

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 121 -

3-4 minutes

Labor Help

Isha

“Well, Isha. It could be any day now. If your water doesn’t break soon, I think we should induce you,” Doctor Evans said.

“But I’m only thirty-six weeks,” I said, startled. Ford was holding my hand, Mic was standing next to him. Dawson and Davis had work they couldn’t get out of which was disappointing but understandable. I couldn’t have all of them with me

all the time.

“Yes, but with twins it’s not like a regular pregnancy. You’re also dilated to a two.”

Mic and Ford inhaled sharply.

“That’s amazing, we’re ready, the nursery at home is ready, the house on the hill will be finished in three months, James will have everything ready for the wedding, and that should be enough time for you to find a wedding dress, right?” Mic

asked.

“I... I guess. It’ll all depend on how fast my body bounces back after birth,” I said a little stunned.

“Well, you were in pretty good shape before you got pregnant, but I think five or six months after birth would give you

more time for your body to “bounce back,” Doctor Evans said with finger quotes.

“That will be perfect, Princess. An August wedding on the hill will be gorgeous,” Ford said.

He was right, it would be. And really, five months instead of three would give James, me and Aria more time to plan the

wedding.

“So, any time now, and I am already dilated to a two?”

“Yes. Your water will either break on its own or, let’s say, in two weeks we induce you.”

“Okay, let’s schedule that,” I said. I felt a calm come over me, I could do this. Any day now, any day. Let’s not freak out.

“Mom, Nana, and Uncle Mark will be here tomorrow. This is actually good timing. Everyone will be here. Robert has both

of the houses they’re renting ready for them. I’ll just keep busy and help mom and Nana unpack.”

“No heavy lifting,” Doctor Evans interrupted me. I didn’t even realize I was talking out loud.

“No worries, the guys have been watching me like a hawk. They even took away my ten-pound weights.”

She chuckled and shook her head. “She can lift ten pounds. Man, I wish all my fathers-to-be were as protective as your guys are.”

“I’m lucky,” I said, looking at Mic and Ford. I loved them so much.

“You know what could help start labor and also help during labor?” Doctor Evans asked.

I shook my head.

“Well, your body is already preparing for you to have your babies. Semen and orgasms can help soften the cervix and help

stimulate uterine contractions.”

“Well, doc, it was good seeing you. Mic and I will be getting Isha home now and help her in any way we can. We’ll give you a call to let you know when we will be going to the hospital,” Ford said, grabbing some paper towels and cleaning my stomach off himself. Mic helped me put my pants back on and Doctor Evans started chuckling as she walked out the door.

“Let’s go, Baby Girl, Ford and I have some cervix softening and uterine stimulation to do,” Mic said, practically carrying me

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out of the office.

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6-8 minutes

8 Points>

Ford was grumbling as he drove us home. Mic had me screaming in the back as he fingered me relentlessly, his thumb flicking my clit. I was weeping with the third orgasm as it ripped through me.

“F*ck Mic, don’t make her water break just yet, I need in her, my d*ck is like f*cking steel right now.”

“Just concentrate on the road, I’m having fun,” Mic said as he sucked his fingers off.

“I need a break, hold on,” I panted.

Five minutes later, Ford slammed on the breaks. Before Mic could scoot out of the back, Ford ripped open my door and hauled me out. I was grateful Shay was at work today. The moment Ford walked into the house, he laid me out on the dining table, took my shoes and leggings off, pulled up a chair and spread my legs. He dove into my p*ssy.

“I have to taste you first, Princess. Mic had you soaking wet, and I could smell it, I just needed a quick taste.” He went back to work, licking up and down my slit. My moaning was loud, and I cried out when he plunged his tongue into me and

started f*cking me with it.

“Ford, oh, God, Ford, I’m going to…” I didn’t finish. I burst. He groaned, the vibrations fluttered through my p*ssy making me scream. He stood abruptly and ripped at his jeans. He was at the perfect height for him to throw my legs over his shoulder. He notched his d*ck at my entrance and slowly pushed his way inside of me.

“Yeeesss, f*ck you’re so f*cking wet. D*mn baby, your p*ssy is f*cking glorious.”

I cried out as he started pumping in and out of me. I thought I would be uncomfortable in this position on the dining room table, but I wasn’t. Mic came into my view completely naked. I moaned. He was so gorgeous. His tattooed-covered body was stunning. He reached out and moved me as Ford groaned, watching his d*ck disappear inside of me. Mic

maneuvered me, so my head was hanging off of the dining table.

“Open for me, Baby Girl,” he said. I did, and he fed me his c*ck. He cursed as I swallowed around him. This position

made me able to take him all the way without gagging.

While Mic f*cked my face in short thrusts, he rubbed my belly soothingly in circles with one hand while he took his other hand and brought it to my p*ssy. He rubbed up and down, gathering my wetness and brushing his fingers over both Ford and me. His palm was stimulating my clit, he pushed a finger inside of me and fingered me while Ford’s thrusts became

more frantic.

“My knuckles are dragging along his c*ck baby. I can feel how wet his d*ck is. You’re soaking.” He took his finger out of me and brought it to my clit. He tapped it and I flew. I choked on his c*ck and he groaned. He pulled out a little to let me

breathe, and then he started easing in again. “F*ck Isha, your mouth is magic,” Mic gritted between his teeth.

I moaned. His words, the stimulation in and on my p*ssy, the glide of their c*cks in my body. It was all perfection. Mic

pushed back up. He grabbed the sides of my head and started pumping faster.

“Well, well, well, this is a lovely sight to walk in on,” Dawson’s voice floated to me.

Hands ripped my shirt in half and my bra was snapped. I groaned, and then a mouth was on one of my breasts.

“Dawson’s mouth is on you, Princess and Davis is about to f*ck me into you,” he yelled as he all of a sudden pushed hard into me. My body started to quiver. Dawson’s mouth sucked hard on one of my n*pples while he brought his hand to the other and pinched it. I screamed around Mic’s c*ck. Mic groaned loudly, and then I felt his c*ck swell right before the first spurts of his c*m went down my throat. He pulled out. Dawson moved and grabbed my head, holding it while Mic stepped away. Ford’s thrusts were coming faster and faster. Dawson lifted my head so I could see Davis pumping into Ford. His eyes locked on mine.

“I love you, Angel,” he grunted out. He roared as he came into Ford’s ass, which caused Ford to groan, and his body

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< Labor Help

shuddered as he filled me.

“Shower time, baby,” Dawson said.

Ford pulled away. He leaned down and kissed my stomach. Dawson reached under me and lifted me into his arms.

He carried me to our bedroom. He sat me on the toilet.

“Pee baby.”

“What? I can’t pee in front of you.”

He started laughing as he undressed. He reached into the shower and started it.

+3 Points

“Baby, I’ve eaten your p*ssy, I’ve smelled your p*ssy, I’ve f*cked your p*ssy. Hearing pee come out of you is not going to

bother me.”

I covered my face and let my bladder go. He was right, but still.

Once I was done, he lifted me and brought me into the shower where he spread my legs and rinsed me off.

“So, what brought all of this on?”

“The doctor said semen and orgasms could help induce my labor since my body was already starting to prepare for it. I’m

two centimeters dilated already. She said my water could break any day now and if it doesn’t within two weeks, then she’s

going to induce me.”

“You’re only thirty-six weeks.”

“Yeah, apparently with twins early labor is normal.”

“Huh, well, if that’s the case. Hands on the wall baby. Step up on your stool and bend over.”

The guys put a stool in the shower, gluing it to the shower floor, so bending over was easier for me. I did as I was told, and he slipped into me from behind.

“Oh yeah, you’re nice and wet still.”

He was not gentle. He trusted hard and fast. Our skin slapping, echoing around the bathroom. Suddenly, he lifted me, his

hands under my thighs and moved me up and down him.

“Dawson, oh, please, I need to c*m, faster, please,” I begged.

“You’re wish is my command baby,” he said. He picked up the pace of his thrusting.

A long keening wail came out of me as my p*ssy clamped around him.

“F*****CK!” Dawson shouted. He stilled, his d*ck pulsing in me. “Baby, your p*ssy is gripping me, hard.”

Pain shot through my lower abdomen and my back. I moaned.

“Dawson,” I panted. “I’m having a contraction.”

“Oh, sh*t.” He waited for a minute and when my p*ssy let up on him, he pulled out and rinsed us both off. “Did your water break?” he asked as he turned off the water and grabbed a towel. He swiped it over himself and then started drying me

off.

“I don’t think so. I don’t feel different, just a contraction that was stronger than my Braxton hicks.” The moment I said that, I felt an internal pop and a gush of wetness. “Oh, it’s a good thing we’re still in the shower.”

We both looked down, a stream of liquid was running down my leg.

“Well, baby, it seems like it worked.”

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10-12 minutes

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Suddenly, he bellowed for the guys. A stampede of footsteps came running towards our room. A side of Dawson I’d never seen before took place. He barked out orders as he picked me

up and rushed me to the bed. Davis had a night gown in his hands and he helped me put it on. He then grabbed some tennis shoes and put those on. Mic grabbed a bag from our closet that was packed with everything I would need for me and the baby. Ford had two other bags that had all the guy's things in them. We have a private room and two extra beds will be in it for the guys to share. The Becks donated a sh*t ton of money for the privilege. I shook my head when I was told this.

Dawson dressed quickly in some sweats and a t-shirt.

"Let's go have some babies," he said, scooping me up. I rested my head on his shoulder and let him take the lead. I needed to conserve my energy.

< Births

Births

45 Points

Isha

"Hmmmmmmm," I let out a long hum as a contraction rocked through my belly and back. The tightening of my stomach was painful.

"You're doing so well, Baby Girl, I am so proud of you," Mic said as he rubbed my back. I was on a giant medicine ball rocking back and forth. I had monitors all over my body and I kept my eyes on the numbers of the heartbeats of my

babies.

I inhaled deeply and let out my breath slowly.

"That one was worse than the others," I said.

A spoon came into my vision. I opened my mouth as Davis fed me some ice chips. I gave him a small smile. His poor

face was a mask of concern.

"I'm okay," I whispered.

"I know, I just don't like seeing you in pain," he said.

I chuckled, "Well, then one of you or two of you shouldn't have gotten me pregnant."

"I'm starting to think the same. You are in so much pain."

"Davis, I love you for caring so much, but really I'm okay. Give me a kiss," I said. He was spiraling a little. He leaned forward and smashed his lips to mine, desperately kissing me. Okay, he was spiraling a lot.

"Ford," I said when Davis pulled back.

"Come here, buddy. Let me hold you for a little while, you need to relax, you're giving our girl some anxiety."

"Sssorry," Davis stuttered.

I made a noise in my throat, not liking that. He's done so well over the months. Not one stutter in forever, I don't like it

when he becomes like this.

"Shhhh, don't worry Ford has him," Dawson said, taking the chips from Davis and crouching down in front of me. "You're a trooper, baby."

I scoffed and then moaned as another contraction hit me.

"That one was seven minutes from the other," Mic said.

"Did one of you call mom and Nana?"

"My mom did. I called her to let her know your water had broken. She's sending a jet to them to get them here. Also, Aaron just texted. Ava's water broke too. Looks like our kids are going to have the same birthday."

“That’s awesome, I panted. Deep breath in, let it out slowly. This pain was awesome, and not in a good way. But I knew at the end of it all I would have two precious babies.

A knock on the door came. Doctor Evans walked in.

“Helloooo, so happy to see you all so soon. I am guessing my advice worked.”

“Sure did,” Ford said with a proud smile. He was rubbing Davis’ shoulders, who now looked a lot more relaxed.

*Excellent. Well Isha, let’s get on the bed and check how far along you are. How have the contractions been?”

1/4

< Births

“Hard, painful and Mic said seven minutes apart.”

“Alrighty.”

+8 Points >

Mic helped me back to the bed, then he stepped back. He and Daswon clasped hands as they both anxiously watched Doctor Evans check to see how many centimeters I was dilated.

“You are at six centimeters. The babies seemed to be in a good position. The heartbeats look good. I’ll be back to check on you in an hour. If anything changes, hit your call button.”

She smiled, threw away her gloves and left. This is how it went for two more hours, and I was not dilating past six

centimeters. Doctor Evans told us sometimes this happens with first-time mothers. But since my water broke, she’s

worried about the babies and me contracting an infection.

“I’m going to introduce some pitocin and see if that helps your contractions come more. If we don’t have any progress in

an hour, we will have to proceed with a different form of birthing your children, as in, you will need to have a cesarean.

“Okay, thank you,” I said. I was getting scared now. I looked at Dawson. When the nurse came in to give me the medicine,

I started to breathe heavily. The possibility of having to be cut open was terrifying. I didn’t think this would be a

possibility. I mean I read about it, but for some reason I thought no, not me, my birth would go smoothly. Why, I thought

that I had no idea.

Dawson helped me sit up, and then he got in behind me and cradled me in his arms. His long legs coming around me on

the outside, his arms wrapping around me. I felt safe.

“Calm down baby. Everything will be okay. No matter how you give birth, we will have two precious babies, you’ll be a great mother, and we’ll help you every step of the way,” he said.

Mic started to massage my legs, Ford started to massage my feet and Davis came back with his cup of ice chips. I gratefully relaxed and let them pamper me. A phone beeped. Mic picked a phone up from the bedside table. I recognized it as Dawson’s phone.

“Your mom said that Ellie, Nora and Mark were in the air. Robert went to your house and is helping Shay make some meals so no one has to worry about it for the next few weeks.”

Another ping and I saw him smile.

“Ava just gave birth. Aaron says little Gemma is six pounds six ounces and twenty-two inches long. She has an amazing set of lungs and a full head of strawberry blonde hair. And here’s a picture.”

He turned the phone and we all leaned in. She was beautiful, her skin was flawless and was a peaches and cream tone, and her strawberry-blonde hair had a pink bow glued to it.

“He says Ava is doing great. I’m texting him back with our news.”

“I’m glad everything went well for her,” I said.

I groaned and then I felt another internal pop.

“Oh, God! I think only one sac burst earlier. I think the second baby’s sac burst.”

Dawson hit the call button and a nurse came a few minutes later. When we told her what had happened, she left immediately to get the doctor.

Another contraction came. This one was more painful than the last.

“F*ck, this one really hurts,” I yelled. It went on for a long time too.

Mic put the phone down and came back to me. He started rubbing my tummy with circular strokes.

< Births

+8 Points >

“Sh*t it’s so tight,” he murmured.

“AH, it hurts,” I whimpered.

“I’ve got you baby, you’re doing so well,” Dawson crooned.

Doctor Evans came in. The guys backed away. I grabbed Dawson’s hands and squeezed, while she checked me.

“You are at ten. Guess we’re ready. I need you to scoot down the bed, Isha. We’re going to start pushing.”

Dawson helped me scoot, he stayed behind me. Davis and Mic each grabbed a leg.

“Are you sure you all want to see this? You might not look at my v****a the same again.”

Mic chuckled.

“Angel, we’re fine. We want to be a part of it all,” Davis said.

“Yeah, Princess, you don’t worry about us, you just concentrate on bringing our little ones into this world.”

“Okay, Isha, I need you to push for a beat of ten seconds and then relax on your next contraction.”

I did as she instructed. Ten, fifteen and then twenty minutes went by. I was sweating, my voice was hoarse, and I was

utterly exhausted.

Dawson’s hands had to have been sore because of how hard I was squeezing them. Mic and Davis were breathing just as

hard as me. I think they were holding their breath as I pushed, and poor Ford, my funny man, was pale and swaying on his

feet.

“There’s the top of a head just sticking out of you,” Ford whispered. “There’s light brown hair, it’s either Davis’ or Dawson’s,

or I guess it could be mine? But I don’t think so, my hair is so much lighter.”

He was rambling, his eyes were glassy.

“Nurse, can you get Mr. Myers a chair please, before he passes out?” Doctor Evans asked.

“No, no, I’m good,” he said, and then his eyes rolled into the back of his head and he started to fall. Luckily, there was a

bed right behind him. He hit it and slid to the floor.

“DAD DOWN!” Doctor Evans shouted. The door opened, and two burly men came in. They lifted Ford and laid him on the

bed behind him. “This happens a lot, he’ll be okay. Alright, Isha, let’s do this.

Five minutes later on a long push, my baby slid out of me.

“We have a little boy. Welcome to the world, Seth Daniel Becks,” Doctor Evans said as she put Seth on my chest. She

wiped him vigorously until he squawked and then started crying.

“He’s beautiful,” I said.

“Look at what you did, Angel,” Davis cried. I looked at him and smiled. He had tears falling down his face. Mic sniffled, he

was also in tears.

“You did so well, baby,” Dawson said, choking up behind me.

“What happened?” Ford said groggily as he woke up.

“We have a son,” Mic said, laughing.

“Yes!” Ford shouted as he jumped off of the bed and came over to me. “Oh, he’s beautiful.” There was a look of awe on his face.

“Doc, we need that DNA test, and we want one with Rya too,” I said.

< Births

is Points >

“You got it. The nurse is going to take Seth over to the corner to weigh him and check him out.” I nodded, I looked at Ford and he bent and kissed me. He walked with the nurse to watch over our son.

“Good job, Baby Girl,” Mic said, beaming. I smiled at him.

“Okay, Isha. We have a little girl to bring into this world,” Doctor Evans said.

I nodded. I went through the same routine, bringing Rya into the world.

“One more big push,” Doctor Evans called out. I was so exhausted.

I pushed with everything I had, and then she told me to stop. I heard some suction, and then she had me push a little

more. I felt Rya’s shoulder pop out, and then she came out easily. I smiled and fell back against Dawson.

I tried to look as Doctor Evans put Rya on top of me, but all of a sudden I became dizzy.

“Dawssson,” I slurred out.

“Yeah baby?”

“Dawwwsson.”

“Isha?” Dawson sounded frantic.

“Isha, stay with me,” Doctor Evans shouted.

“BP dropping,” I heard a voice say, and then there was nothing.

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7-9 minutes

Positive Vibes

+8 Points

Dawson

Isha just went limp in my arms. My heart stopped, Rya was picked up by another nurse and taken to the corner. Mic and Davis started shouting. Ford ran over to us to see what was happening. I was starting to hyperventilate. She wasn’t

moving.

“Dawson, I need you to move, I’ve got to get Isha on her back,” Doctor Evans said urgently.

I quickly untangled myself from Isha. She looked so pale.

“Do something, quickly!” I shouted. I plunged my hands into my hair, gripping my strands.

“Davis!” I said.

He grabbed me. Our arms went around each other. I held him to me in a bruising grip, but he didn’t complain. I could feel

him shaking as I was sure he could feel me shaking. Mic and Ford came over to us and wrapped around us too. We all

stood there watching Doc Evans work on our girl, trying to get her to wake back up.

“Doctor Evans,” the nurse said. We all looked at her. She was pointing to the end of the bed, Doctor Evans went back to

the end and she cursed.

“Prep the OR, let’s get her in there.”

They rushed Isha out and that’s when I saw the puddle of blood on the floor.

“No,” I whispered.

Mic, Davis and Ford inhaled sharply. We all stood there frozen until the cries in the room registered. Our babies. I pulled from my guys and walked over to our son and daughter. They surrounded us.

“They’re in good shape. Seth is six pounds even at twenty-three inches long, and Rya is five pounds nine ounces at twenty-one inches long. Your wife will be okay, she’s very strong,” a nurse said. “We are going to take the babies to clean up. They need to be in the NICU for a little bit. But everything’s fine.” She reassured us.

But everything wasn’t fine. Our woman was bleeding, most likely fighting for her life. We followed the nurse as far as we could go, and then, as one, we turned to each other. Davis

was the first to move. He wrapped his arms around my waist, Mic and Ford came into my arms too. I held them all. My unit, my men as we all worried about our woman. For the first time in years, I felt tears fall from my eyes.

After a while, we were directed back to our room. The blood was cleaned up, we all stood there not saying a word. I turned to my guys, and they looked to me for direction. But I didn't know what to say, I didn't know how to direct them.

"Dawson, what do we do?" Mic asked. The vulnerability in his voice was my undoing.

"I don't know, Mic," I whispered.

I sat on the bed that was behind me and I laid down on my side. I felt a body lying down behind me and an arm come

around me.

"She'll be okay. She has to be," Davis said. His arms tightened around me. I grabbed his hand on my chest and brought it to my mouth as I openly sobbed. He just held me. Mic and Ford crouched in front of me. Ford put his forehead to mine. He reached over and grabbed Davis by the head to hold him. Mic put his head on my arm and his arm across my hip, his hand holding Davis' thigh. They were all lending me their strength and comfort, just as I had with them, when they started loving each other. They were watching over me, just like I did them.

< Positive Vibes

The door opened. My parents both came in all smiles. Then their smiles dropped.

"What is it, what happened?" mom asked, coming over to us, dad right behind her.

+8 Points >

Mic and Ford stood. My dad grabbed them and wrapped his arms around them. Davis and I got up and sat on the bed. Mom put her hand on our faces, concern in her eyes as she looked at both of us.

“Seth and Rya are bom. They’re great, but Isha passed out, and she’s bleeding. They took her to the OR to work on her. We haven’t heard anything yet. The babies are in the NICU, they are getting cleaned up. They’re so beautiful, mom. Seth has light brown hair, and Rya’s hair is dark. She either takes after her mother or she could be Mic’s. I haven’t seen their eyes yet.”

“Oh, baby, I know you’re all scared, but Isha is strong, she’s young and in great shape. Everything will be fine.”

“Will it mom? She’s my life, our life, she’s the glue that holds us all together, the complete circle of our unit. If she dies, I don’t know how I will go on.”

“You will go on, for your children. You all will. Now, we need to think positive. Push out those positive vibes for her doctor to have sure hands, and for Isha to have a quick recovery and fast healing,” she said.

I nodded, Davis nodded.”

“Your mother is right. I’m going to go make some calls, and then I want to see my grandparents,” dad said.

He stepped out to make his calls. I knew what he was going to do. He was going to make sure Isha had the best doctors and care possible, and he was going to get his grandchildren in our room. Thirty minutes later, a nurse came in with two clear bassinets. A bundle of blue in one and pink in the other.

Mom squealed quietly and made her way to the children.

“Oh, look at them Patrick. They’re so perfect. So tiny, so beautiful.”

“Yes, they are my love.”

“We are having their DNA tested,” I said.

“Oh pish posh, that’s not important right now. Even if Seth isn’t yours biologically, there will be others in the future.”

I choked back a sob, will there? Davis, Mic and Ford each put a hand on my shoulders and left arm.

A knock on the door had us all looking as it opened.

“Doctor Evans,” I said, standing.

“Dawson, Mic, Ford, Davis. Isha is in recovery. There was a significant tear in her uterus. We were able to sew her up and stop the bleeding. I need to stress that her body needs at least two years before she can become pregnant again. Her body needs to heal fully.”

“She’s alright?” I asked in disbelief.

“Yes, she’s fantastic. They will bring her back to the room when she wakes up. No heavy lifting when she’s back on her feet. I don’t even want her lifting the babies. She needs to be sitting while holding them. No s*x for three months, no orgasms for that time too.”

“Okay, thank you,” I said, grabbing her and hugging her. She chuckled and patted my back. Mic, Ford and Davis did the same. My mom also hugged her and dad nodded his head at her.

“See my boy, positive thinking. Patrick, go buy out the gift store. I want this room filled with flowers, balloons and every stuffed animal they have. Plus, our boys need some food, so order some from Antonio’s and I would also like some lasagna with the spicy sausage,” mom said, taking charge as she picked up Rya and told Ford to bring Seth to her as she

< Positive Vibes

+ Povits

sat down. Ford put Seth in her arms and she beamed as she held her grandchildren. “Take a picture of me. I have to show

the ladies on my committee.”

I chuckled as I picked up my phone. I snapped a picture of my mother. She was so proud to hold her grandbabies.

“I heard Ava had her baby girl too. Patrick, don’t forget to fill her room with presents too.”

“I won’t, love,” dad said, as he leaned down and kissed Seth on the head. I snapped a picture of that and one of him doing the same with Rya before he left the room.

< Awake

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7-8 minutes

Awake

+8 Points >

Isha

Consciousness slowly returned to me. I felt warmth on my back but coldness on my front and a pulling in my chest. I could also feel that I was reclined and not lying down. What was going on?

I blinked my eyes open. The first thing I noticed was a giant teddy bear at the end of my bed sitting on a counter with a ton of flowers around the room and smaller stuffed animals. The lights were dim, it must be night. I looked down and there was a baby at my breast, my little girl. Big hands held her as she fed from me. My head flopped back, I was a little groggy, and I looked slightly behind me.

“Dawson?”

“Baby, oh, baby, you’re finally awake,” he whispered. I looked around and saw Mic and Ford holding each other sleeping

on a bed and Davis practically starfished on another bed.

“What is going on?” I asked quietly.

“You don’t remember?”

“No.”

“You passed out after giving birth to Rya and Seth. There was a tear in your uterus and you started bleeding. Doctor Evans rushed you into surgery. That was two days ago. The babies needed to eat, so I’ve been sitting behind you and

holding them so they could feed from you.”

“Oh, thank you, that must have been scary.” How was I so calm? Had to be whatever pain medication I was on. Was it safe for the babies? I looked down again. Rya was sucking away. I smiled. It must be, Dawson wouldn’t put them at risk.

“Wow, two days. The babies are okay?”

“Yes. They’re ferocious eaters. Seth eats twice as much as Rya, but she’s still a little piggy.”

I giggled. “How have you and the boys been?”

“Worried, but happy at the same time. We have all been through an emotional roller coaster. There’s a lot we have to tell

you.”

He told me about the instructions Doctor Evans gave him and the guys about my recovery and well-being. Wow, no s*x or

orgasms for three months? Well, I guess that will be just me.

“Well, at least you all have each other, or your hand,” I said a little sadly.

He chuckled, “Don’t worry, we’ll be so busy with Seth and Rya, three months will go by fast.”

“Have you seen Gemma and Ava?”

“Mhmm, she’s a cutie. Ava was very worried about you, but I assured her you were doing well. They went home yesterday, but she’s coming by some time in the morning with Gem. She’ll be happy to see you awake.”

Rya popped off my n*pple. She gave a little sigh and coo, and I melted. Dawson shifted her and I brought up my hands to hold her and pat her back. She was so tiny. I marveled at her little head and her itty-bitty ears. Her hair was black like mine. She let out a tiny burp that had me chuckling.

“When will Seth need a feeding?” I couldn’t wait to feed my son.

“Sorry baby, Seth usually eats half an hour before Rya. But don’t worry, he’ll need another feeding in an hour and a half.”

1/3

< Awake

“Oh, okay, I guess I can wait. Have you gotten the DNA results?” I asked.

“Seth is Davis’ and Rya is Mic’s,” he said.

“And how did they react?”

“Like two peacocks. They were almost boastful but held themselves back. I told them to be proud.”

I nodded, biting my lip. “Are you disappointed?”

+8 Points >

“No, not at all. We have plenty of time for us to provide an heir for the legacy. In fact, I’m hoping it doesn’t happen for a while. It’s so much pressure knowing that one day I will have to deal with the whole family, and I’ve known about it since I was sixteen, when my father sat me down and told me. I’d like my son to have some fun with life without worrying about the responsibility that will be on his shoulders when I die.”

I was relieved. The pressure for us to provide an heir isn't so bad right now with Aria and Patrick still alive, and they will be for a while, barring nothing major happening. My stomach rumbled.

"I have some apple juice and chicken salad," he said.

He climbed out from behind me. He took Rya and kissed her head. I watched as he swaddled her and placed her back

into the clear bassinet next to my bed. He then went to the mini-fridge in the room and pulled out a small container of

chicken salad and a bottle of apple juice. I devoured my small meal.

"Doc says you need plenty of fluids to keep your milk supply going. You have to stay hydrated. I also got you some

supplements to help with milk production. You don't seem to have too much trouble with it though," he said, chuckling.

He told me about when Seth was feeding a couple of hours ago, he got full and popped off my breast and milk squirted all

over his face. I laughed and then groaned, putting my hand to my belly.

"Sorry baby. You're going to be sore for a while. They had to cut you open. Don't worry though. The guys and I have

made up a schedule so that two of us are always with you, just like before. But this time, you are to be on the couch while

we cook and do all the chores. All you will have to do is relax and recover. Also, mom found this body lotion stuff that

helps with healing scars. She said you use it every night and your scar will fade within months."

"Oh, wonderful. Have mom and Nana come?"

“Yes, and they were so excited to see Seth and Rya. Your mom sat with you while the guys and I ran home to shower. We

also made sure the nursery was ready with everything and I lit a fire under the construction crew’s ass, so hopefully our

house will be ready sooner than three months. We’ll see. Your Nana took a sh*t ton of pictures. She also bought out a

clothing store’s worth of baby clothes. Half the outfits are way too big, but the kids will grow into them. They usually

come around lunchtime.”

I nodded. I was done with my food and, for some reason, I was exhausted. You would think after sleeping for two days I wouldn’t be, but I was. I saw Dawson yawn too.

“Take a nap with me?”

He smiled and helped me move over, and he laid on his side. He didn’t know where to put his arm until I grabbed it and laid it across my body just under my breasts. He sighed and snuggled closer. I turned my head and kissed his forehead.

“You scared me. I thought I was going to lose you,” he whispered.

“I’ll never leave you,” I said.

“I won’t leave you either.” He leaned up to kiss me and I sighed with happiness. I had my babies a few feet away. My men were sleeping peacefully in the same room as me. A bummer we all can’t share a bed. But soon we’d all be home where

we could.

2/3

< Awake

“Get some rest baby. You need it. Seth will be up soon.”

+8 Points >

I nodded. It didn't take long for Dawson to fall asleep. He was out within minutes. I smiled because I knew he and the guys were the ones dealing with diaper duty and rocking while I was out. I couldn't wait to see them with the children. It's something I was looking forward to. My sweet, big men with itty-bitty babies in their arms. I chuckled softly, closing my eyes where sleep finally took me under.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 126 -

17-22 minutes

He would Have Been Proud

+ Points

Isha

I looked at myself in the mirror. I gotta say I look f*cking fantastic. Breastfeeding has really gotten me in shape, not to mention my four-mile walks and the weights that I got the okay to incorporate into my workout routine two months ago.

These last five and a half months the guys have been wonderful. For the first three months, they followed the doctor's instructions to the T and a little extra. They were back to carrying me everywhere in the beginning, even from the bed to the bathroom. At first, I was okay with it because I was utterly exhausted, but after a month it got tedious, and I begged to be let down so I could walk. Luckily, they complied, but they still kept an arm around me or a hand on my lower back. I wasn't going to complain too much though, they made me feel cherished.

Mic and Ford were masters at getting up with the babies and bringing them to me for feedings, while Dawson and Davis burped them afterward and changed diapers. They came up with a schedule so they could switch days for diaper duty. Ford was glad to clean up Seth, but he had a hard time with Rya. He said he felt like she was so delicate he was afraid he

was going to hurt her. That is until she was three months old, and her little kicking legs racked him in the balls. He didn't

think his little princess was so delicate then. He finally changed her diaper and found that it was just as easy as it was

with Seth.

I loved watching Davis with the babies. He was so gentle with them. His big muscular body carried them in their carriers while he did other things around the house. He was always talking to them and doing tongue twisters. They loved to

watch his mouth.

I once asked why he talks to them so much. He said it was so they could hear the words and how they are supposed to

sound. For when they get older they won't have such a hard time talking. He feels if his family had talked to him more he wouldn't have had his stutter. My heart melted for this man more and more every day.

Mic always got on the ground with them. The day Seth rolled over for the first time, Mic was so excited. He shouted for

everyone to come watch him do it again. Seth smiled up at his dad while Mic was trying to coax him over. While he was

doing that, Rya rolled over, and it scared her, so she started to whimper. Dawson hated it when either of the kids cried, so

he swooped her up and praised her. He told her how smart she was and that he was so proud of her.

Rya crawled before Seth. Just last week, at five and a half months old, both of them were on their hands and knees

rocking back and forth. Mic and Ford were on the ground rocking with them and lifting their legs to show them what to do. I got everything on video to watch in the future. I loved watching all of them with the babies.

Rya lifted her leg and hand. The squeal that came out of Mic was not manly at all, but no one said anything as we were all fascinated by watching our little girl crawl for the first time. Davis and Dawson were sitting next to me. Dawson had his arm around the back of me while his hand played with Davis' hair on his neck. Davis had his head on my shoulder. We

were all cheering her on. When she crawled two feet, Mic scooped her up.

"You're so smart!" he declared, holding her tight and swinging her around. She squealed and giggled. Seth grunted, Ford was trying his hardest to coax him to crawl to him with a bright red block in his hand.

When it didn't happen, Ford chuckled and leaned over to kiss Seth on the head. "That's okay buddy, you'll get it." I smiled as he picked Seth up and he and Mic danced with the babies to a tune that Mic was humming. Three days later, Seth crawled for me while the guys were busy making dinner. I was sitting on the floor, my back to the couch, my legs spread, stacking and knocking over blocks with Rya. Seth watched us and got to his hands and knees and just came on over to play. I squealed, making both kids giggle. The guys came running into the living room looking around for danger. I chuckled. I told them Seth crawled. Ford looked betrayed, he had been working with him for days. He picked Seth up and nuzzled his neck. Seth dissolved into belly laughs. Ford made Seth crawl to him over and over and exclaimed that

1/3

<He would Have Been Proud

Seth was the smartest boy ever.

We moved into our house. It was my dream home. Up on a hill looking over Denver from afar, with a little creek running on our property. I could picture the kids playing in it when they get older.

Mom and Nana moved into their homes just a week ago. Shay stayed at the old house. It was nice to be able to walk around naked without worrying about bumping into her. I did that a couple of times and embarrassed both of us, but I hated clothes while healing and I barely wore anything.

Today was my wedding day. I was having a moment to myself. James, Ava and Savvy were lining up to get ready to walk down the aisle with Mic, Ford and Davis. Mom and Nana were already seated. I smoothed my dress over my curves that I was loving. I had lost all the baby weight and then some. My breasts were still big, my hips were still there, but my ass, instead of being wide, was now a bubble butt that seemed to have tightened with all the working out I had done. My arms were toned, my legs looked phenomenal. My face, which was always a little pudgy to me, was leaner and I had a jawline.

My hair was up in a side bun with a deep red rose adorning it. I had soft curled tendrils framing my face. My make-up was light with a hint of bronze and a bold red lip. My dress fit me like a glove, long, white and lacey with long lace sleeves. The bodice had a plunging neckline with a small red rose at the bottom of the neckline to make the dress more tasteful than daring. My heels were the same bold red of the roses. My bouquet was white and blush lilies with white and blush

ribbons.

A knock on the door had me calling out for whoever to enter. Uncle Mark walked in beaming.

“My darling girl, you are stunning. Dawson and the guys are lucky to have you. They are going to swallow their tongues.”

I giggled, “Thank you Uncle Mark.”

“I have something for you. I’ve had this for a long time. It was your fathers.”

He opened a small box and inside was a gold cuff link that had my father’s initials on it in diamonds.

“I had the other one attached to a necklace for your mother. I am giving it to her on our anniversary along with a bracelet. According to her, he would have made me a part of them, so I thought it is an appropriate gift. But this one is for you. I had it made into a pin. We can pin it to your bouquet for now, and later you can wear it on whatever you dress in for the day.”

“Oh, Uncle Mark, this is so wonderful, thank you so much.”

“He would be so proud of you, and I know he would have liked the guys. I like the guys too. You are all perfect for each other. I love you, Isha. You are the daughter of my heart and always have been. Thank you for letting me walk you down

the aisle in place of your father.”

“Uncle Mark, you are as much a father to me as daddy was. I love you too.”

He leaned over and kissed me on the cheek.

“Okay, time to get married. The music has started and Mic and Savvy are just now starting down the long aisle.”

I chuckled, James did go overboard with the wedding aisle.

We walked out, he held his arm out for me. He wasn't wrong. Savvy and Mic had started down the aisle. I watched from around the corner as Ford took Ava's arm and wrapped it around his. She looked fantastic too. Her body bounced back with mine since we worked out together a lot. She and Gemma were over all the time.

Davis and James were last. I giggled as they fought over who was taking whose arm until Davis grabbed James' hand and held it firm.

Uncle Mark chuckled. We were next. I took a deep breath and then stepped out from under the awning with Uncle Mark

2/3

He would Have Been Proud

towards my future husband. I was so ready for this.

Married

Dawson

I smiled as Willow and Axel pushed Seth and Rya in cute white strollers that had red, pink and white balloons attached to them. Willow was taking her role as flower girl/big cousin seriously and Axel was mimicking his sister. For every few feet, they stopped pushing and threw petals into the air that fell all over them and the ground, making people chuckle and awe at them. Seth was asleep, Rya was looking around at everything with wide eyes, drool dripping from her chin. They were both teething, something fierce. They were perfect.

Mic came down the aisle with Savvy, then next came Ford with Ava, and I chuckled as Davis and James started to walk. You could tell they were fighting for dominance over who was supposed to hold whose arm until Davis snatched James' hand, and they started walking.

I looked at Savage and Rage. They didn't like the hand holding. Both of their jaws were clenched. Those two surprised me. The way they were with James, so possessive and the amount of love they showed him made Isha happy. She loved that both of her best friends had an all-consuming love like her.

Just as Davis took his spot next to me, I looked up at my girl. She was exquisite. She glowed with health and happiness. She's come such a long way in the past year. Her confidence is through the roof. She carries herself with pride. She has three published authors at her firm. Ava, Erica and Louise. Savvy is working on her homestead book with Mac and Jack, and should be ready soon.

I was so d*mn proud of her. I knew the guys were too. Their intake of breath told me they were just as affected by her beauty as I was.

"We are so lucky," Davis whispered.

"That we are," I whispered back. "Everything ready for tonight?"

"Yeah, the suite is booked at the Emerald, we'll get her nice and ready for when you arrive. I love you for letting us do that and for bringing her into our lives.

"I love you too. All of you. I'm glad you all gave her a chance to be ours."

"Me too. By the way, I bought three boxes of condoms. That's all you get."

I chuckled. That was more than enough. It sucked that we had to use them, but I wasn't taking any chances with her getting pregnant. We still had a little over eighteen months before we could try for more babies.

Mark and Isha stopped before me. Mark shook my hand after handing Isha's hand to me. I stared out at the crowd towards my family and the many branches of them. There were three hundred people on my land right now, two hundred of them I was related to. I saw the

acceptance on most of their faces, the others knew to keep their mouths and opinions to themselves. They knew who fed them.

I looked at Isha and smiled. She was beaming. We turned to the reverend, who was a friend of my father's, and he started the ceremony. I couldn't stop looking at her. She took my breath away. We only had eyes for each other as we recited the words the reverend told us to recite. We exchanged rings and then Isha said she had something to say. "Dawson, you changed my life when you saved me from further humiliation the night we met. You took a complete stranger home and stayed with me until I was calm. I didn't know how much you were going to affect my future then, but I am glad you invited me to the barbecue at your house and introduced me to your friends who I love just as much as I love you. You all are my everything. But you, Dawson, brought us all together. I promise to be the best wife to you. I promise to stand by your side and help you with life's decisions. I promise to be faithful and loyal. I promise to love you until the end

1/3

< Marned

Points

of time, to be the shoulder you can rest your head on when you are weary from carrying all the family and work struggles. I'll be the best wife to you and the best mother for our children. I'll be your comfort, your home, your everything. I love you with all my heart."

I took a deep breath to keep from bursting into tears. She was my everything, my heart, my home.

"Isha, I didn't know we were going to exchange words, but I'll do my best to wing it." Everyone chuckled.

"I have been looking for you for a long time. I wanted someone to complete my unit with the ones I was most closest with. We shared a life and I wanted us to share love. You brought us all closer, and you helped me open myself up in ways I didn't think I could. But it was all for the better and we as a whole are better. You loved us unconditionally, and you showed me that it was okay to be vulnerable. I love you for accepting me. Thank you for everything. I

promise to be faithful and loyal, to love you with everything I have. To be the best father to our children.” Cleared throats sounded behind me. She smiled wider and I chuckled.

“One of the best fathers to our children. I promise to be a husband you would be proud to call yours. I love you.”

I heard sniffles. I looked over and saw my mom, Nora and Ellie, all wiping their eyes with handkerchiefs given to them by their husbands. My dad, Mark, and Robert had tears in their eyes. I also saw that Seth had woken up. Both he and Rya were sucking down bottles filled with Isha’s breast milk. I was a lucky man.

The reverend declared us husband and wife and when he said I could kiss the bride, I dipped Isha back and laid one on her that had the bikers in the crowd hollering and cheering while everyone else politely clapped.

I brought her back up, and then passed her to Davis, who kissed her with just as much passion as did Ford and Mic. The LOC continuously cheered while some of the family sneered and looked away. They would learn, or they would be cut off.

I took Seth from my mom and Davis took Rya. I turned to the crowd.

“Let the party begin. I only ask that clothes stay on please,” I said as the LOC jeered.

“You have interesting friends,” my mom said.

“Yes, we do. But they saved my woman’s life when I couldn’t be here, and I will be forever grateful to them.”

“As will we all,” Nora said.

We took the kids to get some real food. I was starving, so I knew my husbands and wife were starving too. After dinner, Isha and I had our dance, and then she danced with Mark while I danced with my mother.

“You did well, Dawson. I don’t if I’ve told you lately, but we adore her. She has done well with her finance classes, she’s done well with learning the books, and everything she needed to

learn from me this last year. She will do well when the time comes. She will continue her learning through the years, but nothing as vigorous as this last year was. The women's committee loves her also. When she takes over there will be no problems there."

"I didn't choose her for the family, mom. I chose her for us. I love Mic, Davis and Ford, but something was always missing for me. They had each other to comfort, to love, to be themselves with. I felt I always had to be on point. I couldn't let them down, I couldn't let anyone hurt them, or disrespect them. With Isha, I will make sure nothing of that sort happens either, but I can relax fully with her. She helps me breathe."

"That's lovely. That's exactly how it should be with your soulmate. That's how it is with your father for me. I have loved him since the first moment I saw him, even if in the beginning it took a minute, my soul knew. She's wonderful. When the time comes for you two to try again for children, don't pressure yourself. You're still young. Don't listen to any grumbings from the family. You have plenty of time. Enjoy each other. Seth and Rya will not be staying with the guys tonight, by the way. Their Nana, Lola, and I will be getting a room at The Ralston and having a girls' night with our grandbabies. Their Papa's will be having a guy's night in, at our place."

< Mamed

+8 Points)

I chuckled. Dad, Mark and Robert all wanted to be called Papa. So there were Papa P, Papa M and Papa R. Nora didn't want to give up her Nana status for great grandmother. Ellie used her native language for grandmother and my mom was Glammy. She heard Ava call her mom that and loved it, and declared she would be Glammy too.

"That sounds like a plan. All their stuff is packed. Isha has two weeks of milk in the freezer here. We won't be back for ten days. If you need anything that's not important, call Ava and James."

"We will dear, no need to worry. We got those babies. You, Isha and the boys have fun in Jamaica.

Getting Me Ready

Isha

I had just finished using the restroom when the lights went out. I heard murmurs of voices outside an open window and heard someone say 'not to worry, just blew a fuse'. The reception was still going strong after three hours of partying. The LOC bikers were making a nuisance of themselves to Dawson's family members that had Ava, James, Savvy and me cracking up. The stuffy branches of the Becks family really needed to lighten up. My babies were gone with my mom, Nana and Aria. I thought it was sweet they were doing a girls' night with them. I am so glad Nana and Aria were able to

bury the hatchet and get along.

As I gingerly stepped into the bedroom, I thought I heard some rustling and then suddenly a hand clamped over my mouth. I struggled and squealed until a wet tongue caressed my neck to my ear and I froze.

"Shh, Princess, don't want to alert anyone that we're leaving. I'm just going to put this blindfold over your pretty eyes and unbutton all the tiny buttons on the back of your dress. Don't make a sound, we have to be very quiet."

I nodded. My heart rate slowing. I felt him put some fabric over my eyes and tie it behind my head. Then his deft fingers unbuttoned the row of buttons down my back. His fingertips grazed my skin. They made me shiver and goosebumps erupted on my skin. When he unbuttoned the last button, my dress slipped to the floor, and he lifted me out of it. I had on white thigh-high stockings, a white strapless bra and a white thong. My shoes had slipped off when he lifted me.

His hand on my bottom squeezed and had us both groaning.

"I can't wait to take this ass tonight," he whispered.

He carried me out of the room, I was nervous someone would see us. I was practically naked. I could feel myself start to

shake with excitement. Where was he taking me?

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 127 -

9-12 minutes

I felt warm air on my skin and I heard a door open. I was handed to another set of hands.

“Warm enough, Angel?” Davis asked as he cuddled me to him in his lap.

“Yes,” I said, breathlessly.

“Good, because you’re about to get hot, really hot,” he said. His lips captured mine. I heard Ford get into the passenger seat and his voice told someone to step on it. The vehicle jolted and I squeaked.

“Sorry, Baby Girl, I’m a little eager,” Mic said.

Davis’ hands roamed all over me. He maneuvered me so I was straddling him. I could feel his hard on in his pants. I pushed me back slightly, and I felt my bra being removed and then his lips and tongue were on my n*pples, sucking and caressing them. Not having my sight made all my other senses so much sharper and the feeling of his mouth was phenomenal.

“You taste so good, Angel,” he mumbled into my cleavage. His tongue dragging up the middle of it.

I could keep my hips still and rocked against him. His grunts of pleasure were music to my ears. I love when Davis lets go and just feels.

His hands moved to my ass, and he helped me move against him. He thrust up into me. I wish he didn’t have any pants on, and I didn’t have my thong on. I could feel my juices coating him. I knew my thong was ruined.

Suddenly, I felt a pinch on my lower back. Davis snapped my thong and two fingers delved into me. I cried out in pleasure and bore down onto them. His fingers inside my p*ssy had obscene sounds filling the car. I could hear Ford’s heavy breathing, he must be watching us. Mic his a pothole and I moaned, f*ck please, do that again, I thought: He did, and I

<Getting Me Ready

shattered. I felt my juices flow. Davis’s fingers had hit deep on that bump, hitting me in just the right spot.

“F*ck, she just squirted all over me,” he groaned. “F*ck it, I’m c*mming in my pants.”

+ Points >

He took his fingers out of me, I heard him suck my juices off, and then he gripped my hips hard and started rocking me hard on his c*ck.

“F*ck, yes, Isha, baby. F*ck you’re going to make me c*m so hard. Your glorious t*ts bouncing in my face, your wet p*ssy humping my c*ck through my slacks. I love you, Angel, so f*cking much,” he shouted, and then groaned loudly as I felt more wetness between my legs. His c*ck jumping beneath me. He kept rocking me until he was spent. He let out a harsh breath and laid his head on my chest. His tongue snaking out and flicking my n*pple.

“Not even in you, and you had me c*mming so f*cking hard.” He kissed me and I kissed him, sucking on his tongue. His groan of satisfaction makes me happy with giddiness.

“We’re here,” Mic said.

“Put your jacket around her, cradle her, I’m going to hop out and go straight to the elevators, give me five minutes and then rush her in.” I heard Ford say. The vehicle stopped, I heard the doors open and felt air on my skin.

“Ready Angel?”

I nodded and smiled. Davis did as Ford instructed. He moved fast, light on his feet. I heard voices and a gasp. Someone saw us. I’m sure the big black wet stain on Davis’ pants was noticed too.

The sounds around me changed, and I heard doors whoosh close. Davis still cradled me, the ride up was silent. When the doors opened, I was passed to another set of arms. Movement was fast, and then I was being laid down on cool silk sheets. I heard rustling clothes. No one said a word. My stalkings were slowly peeled off of me. I felt someone kiss the sole of my left foot and then a tongue lick my ankle and up my leg to my p*ssy. The talented tongue swiped through my lips and circled my clit. I gasped and moaned, arching into the mouth that was on me. An arm came over my hips to settle me down. Lips came around my left n*pple and a mouth took mine. Hands roamed all over me, and it was f*cking fantastic. Fingers glided over my skin, kneading my flesh, my breasts, and plunging into my p*ssy. I cried out, moaned and whimpered. They assaulted my senses with their fingers, mouths, tongues and lips. I was shaking with tension and impending orgasms that they kept denying me every time I got close. But I didn’t complain because it all felt so good.

I was rolled over onto my stomach. Hands took mine and stretched them out above me. My hips were lifted, and I was put to my knees. My back was arched, my chest was on the bed. My legs were spread wide. Someone, and I had a

guess that it was Ford, buried his face in my ass and started to tongue me everywhere. He was my dirty boy and I knew he loved to eat my ass, because he had done it many times. He loved my ass. His tongue speared me and I cried out. A smack came down on my ass, making it jiggle. Hands roamed my back, massaging it, so I would get sore.

I heard the cap of a bottle, felt liquid spread between my cheeks. I didn't need much prep, the boys loved to f*ck my ass, and I loved to be f*cked there. The blunt head of a c*ck was pressed there and, with just a little resistance, popped into me and glided home. Multiple groans were let out. They liked to watch me being f*cked as much as they liked doing it. Ford was relentless, he grunted with each plunge as he kneaded my ass.

"Harder, Ford, make her feel it," Mic whispered.

Ford obliged. I moaned. Fingers came to my clit and started rubbing. I screamed, and I knew finally they were going to let me c*m. I shattered, and my ass clamped on Ford's c*ck. He roared and pumped three more times before c*mming hard. He gave me three slaps on each ass cheek, and then I was lifted. I was maneuvered over someone's face. I could feel them spreading me and then a tongue plunged into my p*ssy. I felt the bed dip to my right.

"Open Baby Girl, let me inside," Mic said.

I opened my lips, and he grabbed my face, holding me still as he thrust deep into my mouth and down my throat. I have

<Getting Me Ready

48 Points'>

learned to relax automatically and let them do as they wish. Davis' tongue did wonderful things to my p*ssy as Mic f*cked my face. The gentleness of Davis and the roughness of Mic were driving me insane. I exploded and felt my juice flow out of me. Davis groaned and I heard sucking sounds behind me. Ford was sucking Davis off and the image in my head had me having a mini-orgasm again.

Davis let out another loud groan and I knew he was c*mming. Mic shouted, and he shoved me onto him, my nose hitting his groin. He held me as he came down my throat. I heard the door open to our room and a deep chuckle.

“Thank you guys for getting our baby ready for me. I’ll take it from here.”

First Time

Dawson

I watched as my men disentangled themselves from our wife. Ford went to the bathroom. He came back with a wet washcloth and cleaned Isha up for me. He went back in and I heard him gargle. He came back out smelling minty fresh

as he dressed.

One by one, my men passed me after kissing Isha goodnight. Each of them gave me a kiss as well.

“Have fun, she’s nice and stretched out for your first time,” Ford said with a smirk. I nodded my thanks. She took Davis’ c*ck in the a*s before, and he was almost as thick as me. I was just always afraid to do it, with how long and thick I was. Plus, I’ve never f*cked anyone in the a*s before. I was f*cking excited.

“Thank you for bringing the cuffs and chains,” I said to Mic as he passed.

“I’m sad I’m going to miss the show. But she’s primed and ready. I love you.”

“I love you,” I said, brushing his lips with mine.

“We’ll have everything ready to go on the jet in the morning. I left a change of clothes for both of you in the closet. Don’t worry about your wedding clothes. The staff here will launder it and then send it to our house. Shay said she’ll stay at our house until it comes and then lock up for us,” Davis said.

“Thank you. You’re always taking care of everything I don’t think of.”

“It’s what I do,” he said with a quick peck before he left. I turned to my baby lying in the middle of the bed, her chest heaving from the fun she just had.

“Are you ready for me baby?”

“Yes, I need you,” she said. She raised her hands to take the blindfold off.

“No, that stays on for now. Just lie there and wait. I have a few surprises.”

Her breath hitched, and I chuckled. I undressed quickly and got the bag I brought with me. There was a plastic bag with some ice cubes, a feather, and a candle and lighter.

I brought the bag to the bed. Mic had rigged two-foot-long chains to the hotel bed, just enough give for me to be able to move her around. We had already paid for a replacement and then some for the privilege of destroying the furniture. Attached to the chains were black fur-lined cuffs so they wouldn’t hurt her delicate wrists. I climbed on the bed and loomed over her. I kissed her stomach where she kept our babies safe in her womb. I kissed the scar where they had to cut her open to repair her tear. I dipped my tongue in her belly button. She moaned and shivered. I watched as goosebumps erupted over her skin. I smiled. I loved the effect I had on her. I skimmed my lips lightly over her supple flesh until I came to her ample breasts. I sipped one n*pple into my mouth and sucked gently and then I moved to the other breast and did the same. I licked a line between her cleavage to her neck where I sucked and lightly bit. She moaned continuously. She was shaking with the passion I was delivering to her body.

I came to her lips and brushed mine over hers once and then again before I plunged my tongue into her mouth. I made out with her as I reached up for the cuffs and brought them closer to us. As I distracted her, I cuffed one wrist and then

the next.

She gasped, ripping her mouth from mine.

“Dawson?”

I chuckled, “You are going to feel everything I do to you. You are denied sight, and you won’t be able to touch me until I

< First Time

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8-11 minutes

am ready.” I picked up a remote and clicked a button. Low sensual music filled the air.

+8 Points

The guys did as I asked and set some vanilla and cinnamon incense close by. I climbed off of the bed and lit them. Then I leaned down and opened the bag. I took out the feather, I ran it down my chest, down my abs and across my raging hard on as I looked at her laid out for me. I brought the feather to her face and drew it over her forehead, down her nose, across her lips. She moaned as I glided it over her skin and down her neck. She gripped the chains tightly and arched as I ran the feather around her n*pples, over her stomach, down one thigh and up the other. Her whole body shook when I ran it over her glistening p*ssy lips. I put the feather aside and picked up the baggie of slightly melted ice cubes. Her gasp was loud, and she cried out as I tilted the baggie a little and dripped ice cold water across her breasts. I then took an ice cube out and rubbed it on each n*pple making them painfully hard before running the cube down her body to her p*ssy where I then inserted the cube with my fingers.

“Oh, God!” she screamed as her body bowed up, her legs spreading wider. I f*cked her with my fingers holding on to the ice cube. She whimpered and moaned. I left the cube in her and grabbed another, sticking it and my fingers into my mouth. I groaned at the taste of her. I’d wanted to taste her all night and the wait was worth it. I crunched the ice into pieces and then bent down and took a n*pple into my mouth and sucked hard. Her moaning was loud, and her body was shaking. I worked my way down her body with my cold tongue and got between her legs. She was on the verge of combusting, and I wanted her to do it on my tongue.

I lifted her legs over my shoulder and spread her p*ssy lips. I swiped my cold tongue over her and gently flicked her clit. “Yes, yes! Oh please, Dawson. I need you to go harder please. Flick it harder and faster.” I chuckled as she begged. I was not giving in just yet.

I flattened my tongue and moved it against her in circles. She cried out, frustrated with me. I couldn’t help smiling. I dipped low and then plunged my tongue into her tight cold channel. The ice cube almost melted from body heat. I f*cked in and out of her with my tongue until finally she burst. Her sweet, slightly salty taste was ambrosia. Her body shook, her legs

clamped around my head as she grinded against my face. I held her as her p*ssy slipped up and down. She used her legs, bending them to bring me closer, and I buried my face, suffocating myself for her pleasure. It was f*cking glorious.

When she came down, I kissed her thighs and trailed kisses up to her mouth. She eagerly accepted me. I reached down and got the candle and lighter, and then I grabbed the bottle of lube and a couple of condoms and laid them on the bed

beside me.

“I have a candle, do you think you can handle some hot wax?”

“Yes,” she moaned.

I smiled softly. She was so beautiful. I was utterly enraptured by her. I grabbed the condom and slipped it on. Then I lubed it up and dribbled lube between her p*ssy so it ran between her ass cheeks. I grabbed a hold of my d*ck and put it

to her ass.

“Oh my God,” she whispered. For three months she’s been begging me to take her this way. She had asked me why I never took her like the others there, and I told her I had never done it and was afraid I’d hurt her. But now this was one of my many wedding presents to her.

I slowly pushed, I went in easily and had to clench my jaw at the pleasure that zinged through me. She was so f*cking tight it took everything for me not to blow my load. I spread her legs more and grabbed a pillow. Quickly, I lifted her by the legs with one arm and shoved it under her for a better angle. With her slightly elevated, I slipped all the way in until I was balls deep.

“F*ck,” I groaned. My head fell back on my shoulders, I closed my eyes. So tight. Beads of sweat dotted my forehead. I took a couple of deep breaths before pulling out and then pushing back in. She cried out and I froze. “Did I hurt you?” “No, don’t stop, please,” she begged. That’s all I needed. I pulled out again and thrust. Over and over, I moved in and

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< First Time

out in slow steady thrusts. She was crying out, her grip on the chains had her knuckles whitening.

+8 Points >

I gripped her by the waist and moved her, enjoying the snugness of her ass, almost getting lost in the moment. I looked down and watched my d*ck as it disappeared inside of her. So f*cking hot.

I picked up the candle, slowing my thrusts as I lit it and tipped it a little as the melted wax dotted her perfect body. "AHHH, yes! Oh, please Dawson, more," she screamed. Her body arched for more and I obliged, trailing a line between her breasts. I brought the thumb of my other hand to her clit and started rubbing slow circles as I gave short shallow thrusts

in her ass.

orgasm

Her scream started low and gained in volume as I poured more wax on her, and then she was convulsing. An ripped through her, and she choked on her own scream. Her muscles clamped down on me. I quickly blew out the candle and started jerking myself in her ass. The grip was so strong I hardly moved, and it felt so f*cking good.

"F*ck, f*ck, f*ck," I chanted as spurt after spurt of c*m filled the condom. She finally relaxed enough that I was able to pull out. That was one of the best nuts of my life. I flopped down beside her, gathering my breath. She was panting hard and shuddering with little after-shocks.

I pulled off the condom, tied it and trashed it in the can beside the bed that one of my guys thoughtfully put there.

I got up and uncuffed her wrists, slowly bringing her arms down, massaging them. I then slipped off her blindfold. I laid back down and gathered her into my arms. Bits of wax flaked off of her. She snuggled close and gave a deep sigh.

"I love you," she whispered.

“I love you too, baby.”

“Thank you for that experience,” she said.

I chuckled lightly. “Thank you for letting me experiment.”

“I hope we aren’t done for the night.”

“Oh no, baby. We’ve just begun.”

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Let’s Get This Party Started

Dawson

It turned out that I actually did need all three boxes of condoms. I used the last two in the first box within the first hour of us being together. Then we fell asleep for a little nap. I woke up with her giving me head and it was on. I could not get enough of her. I took her the rest of the night into the early morning with little cat naps. When the alarm went off at eight in the morning, we both groaned. I pulled her closer to me, being her big spoon as she snuggled in.

“Five more minutes,” she grumbled. I kissed the back of her head with a smile and squeezed her tightly. I could feel my d*ck hardening and she whined.

“I love you, I really do, but I just can’t anymore.”

That had me chuckling. Regardless of how my d*ck was acting, I don’t even think I could c*m one more time.

“We have to get up, wife. Our ride will be here in an hour. The guys will be waiting for us on the jet. Jamaica awaits us,” I

whispered in her ear. She wiggled and squealed with happiness.

“I am your wife now. Legally binding and everything.”

“That you are pretty girl.”

She sighed, "Okay, I'm getting up."

She rolled away from me, the sheet slipping down her body, her ass came into view. I couldn't help myself and I reached

out and smacked it. She yelped. I watched as my hand print bloomed and felt my desire stir even more. She looked at me, and then jumped out of bed.

"Nope, not uh, I am so sore all over. I'm pretty sure my muscles have muscles that are sore. You bent me like a pretzel last night."

"How are your b*obs? Do you need help with them?"

I found I had a lactation kink. I didn't know I had that until one night when I was s*cking on her breasts, and she had a

let-down. Now, I loved to suckle from her while I f*cked her.

She looked down at herself. Breastfeeding two babies made her milk flow strongly, but she didn't get too engorged

anymore.

"I could use some help, actually. How about you jump in the shower with me, and I can give you a p*ssy job while you

suck them?"

"F*ck yes," I said, jumping out of bed.

It turns out I could nut one more time as she came over my c*ck, and I sucked her dry, I let go and came over her mound and my stomach. What a fantastic wake-up.

"There they are," Ford said as we got on the plane.

Isha skipped to him and leaned down to kiss him. He grabbed her by the waist and hauled her onto his lap. He delved his fingers into her hair and held her head steady as he took control of their kiss.

“I missed you last night, Princess.”

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9-11 minutes

“I missed you too, but I was also distracted all night,” she said, chuckling.

“I just bet you were,” he smirked.

neck and he lifted her a little to kiss her.

“Did you have a good night, Baby Girl?”

“I did. I’m thinking I need your expert hands for a massage. I’m so sore all over.”

“Whatever you need, baby, I’m here for you,” he said, giving her one last kiss.

Davis took her next. He didn’t say anything, he just kissed her passionately. I looked at Mic and Ford. They were both

staring at me intently.

“So?” Ford asked.

“It was f*cking awesome. I didn’t know it was like that. So tight, and hot, and f*ck it was literally the best nut of my life.”

They both grinned.

“Maybe you’ll want to try one of us?” Mic asked.

I was taken aback by the question. I never thought about that. My silence had the eagerness in his face dissipating.

“That’s not a no, I just have never thought about it,” I said quickly. I did not want to hurt his feelings, especially not on our honeymoon. For this was their honeymoon too. When we did our commitment ceremony, we had agreed to do one big honeymoon after Isha and I tied the knot.

“But will you think about it?” Ford asked.

I nodded, “Yeah, as long as Isha is with us, I’ll think about it,” I said with a small grin. They both grinned too.

“So guess what happened last night while you were with Isha? Something that hasn’t happened in a long time with Shay,”

Ford said.

“What?” I asked taking my seat. Isha took the seat next to me. We were across from Mic and Ford, and Davis was on my

other side.

“That prick of an ex called her. It’s been months since the last time he reached out. Apparently, he thought her temper had cooled down by now and that whatever fling she was having was now out of her system. He called from an unknown number. She didn’t think anything of it since she deals with a lot of people with our finances, and she answered. He tried to coax her into going back to Maine and starting a business with him. She asked what kind of business and that gave him hope, but she was just curious about what he was going to say. He wants to open a fashion line. She laughed, and said he didn’t know anything about fashion. But her friend Callie had kept her in the loop of things that were happening in Maine, and apparently he hooked up with some chick who thinks she’s a designer. Wants to use the rest of Shay’s money for capital.”

“Son of a b*tch, what did she say?”

“She told him to eat a bag of d*cks. Hung up and blocked the new number. She’s considering getting a different number, but that would be such a hassle for her. I’m contemplating making a visit.”

“We just might have to. Bryce Dennison and his team should be back in a few months along with Bryson Olson and his team. What do you guys think about buying those luxury condos on Jupiter Drive,” I asked as the plane took off.

We all sat there contemplating.

“Would they be for the guys to live in? As a Unit? Or just for them to live in in general? I know Olson and two guys on his team are moving here, and they don’t have a permanent residence yet. I’m not sure about Dennison or anyone on his team,” Mic said.

“I’ll text Stafford and Cruz and ask them to ask the guys. But I think it’s a good investment anyway. There are twenty-five

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* Let’s Get This Party Started

condos in that building,” I said. They nodded.

The rest of the flight we relaxed. I played with Isha’s rings as the flight went on and thought about the future. Everything I’ve dreamed of is coming true. I was married to the woman of my dreams, my unit was strong, my men were happy and safe, my business was thriving and I had two beautiful children.

A few hours later I was brushing my fingers over Isha’s cheek to wake her up.

“We’re here baby. Welcome to Montego Bay.”

“I’m so excited. I can’t wait to get into my bikini and hit the beach with a margarita.”

At the mention of her bikini, I couldn’t wait to see it on her. She always wore the best bathing suits, and she always looked stunning in them.

A driver picked us up and took us to our private villa. When we walked in, our girl squealed at the opulence surrounding us. Gold fixtures, lush carpet, hard wood floors, the doors to go outside were open, and you could walk out to our own

private beach. The sand was white, and the water was a vibrant blue and crystal clear. We had our own butler service, and

he was already standing there with drinks on a tray. He welcomed us with a smile.

“I’m going to go get changed,” Isha said with excitement. We all chuckled at her enthusiasm.

“How hard is it going to be to get her to come inside once we are out there so we can have our way with her?” Ford asked.

“You do not have to wait, sir. Your beach is private, I can make myself scarce,” the butler who I found out was named

Badrick, said in his thick Jamaican accent.

“My man,” Ford said, slapping a hundred-dollar bill in his hand. The man beamed, bowed his head and disappeared from

our sight.

“Let’s get changed. We have a woman to satisfy,” Ford grinned.

“Go easy on her, she’s sore, everywhere,” I said with a smug smile.

“We’ll start off with a full-body massage then,” Davis said.

“I’m sore too,” I quickly added.

“Well then, you get a massage too,” Mic said. Ford smiled wickedly. This was going to be a fun honeymoon. Let’s get the

party started.

Our Salvation

Isha

I walked into the water and sighed. It was so warm and felt so nice. I loved having our own private beach. I didn’t bother with a suit considering the hot pink one I wore six days ago was ripped off of me in seconds.

The boys were still sleeping, it was early in the morning. I had to untangle myself from all of them. I loved how they each had to have a hand on me when we slept. It made me feel so loved.

It still surprises me sometimes that four men could love me so unconditionally and be so devoted to me.

We haven't left the Villa for six days. It's been phenomenal. Badrick was not only our butler, but he was a fantastic cook. He made pretty elaborate breakfasts and dinners. I found Jerk Chicken was my favorite thing here. For six days, besides eating, I've made love to each of my guys individually and together. I noticed Dawson was becoming bolder and more open during our group s*x. He's more accepting of the guys' touches with hands and mouths. He's even initiated kissing more with all of them. And just the other day, I caught him and Mic making out in the kitchen as they were making pop

corn and shakes for a movie night. I just stood there and watched them as they kissed and groped each other. When

Dawson sensed someone was watching, his eyes opened, and then they darkened, and he became bolder, grabbing Mic's

ass and bringing him closer to rub against him.

I left them to it and wedged myself in between Davis and Ford. I had been so turned on that I didn't even get to start the

movie. I was all over them.

Remembering that night brought a smile to my face. I laid on my back and floated. I was so relaxed. Today we were going shopping, and we had heard about a spa that did couples massages, so we were going to check it out.

I drifted, my mind completely relaxed. I made sure to stay close to shore, so I wouldn't drift out to sea. I heard someone

coming close to me in the water and I turned my head.

"Hey Angel, I missed waking up to you in my arms," Davis said, reaching for me.

He picked me up, and I wrapped around him, our lips touching, our tongues tangling. His c*ck which was hardening as he walked towards me was now at full staff. He rubbed himself between my p*ssy lips and we both groaned.

“I wanted you guys to get some sleep. You all looked so peaceful.”

“Hmm,” he hummed as he nuzzled my neck. “I get that, but I like waking up to you next to me the best.”

“You do?” I said surprised.

“Why do you sound surprised?”

“Well, because I know how close you and the guys are, but it seems like Dawson is your person. I know you love Mic, Ford and me, but there’s something special between you and him.”

“Well, Dawson’s like my hero, I guess you could say. He’s saved my life a couple of times, h*ll he’s saved all of our lives a time or two. Ford and Mic, they’ve always been close, even before we became a family unit. They have all looked out for me because of my speech impediment. They kept a lot of the teasing away. Military guys, they like to make fun of anything. It’s a way to relieve some stress and some believe it makes them superior over someone that they deem less than them. The guys shielded me from all that, but Dawson the most. If anyone had one cross word to say about my speech, he was all over them. Then, when he guarded Mic, Ford and me while we relived our stress with each other and explored our new-found intimacy, it just solidified my loyalty to him. My hero worship turned into love. I’ve been in love with him for a very long time. He was the first I fell in love with, then Mic and Ford, a little later after we became intimate. But you Isha, you have brought us all so much closer together. You bring a vulnerability that makes me feel strong, and I

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< Our Salvation

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12-15 minutes

+6 Points >

can finally be the protector of someone precious. You've helped all of us in some small way than I think you don't realize. Mic's nightmares hardly happen anymore. My stutter is basically nonexistent. Ford's spontaneous a*sholeness that can come out when someone irritates him doesn't happen anymore. He's more thoughtful of his words. And Dawson, you've helped him open himself up more to all of us, and I thank you for that and love you for that so much."

"Oh, I don't think I've done all that," I said, blushing.

"You have, Angel. You so have. Now, I'm going to slip inside of you," he said, as he did just that. We both moaned in pleasure. "And you're going to let me show you just how much I appreciate you."

He gripped my hips and moved in and out of me as he held me still.

"You feel so good. I'm not going to c*m in you. We don't want to risk you getting pregnant. But, I just wanted to feel you without a d*mn condom this morning," he panted.

"I love feeling your c*ck bare, Davis. You feel so hard, and thick. You hit the right spots," I gasped as an orgasm took me by surprise. I felt it building, but then he angled my hips and I lit up. I clenched around him and his body shuddered. He started to pick up his pace with his thrusts and I held on as he moved my hips faster and faster, plunging his c*ck in and out of me.

"I'm going to c*m, Angel."

"Move out closer to shore and put me down," I demanded.

He did, and I dropped to my knees in the shallow water. I took his c*ck into my mouth, grabbed his ass cheeks and

shoved him in my mouth and down my throat.

"F*CK!" He shouted. He grabbed my head and my eyes locked on to his. He pulled out and thrust back in. He took control, f*cking my throat. I swallowed around him, and he groaned,

shoving my face to his groin and held me there. I choked a little and then breathed through my nose. He let up on me and I took a breath, and then he was shoving himself

back in.

“You’re going to take all of me again, Angel, swallow my load and don’t let one drop leave that pretty mouth,” he said

through clenched teeth.

He pumped himself three more times, and then he shouted as he released down my throat. His shout turned into a low growl as he came down. Then he pulled out and collapsed onto his knees.

“F*ck, Angel, you destroy me.”

“I love you Davis,” I said, bringing my hand to his cheek. He smiled at me.

“I love you too.” he looked over my shoulder and his smile widened.

“Look, Angel.”

I turned and looked over my shoulder. I gasped at the sight of three of my men lost in each other. Tears came to my eyes. Davis was right.

All of them were outside on the deck. They must have watched us because, right now, Ford was on his knees, bent over, sucking Mic off, who was also on his knees, with his back plastered to Dawson’s front. Dawson had hold of Mic’s hip with one hand, and his other was holding him around his throat and he was thrusting into Mic’s ass. His eyes were glued to me, while Mic’s were closed in bliss, his mouth slightly open.

Davis turned me, and he mimicked Dawson’s hold on me. He slipped his d*ck between my p*ssy lips and told me to close my thighs around him, and he started to give himself a p*ssy job while he reached around with his other hand and started rubbing my clit. Dawson’s eyes flashed, and he picked up his pace in Mic ass. I could hear Mic groaning. Dawson’s thrusts made Mic go deeper down Ford’s throat.

Om Salvation

“Please, please,” Mic started begging. Ford’s head bobbed faster, Davis’ fingers on my clit started going faster and so did

his thrusts.

I saw Ford’s hand grab his d*ck, and he started pumping his c*ck. It was all so much and just as Mic shouted I burst and screamed. Groan after groan sounded after and we all came together.

“See what you do, Angel. You make us all h*my to the point where we can’t help ourselves, we have to f*ck and find

release. That was another first for him, Isha. You did that, you brought his reluctance down to take one of us. You’re our salvation baby. We love you so much,” Davis whispered in my ear.

“I love you,” I sniffled.

“I love you too, Angel.”

< Never Letting Go

Never Letting Go

Ford

I gritted my teeth, trying to hold in the rage that was starting to flow through my mind and body. The moans of my most cherished people were driving me nuts because they were moaning from others’ hands on their bodies and I couldn’t handle it. I could hear Davis, Dawson and Isha in the room next to Mic and me. Even Mic let out some quiet groans as the woman that was massaging him dug into his back muscles.

“You are so tense, handsome,” the woman that was massaging me said. Mic’s groan cut right off.

I heard him shift, “What did you call him?”

“Shh, you were just so relaxed, lie back down and let my hands bring you pleasure,” said his masseuse.

“That’s it, get your hands off of me, take your hands off of my husband. We are finished,” I said.

“But, we aren’t done with you, there’s so much more we can do for you and, if you want, we can do a lot more than what you’ve paid for,” the one that was massaging me said with a flirtatious smile.

“Lady, I don’t hit women, but I’m strongly considering smacking you. That’s my husband. No one brings out moans in him but me, our other husbands and our wife. Your other offer is not appreciated and unwanted. Why would we want extra from you when we have the perfect woman in our life?”

The woman was almost in tears and I didn’t care. Maybe I shouldn’t have yelled at her, but she crossed a line, and I was already pissed. Another moan was heard from the other room. F*ck this sh*t.

I didn’t care I was naked, I hopped off of the massage table and stormed out of the room Mic and I were in. Mic shouted for me, but I was too mad.

I slammed into the room that my lovers were in and stopped short. It was just Dawson, Davis and Isha. Isha was riding Dawson as Davis rode her. I was surprised the massage table held them. They all stopped and looked at me.

“Well, I’m glad I didn’t have to come in here and kick some ass, hearing one more moan was driving me nuts. But now that I know it’s only you guys in here, carry on,” I said. I blew them a kiss and shut the door.

I looked down at my c*ck and smirked. I went back to the room Mic and I were in. I was surprised to see the girls still in

the room.

“Get out!” I snapped. They both rushed out, and I slammed the door behind them.

“They’re having a little fun. We should too,” I said, stalking towards him and pushing him back down on his massage

table and climbing on top.

“It was nice of them to let us finish before they banned us from ever coming back,” Isha said, while we walked around

town.

“I’m sure we aren’t the first people to ever do something like that. Besides with what they offered Mic and me, I’m pretty sure some of the stuff they do there is illegal,” I said.

“WHAT?” Isha screeched. “They propositioned you? I’m going right back there and kicking some ass,” she said, turning

around.

I grabbed her hand and stopped her.

“Easy there little warrior. As much as I would love for you to defend our honor, I took care of it.”

She huffed and me and the guys chuckled. She was cute. Mic and I held her hands as we walked. Dawson and Davis held

< Never Letting Go

hands. We were on our way to do some snorkeling, and I was excited. I knew Isha was too, because it was one of the things she really wanted to do before we left. She had a beach bag with all our suits in it. We didn’t want to wear them to the massage place and decided to change by the boat house. When we walked up, two men were there. They were both tall with braids and seashells in their hair. Isha squealed and asked where she could get seashells in her hair. One of the men told her he could braid some of her hair and put seashells in the braids. She clapped and was so happy I didn’t have the heart to tell her no. I didn’t want another man playing with her hair. I crossed my arms and Mic slapped me on the shoulder.

“Chill man. You are grumpy today.”

“I just don’t like anyone touching what is mine, is that so bad?”

“When have you become so possessive?”

“Mic, I’ve always been this way, it’s just more now because I feel more now and being in this place with all these men lusting after our woman, and all these women lusting after all of you, it’s driving me nuts.”

“You’re just not used to us dressing down and being around so many people. We were held up in the Villa and, before that, we really only worked and were around people we approve of as part of our inner circle. Strangers are going to look

man. She’s beautiful and so are we,” he preened, showing off his muscles.

I chuckled. “Stop that. I don’t know why I’m getting jealous all of a sudden.”

“It’s because we have something to lose now,” Dawson said. “And none of us want to lose her or each other. We won’t

Ford. The only love you’ve experienced is what we’ve given you. It’s not going away, ever. Okay? We love you.”

I let out a huge breath. He was right. I was worried about losing them. I’ve never had something so precious in my life as

the love we all have for each other.

“You’re right. I didn’t realize I was so affected by my family’s lack of affection towards me. And now that I have all of yours in more than just a quick f*ck capacity, I am afraid of losing what we have.”

Dawson grabbed me and kissed me. Mic and Davis wrapped their arms around us and they both each gave me a peck.

“We love you man. You’re stuck with us for life,” Mic said.

“We will never abandon you,” Davis said.

I smiled and nodded. We pulled apart, and we all watched while Isha got half her head braided with little seashells

interspersed in the braids. Then we all went and changed into our suits. When Isha came out of the bathroom, I groaned. Her suit was a bright yellow that left nothing to the imagination. The only saving grace was that it wasn't a bikini. But the

sides of her suit had little diamond cut-outs. It showed a lot of side b*ob and, of course, the back was up her delectable

ass. I caught our guides eyeing said ass and I growled at them. They both held their hands up and shrugged as if saying,

can you blame us?

Mic grabbed me by the back of the neck and guided me down the narrow dock to the boat we were taking. I needed to get a grip. I had no problem with Aaron eyeing our girl, maybe because I trusted him. Even Savage and Rage, I've learned that they aren't a threat anymore and maybe that's just it. The guys in our lives aren't threats to me, but for some reason I feel these random men are. And that's just ridiculous because I knew none of my family would ever betray me. Finally, with that thought process in mind, I overlooked the lustful glances that Isha was getting from the rest of the men that were in the group we were joining. I caught one woman slapping her man on the head for eyeing Isha, but before I could chuckle about it, she looked at the rest of us and I saw her eyeing me and my guys. I just smirked, don't even think about it, girl. I stared at her, and she blushed and turned away.

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“Enjoying the ride, Princess?”

“Yeah, it’s so pretty here. I love it, but I miss our babies.”

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“Mmm, me too,” I said, nuzzling behind her ear and giving her little kisses there. She shivered. “I love you so much, Isha. You’re beautiful, kind, understanding and compassionate. You’re a fantastic mother and even a better wife. I’m so lucky you are in my life. I love the guys, but my love for you is so much that sometimes, I am afraid it will all disappear.”

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“Okay.” I wrapped my arms around her and we kissed. I was the luckiest bastard in the world. I had everything I wanted,

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< Soothing Him

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 130 -

12-15 minutes

+6 Points >

can finally be the protector of someone precious. You’ve helped all of us in some small way than I think you don’t realize. Mic’s nightmares hardly happen anymore. My stutter is basically nonexistent. Ford’s spontaneous a*sholeness that can come out when someone irritates him doesn’t happen anymore. He’s more thoughtful of his words. And Dawson, you’ve helped him open himself up more to all of us, and I thank you for that and love you for that so much.”

“Oh, I don’t think I’ve done all that,” I said, blushing.

“You have, Angel. You so have. Now, I’m going to slip inside of you,” he said, as he did just that. We both moaned in pleasure. “And you’re going to let me show you just how much I appreciate you.”

He gripped my hips and moved in and out of me as he held me still.

“You feel so good. I’m not going to c*m in you. We don’t want to risk you getting pregnant. But, I just wanted to feel you without a d*mn condom this morning,” he panted.

“I love feeling your c*ck bare, Davis. You feel so hard, and thick. You hit the right spots,” I gasped as an orgasm took me by surprise. I felt it building, but then he angled my hips and I lit up. I clenched around him and his body shuddered. He started to pick up his pace with his thrusts and I held on as he moved my hips faster and faster, plunging his c*ck in and

out of me.

“I’m going to c*m, Angel.”

“Move out closer to shore and put me down,” I demanded.

He did, and I dropped to my knees in the shallow water. I took his c*ck into my mouth, grabbed his ass cheeks and

shoved him in my mouth and down my throat.

“F*CK!” He shouted. He grabbed my head and my eyes locked on to his. He pulled out and thrust back in. He took control, f*cking my throat. I swallowed around him, and he groaned, shoving my face to his groin and held me there. I choked a little and then breathed through my nose. He let up on me and I took a breath, and then he was shoving himself

back in.

“You’re going to take all of me again, Angel, swallow my load and don’t let one drop leave that pretty mouth,” he said

through clenched teeth.

He pumped himself three more times, and then he shouted as he released down my throat. His shout turned into a low growl as he came down. Then he pulled out and collapsed onto his knees.

“F*ck, Angel, you destroy me.”

“I love you Davis,” I said, bringing my hand to his cheek. He smiled at me.

“I love you too.” he looked over my shoulder and his smile widened.

“Look, Angel.”

I turned and looked over my shoulder. I gasped at the sight of three of my men lost in each other. Tears came to my eyes. Davis was right.

All of them were outside on the deck. They must have watched us because, right now, Ford was on his knees, bent over, sucking Mic off, who was also on his knees, with his back plastered to Dawson’s front. Dawson had hold of Mic’s hip with one hand, and his other was holding him around his throat and he was thrusting into Mic’s ass. His eyes were glued to me, while Mic’s were closed in bliss, his mouth slightly open.

Davis turned me, and he mimicked Dawson’s hold on me. He slipped his d*ck between my p*ssy lips and told me to close my thighs around him, and he started to give himself a p*ssy job while he reached around with his other hand and started rubbing my clit. Dawson’s eyes flashed, and he picked up his pace in Mic ass. I could hear Mic groaning. Dawson’s thrusts made Mic go deeper down Ford’s throat.

Om Salvation

“Please, please,” Mic started begging. Ford’s head bobbed faster, Davis’ fingers on my clit started going faster and so did

his thrusts.

I saw Ford’s hand grab his d*ck, and he started pumping his c*ck. It was all so much and just as Mic shouted I burst and screamed. Groan after groan sounded after and we all came together.

“See what you do, Angel. You make us all h*my to the point where we can’t help ourselves, we have to f*ck and find

release. That was another first for him, Isha. You did that, you brought his reluctance down to take one of us. You’re our salvation baby. We love you so much,” Davis whispered in my ear.

“I love you,” I sniffled.

“I love you too, Angel.”

< Never Letting Go

Never Letting Go

Ford

I gritted my teeth, trying to hold in the rage that was starting to flow through my mind and body. The moans of my most cherished people were driving me nuts because they were moaning from others’ hands on their bodies and I couldn’t handle it. I could hear Davis, Dawson and Isha in the room next to Mic and me. Even Mic let out some quiet groans as the woman that was massaging him dug into his back muscles.

“You are so tense, handsome,” the woman that was massaging me said. Mic’s groan cut right off.

I heard him shift, “What did you call him?”

“Shh, you were just so relaxed, lie back down and let my hands bring you pleasure,” said his masseuse.

“That’s it, get your hands off of me, take your hands off of my husband. We are finished,” I said.

“But, we aren’t done with you, there’s so much more we can do for you and, if you want, we can do a lot more than what you’ve paid for,” the one that was massaging me said with a flirtatious smile.

“Lady, I don’t hit women, but I’m strongly considering smacking you. That’s my husband. No one brings out moans in him but me, our other husbands and our wife. Your other offer is not appreciated and unwanted. Why would we want extra from you when we have the perfect woman in our life?”

The woman was almost in tears and I didn’t care. Maybe I shouldn’t have yelled at her, but she crossed a line, and I was already pissed. Another moan was heard from the other room. F*ck this sh*t.

I didn’t care I was naked, I hopped off of the massage table and stormed out of the room Mic and I were in. Mic shouted for me, but I was too mad.

I slammed into the room that my lovers were in and stopped short. It was just Dawson, Davis and Isha. Isha was riding Dawson as Davis rode her. I was surprised the massage table held them. They all stopped and looked at me.

“Well, I’m glad I didn’t have to come in here and kick some ass, hearing one more moan was driving me nuts. But now that I know it’s only you guys in here, carry on,” I said. I blew them a kiss and shut the door.

I looked down at my c*ck and smirked. I went back to the room Mic and I were in. I was surprised to see the girls still in

the room.

“Get out!” I snapped. They both rushed out, and I slammed the door behind them.

“They’re having a little fun. We should too,” I said, stalking towards him and pushing him back down on his massage

table and climbing on top.

“It was nice of them to let us finish before they banned us from ever coming back,” Isha said, while we walked around

town.

“I’m sure we aren’t the first people to ever do something like that. Besides with what they offered Mic and me, I’m pretty sure some of the stuff they do there is illegal,” I said.

“WHAT?” Isha screeched. “They propositioned you? I’m going right back there and kicking some ass,” she said, turning

around.

I grabbed her hand and stopped her.

“Easy there little warrior. As much as I would love for you to defend our honor, I took care of it.”

She huffed and me and the guys chuckled. She was cute. Mic and I held her hands as we walked. Dawson and Davis held

< Never Letting Go

hands. We were on our way to do some snorkeling, and I was excited. I knew Isha was too, because it was one of the things she really wanted to do before we left. She had a beach bag with all our suits in it. We didn’t want to wear them to the massage place and decided to change by the boat house. When we walked up, two men were there. They were both tall with braids and seashells in their hair. Isha squealed and asked where she could get seashells in her hair. One of the men told her he could braid some of her hair and put seashells in the braids. She clapped and was so happy I didn’t have the heart to tell her no. I didn’t want another man playing with her hair. I crossed my arms and Mic slapped me on the shoulder.

“Chill man. You are grumpy today.”

“I just don’t like anyone touching what is mine, is that so bad?”

“When have you become so possessive?”

“Mic, I’ve always been this way, it’s just more now because I feel more now and being in this place with all these men lusting after our woman, and all these women lusting after all of you, it’s driving me nuts.”

“You’re just not used to us dressing down and being around so many people. We were held up in the Villa and, before that, we really only worked and were around people we approve of as part of our inner circle. Strangers are going to look

man. She’s beautiful and so are we,” he preened, showing off his muscles.

I chuckled. “Stop that. I don’t know why I’m getting jealous all of a sudden.”

“It’s because we have something to lose now,” Dawson said. “And none of us want to lose her or each other. We won’t

Ford. The only love you’ve experienced is what we’ve given you. It’s not going away, ever. Okay? We love you.”

I let out a huge breath. He was right. I was worried about losing them. I’ve never had something so precious in my life as

the love we all have for each other.

“You’re right. I didn’t realize I was so affected by my family’s lack of affection towards me. And now that I have all of yours in more than just a quick f*ck capacity, I am afraid of losing what we have.”

Dawson grabbed me and kissed me. Mic and Davis wrapped their arms around us and they both each gave me a peck.

“We love you man. You’re stuck with us for life,” Mic said.

“We will never abandon you,” Davis said.

I smiled and nodded. We pulled apart, and we all watched while Isha got half her head braided with little seashells

interspersed in the braids. Then we all went and changed into our suits. When Isha came out of the bathroom, I groaned. Her suit was a bright yellow that left nothing to the imagination. The only saving grace was that it wasn’t a bikini. But the

sides of her suit had little diamond cut-outs. It showed a lot of side b*ob and, of course, the back was up her delectable

ass. I caught our guides eyeing said ass and I growled at them. They both held their hands up and shrugged as if saying,

can you blame us?

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