

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 133 -

21-27 minutes

Wow

Shay

“This club is awesome, look at all the beautiful people,” I yelled to the girls and James.

“Maybe we’ll be able to find you someone tonight!” Isha yelled back.

I smiled but rolled my eyes. Really, I wasn’t sure even after almost a year that I wanted to start dating again. I hate to admit it, but I’m still kind of hurt. I’ll silently admit that my ego is slightly bruised. I gave Carson three f*cking years. How am I supposed to trust another person with my heart again?

I’m twenty-eight, almost twenty-nine. I want what Isha, Savvy, James and Ava have. I want that all-consuming love and I want a baby. God do I want a baby. Someone to call my own, that I know will never leave me. That’s probably an unhealthy way to look at things, but I want someone that will love me unconditionally, and I have this innate capacity to nurture a small being. I just want a baby. I am seriously contemplating IVF with a sperm donor. Like seriously.

The girls and James dragged me to the dance floor after claiming our VIP table. My type of music was playing. I liked DJ

music and a little rave music. It flowed through me, and I felt s*xy with my silver glittery handkerchief top and black mini skirt with my thigh-high silver-heeled boots. My blonde hair was in a high ponytail, the air was cool despite the many

bodies on the dance floor. The clubs ac worked well.

We danced five songs before I told them I was getting a drink. James came with me as we went to the bar.

“This place is awesome. I can’t believe I haven’t been here before,” I said to James.

“Well, you’re kind of a workaholic, no offense. But you really need to let your hair down tonight.”

“You’re right, you’re all right. I really did need this. Maybe once I get a couple more drinks in me, I’ll have the courage to

grab one of these guys and take them for a spin.”

“That’s the spirit,” James said as we clinked our glasses of bourbon. I loved bourbon. I wasn’t much of a fru fru drink girl.

I liked the hard liquor.

James and I drank and then we took a couple of shots of tequila. Savvy didn’t want to drink tonight, she had a video she

and her guys needed to make tomorrow. Ava was pregnant and Isha was still breastfeeding. So that left James to be my

drinking buddy. I really liked James. If he wasn’t g*y I’d be all over him. He was smoking hot, he was skinny with corded

muscles and he was tall. I was five-nine, and he was six-foot or six-one.

“James, if you were into girls, would I be your type?”

“Honey, if I were into girls, you, Savvy, Ava and Isha would be my type. I’m pretty sure I’d like them curvy, slim, small-chested, big-chested, bubble butt or flat ass. Women are beautiful to me. I just don’t get turned on by them. Don’t get me wrong, I could f*ck one. I mean, I have a d*ck that responds to stimulation, but desire-wise, women don’t do it for

me.”

“Me either,” I said, laughing. “I think if I were into women, Ava would be my type. Her creamy skin and all that red hair, whoooo,” I said, waving a hand in my face. He chuckled and nodded.

I was starting to feel a little more than tipsy after our fifth shot and third bourbon. I was becoming giddy. We all danced some more, and then I had to pee. Ava came with me. As we were walking back, a crowd of dancers separated us. She looked back and I waved her on.

"I'm going to the bar, I need some water, it's getting a little hot in here," I yelled.

"Okay, I can tell James you're at the bar." I nodded.

1/5

< Wow

I stood there waiting, watching the cute bartender as he served other customers.

"Can I buy you a drink?" a man asked.

+8 Points

I looked at him. He was decent looking, about eye level with me. I had three-inch heels on, so that meant he was six foot, with dark brown hair and dark brown eyes. He had a polite smile on his face. So, I nodded. Why not?

I told him I wanted a glass of bourbon and a bottle of water.

"You surprised me. I would have pegged you for a cosmo or piña colada."

Welp, he just went down a point. I scoffed and shook my head. I looked around for James. I turned to see if he was coming to the bar. I didn't want to talk to this guy.

"Here, drink up," he said, handing me a glass of bourbon. Just as I was bringing it to my lips. A body bumped into me, and my glass slipped from my hand.

I was then yanked away. The world spun, and I was in someone's strong arms.

I looked up and up, and blinked.

"Whoa, you're so f*cking hot." He chuckled. "Sh*t, did I say that out loud?"

“You did,” his deep voice reverberated through me.

“Oh,” I whispered.

“You should be more careful about who you let buy your drinks. Normally, I would have punched that guy in the face, but

I’m a little more disciplined now. So I just bumped you so you’d drop your drink.”

I looked at him confused. “Huh?”

“He drugged your drink when you turned your back. You got to be careful, pretty girl. I wouldn’t want you to come to any

harm.”

I gasped, “He did?” He nodded slowly. “Thank you, that would have sucked, and it would have been just my luck in this

f*cked up year.”

He gave me a curious look.

I shook my head, “Nevermind, you don’t want to hear my sob story.”

We were swaying side to side, even though the music wasn’t a slow song. He was so tall, my boots put me at six feet, but

I still had to look up at him. His shoulders were very broad. He had on a black shirt that was tight around his chest and

arms. He was built like a lumber jack. His dark blue jeans looked new, and he had some sh*t kicker boots on. He had gray eyes and black hair. And a dimple in his left cheek when he smiled.

“Are you a bouncer?”

He let out a bark of laughter. "No, pretty girl, I'm not."

"Why do you keep calling me that?"

"Because I don't know your name."

"Oh, maybe that's a good thing."

"Oh really?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said.

"Why?"

Added to the library

2/5

< Wow

"This way, I can do this, and maybe we can get down and dirty, without any consequences," I said.

+8 Points >

I grabbed him by the back of the head before I could chicken out, and I lifted onto my toes and kissed him. He froze for a moment, and then he gave in, and it was on. We kissed like we were long-lost lovers just reuniting. I moaned when one of his hands roamed down my body, and he clasped my left butt cheek and brought me closer to him. I could feel his

hard on, and I wanted it.

I ripped my mouth away from his. I pulled him back towards the bathrooms. We walked down the hall and came to a

darkened corner.

I pushed him against the wall and kissed him again. He took my hair out of its ponytail and plunged his hands into my hair to steady my head as he took over the kiss. God, his mouth was delicious. This man could kiss.

I stood on my toes and hooked one leg around his hip and ground against him. We both groaned. I could feel the

wetness of my p*ssy soaking my thong.

One of his hands squeezed my right butt cheek this time, his fingers brushing my core.

“F*ck you’re soaked, I can feel how wet you are.” He rubbed the cloth of my thong and I moaned again.

I took my hand on a journey of his body. I slipped under his shirt to feel his abs. They tightened at my touch. We kept

kissing while he pressed at my entrance, just playing with me. I wanted him to slip under my thong and pushed his

fingers into me.

My hand snaked down to his c*ck and I squeezed him. His groan was long and loud.

“Take me. Right here, right now,” I panted.

“Really?” he asked, his eyes I could barely see in the darkened corner, but I imagined he looked either incredulous, or

eager.

“Yes, please, I need you,” I begged. “It’s been so long for me.”

“How long?”

“Almost a year,” I whispered.

“Sh*t, me too. It’s been over a year, actually.”

I whined in desperation. He cursed. We switched positions. I was now against the wall. He dropped to his knees and

lifted my skirt. He peeled my thong down my legs and took them off of me. I saw him put them in his pocket. He leaned

forward and inhaled my scent.

“F****ck, you smell so good.” He then stuck out his tongue and swiped through my slit. He hummed in pleasure, and I

cried out.

He lifted my right leg and put it over his shoulder. He delved into my p*ssy, licking away like his life depended on it. It felt so good that I ran my fingers through his hair and grasped his strands. I held him still and moved my p*ssy up and down on his tongue that he flattened and let me ride. He shoved two fingers into me and f*cked me with them. I burst, crying out as the orgasm tore through me. My body shuddered with ecstasy and I could feel myself about to fall. He held me up with his fingers inside of me and one hand on my hip.

“So f*cking responsive. I love it,” he said, taking his fingers out of me and cleaning them off with his mouth as I watched.

He reached into his back pocket and took out his wallet. I froze, was he about to pay me? Did he think I was a pr*stitute?

He pulled out a condom and I relaxed. Oh.

“You’re sure about this? I want to make sure you really want this. Want me?”

< Wow

“Yes, to both of your questions.”

He ripped open his jeans and then the condom. He pulled out his c*ck, and I gaped at it. Long and thick, f*ck it was

beautiful.

+8 Foints >

“Don’t worry, pretty girl, he’ll fit. I saw your shock,” he said, smirking. Oh, this guy knew his effect on women. C*cky b*stard. I almost had half a mind to walk away. Almost, but no way was I wasting that big, beautiful c*ck. He sheathed

himself and then picked me up.

“Wrap your legs around me and hold on.”

That was my only warning before he plunged into me. He slammed me back against the wall. He gripped my hips and f*cked me with long, fast, hard strokes. He destroyed me as he plunged over and over into me. His mouth took mine, and he made little grunts in his throat as his hips pushed in and out. I held on for dear life. His mouth moved to my jaw and then my throat. He sucked there, and my eyes rolled into the back of my head. That was a very sensitive spot for me.

“You feel so good, pretty girl. Your p*ssy is so f*cking tight. Do you like my big c*ck slamming into you? Can you feel what you do to me with this hot, slick, tight p*ssy? You’re a f*cking wet dream, baby.”

I moaned, his words were making me wetter and wetter.

“Tell me you like it,” he growled.

“I f*cking love it. This is the best d*ck I’ve ever had.”

“Yeah it is, and you’ll f*cking remember it tomorrow.”

“Yes, yes, yes,” I chanted as I felt another orgasm building. “OH GOD!” I screamed. Luckily, the club’s music was so loud

no one could hear me coming apart in this man’s arms.

“That’s it pretty girl, milk my c*ck. God, I wish I could shoot my load into you. I want to see it seep out of you. I want to

know that you’ll be walking around with my c*m inside of you. F*ck, f*ck, F*CK!” he shouted as his hips pumped three more times, and then he pinned me with his hips. I could feel him c*mming into the condom. My body shuddered with an

aftershock. He grunted as I tightened around him.

“D*mn, I don’t think I’ve ever nudded this hard,” he whispered, his forehead against mine.

He looked into my eyes. “That was phenomenal,” he said.

I nodded. My bones felt like liquid, I was so relaxed. He pulled back and let me slide down, my legs steadying me. He

held my hips and fixed my skirt. He then took the condom off, and tied it. He turned and saw a trash can a few feet away.

As he walked to it, I took the opportunity to slip away. It was better this way. As good as he was, I didn’t need the after

s*x awkwardness right now.

I ran upstairs to the VIP.

“Hey, I’m tired, I’m going to get going.”

“What happened to your hair?” Isha asked.

Sh*t I forgot he took my hair tie out.

“I took it out, I was getting a headache. You guys stay, I’m heading home.”

“Are you sure? We can come with you,” Isha said.

“No, no, really, stay, have fun.”

“Well, let me walk you out and wait with you until your Uber comes. I looked for you at the bar, but didn’t see you,” James

said.

4/5

Wow

+8 Points >

“I went back to the bathroom, you really don’t need to walk me.”

“I do, if anything happened to you, Dawson and the guys would kill me.”

I acquiesced, I just needed to get out of there before that guy started looking for me. I hurriedly dodged dancers and made my way outside where I ordered an Uber. Luckily one was right around the corner.

“Hey are you okay?” James asked.

“Oh, yeah, I think I just drank too much. Gonna go sleep it off.”

“Okay,” he said. The car pulled up and James opened the door for me. He wished me a goodnight. I waved as the car

drove off.

Resting my head against the seat, I was glad the driver wasn't a talker. I can't believe I just did that. I giggled a little. That was not something I did. I didn't do one-night stands, let alone having public s*x in a bar with a stranger. But God, was it

good.

Exciting News

Isha

Two years later

“Absolutely not, I'm not doing it! I either get to have s*x with all of you, or no one gets to have s*x. I don't understand why you three just can't use condoms.”

“Because Baby Girl, a condom can break, and we want the next baby to be Dawson's,” Mic said.

“Have you even discussed this with Dawson?” I asked.

Dawson took the kids to his parents' house while Mic, Davis, Ford, and I prepared an intimate dinner for our anniversary.

“No, but we thought it would be a nice gift for him, Princess. We’ll all still be having s*x, we will just be having s*x with each other while you just use your mouth, t*ts, hands, and ass with us: No vajayjay for us,” Ford said.

“Please Angel,” Davis chimed in.

“And if we do this, and the baby is a girl, what, do I never get to have any of your d*cks in me until I give him a boy? What if the next eight babies are girls? I want Ford to have a kid that’s biologically his if everyone else has one.”

“Baby, you’re being dramatic,” Mic said.

I gasped so hard. “I can’t believe you just said that to me.”

They were all trying really hard not to laugh. I promptly burst into tears.

“Oh, God, Baby Girl, I’m sorry. I was just teasing.

“Forget what we asked, we’ll all still f*ck your v****a, okay? Just stop crying,” Ford pleaded.

“Angel, what is it? Why are you crying?”

“I DON’T KNOW!” I wailed. Ford sat up straight, he then ran to the living room and grabbed his keys and rushed out the door.

“Where are you going?” Mic yelled. But the sound of Ford’s engine roared to life, and he was gone. Davis got up and went to shut the front door.

“Come here Baby Girl, let me hold you. I’m sorry,” he said.

“It’s not your fault. My hormones are out of wack, I think I’m about to start my period.

“Orrrr maybe you’re already pregnant?” Davis suggested. I paused and looked at him. I just stopped breastfeeding. The twins ate so much, I couldn’t keep up. They ate solid foods and breastfed at night before bed, but I haven’t done that for a week now. Plus, their little teeth like to gnaw on my n*pples and it hurts. I have a cr*p ton of frozen breast milk that we use at night in bottles, the twins seem to like that.

“It’s a possibility,” I said, wiping my tears away. Davis came and put his arms around me cautiously.

“Baby Girl, if you’re pregnant, we won’t have to go with our plan.”

I glared over at him. “I don’t want to go with your plan in the first place.”

“If you’re pregnant, when do you think it happened? We’ve been so careful,” Davis said.

“Well, Dawson and I got carried away in the shower a little over a month ago. We were so in the moment he forgot to pull out. And Ford, I kind of made him c*m in me.”

<Exciting News

+8 Points

“What do you mean you made him c*m in you?” Mic said with narrowed eyes.

“I handcuffed him to the bed three weeks ago and rode him to completion,” I said with a shrug.

“D*mn Angel, you and your naughty streak.”

I smiled at Davis and winked.

We heard screeching tires and Ford burst through the front door.

“Princess, I got you a pregnancy test. I think you’re pregnant,” he said breathlessly.

He threw a bag that landed on the island between us.

“We have already kind of figured out that it could be a possibility. When Dawson comes home, I’ll take the test. Now, help me finish dinner. Can someone butter the tops of the rolls please and make the gravy while I finish the salad. Davis,

you’re best at carving, so could you slice the roast please?”

I watched as they all got to work. Every so often, one or two of them would glance at the bag on the island. I had to admit to myself I looked once or twice too. Could I be pregnant? If I was, depending on how far along I am, will tell me if

it’s Ford’s or Dawson’s.

The front door opened and Dawson came in with two bottles of wine.

“Baby, it smells so good in here,” he said, walking into the kitchen and putting the bottles down before he came to me and kissed me, then went around to kiss each of the guys.

“What’s this?” he asked, picking up the bag and looking in it. I watched and his movement paused. “Baby?”

“We think I’m pregnant. The guys were trying to convince me to only let you have s*x with me to give you a baby, while they just got my other holes and each other.”

“You make it sound so crude,” Mic said.

“Well, how else am I supposed to say it,” I said with an exasperated look. He just smirked and shrugged.

“What? That’s absurd. It doesn’t matter to me who the biological father of our children are,” Dawson said.

“Yeah, but you need an heir,” Ford said.

“Yeah, but I don’t need one at this moment.”

The guys shrugged. “Princess, can you go take it now?”

“Now? Don’t you all want to eat first?”

“No,” they all said in unison. I chuckled and held my hand out to Dawson. He plopped the box in my hand, and they

followed me to the bathroom.

“Um, you all aren’t going to watch me pee. Just go set the table, we’ll have to wait three minutes anyway.”

They grumbled, and I shut the door in their faces.

I took a deep breath. I was a little excited too. Ford got the test that didn’t tell you how far along you were, so we’d have to make an appointment with Dr. Evans. I peed on the stick and set the alarm on my phone. I washed my hands and went back into the dining area. They were all sitting there quietly.

They stood when I came back, and I burst into laughter.

“You guys, calm down, it’ll either be negative or positive. Let’s make our plates and by the time we are done, it should be time. Mic picked up my plate and started putting meat, mashed potatoes and gravy on my plate along with some asparagus and salad. I thanked him when he gave it to me.

< Exciting News

+8 Points)

By the time our plates were full, my alarm went off. They stood so fast, and I couldn’t help smiling. We all trudged to the bathroom, and we stood at the door. I walked in. I swear we were all holding out breaths.

I turned to them with the test face down and looked at them.

“If this test is negative, we are not going with the plan of just letting Dawson c*m in me. I can’t believe we are having a conversation about who and who doesn’t get to c*m in me, but we will go with luck of the draw, got it?”

“Got it,” they all said.

I took a deep breath and then flipped the test.

“WHOOOP!” Ford and Mic cheered.

“Awesome,” Davis said with his hands in his pocket as he rocked back onto his heels.

“This is great baby. I am so excited. Rya will be happy to be a big sister and Seth will love another baby to be a big brother

too.”

“I’m so happy,” I whispered, tears springing to my eyes. “I guess this is why my hormones are all out of wack.”

We ate dinner, excited about the pregnancy. We talked about which room we’d make the nursery into. We have plenty. I

didn't want to move Seth and Rya too far from me, so we kept them in the room next to us.

"What about the room across from us? I can move out the office furniture and move it to the room down the hall," Davis

said. It was his office.

"I think that's a great idea as long as you don't mind," I said.

"I don't mind at all, Angel."

That night they all worshiped my body. Kisses and brushed fingers. I experienced so much pleasure from all of them. I

had Dawson in my p*ssy, and Mic in my ass with Davis in my mouth. I was in bliss when Ford told Mic to move up me

more. Mic was now practically on my back thrusting shallow thrusts in my ass. Ford angled himself to the side when he took his generously lubed c*ck and, with a little forced pressure, double penetrated me in my p*ssy.

"Oh God, I'm so full," I whispered.

"You okay," Ford asked. I could feel him and Dawson shaking.

"Yes, you?"

"We're f*cking awesome, Princess. Ready?"

"Mhmm," I said.

They moved slowly, and I turned back to Davis' c*ck. A chorus of moans echoed around the room.

"F*ck she's so tight with the two of you in her p*ssy, I can't hold out," Mic said, before grunting and c*mming in my ass. The moment he pulled out and moved next to us to lay down, Ford took up position behind me, and he started pumping away while Dawson groaned and laid still. Davis was next to c*m, he couldn't handle all the moaning I was doing with Dawson and Ford pleasuring me with a double d*cking.

“F*ck I love feeling your d*ck rubbing mine while in our girl, Ford,” Dawson groaned.

“Me too, Daddy,” Ford gritted out.

I started giggling, which made both of them groan in unison and then Ford’s strokes went faster, and he shouted right as he came, making me and Dawson c*m too.

“Please, never call me Daddy again while your d*ck is rubbing against mine,” Dawson panted.

3/4

<Exciting News

“So, I can call you Daddy every other time?” Ford asked as he pulled out of me.

We all laughed while Dawson groaned.

Later, while lying facing Dawson, we stared at each other while the others slept.

“I think you’re the father. I haven’t had my period this month.”

“If I am or not, it doesn’t matter. My parents are still young. We have time.”

* Pont>

He kissed me and I laid my head on his shoulder. Davis cuddled up behind me, Ford was behind Dawson and Mic was behind him. I laid there as I listened to all of them breathe in their sleep. My life was so not how I saw it being a little over three years ago. I was in what I thought was a happy marriage. I got divorced and then met the loves of my life all in a matter of days. If Jason was still alive, I would thank him for being an a*shole. I did send Madilyn a huge bouquet of flowers to thank her for giving me the life I had two years ago when the twins hit six months old. I haven’t heard from her since the day she apologized to me. Last I heard Paul gave her her trust early and told her to leave Colorado. He loved her, but he had been so disappointed in her for her involvement in my broken marriage. He ended up selling the house and land he bought and the storefront he was giving Madilyn and moved to Europe. It must have been so hard for him. I pushed the thoughts of them out of my mind and smiled as I put my hand on my belly. I couldn’t wait to find out how far along I was and then meet this new little peanut inside of me.