

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 17 -

9-11 minutes

She Might Be It

Mic

I signed to Davis to start the grill. I had just set out some deviled eggs and jalapeño poppers for appetizers.

A hand smacked my a*s hard, making me jump. I turned and glared at the culprit.

“F*ck Ford. You trying to leave a mark?”

“Always baby,” he said, picking up an egg and popping it into his mouth.

“Save that sh*t for the bedroom,” I grumbled.

Π

“You’re no fun. Davis doesn’t mine. H*ll, even Dawson let’s me get an a*s smack in. You know I’m an a*s man. And you have a delectable a*s.”

“You’re incorrigible.”

“Guilty,” he winked and walked away. I didn’t know how he was always so d*mn chipper. Everything was a joke, or a good time with him.

I looked around to make sure everything was perfect. Dawson said he invited the potential girl of our dreams today, and she said she was coming. I looked at my phone to see the time. It was almost six. I checked the ice in the trough we used for drinks when we had BBQs and parties. Dawson loved to entertain. I loved making sure everything went smoothly for him. He saved my life more than once. I owed him. I waved at Aaron and his cute as f*ck girlfriend. All that red hair and freckles. If she wasn’t with Aaron, I’d flirt with her. She had a great set of t*ts. Her little red bikini hid nothing to the imagination. They were apple-sized and

looked to be a nice firm handful. Too bad she was taken.

A firm muscled body came into view. Davis was smirking at me as he walked up. He signed, 'You're staring a

little hard,'

I signed, 'Not as hard as my d*ck is now that I'm staring at you.'

He looked down, and his smirk widened. He mouthed 'Need help with that?' I grabbed him by the head and

slammed my mouth to his.

"Okay, you two. We have company," Dawson said, sliding over to us.

"So, let them watch," I said, and Davis nodded.

"Enough, or I'll put you both over my knee," he grumbled.

"Promises, promises," I said. The doorbell rang, and I gave Davis another peck and blew a kiss at Dawson. He winked at me and took a swig of his beer. I loved the man. H*ll I loved all of them. Ford and Davis were my lovers. Dawson loved us, and he might allow a kiss every now and then, but that's as far as he went. He loved p*ssy and only p*ssy. I sighed. Maybe one day I could talk him into letting me s*ck his gigantic c*ck. F*cker was huge. I mean we were all well-endowed, but where Ford and Davis were eight inches to my seven, we were all girthy. Dawson, however, was a solid f*cking nine and a half inches, with a three-finger width. I know this because one drunken night we measured when we were still in Vegas.

I reached the door and opened it, and the breath in my lungs froze. Well, hello exotic beauty.

"Hi, beautiful."

174

She Might Belt

+8 Points ?

She looked like a f*cking wet dream. She had on a yellow sundress, with what looked like a black bathing suit under it. I could only see the top. Her magnificent t*ts were nice and big in her covered top. You just couldn't hide jugs like hers. The dress clung to her stunning body

and her smooth gorgeous legs ended in some beige wedges. She had the cutest little feet. She was carrying a cute beige cloth bag with ink bottles

and quills all over it.

My eyes swept up to her heart-shaped face. I zeroed in on her full mouth. Hmm, I wonder what my d*ck would look like with them wrapped around it. Her light brown eyes captivated me. She was shamelessly looking me up and down too. I mean I was in some swim trunks with a f*cking hard on, and I was shirtless. Being a former Navy SEAL, I knew my body was banging with corded-cut muscles, just like the rest of my team. Although some of them were bigger, I was no less impressive, if I did say so myself. Not to mention I was covered in tattoos from the neck down. I bit my bottom lip, and played with the lip ring that was in the

middle of it.

“Hi, um, I’m here for the barbecue? I was invited by Dawson. I’m Isha,” she said, in a sweet lyrical voice. I

wonder if she could sing.

“You’re at the right place, sweetheart. Come on in. I’m Mic Benton. I’m one of Dawson’s guys. We served together in the Navy. I’m a former SEAL like him.”

“Oh, I remember him mentioning that he started a security business and was partnered with his Navy SEAL

buddies.”

“That’s me, and Ford and Davis. Also, Stafford and Cruz, but they run the main branch in Vegas.”

I had a feeling I was babbling as I walked her outside. But she didn’t seem to mind. She had a gorgeous

smile. “Dawson!”

Dawson turned from talking to Aaron. Aaron’s girlfriend is nowhere to be seen. Maybe she was in the bathroom. “I promise, you aren’t the only girl here, this isn’t a sausage fest,” I whispered. And she giggled.

There went my d*ck twitching.

Dawson's smile became wider and dazzling. F*cker knew he had charm for days. That's why he was the man we all followed and listened to.

"Isha, I am so glad you could come," he said, as he stepped up and leaned way down to give her a hug and a kiss on the cheek. She was a short little thing, even in her wedges.

"Thanks for having me."

"How are you?" he asked. Then he frowned and grabbed her chin. He angled her face one way and that's when I noticed what I hadn't seen before. There was a tiny bruise on her cheekbone, close to her eye.

"What happened, honey?" Dawson asked.

"Oh," she said, putting her hand to her cheek. Her blush was instant, and I hummed in the back of my throat. Didn't Dawson say she was married before and going through a divorce? There's no way she was an innocent, but f*ck if she didn't look like it when she blushed. How old was she?

"Um, just a slight altercation," I said.

"Slight altercation?" I heard a soft voice. I turned and saw Aaron's girlfriend Ava.

"Ava! Hello again. Two times in one day, seems like fate. She must want us to rekindle our acquaintance,"

Isha said, stepping forward and giving Ava a hug.

2/4

She Might Be

"Isha, it's good to see you again. Why did you call what happened a slight altercation? That man slapped you. I had just gotten in my car when I saw a man approach you. I waited to see if you would need help. I even videotaped the encounter. I don't know why I did it, but something in me told me to do it."

She pulled up the video on her phone and held it out so Isha could see. Dawson and I shamelessly looked. On the video you could clearly see Isha and a man arguing, then he struck her. An involuntary growl came out of my throat and Dawson's face tightened with anger and then the beer bottle in his hand shattered,

breaking us all out of our spell.

"Oh," Isha said. Ava let out a squeak. Davis rushed over and grabbed Dawson by the arm and dragged him

towards the house. Blood dripped from his palm.

"Who was that man, Isha?" I asked.

"My husband, or soon-to-be ex-husband," she said. She looked so devastated.

"I'm not an abuse victim. That was the first time he'd ever struck me."

"You need to report it, Isha. I'll send you the video," Ava said.

Isha nodded. "I'll think about it."

"Well, you have time. In the state of Colorado, there's no time limit. However, to press charges you have

about eighteen months," Ford said.

He had been standing behind me and I jumped. I hadn't heard him come up, my focus was completely on

Isha.

"Ava," Aaron said as he came up next to her.

"Isha, this is my boyfriend. Aaron."

"We've met. It's nice to see you, Aaron."

"Hello, Isha. It's very nice to see you. I'm sorry about last night, and today," he said.

She blushed again. That's right, Dawson said last night was when that a*shole gave her the papers.

I cleared my throat. "Well, Ford, go check the meat. Isha, how about some deviled eggs and jalapeno poppers? I make the best appetizers."

"He really does," Ford said. "I'm Ford Myers. You must be the beautiful Isha that Dawson can't seem to stop

talking about."

"Ford," I warned.

"I can see what all the fuss is about," he said as he walked around her, and zeroed in on her a*s. "Oh, I can so see it," he mumbled. He looked at me and ran his thumb across his full bottom lip, before sucking it into his

mouth.

"Don't do it," I hissed. Isha whirled around, and Ford grinned wickedly at her.

Isha stared at him and then she smiled back.

"Oh, I just bet you're the naughty one of the friendship group," she teased.

"Baby, you have no idea. Come on, come look at some meat with me, tell me what gets your mouth watering.

3/4

I watched him take Isha by the hand and walk her over to the grill. Leave it to Ford to take away any awkward

tension. I looked at Ava.

"Can you send that video to my phone please. Aaron has my number."

She nodded. I looked back over at the enticing woman. She had Ford in stitches. I couldn't help smiling. I think Dawson was right. She might be the one. I guess it all comes down to what Davis thinks of her.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 18 -

9-12 minutes

“She’s beautiful, isn’t she?” Dawson asked me. I nodded.

She was very beautiful, and she seemed to be very sweet. The reaction of Mic and Dawson to the video they just watched was telling. Something they saw really stripped them of their normal control.

I signed to Dawson that this was going to sting, as I held up the bottle that would disinfect the area on his cut palm. Beer bottles were hard to break by hand, especially by the base. But with Dawson’s strength, it was easy for him. He didn’t even flinch as I cleaned his palm. He didn’t flinch as I put a needle into his skin and pulled thread through his palm to close the wound. The man was a machine.

When I was done, I wrapped his palm, and then I kissed it. He smirked at me.

“You’re such a mother hen,” he said. I flipped him off.

I was a mute by choice. Only my SEAL team knew I had a severe stutter. Growing up, I was soft-spoken and my father berated me so much that I started to become afraid to speak. The stutter started, and I couldn’t seem to control it without really concentrating. They all learned to sign for me. I was really touched by that.

Everyone in the Navy thought I had something medically wrong with me, but when my medical evals were checked, and they came back normal, I was able to pursue my dream of becoming a SEAL. That’s where I met Dawson, Mic, Ford, Stafford, and Cruz. We quickly became the dream team. We always had each other’s backs. We were quick with our missions and extractions. When you wanted someone found and rescued, it was always us that was called up.

I was thankful that we all got out in relatively one piece, if you didn’t count the PTSD, and really it’s part and parcel of the job. I still remember the first time Mic was trapped in a nightmare. I scrambled out of my bunk and tried to wake him, but he wouldn’t. Ford came over to us and tried to help. We didn’t want anyone to know that we were becoming affected by the job, so Ford and I picked him up and took him to a secluded area in the barracks. Ford had gotten some mattresses and laid them on the floor, and we put him in the middle of us and held him. He had quieted. This happened a couple more times on our last assignment.

One night I was woken up by movement, and I saw Ford sucking Mic's c*ck, and Mic was loving it. It had shocked me, because we had all only ever been with women. None of us have ever been with a man before, and I found I didn't hate the sight of seeing two of my best friends loving on each other. Mic had looked over at me when I made a noise. He reached out, a look of desperation on his face, so I leaned over and we kissed. That night opened all our minds. Dawson had found us the next morning intertwined. I had awoken to him leaning over us and waking us up gently by rubbing our heads like a loving big brother. None of us talked about it. But that's how we began. Later, Stafford and Cruz, being life-long friends, admitted they were g*y and in love with each other. They said they had felt a shift in our group dynamic and felt comfortable sharing with us. Dawson never participated with us, but he watched over us and made sure our secret was safe. I

loved this man. I owed him everything.

"I'd like you to get to know her. You'll see there's something special about her. From the first moment I set eyes on her, I felt this pull."

I signed to him.

"Yes, she's married, but she's getting a divorce. He cheated on her, I told you all this, the night I came home."

1/3

& Goners

I asked what happened on the video and he told me. I pounded my fist on the countertop in the bathroom we were in. I hated abusers. I thought they should all be captured and shot.

"I know buddy. Men who hit women are weak a*s b*tches that need to have their balls cut off. He'll eventually get what's coming to him one day. But she needs us, Davis. She's so vulnerable and, despite having been married, there's an innocence to her. She is so sweet too. She can heal us, or at least quiet our demons. Will you try?"

I nodded. I haven't been with a woman for six years. I think it's been two or three years for Dawson, and the last woman Mic and Ford were with was a year ago when we went to that security convention. That was hot as f*ck to watch. I didn't want to participate. I watched them

more than her. She didn't do anything for me. I guess time would tell if this woman did. What was her name? Isha? Beautiful name.

After cleaning everything up, we walked back outside. Dawson and I both froze, and my hand went to my chest, because I was pretty sure my d*mn heart stopped, and my d*ck became rock solid. In front of us was Isha in a black bikini. Her top was relatively modest, whereas it fully covered her br*asts, it was her bottoms that had the saliva pooling into my mouth. They were practically non-existent with the a*s that she had. Her

he had shapel hips and thighs were thick too, and she had shapely calves and delicate feet. I loved feet. Ford was frozen by the grill, tongs in one hand not doing sh*t as the meat cooked, but his eyes were glued to Isha's a*s. She had put her long hair in a bun on top of her head. Mic had his hands behind his head and I could see his fingers were practically white on his tanned skin as he held them together. His eyes were hooded, and he had his bottom lip in his mouth, playing with his ring. F*ck her a*s was epic. She was bent over laughing as she and Ava had attempted some cheer dance. Where they learned it, I had no clue. But when we walked out, she had been jumping around and her a*s was bouncy. Now with her bent, we all simultaneously rearranged our

c*cks.

She turned and saw Dawson and me. She ran over to us and she bounced everywhere. I could feel my head bobbing up and down as her t*ts jiggled around.

"Hi, how is the hand?" she asked, stopping in front of us, with a sweet smile.

I looked at Dawson, pretty sure my eyes were as wide as his. But at least my mouth was closed. I looked at her again. She had a small soft rounded belly, she wasn't fat, her waist was nipped in, but she had a tiny belly pouch and I had the urge to drop to my knees and nuzzle it. Her smile started to falter when neither of us

said anything.

I cleared my throat, and started to sign slowly that he was completely fine. She watched me and to my utter shock she flawlessly signed that she was glad I could take care of him. In fast hand movements, I asked how she knew how to sign. She told me her grandad, before he died, was practically deaf for almost all of her life. Her Nana had taught her how to sign when she was little so she could talk to her grandad. Then she beamed at me and I was lost. Holy f*ck she was exquisite.

“Well, I am glad your hand is okay, Dawson. I’m going to go back over to Ava. Isn’t it funny? She and I went to high school together in Las Vegas, and we are here at the same time now. The universe is wild.” She

giggled.

I whined, because my eyes were glued to her a*s and I had gripped my c*ck and squeezed it as she bounced all the way back to Ava. I looked at Dawson and he looked at me. He had a dopey grin on his face. Yep, we

were goners. She was the one.

2/3

& Truth Or Dare

Truth Or Dare

+8 Points >

Isha

I was having a blast. I kept my word to Savvy and called her for the first two hours. I also told her that I’d be

fine and that I wasn’t going to call anymore. I’d text her with an emoji and a picture. Then I’d text her with a

picture when I got home.

The food was amazing, then we went swimming. I took down my hair and played chicken by being on

Dawson’s shoulders, while Ava was on Aaron’s and Davis was on Mic’s. Ford was our referee. We also played

water volleyball and, for sh*ts and gigs, Marco Polo. I didn’t think anything of it if fingertips brushed certain

body parts, because I was enjoying myself so much, these guys were hot as f*ck, and I may have brushed

against certain body parts on my own. I even climbed all over Dawson with the pretense of trying to dunk

him. The man was huge all over. And I loved sliding all over his body. It worked me up so much. At one point,

he grabbed me and threw me over his shoulder. He smacked my a*s and dunked me. I moaned under the

water so no one would hear. When I came above water I was laughing.

We dried off around a fire pit. Aaron had brought some tequila, and we all took several shots. Ava had

brought some margarita mix and ice and made us delicious margaritas. I was more than tipsy when Aaron

said we should play truth or dare.

“Yes!” Ava yelled. “I haven’t played that since high school.”

“I’ve never played it,” I confessed, her mouth dropped open.

“No way. Are you serious?”

“Well, I wasn’t as popular as you were in school. And when my dad and papa died, I became completely

anti-social.”

“Oh, yeah, I remember that. Sorry,” she said, giving me a sympathetic smile. I smiled back, and she reached

out and squeezed my hand. I had a feeling we were going to be really good friends after this.

“Okay, we’re playing then. I love this game,” Ford said.

“Of course you do,” Mic said with an eye roll. Ford wiggled his eyebrows and blew him a kiss.

I squeezed my thighs together and looked at Davis. He had a smirk on his face. Did he see me do that?

“Okay, I’ll go first,” Ford said. “Isha, Truth or Dare?”

Oh God, what did I choose? If I choose truth, what if he asks something I don’t want to answer? But if I

choose dare, he could dare me to do something I might not be comfortable with. I chewed on my lower lip

and then blurted. “Truth.”

“Do you find anyone here attractive?”

I blushed and looked around at everyone. Yes, I found them all attractive, even Ava.

“Yes,” I said, smiling.

“Who?” he asked.

“AH AH AH, I answered your question, you don’t get two.”

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 19 -

8-10 minutes

Truth Or Dare

He huffed, and I giggled, making his eyes twinkle.

“Now you get to ask someone,” Ava whispered.

“Ava, Truth or Dare?”

“Dare,” she said boldly.

I raised a brow. “I dare you to give Aaron a lap dance.”

She scoffed, “Is that it? I give him one every night,” she said wickedly.

I picked up my phone and turned on Relax, Blake McGrath’s version. Ava smiled at me, and she straddled

Aaron and started her lap dance. It was so d*mn hot. She turned and then sat on his lap, bringing up his

hands so he could cup her br*asts. I shifted in my seat. I was so drunk and horny at the moment. This is

probably not a good game to play right now, because I am pretty down to doing anything.

Ava was getting so into it, I could tell she was ready to f*ck Aaron right in front of us.

Aaron stopped her and I heard the men groan. I bit my lips to keep from giggling. Every one of the guys

adjusted themselves and I lost it. I couldn’t help giggling.

“You’re a brat, aren’t you,” Mic teased.

“I don’t know what that means, but all your faces are priceless.”

Ava giggled with me. She dared Aaron to strip off his shorts and streak around the back yard, which had all

of us in stitches as he had his hands above his head when he ran, waving them all around.

“Dawson, Truth or Dare,” Aaron said as he was putting his shorts back on.

“Dare,” he said in his rich deep voice.

“I dare you to kiss Isha, with tongue.”

“What?” I asked wide-eyed. Oh sh*t.

My heart started to pound as he got out of his chair. He walked towards me, leaned down and picked me up.

He turned and sat in my chair and made me straddle him. I could feel his bulge and I instinctively rocked

against him. He grasped my a*s and squeezed my cheeks, making me gasp. I heard some groans behind me. He leaned in and at first brushed his lips softly against mine, and then he plundered my mouth. I

moaned and ran my fingers through his hair, gripping the back of his head. In turn, he groaned and held me

to him as he thrust up grinding into me. I whimpered as we devoured each other’s mouths.

“F*ck,” I heard someone say. I pulled back and looked at Dawson. His amber-brown eyes were like molten

honey. His pupils were blown a little, and his lips were swollen from our kiss. I licked my lips and his eyes

tracked my tongue.

I cleared my throat and slowly got off of him.

He stood, adjusted himself and went back to his seat. He looked around so I did too. Everyone’s face was flushed, and they were all breathing hard.

“Davis, Truth or Dare,” Dawson said. Davis signed Truth.

“Did you enjoy watching me kiss Isha?”

Davis nodded vigorously.

2/5

<Truth Or Dare

+0 Points >

Davis picked Mic, and Mic chose truth. Mic had to answer if he could be anything at this moment, what

would it be?

Without missing a beat, Mic said he'd be my thong.

My face blazed.

"Isha's thong? Why?" Ava asked mischievously.

"So I could have her juices all over me."

"Oh God," I said, covering my face.

"Ava, Truth or Dare," Mic asked her.

"Dare, of course."

"I dare you to kiss Isha and caress her anywhere."

I inhaled sharply. I've never kissed a woman. Aaron said "F*ck yes, I could share her for this." I didn't understand that statement, but I saw Dawson nod, so I guess he did.

Ava bit her lip and looked at me. She raised an eyebrow, and I nodded. That was nice of her to ask. I chuckled to myself. She came over and knelt in front of me. I heard some groans. Her hands came up, and

my breast she filled her palms with my breasts. I felt my nipples hardened, and then she leaned in at the same time I

did and we kissed.

It was different from kissing a man. Her lips were softer, her tongue seemed smoother. We were both a little hesitant, but then I reached out, fisted her hair, which had her moaning and I deepened our kiss. She moved forward more, and I felt her pinch my n*pples and I moaned. By this point, she was practically in my lap and I had wrapped my legs around her waist.

“F*ck that’s so f*cking hot,” Aaron groaned.

I grew bolder and roamed my hands down her back and helped her climb into my lap. I then grabbed her bikini bottoms in the front and back, and I fisted the material so it went between her a*s cheeks and p*ssy lips. I lifted them so they rubbed against her a*shole and her cl*t. I sawed them slowly back and forth, and she climaxed right in my lap. Her body convulsed as she cried out.

“Jesus f*cking christ. Dawson, I need a room,” Aaron said urgently.

I heard him say go ahead and then Ava was out of my lap and over Aaron’s shoulder. I was breathing hard. I was so turned on. I looked at the men sitting around the fire pit. All of them stared at me. All of them sporting huge hard-ons, demonstrated by the tents in their shorts.

“Ummm,” I started to say. “I think I’ve had too much to drink. I get a little wild when there is alcohol involved.”

“I’ll say,” Ford mumbled, and Mic slapped him on the chest.

“I should go,” I said.

“You don’t have to,” Dawson said quickly.

“No really, I have to get up early to go to the bank, and then I have to catch a flight to Vegas. I’m going to visit my mom and Nana for a few weeks.”

“But, you’re coming back?” Mic asked quickly.

375

< Truth Or Dare

“Oh, yes, I love it here. I have friends I don’t want to leave.”

“That’s good,” Dawson said, and they all nodded.

“We are your friends, right?” Ford asked.

“Yes, I’d say so, especially after tonight,” I said, grinning.

They all grinned back.

“Can we exchange numbers?” he asked.

“Yes,” I said, handing him my phone.

+8 Points >

I watched as they all put their numbers in and each of them sent themselves a text. I was staring at Dawson, and he was staring hard at me. When Davis handed me my phone back, I stood up, and they all did too.

“Can I use your bathroom? I need to get this suit off and redress in my sundress.”

“Sure, let me show you,” Dawson said.

I followed him. As we were walking down the hall, I could hear moans and Ava crying out in one of the rooms. I giggled and Dawson chuckled.

I went into the room he indicated and closed the door. I looked in the mirror and groaned. My hair was a mess. I ran my fingers through it, trying to make it look somewhat less snarly. I stripped out of my suit and threw on my dress. I put my wedges back on and then stuffed my suit in my bag. I didn’t have a bra or

panties on. Oh well.

When I stepped out and walked down the hall, everyone was in the foyer. Ava came up to me and hugged me.

“Thanks for making my night epic,” she whispered into my ear. “I’ll see you when you get back from Vegas?”

“Yes, definitely,” I said.

Aaron gave me a side hug and smiled, and then he grabbed Ava’s hand and walked back out to the backyard.

I stood facing the guys. What were they all doing here?

“I hope you have a great time visiting your mom and grandmother,” Mic said. He walked up to me and wrapped me in a big hug. It made me feel secure and cherished.

“Thank you,” I said. He smiled and kissed my cheek. He stepped back and Ford came forward.

“Don’t be a stranger. I’ll be thinking about you, sweet Isha.”

I blushed. And he kissed me on the cheek and stepped next to Mic.

Davis signed that he would like to text with me while I was gone, and I signed I would like that. He bent and lifted me in a hug. His nose buried in my neck and I heard him inhale. Then he put me down and kissed me on the forehead. He stepped towards Mic and Ford, and they all left to go back outside.

Dawson held his hand out, and I put mine in his. He ordered me an Uber back to my hotel. He walked me out front. Just as a car was driving up to the house, he cupped my face and kissed my lips. Just a soft lingering peck.

“I will miss you. Keep in touch with me. And I’d like to see you when you get back, if that’s okay. Maybe we could go out to lunch, or we could all go out to dinner?”

4/5

Truth Or Dare

“I’d like that.” He kissed me one last time and then opened the car door for me. I slipped in. As the c sighed. My phone vibrated, and I opened it to see a text.

Dawson: This is our new group text.

Mic: You named it Truth Or Dare?

Dawson: Wink Emoji

Ford: I like it.

Davis: Anything goes?

I smiled, and then bit my bottom lip. Do I dare flirt with these guys? I had a lot of fun with them.

wouldn't hurt to get to know them and have some more fun.

I dare you all to send me something naughty.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 20 -

8-10 minutes

Jason

I kept logging on and checking our bank account. It was nine a.m. the bank had been open for an hour and the account still said there was still a little over five hundred thousand in it. I smirked. I knew she was bluffing. I looked at the divorce papers sitting on my work desk. I had her wedding ring in my pocket. I'll carry it with me always. I was supposed to file them today, but I was reluctant to do so. I didn't really want this. What if I showed Madilyn the signed divorce papers, and told her I was going to file them but really didn't. I could marry her on some vacation island, bribe the officiant to act like the marriage was happening, but tell him to never file the marriage certificate. Madilyn would never know. She could help me with my career, thinking she was my real wife, but in reality, she wasn't. That way, when I "divorce" her, she won't get sh*t

I smiled at my brilliance. That could work. I'd have everything I wanted, and then I could just leave her high and dry and go back to Isha. Then Isha and I could live happily ever after, and I could still have my fun on business trips that Isha would never know about.

I chuckled. I heard my secretary yell, 'Miss, you can't go in there, just as my office door burst open.

“Darling, what’s all this? You look upset.”

“Jason, it’s my father. He’s livid with me still. He cut off my card. He said he wouldn’t have a homewrecker for a daughter,” she said, pouting. I walked over to her and wrapped my arms around her. I waved my secretary off, and she glared at me as she shut the door. Right, I had to let her know that Isha and I were getting a divorce. She loved Isha.

“Sweetheart, look,” I said, leaning over and snagging the divorce papers.

I showed her that they were signed, and she squealed, almost bursting my ear drum. She quickly took out her phone and snapped a picture of the agreement and then took another of the signed portion.

“I’ll show these to daddy. He’s surely going to be happy about this, and then he’ll turn my card back on. But until I can see him, can I get a little money?”

“Sure. How much do you need?” I asked, taking out my wallet from my back pocket.

“Twenty thousand should hold me for today,” she said, smiling at me.

I choked on my spit. Twenty thousand for the day?

“Um pumpkin, I don’t carry that type of cash with me.”

“That’s okay, just give me your card. You know you’ll get it back tenfold once we’re married. Besides, it’s just twenty thousand,” she said innocently, holding out her hand..

I sighed and pulled out my credit card and I reluctantly handed it to her.

“You’re the best boyfriend ever. You know, I need a ring. It had better be a big one, and you need to propose somewhere romantic and public. I’ve been practicing my surprised face in the mirror. Everything has to be perfect.”

I gritted my teeth, “It will. I’ll file these at lunchtime. Now, where’s my thank you,” I demanded. I was just expecting a kiss, but when she got down on her knees and started fiddling with my belt, I gave her a smile. This was going to work out perfectly.

Isha

I groaned and put a hand to my head. Seriously, when am I going to learn my lesson when it comes to

tequila?

I grabbed my phone and gasped. It was ten o'clock. I needed to get to the bank. I didn't know how long it would take to withdraw a quarter of a million dollars.

I took a minute to open last night's text thread and looked at what the boys sent me again. I sighed. Nothing was better than waking up to the images that were on my phone.

I had four glorious pictures of shirtless men in various poses and naughty smirks on their faces. I wiped my mouth to make sure I wasn't drooling. F*ck they were hot.

I also had a text from Savvy.

Savvy: I am so glad you had fun last night. And Mac and Jack told me to tell you that I have all the pictures of

half-naked men that I need.

Oh sh*t. I scrolled up and chuckled. I sent a screenshot of the chat with the guys to Savvy. Oops.

I'm so sorry. Tell Jack and Mac, my bad. I was really drunk last night. But, they're hot, right?

Savvy: The three of us all agreed they are so f*cking hot, and good for you.

They're just friends. I didn't exactly do anything with them. Just a few kisses with Dawson. The others I

flirted with and they flirted back.

Savvy: Honey, you don't have to explain anything. You're having fun, I get it. Trust me, I was in your place once, remember? I told you about the clubs I went to when I moved to Florida.

Right, yes, I remember. Well, I have to go to the bank, and then I'm off to Vegas. See you when I return.

Savvy: Alright, have fun. Don't do anything I wouldn't do, or f*ck it, just do it.

I chuckled and put my phone down. I ran to the bathroom and took a quick shower, brushed my teeth, did my hair and makeup. Then I put on the outfit I was going to wear to the bank. It was a cute romper that was

blue and stopped mid-thigh. The sleeves were long but sheer. I grabbed my wedges and was out the door. I

ordered an Uber on my way down to the lobby. Fifteen minutes later, I was walking into the bank.

It took an hour to withdraw the funds. I was lucky enough that when we opened the account we had a note

on it that we agreed to allow the other to take out any amount as needed as long as the funds were in the

account. Jason was a busy man and didn't want to be bothered with having to give me permission to use

our money. I asked for ten thousand in cash and the rest in a cashier's check. I will take mom to the bank

tomorrow in Vegas and deposit the check in my writer's account after we switch the account to my name.

At the airport, as I was waiting to board the plane, my phone buzzed. I didn't recognize the number, so I didn't answer it. But all the way to my seat, the same number called two more times. On the fourth time, I finally

answered it.

"Hello?"

“You f*cking b*tch. How could you take the money out?”

“I told you I was. That way, I didn’t have to wait for it when you filed the papers.”

2/4

Going Home

“I didn’t think you’d actually go through with it,” he mumbled.

“That sounds like a you problem.”

+8 Points >

“Isha, baby, this is just temporary. Please, just put the money back. You can still use the account. I won’t close your card.”

“Jason, I have already given my card to the bank manager. We’re over. You wanted this and I’ve accepted it.”

“You’re wrong, we are not over. You’ll see. Once I get what I want, you and I are going to renew our vows.”

“Whatever, goodbye, stop calling me.” Before he could say anything else, I hung up, blocked the number.

Before we took off, I texted my new bffs.

About to take off. Hope you guys are having a great day.

Mic: Have fun, beautiful.

Dawson: But not too much fun, don’t forget about us. (Kiss emoji)

Ford: Miss your sweet (peach emoji) already

Davis: Truth or Dare gorgeous?

Dare

Davis: Show us something naughty.

I looked around the plane. People were still boarding. I was at the way back by the bathrooms, so I got up real fast and went into the bathroom. I had a red lacy bra under my romper. It made my cleavage look phenomenal. I pulled my top down and angled my phone high. I bit the corner of my bottom lip and gave the phone a big-eyed innocent look. I looked at the picture, and it was exactly what I was going for. These men brought the naughty out in me, and I liked it.

I hit send, fixed myself and went back to my seat. Luckily, this flight wasn't super full, so I had no one sitting next to me. My phone buzzed, the pilot announced we were about to take off. I looked at my text.

Dawson: (Hot Face with tongue out emoji)

Ford: a gif of a cartoon hand stroking a cartoon eggplant up and down.

The smile on my face made my cheeks hurt.

Davis: Picture of his tented work pants

Mic: Damn Angel, I'm going to have a permanent hard on all day now.

Davis: On my way to your office

Dawson: No workplace shenanigans

Mic: Yes Daddy

Dawson: Gif of a wolf snarling

My brows furrowed. Workplace shenanigans? Mic calling Dawson daddy had me giggling. These guys were too much. But I was here for it. I put my phone on airplane mode and sat back to relax. I was going home.