents, mom.”

“Oh, delightful,” I said, opening my envelope from them. My sharp gasp got the attention of Ellie.

“Mom, are you okay? She just gasped really hard honey.”

Excited

I **turned my** invitation towards Ellie so she **could** read it.

“Isha! You’re getting married? This is wonderful! How is that going to work with **your** guys? Oh okay, **you’re marrying** Dawson and having a commitment ceremony with the boys. That’s so sweet. **When are you getting** married? Oh okay, that’s understandable. I would want to

get married pregnant either. **Oh, I can't wait! Okay baby.** We'll see you in the next couple of weeks. I'm guessing that's how long it's going **to take Mark to get**

his clients settled. Okay baby, I love you."

"Love you sweetheart," I called out.

"She said love you."

I smiled, I looked over at Robert, who sat two glasses of iced tea down in front of Ellie and me.

"Look darling, I'm going to be a great-grandmother."

"That's beautiful, my love. Give us a kiss," he said. I leaned over and kissed his soft lips. I was falling for **this** man more and more. "I'm going to go get the car serviced, would you like me to get the jet serviced too?"

"Please, we'll be leaving in a couple of weeks when Mark can clear his schedule."

"Alright." He leaned over and kissed me one last time. I watched him walk away. His ass fooked great in his

black slacks.

"You're smitten," Ellie said.

"I am, I think I'm more than smitten, actually. I'm falling in love."

"It's good to see, Nora. You deserve to find someone to love."

"I just never thought there would be another soulmate out there for me."

"I know what you mean. But I've loved Mark about as long as I've loved Danny."

"I know sweetie, and I am so happy for you."

She smiled.

"I can't believe I'm going to be a grandmother."

"It's exciting. And she's getting married to a wonderful man, well, man. They're all wonderful," I said.

"God these invitations are so classy. This card stock is so thick and buttery. The cream and gold are beautiful and the calligraphy is gorgeous."

I looked closely at the card, bringing it into the light, my brows furrowed. "Ellie, I think this gold is real gold."

"No way, that's impossible," she said.

"Nothing is impossible if you have enough money. It's real gold. I can tell real from fake. Holy sh*t who are P

and A Becks?"

Ellie

I left Nora at the house and hopped into my convertible. I zipped to the firm, parked and practically **sprinted** to the elevators, waving at the receptionists. Lunch was lovely with mom, and I was glad I was there to get the photo of the baby and the invitation.

< Excited

I saw Mark's door was closed, I knew he worked through lunch. I went to the break room and heated up some of the ravioli we had for lunch today. I got him some sweet tea and put everything on a tray. I walked to this

office and knocked and then opened the door.

"Hello wife," he said with a smile.

I couldn't help beaming at him.

“Hello husband. I brought you some lunch from home and a couple of surprises.”

“First, put that tray down and come kiss me.”

I did as he said. I put the tray down and walked over. He moved me in *front* of him and, with his hand *on* my waist and his other on the back of my head, he brought my lips to his. I couldn't believe I got to kiss the lips of the man that I have loved for over twenty years. A love that I kept hidden for a long time, but that my husband knew about and was willing to share me with his best friend, who he also loved like a brother.

“I missed you,” he said, sitting me sideways on his lap.

“I was only gone for an hour,” I said with a small chuckle.

“That's an hour too *long* now that I finally get to touch you and kiss you anytime I want.”

I sighed, and kissed him some more.

“I agree. Guess what?”

“What my gorgeous siren.”

My smile widened, he has been calling little pet names, trying to find the right one that fits me.

“Isha is getting married to Dawson Becks, and she's seven weeks pregnant.”

“Really,” he said, shocked. “So, I'm a grandpa?”

“You are, and I'm a grandma, look,” I said, pulling out the picture of the baby.

“Oh, sweet Jesus,” he whispered. His hand shook as he took the picture from my hand. I was touched by his reaction. He was there when Isha was born. He changed her diaper, he's fed her and played with her. He was

as much a father to her as her own father was.

“Our little girl is going to be a mother, baby.”

“I know. Mom and I want to go visit. Can we clear your schedule? You don’t have anything major going on right now and nothing coming up.”

“Absolutely. I’m just finishing up some notes, and the only somewhat big thing I have going on is the reading of Mrs. Wainwrights will next week.”

“Fantastic. Nora and I will be going shopping for some baby things.”

“Sounds good baby. This is fantastic. I’m so excited.”

“Me too. Okay, get back to work, tonight we celebrate.”

“I love you, Ellie.”

“I love you too, Mark.” We kissed one more time, and then I hopped off of his lap and sashayed out as he whistled while he watched me walk away.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 108 -

8-10 minutes

Ground Breaking.

Ground Breaking

Isha

“They should be here soon. Mama said she, Nana, Robert and Uncle Mark were coming by **the end of the** month. Halloween is in five days, so I expect them any time. Mark had a client hire him **at the** last minute,” I said to Ford and Davis at breakfast. Davis asked if I had heard from mom or Nana about their travel **plans**. It’s been three weeks since they found out about my pregnancy. I was now two and a half months pregnant. The engagement party was a month away. I was excited and nervous at the same time.

“I bet you’re excited. I know I am to see your mother and Nana again,” Ford said, as he shoveled eggs **into** his

mouth.

“Super excited. Once they get here, we’re all going shopping for the engagement party. I invited Ava, James and Savvy too. Since you all stay in the main room with me, can we please give up two bedrooms for my

Nana and Mom?”

“Already on it Angel. Ford and I cleaned out our rooms, moved everything into yours which I guess I can **say** is now ours. Since Mic has basically moved all his clothes into your closet also. My guess is everything else of his will be moved in later tonight when he gets home from work. Dawson just basically uses his room for clothes storage. The bedrooms have been cleaned and aired out too. Nothing to worry about. I even put two

whole new bed sets on the beds.”

“You’re perfect, my Davis,” I said, leaning over and kissing him.

A throat cleared and I giggled.

“You too, My Ford,” I said, and I didn’t forget his kiss. He beamed and wiggled in his seat like a puppy. I

loved them both so much.

All of a sudden, Maude and Titus got to their feet from under the dining table, tails wagging as they moved to the front door. Dean’s head lifted from sleeping on Davis’ lap. The door opened and James and Ava walked

1. in.

“Yoohoo, everyone decent?” James called out.

Ford and Davis chuckled. “Yes. We’re all decent. Dawson and Mic are at work,” I said.

“D*mn,” he mumbled, making us all laugh.

“Hey guys, what’s up?”

“Well, I have awesome news. The permits are filed and approved, we can break ground on both your firm and the house. Today, the crews should be there in an hour. Sorry for the delay, the finals were brutal. And I aced my final project with the design for the firm.”

“That’s excellent, congrats,” I said, jumping up to hug him.

“Seven more months and I’m done. I can’t wait.”

“What’s the next big project you have to design for your final grade before graduation?” Ford asked.

“Before you answer that, both of you sit and eat. Ava, I know you’re hungry,” I said.

“Starving girl,” she said, sitting and diving into the scrambled eggs, bacon and pancakes.

Ground Breaking

“The professor is challenging us to design a theme park. Can you believe that sh*t? I want to design homes

not a theme park.”

“Well, some homes can be like theme parks. Hell you designed us a miniature golf course,” I said,

“That was easy though. This I have to do roller coasters, and other rides. Water features, **eateries, and** landscaping. Luckily, we get to partner with a landscaper whose grade from this project **will also go towards** their final outcome. It’s a big project.”

“Sounds like it. If you need help let me know,” I said.

“We’re not building it, Isha, it’s just a design.”

I broke out into giggles, “I don’t know why I thought you had to build it. Can one get pregnancy brain **this**

early? I read something about that?”

“I’ve been forgetting things left and right. Leven had to go back and find my notes on two of my main

characters because I forgot their eye colors. Pregnancy brain is real,” Ava said.

“And you’re already in your second trimester at three and a half months. I can even see your little baby belly

already,” I said, smiling.

“I know, isn’t it cute? I can’t wait for yours to pop,” she said, rubbing her hand over her very small little baby bump. She was fit and skinny, so it was already noticeable on her.

“I don’t know. I may be fit, but I still have always had this soft rounded belly pouch. I don’t think my pregnancy will be noticeable for a while yet.”

“Princess, since you aren’t the one always looking at your body, I’ll let you know there are already small changes. For one, your b*obs are even more bigger than usual, and your little belly pouch has hardened a little. It isn’t as soft as it used to be. And your f*cking delectable ass, I swear it’s bigger, it makes me salivate with every jiggle. I’m getting hard just thinking about it now. It’s why I’ve been walking behind you more than beside you, the view is to die for.”

“I’ve noticed my clothes have gotten a little tighter,” I said with a little melancholy.

“Hey, your body is changing, it’s supposed to. You have precious cargo to accommodate for,” Davis said, grabbing my hand.

“I know, but I feel like I have to go up a size already. I’ve been exercising. The pool’s heated, I’ve swam every day. My diet is healthy, I feel like I’m gaining weight and becoming bigger faster than I should. I stepped on the scale this morning, and I’ve gained ten pounds already. Isn’t that too fast? Maybe it’s because my morning sickness has all of a sudden disappeared, and now I’m packing on the weight.”

“Isha, darlin, you are glowing, you look stunning. You’re supposed to gain weight during a pregnancy,” James

said, soothingly.

“Well, I take pride in keeping fit. I may be a size fourteen, but I’m a fit fourteen. My muscles are strong, and

I’m flexible.

“Yeah you are,” Ford said with a wink. And I hit him in the arm chuckling.

“You’re gorgeous babe, stop obsessing about your weight and size, you’re carrying a baby,” Ava **said**.

“Easy for you to say Miss cheerleader size four.”

found threaking

“I’m a six, thank you very much. You complain about gaining too much, and I complain about not gaining enough. I envy your curves,” she said.

“You have curves,” I said, frowning,

“Oh, yeah, I have curves, I’m not a flat-chested, flat ass, board, but you are a s*x goddess, Isha. Your body is to die for, men salivate over you, I get appreciative looks, I’m pretty, I’ll admit it, but you’re stunning.”

“You are too,” I argued.

“I love you for that,” she said, winking at me.

“You’re both very beautiful in your own right. Stop comparing each other. It’s like comparing a Bugatti to a Ferrari, just stop,” James said, munching on a strip of bacon.

“Yeah, but who is the Bugatti?” I asked.

Everyone burst into laughter. Bugatti was my dream car.

After breakfast, we all went to the site where the firm was going to be built. We went over the plans with the general contractor. I told him he was to listen to every aspect James demanded.

I also told him I wanted the firm to be just like the plans, no variations, unless it's absolutely necessary for the building's safety.

Before construction started, I wanted everyone to gather around for a picture. Ava took the picture of me with James and the crew.

There was heavy machinery everywhere. Ford declared that it was time to go over to the house site where the other construction crew were there and waiting for us. I just wanted two little changes. I wanted an outdoor kitchen complete with a pizza oven and a built-in griddle and barbecue. And I wanted an outdoor shower area so when our kids get dirty in the sandbox after being in the pool, they can rinse off before getting back into the pool.

"Oh, that's a good idea baby," Ford said.

So we talked to James and the contract manager and found spots for both of the additions. It changed the putt-putt area's design, but after talking to Dawson on the phone about it, and he agreed, everything was a

1. go.

I beamed with the progress today. Soon in a few months, I will have my firm and brand new house built. Everything was *coming* together, and I was so freaking happy.

5

Comments

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 109 -

7-9 minutes

Man Of Honor

Isha

“Ahhhhhh,” I screamed the moment my mom and Nana stepped through the plane door and started down the steps.

Dawson, Mic, Ford, Davis, and I had been waiting three days for them to finally get here. We got a limo and picked them,

Uncle Mark and Robert up at the airport.

We were waiting for them on the tarmac as the plane landed and now finally I was in my mother’s and Nana’s arms.

We hugged hard, laughing and crying at the same time. Well, mostly I was crying, but it was tears of joy. My guys shook hands with Uncle Mark and Robert as I introduced them. Uncle Mark eyed them all, sizing them up.

“Uncle Mark?” I asked, confused.

“What? I need to make sure my cupcake is finally with the right man, or men in this case. I never liked that a*shole of an ex of yours. And as someone that is like a father to you, I have every right to make sure mine and Danny’s daughter will be well taken care of this time.”

“Oh, Uncle Mark. I love you too, I promise, my guys are the cream of the crop.”

“Awe Princess, thank you,” Ford said. Always the one to preen at compliments.

“Mr. Jensen, I promise, Isha is our everything. We cherish her and our little Bean and will protect them with our lives,”

Dawson said.

“That’s good to hear. And you promise to let her visit?”

“Any time she wants,” Mic said, giving me an indulgent smile. I blew a kiss at him.

“Good, Good. Well, I’m starving,” Uncle Mark said.

We got their luggage put in a second vehicle and instructed the driver to take it to our house, where he would wait with it

until we arrived.

“How are you feeling, Isha?” Nana asked.

“I’m actually feeling really good. No more sickness, no more dizziness and I haven’t fainted in weeks,” I said.

“That’s good to hear. My symptoms lasted my whole pregnancy with your father.”

“Mine only lasted until the second trimester,” mom said.

“So, then is this something that runs in the family?” Davis asked.

“Could be. Is it caused by low blood pressure?” Mom asked.

I nodded. “Then maybe,” Nana said.

We chatted. Mom and Nana told us how everything had been going since I left Vegas. I beamed at Robert, who blushed continuously as Nana expounded on their romance and how much she adored him.

“I love you, Nora, have for a while. That’s why I am so loyal to you.”

“I love you too, Robert,” Nana said. And they pecked right in front of all of us. I was giddy with happiness for Nana. She hasn’t had a male companion since my papa died. I looked at mom and she smiled. She and Uncle Mark held hands, and they looked at each other with so much love.

“Are we doing anything for Halloween?” Nana asked.

“Yes, we are throwing a Halloween party. It’s dress up. You only have two days to figure out what you want to be?” I said

“And what are all of you going as?” Mom asked.

“Oh, I am going to wear some orange shortshorts with dark green fleece leggings, since it’s getting a little chilly at night. black cowgirl boots, and a tight orange t-shirt with stripes painted on it.”

“Oh a pumpkin, so cute, and you boys?” Nana asked.

“Oh, we’re all going as a guy named Peter, with messy orange paint around our mouths,” Mic said, smiling

Mom and Nana’s brows furrowed but Robert and Uncle Mark burst into laughter, slapping their thighs.

“That’s clever,” Robert said.

“I don’t get it,” Nana said.

“Oh, come now Nora, with your great sense of humor you can’t figure it out?” Uncle Mark asked.

“A pumpkin and Peter?” Mom mumbled.

My Nana started to laugh after two minutes.

“Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater. Oh, that’s funny.”

My mom turned bright red when Nana said that, and we all laughed.

We were having Mexican food, because that’s what I wanted. I had to have my Spanish rice and refried beans.

The next day, Ava, Savvy and James met us at some high-end stores to find dresses for the engagement party and James

a new suit.

Also with us were six big bada’s bikers. I told the boys I didn’t want them coming with me because I wanted my dress to be a surprise. It was a lot of begging from the guys and me putting my foot down that I would be fine with my friends, my mother, and my Nana. If I

suddenly felt faint, I would sit, eat something and rest. Or someone with me would get me to the hospital.

I didn't realize Ford was texting on his phone and getting Savage and Rage to add some security that James has told me

he now goes everywhere with. He said two guys were always with him when he was outside the compound. I asked him

why, if he was in some sort of trouble, but he laughed and said apparently the Old Ladies and now Old Man of the ranked

LOC members each have at least two body guards when they go out without their significant others. He said it was a

biker thing. But I could see he was secretly pleased with the protectiveness of Rage and Savage.

Hours later, I helped James with a gray blue suit that fit him like a glove and a white dress shirt. I helped him pick a

gray-blue tie with dark blue stripes.

"You look extremely handsome. If I was taken, and you weren't g"y you'd be my type."

He chuckled. "D*mn right baby, you and I would make some beautiful children."

I giggled. "I love you James. You, Savvy and Ava are my best friends. I'm glad you were the one that picked me up in his

Uber."

"Honey, me too. But seriously Isha, I love you too. You've changed my life and I also would have never met my guys if it wasn't for you and Dawson. Me buying those drinks at the biker bar brought me to Rage and Savages' attention. I couldn't have done that without the money Dawson gave me. I owe you guys my life."

“Nonsense. I knew there was something about you, I felt it. I’m glad I had the means to help you. Now with that being said, will you be my Man of Honor?”

“Oh my God, yes! isha, I’m so honored, but won’t Ava be upset?”

Man Of Honor

“No, I have another role for her.”

“Oh, man, I’ve never been a Man of Honor or Best man of anything. I promise to do a phenomenal job. When is the

wedding?”

I’m hoping in nine or ten months. Two to three months after I give birth.”

“Okay, that’s actually perfect. Your house should be built by that time and there’s a perfect area for your wedding.”

“I didn’t even think of that! You are so right. Plus, with it being July or August, it’ll be perfect.”

“Don’t worry Isha, you will have the best wedding ever.”

“There’s something else I want you to plan. But it’s just between you and I.”

“Whatever you want bestie.”

“Good. I have my three-month check-up in two weeks. I want it done by then.”

I told him exactly what I wanted and while Ava, Savvy, my mom and Nana were looking at dresses for the engagement, he and I picked out two dresses for me. He also got on the phone and called Savage, Rage and told him about the plan. It would take a miracle to pull this all off, without giving anything away, but I knew I could do it once I got my mother and Nana on board. And with their help, anything can happen.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 110 -

9-11 minutes

A Surprise For Ava

Isha

“Is everything ready for tomorrow?” I asked James, Savvy, Aaron, Rage, Savage, and Dawson. We were all at a café. Ava had a meeting with her agent to talk to her about my publishing firm and the percentages I laid out in our terms. I was really generous with the terms for Ava, since she’s my best friend. And Dawson made sure the guys had work today.

“Yes. You’re taking Ava shopping today? Here’s my card, whatever she wants. Also, I made appointments for you four to get massages, facials, pedicures, and manicures,” Aaron said, handing me his credit card.

“Aaron, you don’t have to do this. This was all my idea. I don’t want you to have to pay for your own wedding,” I said.

“But I want to. I’m picking up her parents tonight. They know it’s a surprise, so I have their room ready at Emerald Towers

along with my parents. I have money, Isha,” he said, chuckling.

I smiled and nodded. I looked at Dawson.

“And you, my love, you’re okay with all this?”

“I think it’s perfect, and I love that we are doing this now. My parents will be there, your mom and Nana and their

husbands. Everything will be wonderful, and I think the idea you had for the guys is perfect.”

“Okay. Savvy?”

“Mac and Jack have all the food prepared and ready to be barbecued.”

“And we have the guys tonight with Dawson and Aaron for their Stag party. Don’t worry, I’ll make sure none of the club

girls and strippers get near them,” Savage said.

“I’m not worried. I trust my guys, and I know Ava trusts Aaron. Just as long as there is no touching, I’m okay with the

show,” I said.

“Me too, but if I hear about anyone getting near either of you, your balls will be mine,” James said to Savage and Rage.

“They’re already yours, baby boy, but no worries, we won’t allow anyone to touch any of us. They’re mostly there for the party that will be going on. The guys won’t even know it’s for them and Dawson, they’ll just think it’s for Aaron’s stag party

tonight. Also, Isha, Rapture, Moose, Target and Vile will have everything set up and ready when you guys are done with the commitment ceremony. Vile even has some special ink just for you. It’s metal-free and vegan,” Rage said.

“Good, thank you so much,” I said, clapping. “I’m so excited, but make sure they don’t drink too much. I don’t need them

to be hungover at noon. Savvy, can you have Jack and Mac distract them when Dawson brings them to your place? That

will give Dawson time to make it to the altar with me and Aaron.”

“Yes, no problem. I love that you are flipping the script and having them walk down the aisle. So, how do you think Ava is

going to take the news that she’s getting married tomorrow? I can’t wait to see her reaction when we walk into the bridal

shop.”

“I’ll explain it to her. She wanted a double wedding so badly. We both did, but this is the only way. I think she’ll be okay

with it,” I said.

“Well, you better get going, she just texted me and she’s on her way here,” Aaron said.

I kissed Dawson goodbye and told him I’d see him tomorrow at noon. He said he’ll miss me. It took a lot of convincing for me to get him to agree to let me spend the night at Savvy’s tonight. It’ll be our first night away from each other in a long time. The guys are probably going to sh*t a brick, but Dawson can handle them. I hope.

1/3

A Surprise For Ava

Savvy, James and I stepped out of the café. I could see Ava down the block. She looked so cute at four months along. Her belly popped a lot more with her being so skinny. She was in a pair of blue leggings and a button-down long-sleeved, light yellow top with her hair piled high on her head. She waved when she saw us. I patted my three-month-belly, which looked almost as big as hers, and I frowned. I had an appointment on Monday. I was worried I was gaining weight too

fast.

“Hey, what are you guys doing here? I’m on my way to meet Aaron. Isha, my agent, says everything looks great. Thank you for your generosity with this first book. I’m almost done with it.”

“You deserve it babe. Anyway, James, Savvy and I are kidnapping you. We’re going shopping, and then we have appointments in three hours for a spa day.”

“What’s the occasion?”

“You’re getting married, we’re having our double wedding tomorrow? Well, I’m having my commitment ceremony with the

guys, and you’re marrying Aaron.”

“Wait, what?” she asked, clearly confused.

“I can’t do a big double wedding with you. I’ll explain everything at the bridal shop.”

“O-okay.”

“Don’t worry girl, we’re curious too. She said she had something to share with all of us,” James said.

We got into James’ new SUV that Rage and Savage gifted him for his birthday and he drove us to Star Bridal. I noticed

Moose and Tracker behind us on their bikes and I chuckled.

I had made the appointment for Ava, so when we walked in she was instantly pampered. We were given sparkling grape juice while James and Savvy were given champagne. A cheese and cracker platter was also brought out for James, Savvy and Me while we waited for Ava to try on wedding dresses. I had given the shop her size, and they had dresses ready for her to try on. We were the only ones in the shop, and we could hear each other easily. I told them about the Beck’s Legacy and they were all flabbergasted. I also told the shop owner if any of this got out legal measures would be taken. I

was assured of their discretion.

“Wow, a matriarch of a family. That’s insane,” Savvy said. “Do you feel a lot of pressure?”

“Not right now? I think after we get married and start learning from Aria I might. I’ve started taking some online finance

classes.”

“That’s a good idea,” James said.

Ava came out in her first dress, and we all shook our heads. It clung to her body and was really tight across the breasts. We also rejected the next four dresses.

“Isn’t there a princess-style one? No train, something strapless but not too tight across her belly?” I asked the attendant. She thought for a moment and then nodded.

Ten minutes later Ava came out in a stunning strapless white princess wedding gown with a sweetheart neckline. There was silver beading on the bodice in an intricate design that flowed into the top of the skirt of the dress. You could even

see her baby bump.

“Do you have one of those crystal clip things to go around a bun?” Savvy asked the shopgirl.

She was handed one, and she put it around Ava’s bun. It had an attached veil. We all stood up and surrounded her.

“How do you feel?” James asked her.

I looked at her face, she had tears in her eyes and she looked radiant.

2/3

A Surprise For Ava

I feel so pretty.”

“Oh, it’s gorgeous, you look stunning,” I said.

“Erica and Louise will be doing your and Isha’s makeup and hair tomorrow. They’re really good at stuff like that because of Erica’s competitions,” Savvy said. We all nodded.

“What is the plan for tomorrow? I feel so lost,” Ava said.

“Sorry, I know I planned this without your input. But I knew you really wanted to have a double wedding and this was the

closest I could get to it.”

“No, I love this. I just want to know what the plans are.”

*Jack and Mac are making all the food. The ceremony and reception are at my homestead. We’re all staying there tonight.

The club is taking care of all the decorations, chairs, and music. The three Old Ladies of the LOC are making a cake. One of them is a baker. Isha asked for lemon filling, your favorite and strawberry filling, her favorite, between white cakes.”

“And I’m guessing Aaron knows about all this?”

“Yes, I came up with the plan when we all went shopping for the engagement party. I called him right away.”

“That sneaky guy, he never let anything on. Thank you Isha. I am so happy we are doing this. What are you wearing?”

You already have your dress?”

“Yes. It’s an off-the-shoulder white satin dress with a sweetheart neckline and pearls all over the bodice. The skirt flares

out just above my baby belly. The only difference is, I won’t be walking down the aisle after you, I’ll already be waiting at the altar. The guys are walking after you.”

“Oh, that’s so cute. Man, I wish my parents could be here.”

“Well, Aaron’s picking them up later today at the airport, surprise,” I said, with jazz hands and a smile.

She squealed. We paid for the dress and put it in the back of the SUV along with matching shoes, and a bouquet she really liked. I am glad she was so happy with this. I wanted us to have a double wedding as much as she did, but since we couldn’t, this was the next best thing. Plus, I liked the idea of having the commitment ceremony with the guys before

Dawson’s and my wedding. Getting matching tattoo rings was my idea and Dawson loved it.

We ate a little before our spa appointment and chatted about everything. Then we had a wonderful dinner of homemade pizza with Mac, Jack, Willow and Axel. We watched chick flicks, and then we watched The Witcher.

“Henry Cavill is so f*cking hot,” Ava said.

I nodded, he was, but he still had nothing on my four guys.

My Urut

