

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 21 -

8-10 minutes

Pictures

Mic

F*ck this girl was something else. I couldn't stop staring at the picture she sent. I really did have a f*cking permanent hard on. It's been two hours since she sent that picture. I really needed something to take the edge off. I was supposed to be doing research on a new potential client.

Hey, I need you

Davis: Okay, I'll sneak past grumpy pants.

I chuckled. Dawson was grumpy, and I knew it had all to do with Isha. He didn't like that she was going to Vegas. If we didn't have back-to-back meetings with potential clients today, I was sure we'd be on our private plane on our way to Vegas too.

My door clicked open and then closed. I watched Davis walk towards my desk. I hastily undid my slacks.

"Bend over the desk," I demanded.

He dropped his pants and underwear and did as I said. I opened my top drawer and took out a bottle of lube and a condom. I sheathed myself quickly, then lubed up my c*ck. I dribbled some between Davis' perfect a*s cheeks. I grabbed my shaft and rubbed the tip of it up and down Davis' crack before applying pressure on his a*shole.

"Relax for me baby." I whispered into his ear as I leaned over his back. He always tenses up right before I pop in. He said he liked the pinch of pain. Once I got past that first ring of tight muscles, I slid in. I lubed my hand up and brought it around to his front. I gripped his d*ck and started working my hand up and down his length as I pushed in and out of his tight as f*ck a*s.

He was moaning and grunting as he pushed back onto me. I f*cking loved Davis's a*s. No matter how hard I went, he took it all. My hips were snapping back and forth as I jerked him off. A loud growl came from him as he came all over my desk. I then let go of his d*ck and grabbed him by the hips. I brutally f*cked his ass in long hard strokes. The sound of skin slapping had my balls drawing up. I closed my eyes and pictured Isha's t*ts, and I exploded in the condom. I slammed my pelvis against Davis's a*s holding him there as my d*ck jerked.

I pulled out and smacked his a*s. He got up and bent to pick up his pants and fix himself. I sat back in my chair, satisfied as f*ck. He looked at me and smirked. I crooked a finger at him and he leaned down. I kissed him and then put my

forehead to his.

"Thank you,"

He kissed my forehead and signed 'Your welcome', then he left.

I took off the condom and threw it in the trash. I cleaned myself and my desk up and then fixed my pants. Afterward, I

turned to my computer and was finally able to concentrate.

An hour later I was done with the research and sending my findings to Dawson. I picked up my phone and was surprised

to see there was a text in our group chat.

A selfie of Isha with a woman that looked just like her but older and a white older woman that had the biggest grin on her face. So the first must be her mother and the older lady, her Nana. They were gorgeous.

Dawson: Three beautiful women right there.

Ford: Stunningly beautiful, all three of you.

Davis: I don't think I've ever seen three such beauties in one place before. I'm jealous of all the men that get to see such

1/3

Pictures

a rare sight.

Look out Vegas, Three times the beauty, all the men are going to melt.

I wasn't lying. I could see where Isha got her beauty from both of the women in her life. Isha's dad and grandad were

some lucky men.

Our beautiful girl: My Nana and Mom are enchanted by the four of you. SMH you manage to do in one text what my ex

never could.

What's that? I asked, eager to know

Our Beautiful girl: You made them smile, blush and act like young school girls. They like you all. He never got their

approval.

I felt smug as sh*t, and I knew the others felt the same.

The meetings came and went. We signed three contracts, and finally we were done for the day. I drove today, so as soon

as they were all in, I took off for our favorite restaurant.

"How are we going to do this with Isha?" I needed to know the game plan.

"I figured we should keep it light and flirtatious while she's gone. Then, when she comes back, we start hitting her hard.

We can explain what we want after say three dates?" Dawson suggested.

“And what is it we want?” Ford asked.

“To have a woman to love and that loves us. To take care of her, cherish her and give her our protection,” I said.

I looked in the rearview and Davis was nodding.

“So, we’re all in agreement? She’s the one?” I asked.

“YES,” came all their replies. Even Davis voiced his without a single stutter.

I smiled, this was it. We were finally going to get what we’d been longing for. A complete family. Hopefully Isha wanted

that too.

Davis

F*ck my a*s hurt. Mic went so hard today, but I didn’t blame him. I was pent-up from Isha’s picture too. I knew Ford and Dawson had a hard time today also. I caught Ford checking his phone every ten minutes and twice he ran to the bathroom. Dawson kept himself locked in his office for an hour and I heard two groans. He was a very vocal m*sturbator. His office was next to mine and I heard him through the walls often.

While everyone was doing research or networking, I was looking up Isha’s ex. The f*cking prick hit her, and I was ready to

make his life miserable.

After talking to Aaron last night when Isha left. I found the b*stard’s name. Mic and I dragged all we could out of Aaron. I pulled up a PI I knew on my phone and hired him to follow Jason around and take pictures of him and Madilyn Montgomery. I knew it would take a couple of days, so I hacked into Jason’s work computer. I deleted appointments that looked important and added bogus client meetings to look at property. I also booked an actual meeting with him. Then I did what I hadn’t done in a long time. I started practicing tongue twisters. It was hard going. The purpose of this was to get my brain working right when it came to words that I wanted to speak. If I could master these, I could speak fine if I spoke slowly. My problem

was that when I spoke my brain worked faster than I could get out the words and I couldn't stop stuttering. But doing tongue twisters helped at least long enough to get my points across.

< Pictures

I found that Jason had security cameras around his work property and inside his lobby, the main waiting area, and even in his office. I found some interesting footage from this morning. I downloaded the feed for later use. I watched previous footage from different days and on three separate occasions I also downloaded those videos.

Now in my room, hours after a delicious meal at Toki's, a Japanese restaurant that we all loved, I pulled up Isha's pictures again.

She had sent two more after the picture with her mom and grandmother. One where she was out eating lunch with them and then another in a purple one-piece. Her t*ts looked amazing in it. Someone took this picture for her. She was posed standing with a big floppy hat on, and she had one hand on top of her hat to hold it as her head was flung back, and she looked to be laughing. Her smile was big and radiant. She had big brown sunglasses on. I wish I could see her eyes. She had gorgeous light brown eyes. F*ck she was beautiful. I couldn't wait until she was back.

I pulled up our schedule and was disappointed that it was full for the next week. I sighed. I loved being busy, it kept our minds off of the past and made the day go by faster, but right at this moment, I would give anything for a free couple of days, so we could fly to Vegas and surprise her.

A knock on my door had me looking and it opened. Mic and Ford were standing there.

"We can't sleep. Want to cuddle?" Ford asked.

I nodded. We all had super-king-sized beds just for this purpose. They dove into my bed. Ford to my back and Mic at my

front. All of us were in our underwear. I held Mic as Ford held me. I felt Ford kiss my shoulder, and I kissed Mic's. We all

sighed in contentment, and soon I was out.

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Inheritance

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 22 -

10-12 minutes

Isha

“You seem happy child,” my Nana said as we ate breakfast.

“I am happy, Nana. It’s funny because I thought I’d be devastated and depressed. But maybe I didn’t love him as much as I thought I did.”

I saw mom nod at my statement. She passed me the plate full of bacon when I asked for it. Today we were going to

Uncle Mark's office to discuss something that Nana said was very important. I've already been here for three days, and

today Nana seemed a little nervous.

"He was your first, you were most likely infatuated. I knew it when you face-timed us and told us you eloped. You were smiling, but there was no light in your eyes."

"I thought I really did love him. I did have one day of pity, and then I was angry. But now, I feel like a weight has been lifted off of my shoulders. You would think if I truly loved him, I'd be moping, right?"

"Well, it also helps you have four hunks vying for your attention," mom said.

"Seriously Isha, I loved your grandad, but phew, those four are something else. You said they were friends?"

"They were in the Navy together, all of them were SEALs. Dawson was the first one I met at the awards ceremony. I met the others at their house for a BBQ. They all live together. They seem really close. You don't think it's wrong of me to be attracted to someone so fast?"

"One, no, not at all. You may have just gotten a divorce, but your marriage has really been over for six months. Two, which

one are you attracted to?" Nana asked.

"Would it be bad if I said all of them?" I asked, blushing. "I mean Dawson, he's nice and big, and he has the best smile.

And I've already kissed him and let me tell you, that man can kiss. He also makes me feel protected. Mic, Ford and Davis,

they feel like I can cuddle with them all the time. Don't get me wrong. I feel like that with Dawson too, at least I did at his

BBQ. But Mic and Ford seem like they are so much fun, and they make me laugh. I find that extremely attractive. The way

they interact with each other is like watching two frat bros. And man, are they full of confidence and s*x appeal. And Davis, he's so sweet. I have that group chat with all of them, but they each have started texting me individually. I feel like I am part of their inner circle."

"I think that's totally fine. It's 2025, love is love, it reminds me of the seventies. Plus, I read a lot of reverse harem books.

That's what you should write next," mom said.

We all chuckled. "I don't think this is a reverse harem situation. I mean they all flirted with me, and I flirted back, but

besides being dared to kiss Dawson, and the kiss he gave me before I left his house, none of them have brought up

seeing each other. I think we're just flirty friends, and I am okay with that."

"Just have some fun baby. No need to rush into another relationship right now," mom said, and Nana nodded.

An hour later mom was driving us to her work. When we got out, I looked at the building that was my Uncle Mark's and dad's firm. It brought back many memories of visiting my dad at work.

"Isha, before we go in, I just want to let you know that no matter what you decide, I support you," Nana said,

*Support me on what, Nana? You still haven't explained anything to me."

She sighed and nodded. "Five more minutes. Then everything will be revealed."

We walked in, mom waved at the two receptionists, and they smiled and waved back. Nana and I smiled at them too. We

Cheritance

took the elevator up to the sixth floor and walked to Uncle Mark's office.

"Ellie, what are you doing here? I thought you took a week off," a woman said.

"Sally, hi, I am. My daughter is coming to talk and say hi to her Uncle. Hey, thanks again for filling in for me. I really appreciate it."

"You did the same for me when I went on maternity leave, twice. It's the least I could do."

"Well, let me introduce you to my daughter. This is Isha and you know my mother-in-law, Isha, this is my colleague Sally. She's been with us for three years."

>

I said hello, she seemed really nice. She was in her thirties, it looks like. She had blonde hair and kind blue eyes. She was taller than my mom and me but shorter than my Nana's 5'9.

"Is he busy?" mom asked.

"No, go right in."

Mom knocked first, but entered when we heard 'Uncle Mark call out.

"Isha, look at you. More beautiful than ever. You take after your mother in that department. Nora, you are as pretty as a picture," he said to my Nana as he walked around his desk and gave me a bear hug. He then turned to Nana and kissed

her cheek, and lastly he turned to mom. He visibly melted. I don't know why mom doesn't give him a chance.

"Ellie, you look gorgeous."

"Thank you, Mark," mom said, blushing.

"So, we're here to talk about Jonas's will."

“Papa, had a will?”

“He did honey. You know how I pressured you to get married right away?” Nana asked.

“Yeah.”

“Well, that was because of your grandad’s will. If you didn’t go to college, you had to get married right away to receive the bulk of your grandad’s money. But since you went to college, the stipulation was that you would receive it on your twenty-fifth birthday, or if you got married before then. But I never trusted Jason, so I didn’t tell you about it. But on your twenty-fifth birthday, you would have gotten it anyway.”

“What do you mean by the bulk of his money?”

“You’re papa, invested in Coca-Cola, when it first came out and his shares got transferred to you. He also invested again in a small company that exploded. You know it as Microsoft. He sold those shares a while ago, banked his money and started his own spa business, as you know. And I never sold his spa business, because he left it to you, and I hired someone to run it until you made the decision to either sell it, or stay here and run it.”

I gawked at her. “So how much are we talking about?”

She looked at Mark, so I did too. Mom was silent during all of this. I looked at her, and she gave me a small smile.

“Uncle Mark, wait before you tell me, did he leave anything for you?” I asked Nana.

“Oh, honey, yes. He left me with a quarter of his money, which, trust me, is a lot.”

I nodded and looked at Uncle Mark. He cleared his throat and looked at the contents in the folder.

“So with your five percent share in Coca-Cola, and what was left in his bank account that your grandma was named a guardian of, and the value of the spa business today, you are looking at 1.3 billion dollars.”

Inheritance

"I'm sorry what?" I screeched. Holy sh*t is it getting hot in here? I looked at my mom and she became blurry,

"Oh, I think she's going to pass out," mom said.

Nana grabbed a folder off of Uncle Mark's desk and started fanning me with it.

Mom grabbed my head and forcefully pushed it between my knees.

"Breathe my baby girl, breathe," she said to me.

I took deep breaths and my vision cleared. The fanning of the folder felt wonderful. Uncle Mark crouched in front of me with a cold bottle of water.

"Here Isha, drink some water," he said.

I took it, and guzzled it when mom let me up.

"Slow down baby, you'll make yourself sick", mom said.

I looked at Nana. "You were his wife, why didn't he leave it all to you?"

"He left me with three hundred and twenty-five million dollars, sweet child. That's more than enough, and you and your mama will be getting most of that when I pass. I haven't even touched it. With the interest I get yearly, that's what I use. I've been paying the taxes for you over the years."

"I am so glad you didn't tell me while I was married to Jason, or else he would have never divorced me and I would have

ended up with a cheating scumbag husband, for who knows how long."

Nana and mom nodded at that statement.

"So the selling of the business is what you meant by you will support me no matter what I decide?" I asked Nana.

“Yes. Honestly, I think Rupert would buy it from you. He loves running the business. He does an excellent job,” she said.

“Okay, yeah, I want to sell it then. Uncle Mark, can you draw up an agreement for market value? Nana, can you call Rupert

and ask him if he wants it? If not, I’ll put it up for sale right away.”

“You got it, sweet girl.”

I looked at mom, “Mama, what am I going to do with all that money? Do you want some of it?”

“Nope, don’t need it. Your dad left me plenty and I also have your half. I’m sorry I never gave it to you, but like your grandmother, I didn’t want Jason to have it. I know that’s selfish of us, but we saw right through him. I wouldn’t be surprised if you find out he’s cheated on you more than just this one girl.”

“What? You really think that?”

“Honey, if you think about it, how many business trips does a real estate agent need to go on?”

“He said they were networking events,” I mumbled.

“Well, they could have been, but I doubt those events were a week long.”

I chewed on my lip, waiting for some kind of hurt to roll through me. There was nothing. Huh.

“It doesn’t matter now. Thank God we are over. So do I need to wait for my twenty-fifth birthday?” I asked Uncle Mark. “No, I have a copy of your marriage certificate. Remember I asked for it, and I told you I needed it for my files. Well, that was a lie. Sorry. I just needed it for when you signed the papers and I could release the shares to you and you and your Nana can go to the bank and switch the account into your name fully.”

“That’s why you told me to hold off on going to the bank to put the cashier’s check in my writer’s account,” I said to mom. She nodded.

3/4

Inheritance

“I figured when we went to the bank today, we could do it all at once.”

“Holy sh*t mom, I’m a billionaire.”

“That you are baby.”

“Rupert says he will buy it at market value,” Nana said. “He’s on his way here now to finalize the sale.”

“Wow, this is going so fast. Well, I say after we hit the bank, we will have a girls’ spa day!” I said.

Mom and Nana agreed. I sat back in my chair and spaced out, amazed at all that was happening. I was a f*cking Billionaire heiress.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 23 -

8-10 minutes

+ Points

4/4

Helping Him Out

Helping Him Out

Madilyn

I hope Jason likes this tie I got him. I think blue looks wonderful on him.

“Miss Montgomery, Mr. Baxter isn’t in his office right now.”

Looking at Jason’s secretary, I rolled my eyes. The old bat hates me, all because she thinks I stole Jason from Isha. I

didn't. He told me he wasn't in love with her, that she begged him to marry her because she was lonely, and he felt bad for

her. I mean really, no man wants to be with a short, fat girl. Especially one that looks like Jason.

I remember when I saw him for the first time. Daddy brought me to the first meeting with Jason. I wanted to go

shopping, but he told me he needed my help looking at houses. I was prepared to be bored out of my mind. Until we

walked into Jason's office and there he was. Standing powerfully by his desk, a dazzling smile on his face. His brown hair styled perfectly. He had a blue suit on with a white shirt underneath. I noticed he didn't have a tie, and the first two

buttons on his shirt were undone. He was so handsome.

I saw the wedding ring on his finger and I was so disappointed. When my father introduced us, his eyes looked me up and down, and I saw the interest. I mean, I'm gorgeous, so it was no surprise.

My father and he talked a lot. He even brought me into the conversation, and I put my two cents in about how the

bathrooms should be.

When my father asked for directions to the bathroom, that left Jason and me alone.

I boldly asked him about his marriage. And that's when he told me everything. He asked for my number and I gave it to him. We texted a couple of times, then I saw him during a meeting with my father at a lunch. I played footsie with him

under the table. He excused himself to go to the bathroom and after a few minutes I did too. That was the first time we

were intimate. He took me up against the wall in the women's bathroom. It was hot and exciting. Going back to the table

was a little tricky as I knew I must look wrinkled, but daddy didn't pay any attention to me. Jason had gone back first and he looked impeccable.

So began our affair. I'd meet him at the office, we would go to lunch and then a quickie in his car. Or he would bring me to

his office, and we would have s*x on his desk, or chair.

I sighed heavily at the memories. Jason's secretary eyed me. I just rolled my eyes at her. She clicked some buttons on her computer, then got up to do whatever it was she needed to do. I watched her walk away and then went to Jason's

office and snuck in. I'll just wait here for him.

I put the box that had Jason's tie on his desk, then sat in his chair and looked around. My eyes froze on a picture frame of him and Isha. It was a picture of them outside a courthouse. Their cheeks pressed together, smiling as they held the marriage certificate in their hands. I scoffed and slapped the picture frame onto the floor.

I turned in his chair and faced the desk that I was just bent over last week. Curious, I started going through his desk drawers. In the second one, I found a yellow folder, so I opened it. These were his divorce papers. Why were they still in his desk? He should have filed these yesterday. He promised. I narrowed my eyes. I looked through his desk drawers again until I found a manilla envelope. I stuffed the papers inside. I obviously had to take charge. Jason was probably too busy.

I left his office, his secretary gasping as I opened the door and walked by her.

"I put Jason's gift on his desk. You better learn to treat me right. When I become Mrs. Baxter, I will not tolerate your disrespect. I will make Jason fire you."

1/3

Helping Him Out

+8 Points 2

“Good luck with that sweetheart, I’m about to retire. You’ll be dealing with someone new next week.”

“Good,” I said.

I quickly left. I hopped into my car and drove to the lawyer’s office that was on the papers. I parked my car in front of Myers and Associates, and walked in confidently. I came to a receptionist’s desk and smiled at the older lady behind it. Reading her nameplate, I greeted her.

“Hello Margaret. I’m Madilyn Montgomery, Jason Baxter’s PA. He asked me to drop these papers off with his lawyer, Mr. Howard Myers. He asked that they be processed immediately.”

“Alright, I will give them to Mr. Myers right away. Thank you.”

I smiled brightly at her. I took my phone out of my bag and dialed my father as I walked to my car.

“Madilyn,” he said, tersely.

“Daddy, stop being mad at me. Jason has filed for divorce. I personally gave the paper to the law office myself. He’ll be officially divorced in one month’s time. Isha didn’t contest, so there’s no need to go to court. He told me he never loved her daddy. You can’t punish us for falling in love.”

“You went about it the wrong way, Madilyn. You became the other woman. You should have waited until he was divorced.

“I’m sorry, daddy,” I said, with a whine. I knew if I apologized enough, he’d give in. He can’t resist me. I am his only child.

“I am throwing a dinner party tonight, and I am inviting some old friends. I need you here to host.”

“Can I bring Jason?”

He signed heavily. “Yes, that’s fine. Do you remember Dawson Becks?”

“Yes, he’s the son of your old Army buddy Patrick Becks.”

“Yes, well, Patrick and his wife Aria have arrived in town, and they will be there, with Dawson and some of his friends. Do

you have any girlfriends you can invite tonight?”

“Well, I’ve only made two since moving here. Starla and Cheyenne.”

“Oh, those two, well, ask them to come. We need some more females.”

“Okay daddy. Isn’t Dawson a former military man too?”

“Yes, he’s a former Navy SEAL and so are his buddies. I need you on your best behavior tonight. And tell your friends to dress conservatively. This will be a dinner, not a night out at a club.”

“Yes, daddy.”

“Seven o’clock Madilyn, I’ll need you here at six-thirty.”

“I’m going to need a new dress, daddy, can you turn my card back on?”

“Fine. Behave Madilyn, I mean it. No more surprises.”

“I hear you. Thank you, daddy, I love you.”

“I love you too, sweetheart. Give me ten minutes, and your card will be turned back on.”

I made kissy sounds and hung up. I squealed, wiggling my butt in my car seat.

I dialed Cheyenne and then did a three-way call with Starla.

“Ladies, I am coming to pick you up. Daddy, turned my card back on, and we are going to Denver to get some

Helping Him Out

sophisticated dresses. He's throwing a dinner party tonight, and you are invited. And the best part, some hot as f*ck former Navy SEALs are going to be there. You will not want to miss tonight."

"How hot are we talking?" Cheyenne asked.

"Well, I only know one of them, and he is smoking hot. Like drop your panties hot. So, I can only imagine his friends are

the same."

"I'm down, I need a man right now. I haven't had a good d*ckin in a while," Starla said.

"I'll be at your place in five. Chey, can you meet me there? We'll take my car."

Five minutes later on the dot, and I was pulling up to Starla's house, and Chey was right behind me. She got out of her vehicle and came to mine.

"So, your dad finally forgave you for being a homewrecking wh*re?"

"F*ck you Chey. I am not a homewrecker. You can't wreck a home that is already falling apart. Jason never loved her."

"I think you're being a little delusional Mads," she said as we watched Starla run in her black heels waving manically. I smiled, she was a nut.

"I'm not, you're just jealous. I landed myself a rich real estate man. And with my connections and daddy's, he'll be even richer by the time we marry."

"Who are you guys talking about? Starla asked.

"Jason," Chey said.

"Oh, hottie realtor. Has he popped the question yet?"

"No, but he wasn't in his office today, so I bet he was out buying me a ring."

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 24 -

8-10 minutes

The Women In My Life

The Women In My Life

8 Points >

Jason

I groaned as I rolled off of Ginny. She was the twenty-year-old daughter of my lawyer. I snickered to myself at that. She was interning at his office when I first met her. We hit it off great. This was our first time meeting up. I texted her to see if she wanted to get lunch and she immediately accepted. She knew about me and Madilyn, but she didn't care. After lunch, she took me back to her place. We had been flirting hard at the restaurant.

"So, was this a one-off or can we make this a twice-a-week thing?" she asked.

"You're a naughty girl, Ginny."

"Oh, Jason, you have no idea. Did you like that thing I did with my tongue earlier?"

"I sure as f*ck did," I said smiling.

"Well, do I get a present for pleasing you?"

I looked at her with a raised brow, "Come again?"

"Listen, I don't want a relationship. I want a sugar daddy. I have one that pays my rent and one that pays my car payment. Today was just a taste of the fun we can have, and I know how to be discreet. I like sparkly things, Jason."

I looked at her contemplating. She was a good f*ck, I would mind fooling around with her some more. I did have a bracelet in my suit jacket for Isha to give to her when I saw her next.

"What are your terms?" I asked Ginny.

Her blue eyes sparkled. She was a beautiful girl. Petite, long black hair, pale flawless skin that I liked to mark up with hickeys it seems, as I saw three on her little t*ts. I wish they were bigger, like Isha's.

"I just want baubles. Diamonds, Rubies, Sapphires. Necklaces, bracelets, rings. You get me those, and you can use me anyway you want. I also require three thousand a month."

"I can do that. We'll start out for three months. If you still please me after that, we'll extend it, but Madilyn, nor my wife can find out. If they do, I'll ruin you."

"Oh, Jason, don't worry. You keep me happy, and I will keep you happy."

I smirked and rolled over to grab my suit jacket off of the floor where it landed when we tore our clothes off of each other.

I fished around in the inner pocket and came out with a slim box.

"Here."

"Oooh, already?" She opened the box and there was a diamond tennis bracelet.

"It's beautiful, thank you," she said, leaning over and kissing me. The sheet slipped, and her dusty pink n*pple peeked out.

"Time for round two," I said, ripping off the condom I had on and grabbing another off of her bedside table.

An hour later, I was whistling as I walked back into my office.

"Long lunch, Mr. Baxter?" My secretary Opal asked.

"Yep, did anything happen while I was gone?"

"Well, you had a call from Archibald Fraser. Apparently you were supposed to meet him for a showing today?"

“Was it on my schedule?”

1/3

The Women in My Life

+4 Points

“No, but I remember booking an appointment for him, but it’s not there. And Madilyn stopped by. She left something on your desk.”

“You let her in my office while I wasn’t here?”

That was not like Opal.

“No, when I went to get the contract papers you needed printed out, she was gone. I thought she had gotten tired of waiting for you. To my surprise, not five minutes after I got back to my desk, she came waltzing out saying she left your present on your desk.”

“Okay, thank you, Opal. Call Mr. Fraser back please and reschedule. Tell him there was a computer glitch. Weird how it just disappeared. Update our software.”

“Yes, Mr. Baxter. Would you like some coffee?”

“Yes please. Thank you Opal. I’m really going to miss you. I have a candidate coming in tomorrow to interview for your replacement. Her name is Ginny Myers. She’ll be here at ten. Oh, and here is a present for you.” I pulled out an envelope with season tickets to the Colorado Rockies. Opal was a big fan.

“Wow, thank you, Mr. Baxter.”

“You’re welcome. Can you also bring me a snack, I’m a little hungry.”

“Sure will.”

By the end of the day, I was exhausted. Opal had left an hour ago. Madilyn texted me that there was a dinner at her father’s house at seven. She said she would meet me there. I saw that it was six, so I had time to run home and change my outfit. When I got home, the silence

of the house was depressing. I missed Isha. I missed her chatter. I also missed when I came through the door, and she would smile and throw her arms around my neck. She would give me a great big kiss and ask me how my day was. Madilyn never asked me how my day was. She just demanded attention. But that was okay, I can deal with that.

I went to my bedroom, which felt empty, and sighed. I opened my briefcase and took out the burner phone that I bought today. Dialing Isha's number, I waited for her to answer.

The background noise of laughter and the jiggling of slot machines assaulted my ears. So she went home. Figured.

"Hello?"

"Isha, I miss you," I said. I didn't mean to say those words, but it was true.

"Eat sh*t, Jason. And stop calling me."

She hung up. I knew she would block this number too. I threw the phone across the room, and it shattered when it hit the wall. I took deep breaths to calm my anger. When she got back home, I was going to punish her by tying her to the

bed, and f*cking the b*tchiness out of her. She needed to realize that she was mine, and this was temporary. She can have her tantrum. Now that I knew she was at her mom's, I took my actual cell phone out of my pocket and ordered three

dozen red roses to be sent to her mothers house. I even sent a dozen daisies and a dozen Irises to her mother and

grandmother. I knew those two hated me and were probably praising Isha for signing the divorce papers. I'm so glad I haven't filed them. I know when I leave Madilyn and go back to Isha, she'll throw that we're divorced in my face, but once she sees I never filed, she'll be happy. It'll show her that I truly do love her, that I couldn't live without her. She'll appreciate it all in the long run. I'll be powerful and insanely rich, she'll forget all about my infidelity and be happy with me forever.

I arrived right at seven at Paul's house. I hoped he would welcome me. I didn't like the look he gave me at the awards ceremony, like I was sh*t on the bottom of his shoe. He of all people should know what it takes to become insanely successful. But I guess using his daughter to get there was too much for him. That's okay, I'll win him over, just like I did

2/3

The Women In My Life

when I schmoozed him. Madilyn will also make sure to smooth things over with him.

+8 Points>

She answered the door when I rang the doorbell. She was in a long silver, slinky satin dress. Her blonde hair was down

her back in waves.

“Wow, you look beautiful,” I said.

“Thank you, JJ. You’re the last to arrive.”

“I thought you said seven?” I asked.

“I did, but for a dinner party you should be here at least ten minutes early.”

“Oh, sorry,” I said. That was news to me.

“It’s okay, you’ll learn.” I rolled my eyes, she acted like I’m some country bumpkin.

We walked into the dining room. There were two hot chicks, some men, one that looked familiar and an older couple.

“Okay everyone, Jason is here, we can sit and be served,” Madilyn said:

“Hello Mr. Montgomery,” I said, cheerfully.

He just grunted at me and turned to the man next to him. O-kay.

I saw the man that looked familiar to me. God, he was huge, whispering to three other guys who were all staring at me

with straight faces, but their eyes looked menacing. What the f*ck?

I was seated in between Madilyn and one of the men I didn't know. Across from me was Starla and her big a*s t*ts that were on display. She smiled at me and I winked at her. At least I had a good view. Next to her was Cheyenne. I hated that b*tch, she didn't like me much either. Pretty sure she was jealous of Madilyn and mine's relationship.

Madilyn rang a little bell, and the maids started bringing out food. Well, this was different. This must be how the rich

dine. I smiled, one day that was going to be me.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 25 -

8-10 minutes

How We Work

** Points >

How We Work

Ford

So, this was the f*cktard that was married to Isha. He wasn't much. Not as muscular as any of us. He was slimmer than any of us too. All I saw was a weak mother f*cker. He kept eyeing all of us, and I didn't like it. I was seated next to a woman that was eyeing Mic who sat across from her like he was a piece of meat. She kept fluttering her eyelashes at

him.

"Do you have something in your eye? Do you need me to take a look?" I looked at Mic and he was smirking.

She looked at me and blushed. "Oh, no. What's your name? I don't think I've seen any of you around before?"

"I'm Ford, we live in Denver. They are my boyfriends. Those two across from you are Mic and Davis, and the one beside me is Dawson. The man and woman at the end of the table are

Patrick and Aria Becks. They are Dawson's parents. There, now you know who we all are, so you can quit fanning the air with your fake eyelashes." A little rude maybe, but I

didn't like how she was eyeing one of the men I loved.

Her gasp was loud and had the big t*t bimbo next to her looking at her. She smiled at me and looked at Mic, Davis and

Dawson.

"Wow, you guys are big. Madilyn said you guys were hot. Well, she said the one she knew was, but really you are all hot. Got girlfriends?"

Well, she didn't beat around the bush, did she? I can appreciate that.

"Not, yet, but we're working on it," I said, with a smirk and a look at the a*shole across from me.

"You said they were your boyfriends," the one next to me accused, pointing at my men.

"We are," Mic said, taking a bite of his chicken. He raised a brow and hummed, mmm, that had my c*ck twitching. "This is

good."

"How can they be your boyfriends, all of them? And what do you mean, you're working on getting a girlfriend?" The big t*t

girl said.

"First, what are your names?" I asked. I couldn't keep calling this chick big t*t girl.

"Oh, I'm Starla, this is my best friend Cheyenne."

"Well, since you're so interested in our love lives. We," I said, pointing at Mic and Davis, "Are lovers and we are boyfriends. He," I said, pointing at Dawson, "Is our man, but we aren't lovers. He's just someone we love unconditionally. And we

have all decided to share a woman.”

The table went silent. Mic and Davis were nodding up and down in agreement as we ate, and Dawson was smiling as he winked at me. Patrick and Aria grinned at all of us. I loved that they accepted our dynamic.

“That’s very unusual,” Paul said. “How will that work?”

I looked at Dawson.

“Well, we have a very close bond. I love them, they are my best friends. My feelings for them go beyond friendship, but I am not sexually attracted to them. They are sexually attracted to each other and act on that attraction. We all love women, and lately we’ve been wanting a relationship with one. We want to take care of a woman and be taken care of by one. We will love and protect her.”

“What if she wants to get married and have babies?” Madilyn asked.

1/3

How We Work

Then Dawson will marry her, and she can have as many babies as she wants by any of us,” Mic said.

“So, you’re going to have her wh*re herself to all of you?” Jason asked with a look of disgust.

Points X

“First, she won’t be a wh*re. A wh*re is someone that does something for gain and will do anything to get it. It could be s*xual or non s*xual, you know, like wh*ring oneself for power and money, or cheats on their spouse, or perhaps to get a good grade on a test. That’s a wh*re. Someone who is loved by more than one person and is in a committed relationship with them is not a wh*re,” I said.

I was interested to see that both Jason and Madilyn, along with Starla and Cheyenne, all had red faces. Did I hit a nerve? Someone give a blow job or more for a good grade? We all knew one of them cheated on their spouse. Well, maybe Patrick and Aria didn’t, but the rest of us

did. Not that Jason would know that, but then I looked at Dawson, who was staring daggers at Jason. Maybe perhaps he did.

“Interesting. I don’t know if I could share a woman I loved,” Paul said.

“It takes a strong relationship and the right people. We won’t just share her in the bedroom, but with our lives, together and individually. She will be with us all, and we will worship the ground she walks on.”

“Do you have anyone in mind?” Starla says, licking her lips and eyeing us all.

“We do. We’re getting to know her now,” I said. At that moment, all four of our phones pinged.

I took mine out of my suit jacket and opened up the message that I saw it was from Isha.

Our Beautiful Girl: Was thinking of you all tonight. I went shopping with my mom and Nana. We are dressed to the nines tonight. Nana said she was taking me to a nice club where there were nice gentlemen. What do you think of my

outfit?

A picture of her in a purple sparkly halter dress with a slit all the way up her right leg to almost her hip. She had silver sparkly heels on. Her hair was up in a top bun, with curly tendrils framing her face. She had huge diamond earrings on and a diamond bracelet. She looked f*cking gorgeous. Another picture popped up, and it was the back of her dress. God her ass was popping in the dress, and her back was open.

You look positively sinful, don’t know that I like you ladies meeting strange gentlemen, nice or not. I texted. I definitely didn’t like it, but I wasn’t going to tell her what she could and couldn’t do.

Mic: Baby girl, I might have to throw you over my lap when you get home and spank that delectable ass. The only men you should be seeing in that dress are us.

Davis: Stunning as ever, don’t forget about us, we’re waiting for you.

Davis waves me around the table and I get up, Mic stands and moves to my side and stands next to Dawson, who is seated with a brooding look on his face. Oh yeah, he's pissed. Davis hands the phone to Aria and asks her to take a picture of the four of us.

I know Mic, Davis and I are smiling, but Dawson doesn't like the fact she will be going out meeting gentlemen. Neither do we, but we aren't going to let her know it. She deserves to have fun.

Davis sends her the picture. I noticed Dawson didn't say anything. I looked at him, he was scowling hard down at his

phone.

"Your potential girlfriend?" Madilyn asks.

"Not that it is any of your business, but yes. She showed us a dress she is wearing tonight to go out with her mother and grandmother," Dawson says. "Gorgeous as ever."

I see Jason frown, but then he gives a small shake of his head. I see Dawson typing away, and then he puts his phone

2/3

How We Work

away. Since no pings came from the rest of our phones, I can only assume he sent her a private text.

"Are you okay?" I asked him.

"Yes. I just want her to have fun, but not too much, you know?"

"I do. Don't worry bro, she'll come back to us. I know it. She said she was coming back."

He nodded, but I could tell he was worried. I pulled out my phone again. I pulled up our private text.

I hope you have fun tonight. Teasing aside, stay safe. And are you wearing any panties?

My Naughty Princess: Wouldn't you like to know?

I would, I really really would

My Naughty Princess: A picture from under her dress.

I inhaled sharply. She was in fact wearing underwear, if you wanted to call it that. It was like her bikini bottoms. A strap of purple fabric and a piece of string. Her ass cheeks were right there. F*ck.

I put my phone away and picked my fork back up to finish my dinner. I couldn't wait for her to get home so we could start

working on her accepting all of us. I needed to take a bite out of that f*t ass so bad. Best ass I've seen on a female ever. I looked at Mic and Davis, they were speaking to Dawson, Patrick and Aria. Isha had the third-best ass I've ever seen, period. Mic's was first, Davis' was second, and then Isha's. Dawson had a sweet ass too, but he only ever allowed me to slap it. It was an ass of steel. So he definitely came in fourth. I snorted at my train of thought. I needed to get laid, or at least my d*ck sucked. I eyed Mic. He looked over and winked at me. Yep, definitely going to get me some tonight.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 26 -

9-11 minutes

Nice Surprise

Dawson

She was gorgeous. I did not like that her Nana and mother were taking her out to meet nice gentlemen. But she wasn't mine yet, she wasn't ours to lock down.

You are absolutely stunning. Have fun tonight, but know if you have too much fun, you might have a spanking in your future, my more than one of us. But seriously, get it all out now my baby, because when you come home, you're in for a

treat.

My Baby: Oh, 'My baby', I like that one. I might have to have too much fun. I might like a spanking.

Jesus this woman. She's f*cking perfection. How much trouble could her Nana possibly get her in? Nice gentlemen could mean a number of things. Maybe they're going dancing at an upscale dance hall. That was a thing, right? I'm sure there are plenty of old men that would love to dance with a pretty young thing like Isha and two gorgeous older women. No way they were going clubbing. Just thinking about random men hitting on Isha made my heart pound. She was mine d*mn it. Mine that I choose to share with three men that I adore. My best friends that I love. Ford was right, it wasn't a

s*xual kind of love, but it was love when it came to them.

I looked over at Jason and Madilyn. There was some tension there tonight. I wonder what it was. I looked at Paul, he was eyeing the two of them with great disappointment. That could be the tension. I looked at my parents and smiled. They were so accepting of us. They treat Mic, Ford and Davs like they were their own.

"Why haven't you said anything?" The woman that said her name was Starla asked Davis. I didn't like the way she looked at him. Like she wouldn't mind taking him home. Not going to happen.

"He's mute. He can talk, but chooses not to," I said.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because it's his choice, his business." I gave her a look to stop questioning it. She rolled her eyes.

I couldn't stand the three younger women at this table. They were all rude, spoiled little b*tches.

"Mads, so when is the wedding?" Cheyenne asked Madilyn. I chuckled as Jason's eyes bugged out.

"Well, I have to be asked first, don't I? Anything you want to ask me, JJ?"

“No, not at this moment.”

“What do you mean? Right now would be a perfect moment.”

“He’s not even divorced yet, Madilyn,” Paul snapped.

My mother gasped.

“You’re married?”

“To a gorgeous, smart, funny and a very s*xy woman,” I said, taking a drink of my scotch.

My guys all nodded.

“Very f*cking s*xy,” Mic murmurs.

“Deliciously so, her ass is to die for. I don’t think I’ve ever seen an ass on a female so f*cking perfect,” Ford said.

Davis signed that she had a great set of t*ts too.

“What is he doing?” Cheyenne asked.

1/4

Nice Surprise

+8 Points >

He signed that Isha had a great rack,” I interpreted. I knew we were all being a little vulgar to piss Jason off. My father chuckled, I’ve already told him and my mother about Isha.

“How in the f*ck would you all know this?”

“I’ve met your wife, do you not recognize me? I was at the awards ceremony where you presented her with divorce papers right after you won your award. D*ck move by the way. You walked off right after, and she fainted in my arms. I took her home. I should actually thank you for being such an utter a*shole. She’ll be ours soon enough,” I said, gesturing to me

and my guys.

“The f*ck she will. She’s still my wife,” Jason snapped.

“She signed the papers, we met her when she came over to our house for a barbeque. She had the best f*cking bikini on. That’s how I know she has a great a*s,” Ford said, with an awesome smile on his face.

3

“He’s right, you did give her divorce papers. Madilyn sent me the picture herself. They were signed by both of you.”

“I know this since I am the one that gave her the papers. But she’s still my wife until I file them. And she will not be hanging around you four anymore, as long as I’m her husband. When I see her again I will make sure of that.”

“Jason,” Madilyn protested.

“Not now, Madilyn,” he snapped at her.

“But,” she tried again.

“I said not now. I’m sorry, I won’t sit here and listen to four strangers. Well, three talk about my wife like she’s their plaything,” Jason snarled, throwing his napkin on the table.

“Well, not yet,” Mic said, cheerfully.

“Not yet, what dear?” My mom asked.

“Isha’s not our plaything yet, Aria,” he said, with a wink at my mother, who tittered in her napkin and my dad chuckled.

“She never will,” Jason roared. Then he stood up from the table and stormed out of the dining room.

“Jason!” Madilyn called out as she stood up.

“Sit down,” Paul demanded. “You will not go running after a married man.”

The door slammed and I grinned.

“But, daddy, he’s getting a divorce. I swear it. You saw the papers.”

“Until they are filed, and the thirty-day cool off period has passed, he’s still married.”

“But the papers are filed, I gave them to his lawyer today,” Madilyn whined.

“He let you file the papers?” I asked, excitedly. Mic, Ford, and Davis sat forward eager for her reply.

“Well, I found them in his desk. He must have forgotten to take them to his lawyer yesterday like he said he was going to. So, I just did it for him. He’ll thank me later, after I tell him.”

“Wait, he doesn’t know? Oh, this is f*cking priceless,” Ford said with a wide grin. And I nodded in agreement. I held my glass out to him, and he clinked it with his own. I turned to my other two best friends and clinked their glasses too.

“Madilyn, until the cooling-off period is done, you are not to have any contact with Jason. I will tell him that is my decision. I do not need you to ruin my reputation in this town before it gets started. I want this bed and breakfast to be successful. Do you understand me? If I find out you’ve contacted him, I will cut you off.”

Madilyn paled. “Yes daddy, I understand.”

2/4

Nice Surprise

She looked over at her two friends. One gave her a sympathetic smile and the other looked at her like this was for her own

good.

“Madilyn, why don’t you date someone your own age? Jason is obviously a fickle man, if he can cheat on his wife. What makes you think he won’t cheat on you too?” My mom asked her.

“Because he loves me. He told me he only married Isha out of pity. He said I was his true love. We love each other,” she

said, tears falling from her eyes.

I shook my head. She was such a young and naive fool. In fact, I bet my left nut that Jason is fooling around on her

already too.

“Did you know he slapped Isha?” I asked to see her reaction.

“He would never!” she defended.

I pulled up the video on my phone and held it out to her.

Paul looked over as she watched the video. She gasped, and put her hand to her mouth and handed me back my phone.

“You will not have any contact with him at all, ever. If he ever laid a hand on you, I’d make him disappear.”

“Please daddy, don’t say that. It’s obvious she did something to provoke him.

“Are you kidding me? There is no reason a man should strike a woman. No, I will not have it. Don’t make me take drastic measures, Madilyn. Now I need a new realtor,” Paul said.

“I have a perfect man, Paul. His name is Aaron Grayson. I will text you his information.

“Thank you Dawson.

Four pings sounded and Mic, Ford, Davis and I all got our phones out.

“Ugh, seriously,” Mic whined.

“I’m not worried, we’re way better looking,” Ford said.

Davis grunted and I smiled. We were sent a picture of a huge banner that said Thunder Down Under, Male Review Show. I wasn't worried. A male strip show was nothing to be worried about. I feel way better now.

"Are you all seriously pining after that fat little hobbit woman?" Madilyn snapped.

"Watch your mouth," I growled.

"Dawson," Paul warned.

"No, Paul. I will not have anyone talk about Isha like that. She is f*cking gorgeous. Not everyone likes stick thin, fake ass barbies, some of us like real women," I snarled.

Madilyn gasped, Starla and Cheyenne gave me death glares. All three of them were plastic as f*ck. To each their own, but that did nothing for me, and I knew it did nothing for my three guys.

"I think we should call it a night," Paul suggested.

"Mom, dad, it was good seeing you tonight."

Mic, Ford and Davis all hugged my mom and dad. When I hugged my mom she kissed my cheek and smiled up at me.

"I can't wait to meet your young lady, Dawson. Anyone that can capture the attention of the four of you so passionately, must be someone very special."

"She is mom. I can't wait for you to meet her."

3/4

Nice Surprise

We all left. When we got into my SUV, Ford busted out laughing.

"Man, that was a sh*t show. I can't believe Isha is married to that a*shat."

"Well, thanks to Madilyn, not for long," I said, with a grin.

"I wonder what he's going to do when he realizes that his divorce papers got filed," Mic said.

“Makes me wonder if he wants a divorce in the first place. Do you think he’s stringing Madilyn along? And if he is, why?”

Ford asked.

“From what I overheard at the awards ceremony, Jason thinks Madilyn could make him rich,” I said.

“Wwwhat an aaashole,” Davis got out.

“That he is,” I said.

“Well, I, for one, am grateful Madilyn did what she did. It’s just one step closer to Isha being ours,” Mic said. And we all

nodded.

He was right, we should all be grateful to Madilyn. The faster Isha is free, the faster we can lock her down. It was a nice surprise for the night. Now, all we had to do was convince Isha, that we could make her happy and that we all wanted her.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 27 -

9-11 minutes

We’re Just Friends

Pomis

Isha

“Thunder Down Under, really Nana? Mom?” I asked, laughing. I took a picture of the banner and sent it to my new BFFs. I was sure they’d get a kick out of it.

I liked that they flirted with me without any expectations. I knew the things they said weren’t real. Men like them didn’t go for women like me. I was pretty sure. But they went for women that were tall, model-like, women that would compliment their aesthetic. They were f*cking delicious looking. I was a cute, short, Asian-mixed woman that would rather be home

writing than out and about. They would end up with women that matched them. And I was okay with that, at least I'd have their friendship, until whatever woman they ended up with ended our friendship. I'd just enjoy it for now.

"Your mom and I have been here before, they're tasteful and it's fun. Although with the four you have back home, maybe

they aren't the guys you want," Nana said.

I scoffed and shook my head. "More like I'm not the woman they want. Women like Madilyn end up with guys that look

like Dawson, Mic, Ford and Davis," I said.

I showed them a picture of Madilyn. My Nana said she was beautiful, but there was no substance there. Jason would

see that soon enough and most likely come crawling back to me. Only I didn't want him back.

"Those boys would be lucky to have you. You could end up with at least one of them," my mom said.

I shook my head. "No, I don't think I could. I like them all, really. If there was a way for all of us to be together, I'd most

likely jump on that. But sadly, I don't see that happening. If I can't keep one man, how could I keep four?"

"Oh, you stop that. Jason cheating on you and being a complete utter ass has nothing to do with you. That's all on him. Now, let's go have a good time. We'll be the bells of the ball with the amount of money we're about to drop here," Nana

said.

For a weekday I was surprised with how packed the place was, but this being Vegas and tourism was always going on here.

Maybe I shouldn't be that surprised.

We got drinks, and sat at a table a few feet from the stage.

“These are good seats,” I shouted to my mom and Nana.

“That’s because your Nana is a VIP member,” my mom said, chuckling. My head snapped to my Nana and I raised a brow.

“I’m old, not dead,” she said. And I threw back my head and laughed.

An hour later we were in the thick of entertainment in the form of male strippers. They were all fine. There were a variety of men, black, white, brown. Mexican, Caucasian, Asian, African American, men, all in fantastic shape. They danced in a jungle theme, a fire fighter, a police officer, and a very fine as f*ck lumberjack. He had that barrel chest, with six-pack abs, bulging arms. He had a full red beard and full thick red hair on his head. He seemed to be a favorite as the crowd of women screamed their heads off. When they left the stage and started working the crowd, you would have thought these men were the last in the world because of how the women erupted in feral cheers. Money was grasped in their hands and

shaken in the air to get the attention of the men.

The lumberjack and the firefighter made their way to our area. I saw Nana perk up. What blew my mind was when the firefighter went straight to her and lifted her up. My mouth dropped when she wrapped around him.

“Nora, my love, when are you going to run away with me and be my sugar mama.”

“Oh, Jordan, you just name the day and time, and we’ll run off into the sunset together.”

1/3

We’re Just Friends.

+ Pain

“You mean, me, you and my husband Bran,” he said, his head nodding to the Lumberjack that was shaking his wooden pole in front of my mother. Her face was flaming.

My mom gingerly put a fifty in his small g-string and pointed at me. Bran the Lumberjack, turned and gave me a devastating smile. He turned again, and his ass was right in my face as he danced.

“The more, the merrier, I say. My granddaughter has her own little harem at home, four former Navy SEALs.”

“Nana! They are not my harem, they’re just friends. Dawson, Mic, Ford and Davis are not my men,” I laughed.

“Wait, not Dawson Becks?” Bran said, turning and looking down at me.

“Yeah, he’s a friend of mine,” I said.

“Holy sh*t, Jordan, she knows Becks and the guys. We’re friends with Becks’, business partners, Stafford and Cruz. In fact, Staff and Cruz were our best men at our wedding,” Bran said.

“Small world. Let’s take a picture,” Jordan said.

Jordan called a staff member over and handed him my phone and my Nana’s. Jordan held on to Nana like she was his lifeline and Bran stood in the middle of mom and me. Our picture was taken and Jordan gave me his phone number, so I texted the photo to him.

“Becks, Mic, Ford and Davis are good guys. You should give them a chance. They know how to take care of their own,”

Bran said.

“We’re just friends. Really, I don’t think I’m their type. Look at me.”

“Honey, you are every man’s type. You’re gorgeous, s*xy, and you have a body to die for. If Jordan and I were looking for a third, we’d ask you.”

“He’s not the wrong doll. You have a great rack and your ass is something else,” Jordan said.

“You two are sweet. You better move along to another table before we all get attacked,” I said. The women were giving

us glares for monopolizing the firefighter and the lumberjack.

“Nora sweetie, let’s get together this weekend for lunch. Love you!” Jordan said as he danced away. Bran followed,

blowing kisses as he danced away.

“Um, Nana, how are you best friends with a male stripper and his husband?” I asked.

“Oh, well, your mom and Mark had to go on a business trip a few years ago, and I went to play bingo. I was sitting by

myself when those two walked in and sat at the same table as me a few seats down. They were adorable. They didn’t

understand that it wasn’t just standard bingo. That they had to bingo on certain patterns. We got to talking. I helped

them. We got a little tipsy. They told me about their profession. I told them about my former one. That’s when Jordan

recognized me from his grandmother’s old fashion magazines. He told me how he would sneak them and look at the

clothes, daydreaming about wearing the same outfits I modeled. We’ve been friends ever since. They join us for bingo occasionally.”

“Mom, you know them too?”

“Yes. They are also the only ones I feel comfortable being around because I know they’re harmless. They are the sweetest. And since they know your guys, I now feel even more comfortable about them, knowing Jordan and Bran give them high praise.”

I shook my head. “We are just friends. At least until they start dating someone or several someones that don’t want me around.

“I don’t know Isha, you’ve been texting them all week, and you smile so much when I see you looking at your phone,” she

2/3

We're Just Friends

said.

"I just got out of a relationship mom. Not sure if I want to jump into another."

"Well, just don't friend zone them. You might miss out on something great," my mom said.

"How about this? I won't friend zone them if you take Uncle Mark out of the friend zone and give him a freaking chance.

The man adores you."

"He was your father's best friend. That would be inappropriate."

"Mom, it's been over eight years since dad passed away. He'd want you to be happy, and who better with, than his best

friend."

"I don't know. I wouldn't even know how to give him a signal that I wanted to be pursued by him," she said, biting her lip.

"Flirt mom. Wear something appropriate but s*xxy to work. Put your cleavage in his face, bend over in front of him. Touch his arm, say something witty."

"Amen, give that boy something to pant over," Nana said.

"Mom!" my mom said.

"What? Isha is right. It's time for you to move on, and I love Mark. I think you two would make a great couple."

"You wouldn't be mad at me?" mom asked.

“No, Ellie. And I know Dan would want you to move on and be happy. You’re only forty-five, you still have many years

ahead of you,” Nana said to her.

I nodded, excited for my mom and Uncle Mark. I looked down at my phone, I really missed the guys. This week has been nice with my mom and Nana. I initially planned to stay a whole month, but I think I’ll head back at the end of next week. I

sent the picture that we just took to the guys.

Miss you guys, having a blast. But these aren’t the guys I wish I was with tonight. Since you’re all my new BFFs, I was wondering if you could all help me find and move into a new place. Maybe one of you could ask Aaron if there are any

houses near you for sale?

I waited a beat for one of them to reply, but then I realized if it’s ten o’clock here, it’s eleven there, and they might all be

sleeping. Oops.

I put my phone back in my clutch and enjoyed the rest of the night with my Nana and mom. Who knew these two could

be so wild?

44

Roc

I think sometimes adult children forget that their mother’s used to not be mothers. At least mine do lol. Because I’m old and don’t understand what they’re trying to do in life. Yeah Okay, sons lol

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 28 -

8-10 minutes

BFFs?

Mic

What did that mean, BFF's? Did that mean Best f*cking flirts? Boyfriends forever? Because I knew it couldn't mean Best Friends Forever, right? Because I wanted to be more than friends. Waking up to Isha's text made my day until I read it.

I walked into the living room. Ford was lying back on the couch, his legs spread as he held Davis, whose head was on Ford's stomach. Ford was running his fingers through Davis's hair.

"What's wrong with him?" I asked as I rounded the couch and crouched down, rubbing his back.

"He's upset by Isha's text. Gotta say I'm a little upset too."

2

"It's the BFF's comment, right? Yeah, I don't like that either. All our eyes snapped to Dawson, who was sitting in his

recliner, staring at his phone.

"She seems to have met Bran and Jordan. Good guys. Don't really like how Bran has his arms across her shoulders like that though. I mean I know they're married, but they occasionally share women," he said.

"We all know Isha isn't going to get with those two. Look at her stance. She's got her polite smile. I feel like I saw her real

smile all during the barbecue, that's not it," Ford said. Davis and I nodded.

"You guys shouldn't be upset over her BFF's comment. We can use this to our advantage. She just got out of a relationship. I don't think she wants to jump right into a new one. What if we offer her to move in here? We give her her own room while we "help" her find a place of her own. We tell Aaron to tell her he's just too busy to take her on as a client, so we "help her", but really don't help her find a place. We flirt, and give little touches, maybe a couple of

secret make-out sessions. Then we drop hints about how we all want to be with her. We'll also have to introduce her to your guy's

relationship. She doesn't know about the three of you."

"D*mn, that's a solid plan," I said.

"Yeah, maybe if she catches us making out, she'll like what she sees. Yeah, we offer her friendship and to become our room mate while we drive her wild. I f*cking love it," Ford said, and again I nodded.

"Cccan wwwe bbuy hhhher thhhings aaas, friends?" Davis asked.

"I don't see why not," Dawson said. "So, yeah, why don't we be her BFFs for now. But flirt hard with her. Watch."

Dawson got up and took his shirt off, pulled down his joggers that he wore when he was home for the day, to just above his d*ck. You could actually see the beginning of his shaft since it was pointing down, held by his waistband. Huh, he shaves. He set up his phone against a cup that was on the table and then he stepped back. He made a couple of poses, showing off his muscles. Davis, Ford and I all stared. I was pretty sure all three of us had our mouths open, probably a little drool escaping. The man was hot as f*ck.

"Now, I'm going to send her these pictures and ask her as my new BFF. Should I work on my tan? And also should I get rid of the tan line I have by laying out naked in our backyard. You know, asking for friendly advice. One of you should message her about moving in here, make it sound like we all discussed it, and then one of you truth or dare her."

"F*ck Dawson, see this is why you were in charge in our unit. You always come up with good plans," I said, as I started typing on my phone. "I'll truth or dare her."

Davis signed that he'd suggest she move in here, and told Ford to keep playing with his hair. Ford smirked. We all coddled Davis. He was the youngest of us all and, with him being a selective mute, the most vulnerable.

* Feets >

Isha

I still hadn't heard from the guys. It was ten a.m. Mom and Nana decided to go to the early nine a.m. bingo and I declined to go with them. They were insane. We didn't get home until well after midnight, and they were up early enough to go eat breakfast and then go to the 9 a.m. session of bingo. I knew they'd be there all day, so I could catch up with them later.

I checked my banking app for the thousandth time just to see all those zeros again. I still couldn't believe it. There were just under eight hundred million in it, with the shares in Coke. If I sold them all, I could become a liquidated billionaire. Everything combined, plus the two hundred and forty thousand and the forty thousand I had in there already from my writing, It was a hair under eight hundred million. I was really thinking about selling those shares. But then again, God forbid something happened to all that money, I'd have the cushion of the shares. All together, though, I am technically, with my total assets, a billionaire. I still couldn't believe it. Jason would be sh*tting his pants right now.

2

Speaking of Jason, I looked down at my phone and noticed fifty missed calls and 99 plus unread messages. They were all from an anonymous number, but I knew it was him. I don't know what he was so upset about, and I really didn't care. I deleted the calls from the log and deleted the text thread. As I was doing that a message icon popped up from Dawson.

Dawson: Do you think I should work on my tan and get rid of this tan line? Our privacy wall is tall enough for nude sunbathing. As my new BFF, your opinion matters.

Then a message from Mic came in on our shared text thread.

Mic: Truth or Dare, Baby Girl?

Truth

Mic: If you had a choice between the four of us being with you for one night, who would you choose?

F*ck, why did he ask that? I can't choose between the four of them. If I was honest with myself, if I had a chance with them, I'd choose them all. Savvy said the poly life was great. Could I find something like that? Would the guys like something like that? Could they all share me? What if two of them are like Mac and Jack? I hadn't seen anything like that,

but what if I just didn't pay attention?

I bit my lower lip then a private message from Davis came through.

Davis: Hey Sweet Angel, I had a great idea and I talked to the guys about it and they agreed. We have room at our house. Wouldn't it be fun if you became our roommate? We can do movie nights, and Mic is a fantastic cook. You could just stay here, until you find your own place. We'll help you. Please, Angel, for me?

Oh my God! They want me to move in? My heart was beating so fast, even though I'm freaking rich, I don't have a rich person's heart yet, and this would save money. Plus, their house is amazing, and living with four extremely hot guys wouldn't hurt seeing them everyday.

Yes! I'd love to live with you guys! I don't need anything from Jason's house. I have clothes and what I don't have I can buy, and I have all my important papers. I also have some great news. I can't wait to share with you all, but it's best done in person. Thank you Davis! You are all the sweetest.

Clicking over to the Truth or Dare thread, I looked at Mic's question again.

First, you are all the sweetest. Thank you for offering for me to move in. I gladly accept, if Davis hasn't told you yet. Second, why choose?

Holy f*ck that was bold of me. I felt my clit pulse and I squeezed my legs together. Clicking over to Dawson, ugh, he was so fine. I seriously want to lick every freaking muscle he has, especially the one between his legs. Just a peek of it, it

looks like it would be a lot of fun.

You're going to give me wet dreams. I mean I wouldn't mind the eye candy if you wanted to get an all-over tan.

2/3

BFFs7

I squealed, and threw myself on the living room couch. I knew my face was red, I could feel it. I looked at the time on my phone. It was only ten-thirty. I could make the eleven o'clock bingo. I ordered an Uber, ran upstairs to get my shoes and purse and made it back down just as the Uber pulled up. I couldn't wait to tell my Nana and mom about my new living

arrangements.

Comments

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2

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 29 -

8-9 minutes

Shopping For Our Girl

Shopping For Our Girl

Ford

"She f*cking agreed, this is great. Which room are we giving her?" Mic said.

"How about the one that's between yours and mine?" I said.

Peints>

Davis signed she should take the one that's attached to his bathroom. We could move all our old military gear to the shed

out back.

"You think she wants to share a bathroom with you? She should have her own bathroom," I said. Which now eliminated

the room between Mic and me.

“She’ll take the master with the ensuite,” Dawson said.

2

“That’s your bedroom, that’s not fair, I wanna sleep with her too,” I whined.

“I won’t be in there idi*t. I’ll move to the bedroom between yours and Mic’s. I don’t have a lot of clothes, I just need the

dresser in my room. We’ll need to buy a new one for her. And a vanity. Girls like vanities, right?” Dawson asked.

“I think so, that’s the thing for all their night stuff and makeup, right?” I asked.

“Yeah, with a chair and mirror. We’ll need new sheets too. Something with a high thread count, and maybe some more

pillows. Don’t girls like a lot of pillows?” Mic asked.

Davis clapped and then signed that they should buy some girly shampoo, conditioner and body wash too.

“Good, idea. And lotions. Let’s go to the mall,” I said.

We all left, taking two vehicles. Dawson took his SUV and I took my Ford Raptor. Mic made fun of me for getting it and I

was like it’s a Ford duh. My name’s not Chevy or Dodge. Although being named Dodge would be cool.

“Okay, we split up, Ford you get the bedding, remember high thread count. The higher, the better. Plushy pillows. Mic you and Davis find the lotion and shampoo sh*t. Get all our favorite scents. Something peach for me. I’ll go look at the furniture.” He literally clapped his hands as if we were in a huddle.

“Boys, something citrus for me,” I called out to Mic and Davis.

Bedding, bedding, bedding, where would I find bedding? I thought to myself. I walked around for twenty minutes before I saw a store called BS Sheets. I snorted, clever. I saw a display with bamboo/sateen sheets. I walked in and started looking at everything. These were some high-end sheets. I touched some and they were extremely soft. Isha would definitely like these. What color though? There were so many in different colors.

Hey My Naughty Princess, what's your favorite color?

As I waited for her answer, I walked around the store. I hit pay dirt when I found a wall of freaking pillows. All shapes and

sizes and all different colors.

"Can I help you?" I heard a breathy voice behind me. I rolled my eyes, I was not in the mood for some random chick to flirt with. Which was new, because I was always down to flirt. Weird.

I turned around, and a perky little blonde was standing behind me. "Um, yeah, I'm looking for the softest sheets you have with a good thread count and I want a pillow in every color," I said, pointing at the wall.

Her eyes bugged out.

"That's a lot of pillows," she said.

1/3

Shopping For Dur Girl

"Yeah, I know."

"Okay, well, our softest sheets, I guess, would be the bamboo/sateen sheets. Do you have a color preference?"

My phone chirped and I held up a finger. I looked at it and smiled when I saw it was Isha that texted me back.

My Naughty Princess: I am partial to any color purple and I also like copper. Um, why naughty princess?

Because I can see how badly you want to let the good girl go and get down and dirty, and I'd love nothing more than to
get down and dirty with you.

"Any color purple," I said to the sales girl.

"Well, there are different colors, so which one?"

She was a little snarky, and she crossed her arms and gave me an eyebrow raise like I was wasting her time.

"Do you work on commission here?"

"Yes," she said.

I looked around the store and saw a slim redhead with her hair in a severe bun. She had thick glasses on, and she was
folding what looked like towels.

"Hey? You work here?"

She blinked owlshly at me and nodded.

"Great, can you come help me? This girl is kind of rude," I said, pointing at the blonde who was now scowling at the
redhead.

"I saw you first, you didn't want her. Listen, let me make it up to you, we could go in the back," she stopped talking when I put my hand in her face.

"No," I said bluntly.

She huffed and crossed her arms again. Who in the f*ck did this chick think she was.

"I'm sorry, Mister. She saw you first, so rules are she gets to help you."

"Oh, really, is that the rule? Who made up that rule, Maggie?" I asked her, reading her name tag.

"Well, her mom, she's the manager."

"So, let me guess, she always gets first choice when a customer walks in?"

The redhead nodded while the blonde glared at her.

"Well, I choose you, and I am the customer, so I get what I want. I want each one of those pillows each in a different color or no more than the same color if you can't do it individually. I also want every one of these sheets in a different color purple. And I like that comforter set over there, the white one with the deep purple flowers. I'll also take three bath towels

with matching washcloths in purple."

The redhead's mouth dropped open and then she quickly shut it and rushed away to get started.

I looked at the blonde.

"Next time when you talk to a customer, try losing the attitude. I don't tolerate rudeness, and you just lost out on a big commission. I can't believe you work on commission here anyway, it's a f*cking store for bedding."

"It's an elite bedding store, only people who can afford this place can shop here," she said, looking me up and down. Oh, so now that I took her commission away, her true colors show. Glad I gave it to the redhead.

2/3

Shopping For Our Girl

You're hopeless, I said, and walked away from her.

All said and done, I had ten bags of pillows, and five of sheets and towels. When I ran into Mic and Davis, we all laughed. They also had a number of bags with them.

“Let’s get this to my truck. Then we’ll hunt down Dawson. I’m starving. Who knew shopping was such hard work?”

We found Dawson in a furniture store talking to the manager.

“Hey, you done? We’re hungry,” I said.

“Yeah, just having the stuff I bought delivered.”

“I thought you were just getting a vanity?” Mic asked.

He blushed a little, “Well, I did, one for her makeup and hair stuff, and another for her night routine. I’m sure she has one. She’s flawless. But I also got her a new wardrobe with ten drawers, and an area for her to hang clothes in case the closet in the bedroom isn’t big enough. And I got her a shoe rack, oh and a desk so she can put her laptop there. And then, since I got her a desk, I also got her the comfiest chair I could find.

‘Good thinking’ Davis signed.

Dawson beamed like a school boy who had just got praise from his teacher. Of course, we’re all like that with Davis. He’s like our puppy. He always wants to make us happy, and we like it when we make him happy.

“Did you guys accomplish your goals?” Dawson asked.

“Yeah, oh and her favorite color is purple. Any shade, and she also likes the color copper,” I said.

“Seriously? Her vanities are an ash purple, and her other furniture I got in black with copper accents. What are the odds,”

Dawson said.

We were all taken aback by that. What were the odds?

'This just shows we're perfect for her, we're in tune with her. The bottles Mic and I got, some are black, purple and copper as well.' Davis signed.

"She's going to think we're simping hard for her," I said.

"Aren't we? Mic asked. "I mean, I know I am. I can't wait for her to get home. I love you guys, but I really want her."

"Same," Dawson and I said, and Davis signed.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 30 -

16-20 minutes

What's The Worst That Could Happen?

Isha

"You're moving in with them when you go back home?" mom asked.

"Yeah, do you think I shouldn't?" I asked nervously.

"No, I think you should, and I think you should have the time of your life," mom said.

"Really?" I asked, with a raised eyebrow.

"Yes, Isha. Jason is the only man you've ever been with. I think you should have so much fun, you deserve it."

"Welllllll, Jason isn't the last man I've had s*x with mom. I had a threesome with two bikers the night I signed the divorce

papers."

Mom and Nana both gaped at me as I whispered that confession to them.

"You go girl," Nana said, and then she whooped.

"Do we have a winner?" the announcer on the bingo stand asked.

“No, sorry, just found out my granddaughter had a threesome with two hot bikers after she found out her f*cktard of a

husband who cheated on her.”

“Oh my God,” I mumbled, scooting down in my seat.

“Good for you girl. Threesomes are the best,” said a woman who had to be at least seventy-five.

“D*mn straight had a threesome a time or two myself,” said another elderly woman.

“The 70’s, am I right?” My Nana called out. The room erupted into laughter.

“Nana,” I scolded, but then started giggling.

“Your papa and I were very risky back in our day. We never did the threesome route, but we did do the public s*x route,

and we even got arrested once.”

“No,” I said, gasping. Wow, the things I am finding out about my Nana. Friends with a male stripper and now public s*x?

“Mom, you are wild.”

“Are you telling me my son, and you never did anything risky?”

My mom started blushing. “Your son had a similar kink that you and dad had.”

Nana threw back her head and laughed. I thought that there would be a lot of shushing from the other bingo ladies, but

there was none.

“I’m surprised you’re not getting scolded for making so much noise,” I said.

“Pfft, your mother and I are pretty much the queens of this place. We play so much and we are really good tippers. No

one will say one word to us.”

“Okay, Queen,” I said to her. Mom and her started giggling.

When the session was over, my mom was three hundred dollars richer. We went to eat lunch.

“So, what are your plans for when you move in? Who are you seducing first?” Nana asked.

“What? I’m not seducing anyone,” I said, gaping at her.

1/4

What’s The Worst That Could Happen?

You really should, dear, I’d start with that Dawson fellow. He has a body to die for,” my mom said.

I snorted, they all had a body to die for. I pulled up Dawson’s and mine text thread and looked at the pictures he sent me. I turned them to show Nana and mom.

“If I was just thirty years younger,” Nana said.”

“He is very good-looking,” my mom said.

“They all are. You both really think I should move in with them, and seduce them, have s*x with all four of them?”

“Why not, you’re young, have fun. And you never know you might fall for one of them,” my mom said.

“Or all of them,” my Nana said.

“I can not believe you two.”

“Isha, when will you ever have this again? Didn’t you tell me your friend Savvy was committed to two men? If she can do it, why can’t you?” Mom said.

I bit my lower lip. “I don’t know. What if none of them want me?”

“Then they’re blind. Besides from what you’ve said about their flirting, I think they want you just as much as you want them,” Nana said.

“You think?”

“What’s the worst that could happen, Isha? They say no?” Mom asked.

“I humiliate myself, and then I couldn’t face them, and I’d have to move out of their place a lot sooner than I planned.”

“Okay, but you’re a rich woman now. You can just leave, go somewhere and vacation until you’re ready to settle down

roots again,” Nana said.

“Oh, right. I forgot about that.”

I could just pack up and leave. Hell I don’t even have to pack up. I just need my Id and passport. I could buy whatever I

needed and wanted wherever I ended up if things so to sh*t with Dawson and the guys.

“You’re right. I could just pick up and go anywhere. And so could the two of you. You know Uncle Mark would let you have whatever time you needed off. So, if I call you, you can leave with me.”

“D*mn right,” my Nana said.

My mom nodded.

“So, now who are you seducing first?” Nana asked, again.

“I think mama is right. I would want Dawson to be my first in that house. But I wouldn’t stop one of the others if they made a move. I really like Davis, he’s so sweet. Mic is very attentive, he made sure I had whatever I needed at the

barbecue, and Ford, he’s hilarious. He had me in stitches.”

“Honestly, it sounds like they each give you something you need. And it also sounds like they complement each other. All

of them combined seem to be the perfect man,” Mom said.

“I think they’re all perfect individually. I love each of their personalities,” I said.

Mom and Nana looked at each other with raised brows.

“What?”

“Nothing, they both said at the same time.

2/4

What’s The Worst That Could Happen?

After we were done eating, we went back to bingo. I had a blast with them, and it was such an eye-opener, learning about

things I had no clue about, from my Nana and mom. I was really going to miss them when I go home, but I really wanted to get back to Colorado and find out what kind of fun I can get into with the guys.

Later, in my room at home, I put on a new sparkly purple bikini. The triangles cover just my n*pples, my bottoms, of course, are string and a swatch of cloth. I set up my phone and posed in front of the window where the sun was blazing through. I arched my back a little and put both hands in my hair and just as the timer on my phone hit one, I put my head back and let my hair waterfall out of my hands. I looked at the photo, and you could see me just in silhouette. It was a hot picture and if you looked close, you could actually see me. But you really had to look. It was perfect. I then laid on my bed on my stomach, my back to the camera and crossed my feet. You could see my cheeks but where my feet were placed in the picture

it looked like I didn't have anything on at all. I love it. I sent both pictures in our truth or dare thread.

Pictures sent

Truth or Dare anyone...

I carried my phone down to the pool and laid my towel on the chaise and had just sat when my phone chirped.

Ford: Holy f*ck you are the hottest woman I have ever had the pleasure of knowing.

Mic: Baby Girl...Picture of his tented slacks.

I giggled. I loved that they sent pictures of how they are affected by me. Maybe they did really want me.

Ford: Welp, going to go help Mic with his problem, so he can also help me with mine. Picture of Fords tented slacks.

Were they at work? And what does that mean? Wait, do they have a relationship?

Davis: I'll be late coming in for the meeting. I am pulling over to take care of something. My Sweet Angel, stunning as

ever. You're driving us crazy with need.

Dawson...

What did that mean? Why didn't he respond? I bit my bottom lip. Did he not like my pictures? I felt my heart drop a little. No, I was not going to get upset. My feelings are not ruled by the compliments or disappointments from men.

So, I ruthlessly shoved my feelings to the side. I got up and dove into the pool. It has been a while since I swam for pleasure. I needed to keep myself in shape. I haven't gone to the gym the whole time I've been here.

I did six laps before I turned onto my back and floated. I couldn't help it and I let a couple of tears escape. His silence

hurt.

I got out of my pool and dried before laying down on the outdoor chaise.

I picked up my phone and saw two texts, one from the group chat and one from Dawson himself. I opened the group chat

first.

Dawson: Dare

I dare you to video time me when you go to bed, tonight.

Dawson: Deal, wait for my call at ten pm.

I couldn't help smiling. Clicking over to our private chat, I gasped.

Dawson: Look what you do to me, baby. Will you warm my c*ck for me one night?

He sent me a very epic d*ck pic. God, not only was he a handsome man, his c*ck was just as beautiful as the rest of him. What did he mean by warming his c*ck? Whatever he meant, that was going to be a resounding yes.

If you show me how, I'll do anything for you.

3/4

posmu Happen?

hope that wasn't too bold, and I have to admit knowing I did this to him made me feel so much better.

Dawson: Oh, My Baby, you have no idea what you just agreed to.

A thrill shot through me.

Well, I'll be home soon, then you can show me.

I was taking mom and Nana's advice.

10

Comments

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< Video Chat

Video Chat

Isha

I looked at myself in the mirror. I didn't want to look too desperate on the video call, but I didn't want to look like a burn either. I had on a pink crop top that I knew was a little stretched out and hung off my shoulder, and the shortest sleeping shorts I had. They were black and showed the bottoms on my cheeks.

Nana and mom went to one of mom's friend's house tonight to play a game called Bunko. I didn't want to go, so I told

them I was gonna have a night home tonight.

I looked around the room, nothing was out of place, it looked clean. Was it too bright? I ran to my Nana's room and opened her closet. She had a lot of sheer scarves. I picked two dark red ones and ran back to my room. I covered the lamps in the room, and it gave the room a sensual glow. I hope it didn't look like I was trying too hard.

I sat on my bed, my back to my headboard. I had my camera open checking my face and hair. I didn't have much make-up on, just some eyeliner and tinted lip gloss. My hair was down past my shoulder.

All of a sudden, a video call came through. My eyes snapped to the time, and it was exactly ten o'clock my time. I took a deep breath and then pressed the green video icon.

Dawson's handsome face came into view, he gave me a slow smile, and his eyes looked happy to see me.

"There's my baby. God, I've missed that beautiful face."

I smiled big, "Hi, How are you? I've missed you too. I've missed all of you. I feel like this has been the quickest and longest

week of my life," I said with a chuckle.

"I'm doing good, baby. How are you doing? What news do you have to tell us?"

"Well, I really want to tell all of you at the same time, it's monumental life-changing. I can hardly believe it myself."

His smile dimmed a little and his eyes lost a little happiness, but it was a quick fleeting moment. "Whatever it is, we'll be

happy for you and support you."

"Thank you, anyway, I've been good. It's been a fun visit with mom and Nana. So, are you sure you guys want me to move in with you? Won't that disrupt your guys' dating style? I mean, how will it look to the women you bring home?"

His eyes widened and then he started to chuckle.

"Isha, the guys and I don't really date. I've been busy opening my branch. The guys have been busy with me. Honestly babe, you'll be the only woman in our life and that's how we want it. So, yes, we are sure we want you living with us."

"Oh, I didn't know you guys didn't date. What about one-night stands? I don't want to cramp your style."

"First, if any of us wanted a one-night stand, we would not bring them home. Second, none of us want something just random. We're actually looking for someone special," he said.

"You all are?" I asked, my brows furrowing. Well, sh*t. "I guess you all already have those women in mind that you like?"

"We do, yes."

“Oh,” I mumbled, looking down. I didn’t want to look in his eyes at the moment. I didn’t want him to see the hurt that hit me. I should have known, they would already have special women in their lives.

“What are you wearing sweetheart? I can’t really see you. It’s so dim.”

“I can brighten it up, hold on.”

1/3

< Video Chat

I put my phone on the phone holder I put on my bed and turned on my knees to get the scarves off of the lamps. I heard a loud groan and looked over my shoulder. His eyes were glued to my ass.

“Oh, sorry. I need to put some joggers on, one minute.”

“Don’t you move, in fact come closer to the phone,” he growled. I leaned down and crawled backwards towards the phone.

I stopped, and he asked me to spread my legs. Why was I going to comply with this? He had a girl he had in mind that was special to him. But I couldn’t help myself. So, I did what he asked.

“God, baby, you are a picture.”

I turned my head and closed my eyes. I was so turned on. J looked down and that’s when I realized that not only could he see my ass cheeks, my shirt was gaping, and he could see my breasts hanging.

I heard some noises that sounded like movement. I looked over my shoulder, and my mouth dropped open. There was Dawson, leaning far back on his bed. I could tell he was looking at me from his laptop. He was now shirtless, and he had

a pair of athletic shorts pushed down on his thighs and he was stroking his beautiful c*ck.

“You’re so beautiful, Isha. At this angle I can see all of your ass, your puffy p*ssy lips in your tiny shorts and your breasts hanging. Make them sway, baby.”

Oh God. I did, I did as he demanded.

“F*ck yes. Show me how wet you are, baby. I know you are. I can see in your eyes that you’re extremely turned on. Pull

your shorts aside.”

I reached down and pulled them aside.

“Yes. I can see your p*ssy glistening. Can you touch it for me?”

I watched mesmerized as his stroking picked up pace. He used long strokes, twisting his wrist when he got to the tip. He went faster and faster as I swiped my fingers up and down, gathering my wetness. I pushed two into me and he groaned loudly. spurts of c*m shot out of him into the air and landed on his groin and lower stomach. I f*cked my fingers as he watched until I exploded. My whimpers escape my mouth.

“D*mn baby, that was so hot. Let me see your fingers, hold them up to the screen.”

I showed them to him. “F*ck, I wish I could taste you.”

“What about your special girl?” I asked, but I couldn’t help it.

“Don’t you know, Isha? You are my special girl that I have in my mind. It’s always been you, since the night I took you home. I was disappointed to find out you were married, but, and I’m sorry for this, I wasn’t exactly mad to find out he served you divorce papers. It meant I could work on you becoming mine when you were ready.”

My mouth dropped open. I watched him clean up, and then lift his shorts up.

“I can see I surprised you. Don’t worry, more will be coming your way. Think about what I’ve said, baby. I’ll talk to you later.” Before I could say anything he blew me a kiss, winked and the next thing I knew, my screen went black.

“Holy sh*t, I’m the woman he’s been thinking about. AHHHHHHH!” I screamed. And then I laid down sprawled out. I just had video s*x, and found out the guy I’m attracted to, wants me. Holy h*ll.

My phone chirped.

Dawson: I just realized I forgot to tell you how beautiful you look c*mming. Can't wait to see it in person. Thanks for tonight, my baby.

< Video Chat

Just so you know, I can't stop grinning. I had fun. Have a goodnight.

Dawson: Goodnight beautiful. Sweet dreams, hope they're about us, tangled together, with my c*ck buried between

those sweet thighs.

Now I'm not going to be able to think about anything else. Guess I'll have to break out my trusty v*brator.

Dawson: Just make sure you video that, and send it in group chat.

My mouth dropped and my eyes widened. Holy sh*t, he did not just say that. I reread what he said, and sure as f*ck those words came across my screen. Was he testing me? Well, he's going to find out real fast that I don't back down from a

challenge.

I took my trusty rabbit out of its case from my bedside drawer. I lubed it up generously. I undressed, put my phone on a tripod and angled it so it showed my bed perfectly.

I sat in the middle of my bed, put my feet on the mattress and spread my legs wide. I took my rabbit and rubbed it between my lips and around my hole. I was so horny and still wet from my video chat. The thought of the four of them looking at the video later made me even wetter. I pushed the rabbit into me and turned it on. The vibrations had me gasping. I moved the rabbit in and out slowly at first but then went faster the closer I came to my orgasm. The little ears

vibrated against my clit and I moaned as the orgasm ripped through me. I arched and f*cked myself faster and harder

through my orgasm. When I came down, I rolled to my knees, left the vibrator on the bed and faced the camera. I cupped my breasts and blew a kiss to the camera. Then, I crawled towards my phone hopefully s*xily and reached out to shut my

video off.

I watched it back, it was seriously a quick hot video. I sent it to the group chat before I could chicken out.

Enjoy.