

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 134 -

10-12 minutes

Xavier

Isha

Nine and a half months later

“Push, you got this Isha. “You’ve been through this before,” Dr. Evans coached. This pregnancy was a lot different from when I was pregnant with the twins. I didn’t gain thirty pounds like I did with the twins. My tummy didn’t get as big. There’s only one, and my hormones, although at the beginning were wonky, they stabilized by the second trimester and I had no fainting or dizziness.

The guys were just as attentive, cooking whatever I craved, going out at two in the morning to buy me Oreos and ice cream. I still got my foot rubs, body massages and warm baths.

The s*x this time was out of this world. I wanted it all the time. The guys could hardly keep up, and you would think with four of them, they could. But the moment I got done with one, with multiple orgasms, one would tap out for some relief. Group s*x wasn’t as hard this time around. I made sure to exercise a lot more and stretch and, since my tummy didn’t get really big until I was eight months along, it all worked out to my surprise. I was an extremely happy pregnant woman this time around.

Dawson, once again, was behind me helping me push. Davis and Mic each had a leg again. Ford, however, stayed by my head and wiped my brow with a cool wash cloth. He said he didn’t want to faint again, that he wanted to see the baby born this time.

“That’s it, the head is out,” Dr. Evans said. Ford hunkered down closer to my face. I couldn’t help chuckle at that moment, before screaming as I pushed the baby out all the way.

“Fantastic. Dawson, Isha, you have a baby boy.” Dr. Evans announced, holding him up before putting him on my chest.

When we found out I was six weeks pregnant a couple of days after our anniversary, Dawson and I discussed whether we wanted to find out what it was. We decided not to. He said he wanted to be surprised, and I agreed.

“Oh, he’s so slimy and what’s all that stuff on him?” Ford asked. His words were a little slow.

“Dad is going down, someone catch him!” Dr. Evans yelled as Ford listed to the side and fainted. At least he saw our baby born.

Davis caught him and chuckled. “I don’t understand. He can kill a man with his bare hands, but seeing a slimy baby makes him faint?”

We all chuckled, and I looked at our baby boy.

“Look what we did, Dawson,” I said to him.

“He’s gorgeous. Hello Xavier Patrick,” he said.

Xavier had dark hair and dark brown eyes at the moment. I wondered if they would lighten like mine or stay amber brown like Dawson’s. Our eyes are similar, but mine were lighter than his. Right now he was looking up at his father and I. He let out a pitiful cry that had us both chuckling. Mic and Davis were smiling ear to ear.

“He’s a big boy,” Davis said.

I nodded, he was definitely bigger than Seth and Rya were.

A nurse came over to take Xavier to get cleaned up and his tests done.

“Mic, could you?”

1/4

* Points

“Sure, Baby Girl, I’ll watch over our little man.

“Davis, could you tell everyone in the waiting room? And bring in Rya and Seth?”

“Absolutely Angel.” He leaned down and kissed me.

I was cleaned up, and Dawson held me while they changed my bedding. I was put back in bed in a new gown. “Everything looks great, no tears this time thank God. You didn’t tear your taint and I didn’t have to cut you, so that’s great. You’ll be happy to hear you only have to wait six weeks this time before having s*x again.”

We thanked her and she left. Dawson brushed my hair for me and put it in a braid. Mic brought Xavier over.

“He is eight pounds and ten ounces. He is also twenty-two inches long. The nurse said he passed everything with flying colors. And although we all claim this little bundle, I’d like to be the first to say, Congratulations Dawson, you have your heir.”

He handed Xavier to Dawson. I couldn’t help the smile that came across my face. The look on Dawson’s was one of pure awe and love.

“I fainted again?” Ford whined as he popped up from the bed Davis laid him on.

“You did, buddy. I can’t wait until it’s your time to see your son or daughter born,” Mic said.

“I won’t faint. Now that I know what everything looks like, I’ll be more prepared. Let me see our little man, now that he’s all cleaned up.”

Ford came over to look at Xavier in Dawson’s arms.

“He looks like Isha. Her Filipino features are strong in him.”

“He’s a baby, he’s supposed to look squinty like that,” I said, laughing.

“He has your button nose too, and he’s darker than Rya or Seth.”

He was right. Xavier did look more like me than my other two children. Rya was the splitting image of Mic. Seth looked like Davis and Dawson. If we hadn’t gotten the DNA test, he could have been passed off as Dawson’s biological kid.

The door opened and Davis came in with the twins, mom, Nana, Aria and Patrick.

“Robert and Mark will be here in a minute. They’re buying out the gift shop,” Nana said.

Dawson put Xavier in my arms and Davis sat Seth and Rya on the bed. They got to their knees and climbed higher to look at their baby brother.

“My baby, mama?” Rya asked. Everything was mine with her. If someone had something in their hands that she wanted, she used her sweet face, big eyes and coaxing voice to get what she wanted. It worked for everyone, including her big brother.

“Yes, baby, this is your baby brother, Xavier.”

“He cute, Seth said. Cute was Seth’s new word. Everything was cute. The dogs, the spoons, his food when it’s put in front of him.

“He is cute. Oh Isha, you and the boys make the most beautiful children,” Nana said.

“He is so handsome,” Mom said.

“Dawson, he looks nothing like you,” Aria said, chuckling. “He is all Isha.”

“That’s what I was saying,” Ford said.

I handed the baby to her. She and mom have become really close and Nana, of course, adores her now. The door opened

214

Xavier

again, and Uncle Mark and Robert stepped in with balloons, flowers, and stuffed animals.

Patrick strolled over and helped them decorate the whole room with their purchases.

8 Points)

“We have two strong grandsons now,” Uncle Mark said, proudly putting his arm around Patrick’s and Robert’s shoulders.

“I strong too, Papa M,” Rya said, holding her arms out to show her muscles. We all laughed. At almost four, the twins spoke well. We made sure to never baby talk to them, and they watched Miss Rachel and other helpful videos. They still had a little trouble with how to say things properly, but you can understand them perfectly.

“That you are, little one.”

“Mama, can I hold my baby?” Rya asked.

“You sure can, sweet pea. Come here.”

Mom moved her up to sit next to me. I helped her hold little Xavier.

“Seth come here, you can hold him too,” I said.

“No, thanks mama. Rya is big sister now. I hold him later.”

“You’re the sweetest, Seth,” I said.

“I know,” he said, smiling and nodding his head proudly. We all chuckled. Mom and Uncle Mark took the twins with them when they left. All the grandparents were taking turns watching the twins this week, so we could concentrate on Xavier. I thought it was sweet when Aria suggested it. Not to mention, the kids loved spending time with their grandparents. They get majorly spoiled as they should. They were really great kids.

Two days later, we brought Xavier home. He has been a good baby all week. He hardly woke up in the night. I’ve had to force him to wake up by getting into a bath just so I could feed him. I was a little worried and called Dr. Evans, but she said some babies were like that and that it was perfectly normal. During the days he was wide awake, always looking around and he was a ferocious eater.

When Aria brought the twins home, I asked her if Dawson ate a lot as a child.

“Oh God, yes. From the moment he was born. He fed from me every half hour. I could hardly keep up. I had to supplement formula just so Patrick could feed him so I could sleep. I

alternated between the breast and formula for six months. Then one day, as Patrick and I were eating breakfast, he was in a high chair with some toys and every time Patrick or I put something in our mouths he would make a noise like he wanted some too. I was eating scrambled eggs, so I mashed them up real well and started feeding him some. He was so excited. From then on, whatever we ate he did too. At six months, he was eating eggs and yogurt mostly for his breakfasts. He really liked cottage cheese and peaches. He never liked baby food, but he would suck down formula with cereal like there was no tomorrow. Looks like Xavier will be like his daddy.”

I nodded.

For the next six months, Xavier grew like a weed. On the twins’ fourth birthday, he was eight months old. When he had cake and ice cream for the first time, he let out some type of roar and dove into his helping. On his first birthday, he had a cake of his own and he grasped two handfuls and shoved them in his mouth before picking up the little cake he had and tried to shove it in his mouth. Everyone took pictures and couldn’t stop laughing. He was a pudgy baby and Seth gave him the nickname Tank. So now everyone calls him that. I should have known that with a husband who is six-five and over two hundred and forty pounds of pure muscle, his biological baby would be big.

“So, Princess. I was wondering if I could have my turn,” Ford said, wrapping his arms around me from behind. He had leaned down and nuzzled my neck when he asked that question.

“Are you having baby fever my Ford?”

3/4

< Xavier

“Desperately,” he whispered.

“Do you think I haven’t noticed that in the last three months, you’ve been the only one to take me in my p*ssy?”

I could tell he was holding his breath for a minute, and then he cleared his throat.

+8 Points >

“I may have asked the guys to let me be the only one to have that place of honor for a while. We didn’t think you would

notice.”

“Oh, I noticed. And I figured out why pretty quickly, so I didn’t say anything.”

“You aren’t mad?”

“No, my love. Especially since I took a test this morning and it came out positive.”

He whipped me around and lifted me up. I wrapped around him smiling.

“Really?” he asked with big hopeful eyes.

“Yep. I made an appointment for Monday to find out how far along we are.”

“God, I love you, Isha. You are the best wife ever.”

“I love you too, Ford. I can’t wait to see what we bring into this world.”

+ Paint>

Epilogue: Three Years Later