

# The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 41 -

7-9 minutes

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Dawson

We really did exhaust her, and she was probably going to be really sore tomorrow. But, I knew there was a glass c\*ck that was kept in the freezer, to help ease the soreness the next day that the boys used when they had a particularly rough night. I'd ease it into her p\*ssy to help with the soreness and the puffiness of her sweet little p\*ssy.

I turned on the shower, put a small bottle of lube on a tiny shelf, and as I held her and adjusted the temp, I took off her shoes and choker. I saw the huge ass hickey Ford left right above it and chuckled. Hope she wasn't too pissed about

that in the morning.

"Isha baby, can you hear me?"

"Mmmm," she responded.

"If I showed you my medical report on my phone, would you believe I was clean?"

"Me too, got tested after I found out about Jason and Madilyn," she mumbled.

"Can I go raw in you? I won't c\*m, I just want to feel you around me."

"I'm on the shot," she whispered, her head lulling on my shoulder.

F\*ck this girl was perfect, did she just give me permission to c\*m in her?

"Are you saying I can c\*m in you?"

"Mhmm," she answered. My whole body shuddered. I've never in my life gone raw in a woman before. The anticipation made my c\*ck rock solid.

I knew there were cameras in all four corners plus some all over the shower embedded into the walls. The shower was huge with a long bench on one side. There were many showerheads and I turned a knob to get the others going. I turned her in my arms as I sat on

the bench. I eased my c\*ck into her groaning, spreading her legs over mine and widened them. I saw the camera right in front of us.

I sat there for a minute, enjoying the feel of her tight wet heat. She was already panting as her head laid back on my shoulders. I brought my arms around her and palmed her gorgeous breasts. I squeezed and kneaded them, her hips started rocking and I smiled. My needy girl. I knew she was sore as f\*ck, but she wanted it just as badly as the rest of us did.

“Feel good?” I asked her.

“So good,” she whimpered.

I plucked at her hardened n\*pples, pinching them and twisting them between my fingers lightly. She circled her hips, whimpering as I played with her n\*pples. I took one hand and skimmed it down her stomach and found her hot puffy p\*ssy. I spread her lips with my fingers and took my pointer finger and tapped on her clit. Tap, tap, tap, until she convulsed. Her p\*ssy fluttering around my c\*ck, I growled low into her ear, her whole body shivered. I put my hands under her thighs and lifted her. I could feel the grip of her p\*ssy. It was so swollen. I dropped her back down and she moaned. She needed to be slicker for what I wanted to do. I grabbed the bottle of lube and positioned the tip and the top of her p\*ssy and squeezed. I knew the camera would capture the lube sliding between her puffy lips. I held them open with the fingers on my other hand.

I put the bottle down and took two fingers to make her more slippery. I even shoved one inside of her to coat her around my c\*ck, and then I coated my thick base so she could take all of me.

I reached under her thighs again and lifted her.

“Much better,” I whispered. I didn’t want to hurt her more. She was just so d\*mn tight.

I moved her up and down for the camera, her moans echoed around the bathroom. She reached up and behind her and

clasped her tiny hands around my neck. Her t\*ts bounced all around as I increased my speed. Up and down, up and down until I couldn’t take it anymore, and I held her up and then jack hammered into her. Her scream of pleasure made me go harder. She liked it hard. I noticed

which was good, because we all loved to f\*cking pound an ass or p\*ssy. I was trying my hardest right now not to c\*m because she felt so f\*cking good.

“Dawson, oh my God, Dawson. So, good, your c\*ck is so f\*cking huge.” She yelled, as she came all over my c\*ck.

Well, f\*ck no man could withstand a woman praising his c\*ck, I f\*cked her hard for another ten seconds before I burst.

J

“F\*\*\*\*CK! BABY!” I shouted. “It’s never been like this. Oh, f\*ck Isha, f\*ck” I think I sobbed a little because it was a f\*cking experience c\*mming in my girl raw. My whole body shuddered as I held her down on me. She rolled her hips, making my eyes roll into my head. F\*ck my d\*ck was so sensitive. She reached down and started massaging my balls. D\*mn that felt good.

“Did you give me all of it?” she asked.

“All of it baby, I am now utterly spent. I’ve never came so much in one f\*cking night. You’re just that temptingly beautiful.”

She leaned back and sighed against me.

“You make me feel so good, Dawson. You all do. You make me feel pretty and special.”

“You are special, baby. And you are more than just mere pretty, Isha. You are so f\*cking erotically stunning. And it’s not just your looks. You’re smart, witty and kind. And there’s still this innocence about you that drives me wild, and I just

want to take care of you and protect you with everything I have.”

“You’re like the werewolf books I read. You’re an alpha male.”

I chuckled, “We all are baby. You won’t find another bunch of guys that will put themselves in front of you to shield you

from harm.”

"I like the sound of that. I don't think I've ever had any man since my father and papa died, shield me from harm.

Although I do think if I were with Mac and Jack they would. But that's probably because they wouldn't want Savvy sad if something happened to me."

"Who are Mac and Jack?"

"They are my really good friend Savvy's husbands."

"So, you really do have a friend in the poly lifestyle, and they're married?"

"Well, she's married to Mac, but then they had a ceremony for all three of them after. She told me all about it, and it

intrigues me."

"Interesting, and do they have kids?"

"Yeah, two, a little girl named Willow. She's 4 and a half and a little boy named Axel he's 3."

"And does she know who the father is of each child?"

"From what she told me, they both claim them, but the kids are splitting images of their dads with their mom's hair. Willow is Jack's and Axel is Mac's."

I was acutely aware my d\*ck was holding my c\*m from seeping out of her, and although she said she was on the shot, birth control isn't one hundred percent: The image of her round with my baby had my d\*ck becoming rock hard."

"Again?" she squeaked.

"My poor baby, are you hurting?"

"A little," she hesitantly said. I chuckled.

"Don't worry, there is no way I can c\*m again. You just have this effect on me. Since I met you, I swear I have a permanent

hard on.”

She giggled and then full out laughed. I couldn't help the joy that came over me at her happiness. I did that.

“Come on, baby. Let's dry you off and make those three shower.

I pulled her off my c\*ck and we cleaned up. I ignored my hard on, but her eyes wouldn't leave it. I made it jump a couple of times and she giggled.

We got out, dried off. I grabbed her shoes and choker. I helped her dress and she helped me while we waited for our

guys.

“Did you have fun?”

“I had the most fun,” she said with a beaming smile.

“I'm glad, baby. Will you come home with me tonight? I want to hold you.”

“Yeah, I'd like that very much,” she said.

“Isha, do you want kids?”

“I do so much,” she said.

I held that information in the back of my mind, something to think about for our future.

Aftercare

Aftercare

Isha

**The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 42 -**

8-10 minutes

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+8 Points >

One minute, I was sitting on Dawson's lap while we were waiting for the guys to get done with the shower and the next, I was in Dawson's bed with him climbing in next to me and wrapping his big strong arms around me.

"What?" I mumbled.

"Shh, we exhausted you. I would say I am sorry, but I'm not," he chuckled.

"I didn't mean to pass out on you all like that. I should go say goodnight to the guys."

"Nope, they're asleep already. You've been sleeping for an hour. I was just finishing up some paperwork, locking up and bringing something for you to help with your soreness. Can I show you?"

"Hmmm," I hummed, rolling over on my back.

He reached behind him and in the moonlight held up a glass d\*ldo.

"Umm, how is that supposed to help me? Seems that would just hinder me."

He smirked, "Feel it."

I did and I gasped. "It's so cold."

"Mhmm, and it will help with your swelling, can I insert it for you?"

I stared into his eyes and they gleamed. He so wanted to do this. And I wanted to make him happy.

"Okay," I said, as I spread my legs.

He whipped off the comforter and that was when I realized I was naked and so was he.

With a sort of giddy look on his face, he scooted down the bed which was freaking huge and shuffled his way between my spread legs, which he put over his shoulders and got real close and personal with me.

“You’re so pretty here,” he whispered. I gasped at the touch of his fingers as he spread my p\*ssy lips open. He took one long swipe with his tongue to taste me, and he hummed in appreciation.

Then I moaned in pleasure as he slid the cold glass between my legs, slowly penetrating me with the freezing glass d\*ldo. I had to admit it felt really f\*cking good. He moved it slowly in and out and twisted it continuously, playing with me.

“You taste so f\*cking good, baby. Your greedy little p\*ssy is sucking this d\*ldo in. Your juices are coating it.” I looked

down at him, his eyes snapped at me.

He leaned in and used his tongue to lick the d\*ldo and to lick me. He f\*cked me and licked me, and soon I was c\*mming again. They were all so insatiable, I didn’t know if I could survive them.

“Sorry, I couldn’t help myself.” He held the d\*ldo still while my p\*ssy used it to help with the swelling. He came back up

next to me and smiled.

“No complaints, that was different, but it felt so good. I’ve never had a cold toy in me. Why do you have this?”

“Oh, the guys use it for their own swelling. Don’t worry, it’s always sanitized after every use.”

I couldn’t help the laugh that burst out of me. That was the last thing on my mind. I was picturing one of them using it on

the other.

“Are you really not curious about what it would be like with one of them?” I asked.

1/3

48 Points

“No. I don’t mind being close to them, a peck here, an ass slap there, but I have no desire to f\*ck or be f\*cked by one of them. I do like to watch though. It’s hot and they are beautiful together. I even get turned on, but I don’t want to participate.”

“What about a blow job?” I asked. I mean a mouth was a mouth.

“I’ve never had the urge to have one of them suck my c\*ck,” he said.

“But, would you let them? If we were all in the heat of the moment and say it just happened.”

He smirked, “If it happens, it happens, as long as you’re there.”

“How long does this thing need to stay in me?”

“Probably fifteen minutes in, and then we’ll pull it out. Hopefully you’ll be able to walk tomorrow.”

I snorted, “With the monster c\*ck that you have between your legs, pretty sure I’ll be walking a little funny in the morning.”

He laughed and I giggled. Then he looked at me seriously.

“I’m not too much for you?”

“No, you’re perfect,” I said. He leaned down and kissed me.

“I’ve had women break up with me before because I was too much for them.”

“Well, I’m made of tougher stuff,” I said.

“I think you were perfectly made to take me.”

“How is this going to work, Dawson? Am I with all of you, or just one of you and that one just shares me with the rest of you?”

“You’re with all of us baby. There might be some bumps. We’ve never done this before. We might argue a little over you, but I am sure we’ll all navigate this just fine.”

I nodded, biting my lower lip. “Am I supposed to rotate sleeping with you all nightly?”

“Well, you can do whatever you want to do. But at home we all have really big beds that we can all sleep in. We can rotate rooms, and also who gets to sleep next to you. Luckily, we all like to cuddle. I’ve even cuddled with the guys sometimes. We all love each other, so it’s natural to us. We are a cohesive unit and have been for years.”

“Where are we now?”

“Our house. We have a house here in Vegas, the one in Colorado, and a cabin in South Dakota. We sometimes like to go in the wilderness and have a bonding male trip. We hunt, fish, and live off the land. There’s no plumbing or electricity in it. We really only use it as a base of operation and store our things. We like to camp in the middle of the woods. We use rivers to bathe in, and mostly act like mountain men for a week.”

“Oh, well, I’ll leave that to you guys to do and will not intrude in all that male bonding.” That did not sound like fun. He laughed heartily.

“Tomorrow, we’ll be visiting the main branch, and I’d like to introduce you to our friends Cruz and Stafford. They’re married and are adopting a pair of twins, a boy and a girl. Their kids live with them. They started off as foster parents, and they’ve had Marcus and Bree for three years. They’re eight now.”

“Wow, that’s awesome. My mom is adopted. Obviously, her parents were Filipino, but when she was three they died in a plane crash while visiting the Philippines. My mom was supposed to go with them, but she ended up getting sick and stayed with her dad’s friends. The friends had kids her age, but when they died they couldn’t afford another mouth to feed and no one in the Philippines wanted her. So, she went into the system. She aged out and got a job in my dad’s firm.”

2/3

Aftercare

+ Points>

Interesting. Your mom and Nana are incredible.”

I smiled, “They are, thank you. They’ve been so supportive of me. They both wanted me to experiment with you all so badly. They’ve been encouraging me to try everything.”

“So, we’re just an experiment?” he teased.

“No, of course not. But I didn’t think you were all actually interested in me. I thought it was just all flirting.”

“He really did a number on you, didn’t he?”

“He was my first in everything. I thought we had a good relationship, until we didn’t, and then I realized that maybe our love was extremely superficial. I don’t think I was really in love with him and vice versa. Because if I was, shouldn’t I be more devastated by his betrayal and the divorce?”

“I have a friend that I knew in the military. He came home from deployment to find that his woman had left him. She had been having an affair the whole time he was gone. She cleaned out their bank account and took everything from the house. Luckily, there were no kids. Poor guy was lost. We were put on notice to keep an eye on him, because he was on suicide watch. Me and some of the guys in our unit would check on him daily, make sure he ate, and spend the night at his house to cheer him up. It took six months for him to climb out of his depression and he wasn’t the same after that. He used to be a jokester, always pulling pranks, the life of the party. He wasn’t that guy anymore. Then he left the military. He keeps in touch. We’ll get an email occasionally, but mostly he just roams around the country on his motorcycle. Sometimes he’ll roll through town and we’ll party with him. But we haven’t seen him in a while. He really loved her. I don’t see any of that in you. So, I think you’re right. Maybe it was just puppy love.”

“That’s what my Nana and mom said. I’ve never felt that all-consuming love like your friend, or even like my mom and Nana. I gave myself one day to mourn my dead marriage, but then I was fine. I even hated him, especially after he hit me.”

I saw his jaw clench. He was quiet for a moment, and then he leaned down and kissed me as he pulled the now warm

d\*ldo out.

“How are you feeling?”

I squirmed a little and smiled. “A lot better.”

He pulled me into his arms, kissed the top of my head. I laid there listening to his deep breathing, thinking about the whole night. They were incredible, and I have never felt so cherished in my life.

Things Are Going To Sht

## **The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 43 -**

8-10 minutes

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Things Are Going To Sh\*t

Jason

+8 Points

This isn't happening. My clients, every one of them, have jumped ship. Word got around that I had cheated on Isha and that I couldn't be trusted as a family man, so how can I be trusted as a realtor? Like one had something to do with the other. This is bull sh\*t. Things are going to sh\*t so fast.

Not to mention, Opal left early for her retirement. All my appointments seem to be f\*cked up. Potential clients that were supposed to show never do. Or when I'm supposed to show up, I have the wrong time or day or both.

I haven't been able to get a hold of Madilyn either. She's blocked me on everything and I don't know why. Ginny has been spending time with her other sugar daddies, and I need a f\*cking release that my hand just won't f\*cking do.

I closed my office early, since once again the client that was supposed to show never did. I drove to Denver and went to Sparkles, one of the strip clubs that I took Paul to when I was courting his business.

I walked in and ordered a drink right away. The waitress had some gigantic t\*ts that I wouldn't mind getting my hands on, but she wasn't a dancer, pity. She came back with my drink quickly, and I put a twenty in her tight cleavage. She smiled at me sweetly, and I felt my c\*ck stir. I needed my d\*ck sucked now.

"Hey baby, looking for a dance?"

I looked up at the red head that came over and bent in front of me, giving me a fantastic view down her gaping top. She was heavy-breasted, not like the waitress but more than a handful.

"Yeah, I want the VIP room. Do you happen to do extra?"

I watched her ponder my question." Yeah, sure. For a price."

I chuckled, there always was.

She grabbed my hand and I followed her to the VIP room. It was extremely dim here. There was a single pole in the middle of the room on a small stage. A large plush couch was to one side. A velvet lounge on another. There was some lighting around the stage, but the rest of the room was in some kind of black light.

She led me to the plush couch, a slow beat of sensual music flitted through the speakers. I watched as her hips swayed, and she started to take off the skimpy outfit she had on. I was instantly rock hard. I couldn't wait anymore and I grabbed her by the hips to put her on my lap. She ground down on me.

"You feel what you do to me? How are you going to fix it?"

For the next hour she sucked my c\*ck and then I f\*cked her. When we were done, I paid her a measly seven hundred dollars. I sat there as she walked out, thinking of my future. What was I going to do? With the loss of all my clients, including Paul Montgomery, I was really in the sh\*t house. Madilyn is my golden ticket right now. I needed to get a hold of

her.

I took out my phone and scrolled through my contacts. I had her friend Starla's number. Cheyenne didn't like me but Starla liked to flirt with me. I thought maybe she and I could fool around after I "married" Madilyn, but now I just needed to

know where Madilyn was.

I hit her contact and waited for her to answer.

"Hello?"

"Starla, it's Jason. I can't seem to get a hold of Madilyn, she's blocked me on everything. I don't even know why. I am desperate to find her. Do you know where she is?"

1/3

Things Are Going To Sht

I heard loud music in the background as she was silent on the phone. I heard laughing and glasses clinking.

"Are you guys in Denver? Are you at a club?"

"We may be at Club Hoyt. Madilyn may be here with some new friends."

"Guy friends?" I growled. That b\*tch.

"Maybe," she said coyly.

"Don't tell her I'm coming. I'll be there soon."

\*8 Ponto 7

I heard her giggling as she hung up. I buttoned my shirt and fixed my pants. I left the strip club as fast as I could. As I was driving, I thought about that stripper. The condom had broken. I gave her an extra two hundred in case something came of it. I didn't need a kid with some random stripper. I made a mental note to go get tested, although the girl swore up and down she was clean and on the pill. I needed to be more careful. If Isha ever found out, she'd definitely never get back together with me. I was soon pulling up to Club Hoyt. I parked and

ran across the street. I palmed the bouncer a hundred to get me in. I needed to slow down on all the money spending too. With no commissions coming my way, I wasn't going to get paid. Luckily, I had enough capital in the company finances to cover the few employees I had for another six months, so their paychecks would get paid for now.

I searched the club and saw Starla up on the balcony of the VIP section. She saw me and smiled, then waved me up. I pointed her out to the bouncer that was guarding the VIP rope and with her nod he let me in. I climbed the stairs two at a time. I was livid at what I saw. Madilyn was on the lap of some frat bro. I stormed over and grabbed her by the wrist, hauling her off the guy's lap.

"Hey man," he grumbled.

"Shut the f\*ck up, this is my woman," I snarled at him, and he held his hands up, not wanting a fight.

I looked at Madilyn ready to yell at her, but I noticed how smashed she was.

"JJ, she squealed. "Oh, JJ, I've missed you so much. Daddy won't let me see you anymore. It's so sad. I'm so lonely."

She gasped hard and tried to yank out of my hold, but I held on to her.

"What do you mean, he won't let you see me anymore?" I asked, hoping she'd give me a clue.

"Daddy said if I kept seeing you he'd cut me off. I told him we loved each other, but since Dawson showed the video of you hitting Isha, he wouldn't hear me out."

"What? There's a video?" I roared. And she nodded like a bobble head.

F\*ck, who took a video? And how did it get into the hands of Dawson Becks?

"Yep, so now daddy says you aren't good enough, and he won't have me dating you anymore. But I miss you so much, JJ.

"Yeah, I can see that, you were just all over that guy's lap. You miss me so much," I snarked.

“Pfft, that’s nothing, Starla was just trying to cheer me up. But hey, how are you here? We can’t be seen together,” she whispered so loudly.

I looked at her, she was so sloppy drunk right now, but she looked hot as f\*ck.

“I’ve missed you baby. I need you, let’s go to the bathroom.”

“Can’t, I haven’t gotten my shot yet. I keep forgetting,” she slurred.

Even better, because if I knock you up, your father will definitely need to accept me. I could keep the baby hidden from Isha if it was Madilyn’s. I could buy a house in Denver and keep Madilyn here with the baby, while Isha and I lived in

Things Are Going To Sht

+ Point

Yearling. No one would be the wiser. Or if Madilyn had to stay in Yearling because of the B&B, then I could move Isha to Denver. That might be better.

I dragged Madilyn away from her party and slammed into the mens bathroom. No one was there. I commanded the biggest stall and had her up against the wall. Kissing her neck and lifting her dress. I ripped her small thong off. She gasped. I got my c\*ck out and slammed into her.

“To rough,” she mumbled.

“It’s okay, you feel so f\*cking good Isha.”

“I’m Madilyn,” she said.

“That’s what I said,” I grunted.

It was over in five minutes. I didn’t care that she didn’t c\*m. I noticed she hadn’t gotten her monthly wax. She had some

curls and I actually liked it. The stripper had curls too. Isha was always bare. I loved it, but it was nice to see something

different.

“Feel good baby?”

“Mhmm,” she said. She was so far gone. I fixed myself and pulled her dress down. I scoffed. She was a mess now. I took her back to Starla, who was now making out with the guy that Madilyn had been sitting on.

“You got her?” I asked Starla. She kept kissing the guy and waved me off. I looked at Madilyn. I better hear from her in the next couple of weeks and it better be because she is pregnant. Once Isha comes home, I’m going to f\*ck a baby into her too. If she’s busy with a pregnancy and a newborn, she won’t need to worry about what I’m getting up to. Feeling a lot

better, I left the club and drove home.

## **The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 44 -**

4-5 minutes

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Dropping The B Word

Isha

Feather-light kisses slowly woke me up, but it was confusing because my head was on Dawson’s chest, who was lightly snoring, his arm holding me close and the kisses were on my hip, lower back and across each butt-cheek. My leg was thrown over Dawson’s waist practically and the lips were getting closer and closer to my p\*ssy.

When a wet tongue swiped through my lips, I gasped, and Dawson’s hold on me tightened, then all of a sudden I was being shifted to lay right on top of him, and he spread my legs wide. Whoever was down my body took advantage and

dove in for a feast.

My head was still on Dawson’s chest, and I was lying right on top of his hard c\*ck. So whoever was playing with me was right there, where Dawson’s balls were at. I lifted my head to look at him, and his eyes were blazing with lust.

“Is your p\*ssy still sore, baby?”

“A little,” I whimpered when the tongue dove into me. But it was starting to feel really good.

The talented tongue came out of me and swiped lower to play with my clit and I moaned, wiggling on top of Dawson, who groaned and thrust, his c\*ck sliding along my soft belly.

“I need to c\*m, but I don’t want to hurt you anymore than you already are. Hold on,” he said a little louder.

The tongue stopped and I whined a little. I went to turn my head to see who was eating me, but Dawson was faster and rolled me over. His big body came over mine. He leaned over and opened a drawer from his side table and got a bottle of lube out. He was kneeling over my chest, my legs were unceremoniously pushed wide, and the tongue went back to work.

I cried out and Dawson grinned wickedly.

“I’ve been wanting to f\*ck these t\*ts since I laid eyes on you.”

He opened the bottle of lube and slathered my cleavage up and then his hard d\*ck. He stroked himself and the sight had me going closer to the edge. The tongue flicked over my clit rapidly but just as I was about to burst, it moved over and circled around it. My moan was loud and frustrated. I heard two chuckles, Dawson’s and Mr. Tongues.

Dawson shifted forward, the person between my legs settled in, pushing my legs further apart with their shoulders. He spread my p\*ssy lips and started f\*cking me with his tongue. Dawson glided his c\*ck between my breasts.

“Hold your t t\*ts together, baby. Let me f\*ck them.”

Never has this happened to me. Not even Jason put his d\*ck on my chest and used my t\*ts to envelop him. I was eager to please, and I smashed them together with his c\*ck in between them. He started snapping his hip back and forth and the tongue f\*cked me to Dawson’s rhythm. Holy hell was this hot. The head of Dawson’s d\*ck came through, and I couldn’t help lifting my head and opening my mouth in a big O.

“Holy sh\*t she’s sucking the head of my c\*ck as I f\*ck her t\*ts.” The man between my legs groaned and my whole body

reacted. I convulsed from the vibration.

I threw my head back and screamed as I came all over the face of the man between my legs. He lapped up my cream,

groaning in pleasure at my taste.

“F\*ck, f\*ck, Isha, this is so good,” Dawson groaned. I went back to sucking his head. “I’m going to f\*cking c\*m.” I licked his tip as he moved faster and faster. I couldn’t keep up with his movements, so I just laid my head back. With a loud

grunt, his c\*m splashed all over my chin, neck and breasts.

“So pretty,” Dawson whispered. “Don’t move.” He leaned over and grabbed his phone and then lifted his brow. I nodded

## **The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 45 -**

8-10 minutes

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rd

and he ginned.

+8 Points >

“This is going to be my new screensaver,” he mumbled as he took a picture and I couldn’t help smiling for it. “F\*cking

beautiful.”

When he got off of me, the man between my legs climbed up.

“Davis, so talented,” he grinned and leaned down to kiss me. When he pulled back, he looked down at the mess Dawson

made of me. He looked straight into my eyes, smirked and cleaned me up.

“F\*ck that’s so hot,” I whispered as I laid there while he did his thing.

When he was done, I wanted to help him out, but he shook his head.

“Nnno, I just couldn’t help myself and wanted to tttaste.” ”

“You’re stuttering is getting really better,” I said surprised.

“Tttongue twisters. I ppractice so I can talk better. I am just rrrusty.”

“I think you’re doing beautifully. But don’t think you need to do this, I don’t mind signing.”

‘I wwwant to.’ he said, smiling.

I smiled back and leaned up to kiss me. We made out for a minute, and then I heard a smack, Davis moaned and his body

jerked.

“We have plans. Shower time, you can shower with us,” Dawson said. The absolute glee that came over Davis’ face was

adorable. This must be a treat.

We got into the shower. Neither of them could keep their hands off of me. They had to help me wash, which just turned me on. So, I dropped to my knees and sucked each of their c\*cks and then jerked both of them off until they both came

at the same time all over my face.

“You’re the best f\*cking girlfriend ever, baby?” Dawson said, kissing me after I washed my face off. Then he got out, leaving Davis and me alone.

“Isha, he is right. You have nno iiidea how happpppy we are.”

“I am happy too,” I said, smiling. He gathered me into his arms and held me.

The water was cooling so we got out and dried each other off. When I came out, I was surprised to see a sundress, some tiny panties and flip-flops. The sundress would thankfully hold the girls up, it had a built-in bra.

Davis kissed me and then left the room.

“Where did this come from?” I asked Dawson as he came out of his closet looking scrumptious in a pair of khaki cargo

shorts and gray t-shirt and gray tennis shoes.

“Davis bought you some clothes this morning. Since all you had was your dress, he didn’t think you’d want to walk around

Vegas in it. Also, I’m not ready to take you home to your mom and Nana.

“I don’t want to go home yet,” I whispered. I’d really hoped they’d want me to stay the whole time they were here.

“Good. Are you hungry?”

“A little,” I said as I started dressing. When I was done, he took my hand and led me to the kitchen.

“Isha, My Naughty Princess, did you sleep well?” Ford asked. He put down the spatula he was using to scramble some eggs and came over to give me a passionate kiss. I saw Dawson take over the eggs when Mic came over to me to push Ford out of the way.

< Dropping The B Word

Ford chuckled and Mic took me into his arms.

Points

“Baby girl, I missed you,” he whispered and kissed me softly, which was no less devastating than Ford’s passionate one. Man, could these guys kiss.

“I slept very well and had a wonderful wake-up,” I said, giggling.

Ford and Mic both smiled.

"I love that sound," For said, winking at me and getting bacon out of the oven.

Davis came into the kitchen and he smacked my ass. I looked at him with an astonished look, and he winked at me too.

"Is it always going to be like this?" I asked.

"Like what?" Mic said, going over to get some glasses and started pouring orange juice in them.

"I wake up, with whoever, and then this organized breakfast symphony you all have going on." I said, waving at Davis, who

was setting the table that was in the kitchen.

"This is how all our mornings go. Someone starts cooking, another helps, someone sets the table and another gets the

drinks. We've always been like this," Mic said.

"Huh, I guess I'll have to find my place in your morning groove."

"Your place is to sit down and enjoy our food," Ford said, plating me some eggs and bacon and setting it in front of me.

"But you all go to an actual office, I stay at home and write. I should be cooking for you."

"You can cook whenever you want. No one will stop you," Dawson said, sitting down. The others sat too and they were all

nodding.

"Okay. Just as long as I'm not freeloading off of you all. I want to pay rent while I'm staying with you. I want to help with the utilities and the grocery bill."

"Nope. You're our woman, we take care of you. You can buy any groceries you want if you want to make us something or

for your own personal snacks, but we have a grocery account, we eat a f\*ck ton,” Dawson said.

“But if we are going to be in a relationship, I want to contribute,” I said. I didn’t want to be a kept woman.

“Isha, I understand where you are coming from. I really do. But we make enough money to support the household. Whatever money you have is yours. Do what you want with it,” Mic said.

“So, if I wanted to contribute, would you take my money? Because I have to tell you all something.”

Dawson sighed heavily. “We really want to take care of you.” He pouted, he actually pouted.

I couldn’t help smiling. Why couldn’t I just let him and them have this? I bit my lip.

“Fine, you can take care of me, but I really need to tell you all something.”

“Go ahead Princess, you can tell us anything,” Ford said.

“When my papa died he left me a fortune and some stocks in Coca-cola,” I blurted out.

“That’s great congrats, baby girl,” he said, and all the others nodded. My mouth dropped. If I had told that to Jason, he would have been jumping for joy and demanding to know how much and since we were married, he’d want his cut.

I waited to see what else would happen, but they just kept eating and looking at me. Like they couldn’t take their eyes off of me.

“Why are you all staring at me? Is it because you want to know how much and are waiting for me to tell you?”

Dropping The B Word

“Nnno, it’s because you aarre so beautiful,” Davis said.

“And we can’t actually believe you are sitting here,” Mic said.

Ford and Dawson nodded.

“Oh. Well, do you want to know how much?”

“It doesn’t matter to us. But if you want to share it, we’re here to listen,” Dawson said.

I was stunned. “Well, it is 1.3 billion dollars. I have eight hundred million in my account and the rest are stocks.

I smirked and felt satisfied as they all started choking on their drink or food.

“Well sh\*t guess you’re the bread winner of our family,” Mic teased.

+8 Punts

My heart stuttered, family, with them. I found I really liked that. I beamed at him and blew him a kiss. He gave me one back.

“Wow, that’s a significant amount. Do you know what you want to do with all that?” Dawson asked.

I nodded, “I want to open my own publishing firm. I want to make other author’s dreams come true.”

“Wow, My Swweet Angel, that’s amazing,” Davis said.

“You’re all okay with this. Me being this well off?”

“Well, sweet cheeks, we are also well off. Not the Billionaire status that you are, but we all have multiple hundreds of millions. Not to mention Dawson is the CEO of Becks Security, and we have very wealthy clients,” Ford said.

“Oh.”

“When we get back to Colorado, we’ll ask Aaron to find you a building for your publishing firm,” Dawson said.

“That’s fantastic!” I squealed. I was super-excited about this idea. Something of my own, that was all mine, that no one could take away.

“What will you call it?” Mic asked.

“Gold Publishing. For my pen name Isla Gold.”

“What are your stories about?” Dawson asked.

I flushed. I wasn’t ashamed, but some people looked at smut writers differently, like we aren’t real writers, because we don’t have a literary masterpiece. But s\*x sells, so, f\*ck it.

“I write spicy novels. I have a biker series that’s really popular, and a poly series that’s doing pretty well.”

“Oh, you write s\*xy time stories. That’s so cool,” Ford said.

“You aren’t embarrassed by that?”

“Why would we be embarrassed by you? That’s an awesome career. Our girl is an author and people love her books,” Mic said.

I smiled, they really accepted me.

“Time to go, Stafford and Cruz are waiting for us, and they’re eager to meet the woman that’s conquered our hearts,”

Dawson said.

My heart fluttered at that. They all really knew how to make me feel special.

Think! Did Too

## **The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 46 -**

8-10 minutes

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I Think I Did Too

Mic

I wanted her with me tonight, and I was going to make it my goal even if I had to kidnap her.

“You look so beautiful, Baby Girl.”

“Thank you, Davis bought it for me,” she said.

“He always has good taste.” I grabbed her hand as we walked to the SUV. I wanted her to sit with me in the back.

I opened the door, I heard Dawson huff and I smirked, Davis grabbed the passenger’s seat and Ford sat in the back with

1. Isha sandwiched in between.

“So tell me a little more about Stafford and Cruz?”

“They’re great guys. I’m sure that Dawson has already told you they’re husbands and adopting twins. A boy and a girl.

Stafford is a strategist. He’s like Dawson and comes up with plans for missions. Cruz is a tech guy. He can hack almost

as well as Davis.”

“What kind of missions does Becks Security do? I thought you guys just did like security systems and maybe bodyguard type work.”

“We do those things, but we’re really good at finding people and extracting them from situations too,” I said.

“So, what exactly are all your roles?”

“We have many, but mostly Dawson is the face of the company and our strategist. Davis is our hacker. Ford and I are two of the best trackers and Ford is also a demo guy. And I can break into any building without being caught. It’s a gift,” I said smugly. I knew my abilities, I was d\*mn good. “I am also the best driver.”

“Yeah, that’s why Dawson is always the one that drives us everywhere. You’ve trashed three vehicles in the last two years,

“Ford said.

“First, two of those accidents weren’t my fault and the last one, I got distracted by someone,” I mumbled.

Ford started laughing. I looked at Dawson in the rearview mirror, and he was smiling. Then I looked at Davis and his whole face was up in flames.

“What happened?” Isha asked.

“You really want to know, baby girl,” I whispered into her ear. I smiled when she shivered.

She nodded, and I took her ear lobe between my teeth and started sucking on it. Her eyes fluttered shut and

goosebumps erupted all over her skin.

“That’s what happened,” I whispered.

Her eyes snapped open, “Who?”

I nodded towards Davis, whose face was still pink.

She started giggling. Davis turned and winked at her. I couldn’t help myself and I leaned in and started to kiss her neck. She moved and gave me more access.

I licked up the side of her neck to her ear. “Will you sleep with me tonight?” I asked.

She moved and looked at me.

I Think I Did Too

“Yes, I’d love to,” she said. I caught her lips, and we made out the rest of the way to the main branch.

When we pulled up, Ford took advantage and ripped her away from me with a snicker. He held her hand as we all walked into the building.

“Mr. Becks, Mr. Benton, Mr. Myers and Mr. Rogers, how are all of you?” Cicily the front receptionist greeted us. She tried to get with Davis hard when she first started. He panicked one day and grabbed me, slamming his lips to mine right in front of her. It was the first time any of our employees had seen us as a couple. She gasped, then she stated she wouldn’t mind being the jelly to our peanut butter, whatever that meant. She had been reprimanded, and has been the perfect model receptionist since. That was two years ago.

Cicily’s eyes stopped on Isha, her eyes flicked to Ford’s hand holding hers and also how close I was standing with my hand on the small of Isha’s back. She looked at me with a confused look and then looked at Davis. She still had f\*cking hearts in her eyes for him. I heard Davis make a noise and move closer to me.

“You okay, Davis?” Isha asked, letting go of Ford and turning to him. She cupped his face to look in his eyes.

She signed if there was anything she could do for him. He gave her a small smile, then he leaned down and brushed his lips to her.

Cicily gasped, Isha turned, and I looked at Cicily, and she was glaring at Isha. But before I could say anything, Isha beat

me to it.

“You have a problem?” Isha asked, her brow quirked.

“No,” Cicily said, through clenched teeth.

“Tell Mr. Benson and Mr. Hernandez that we are here. We will meet them in their office,” Dawson said.

“Yes Mr. Becks,” Cicily said, staring daggers at Isha.

“Wipe that look off of your face if you want to keep your job, that’s our woman you are staring at. Show her some respect.”

Cicily's mouth dropped open and I heard Isha snicker. Davis and I grabbed her hands and made our way to the private

elevator that would go to the top floor where Cruz and Stafford had taken over.

The moment the elevator doors closed, I picked Isha up, her legs went around my waist and arms around my neck. I

backed her into Dawson, whose hands went under her dress from behind. Ford had Davis up against a wall and they

were kissing.

I rubbed my hard-clothed c\*ck against her core, she gasped.

"I'm going to destroy this p\*ssy tonight, with my tongue, fingers and c\*ck. Are you okay after the monster c\*ck you took last night?" I asked her.

"I'm good, Dawson took really good care of me last night with a very cold glass c\*ck."

It was my turn to gasp a little. The image that went through my head had me groaning, and I looked at Dawson.

"Oh, yeah. It was as hot as you imagine," he said.

"F\*ck." I looked back at our girl and I kissed her, plunging my tongue into her mouth over and over. I felt the elevator stop,

and I heard the doors open, but I didn't give a sh\*t.

A throat cleared, and a chuckle was heard.

"Well, well, well, what do we have here? Orgy in the elevator and we weren't invited," Stafford's deep-ass baritone said.

I stepped back from Isha, letting her legs down. Her face was flushed and her eyes were dazed. I noticed Dawson's hands were still kneading her ass, but then he reluctantly stopped and fixed her dress.

Think! Did Too

“Stafford, how are you doing man?” Ford said.

I greeted Cruz and then Stafford. I really missed them, but they were the best pick to stay at the main branch.

“Guys, who is the pretty little thing you have here?” Cruz asked. He picked up Isha’s hand.

“Hello, beautiful, I am Cruz Hernandez. What are you doing with these bunch of ruffians?” He bent to kiss her hand and I put my hand on top of theirs, and he kissed mine instead.

He stood tall and smirked at me.

“Oh, it’s like that, is it?”

“It’s very much like that,” I said.

He looked from me, to Dawson, to Ford and then Davis, who came closer to Isha.

“Oh, ho, girly, you did the impossible, you got these four to share,” Cruz said.

“This is Isha Baxter,” I started to say.

“Isha Ryan, once the divorce is final I am going back to my maiden name,” she said.

“Ohhh, she’s still married, you naughty men,” Stafford said with a chuckle.

“I’m almost two weeks away from being free. Plus, he’s already put his d\*ck in another woman before he even let me know

we were over, so it’s all good.”

“Oh, I like her,” Cruz said.

We all walked to their office. They had changed it up. Their sitting area had plush chairs and a long couch with a dark

maple wooden table in the middle.

“So, tell us about yourself, Isha,” Cruz said.

“Well, I’m twenty-four, a writer and a new billionaire.”

They stared at her, which I found hilarious.

Stafford cleared his throat.

“So, I guess you aren’t with them for their money,” he said.

“No, just their c\*cks,” she said with a straight face. Silence was met with this statement, and then we all burst out into

laughter.

“She’s a peach,” Cruz said.

“What do you write, anything we’ve read?”

“Not unless you read biker and polyamoury smut.”

“You write spicy books? I’ve read a few,” Stafford said.

“Well, I write under the pen name Isla Gold.”

“AHHHHHHHHH,” Stafford screamed. My eyes popped as I looked at him.

“The f\*ck?” I said.

“You brought me Isla Gold! You guys are the best!” he yelled.

“You’ve read my books?” she asked, astonished.

“Have I read your books? I have all of your books on my phone. Oh my God. Cruz and I have even reenacted some of your

I Think I Did Too

hottest scenes with each other.”

I looked at her, and she was flushed with delight.

“Can I have your autograph?” Stafford asked, excitedly.

“Oh my,” she said.

Stafford got up and went to his desk. He got a pen and a pad of paper.

“Could you make it out to me and write something witty?”

“Sure,” she said, with pleasure.

She did as he asked.

To Stafford, keep gobbling your man’s c\*ck, he looks very happy. Love Isla Gold.

She handed him the pad.

He looked at it and then at Cruz and threw back his head and laughed.

“I love her!” he exclaimed.

I looked at her. I think I did too.

+8 Points)

That Was A Lovely Appetizer

“Is he okay?”

“I’m sure he’s fine. Must be getting us a table,” Dawson said.

He parked and before Mic or Davis could make a move, he was out, opened the back door and grabbed my hand.

We walked hand in hand with Davis and Mic close. When we walked in, the male host greeted us with a huge smile and guided us to a table with long dual table cloths.

“Is this an Italian restaurant?” I asked.

"It is, do you like Italian?" Dawson asked.

1/3

< That Was A Lovely Appetizer

Love it, it's my second favorite food."

## The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 47 -

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Dropping The B Word

Isha

Feather-light kisses slowly woke me up, but it was confusing because my head was on Dawson's chest, who was lightly snoring, his arm holding me close and the kisses were on my hip, lower back and across each butt-cheek. My leg was thrown over Dawson's waist practically and the lips were getting closer and closer to my p\*ssy.

When a wet tongue swiped through my lips, I gasped, and Dawson's hold on me tightened, then all of a sudden I was being shifted to lay right on top of him, and he spread my legs wide. Whoever was down my body took advantage and

dove in for a feast.

My head was still on Dawson's chest, and I was lying right on top of his hard c\*ck. So whoever was playing with me was right there, where Dawson's balls were at. I lifted my head to look at him, and his eyes were blazing with lust.

"Is your p\*ssy still sore, baby?"

"A little," I whimpered when the tongue dove into me. But it was starting to feel really good.

The talented tongue came out of me and swiped lower to play with my clit and I moaned, wiggling on top of Dawson, who groaned and thrust, his c\*ck sliding along my soft belly.

"I need to c\*m, but I don't want to hurt you anymore than you already are. Hold on," he said a little louder.

The tongue stopped and I whined a little. I went to turn my head to see who was eating me, but Dawson was faster and rolled me over. His big body came over mine. He leaned over and opened a drawer from his side table and got a bottle of lube out. He was kneeling over my chest, my legs were unceremoniously pushed wide, and the tongue went back to work.

I cried out and Dawson grinned wickedly.

“I’ve been wanting to f\*ck these t\*ts since I laid eyes on you.”

He opened the bottle of lube and slathered my cleavage up and then his hard d\*ck. He stroked himself and the sight had me going closer to the edge. The tongue flicked over my clit rapidly but just as I was about to burst, it moved over and circled around it. My moan was loud and frustrated. I heard two chuckles, Dawson’s and Mr. Tongues.

Dawson shifted forward, the person between my legs settled in, pushing my legs further apart with their shoulders. He spread my p\*ssy lips and started f\*cking me with his tongue. Dawson glided his c\*ck between my breasts.

“Hold your t t\*ts together, baby. Let me f\*ck them.”

Never has this happened to me. Not even Jason put his d\*ck on my chest and used my t\*ts to envelop him. I was eager to please, and I smashed them together with his c\*ck in between them. He started snapping his hip back and forth and the tongue f\*cked me to Dawson’s rhythm. Holy hell was this hot. The head of Dawson’s d\*ck came through, and I couldn’t help lifting my head and opening my mouth in a big O.

“Holy sh\*t she’s sucking the head of my c\*ck as I f\*ck her t\*ts.” The man between my legs groaned and my whole body

reacted. I convulsed from the vibration.

I threw my head back and screamed as I came all over the face of the man between my legs. He lapped up my cream,

groaning in pleasure at my taste.

“F\*ck, f\*ck, Isha, this is so good,” Dawson groaned. I went back to sucking his head. “I’m going to f\*cking c\*m.” I licked his tip as he moved faster and faster. I couldn’t keep up with his movements, so I just laid my head back. With a loud

grunt, his c\*m splashed all over my chin, neck and breasts.

“So pretty,” Dawson whispered. “Don’t move.” He leaned over and grabbed his phone and then lifted his brow. I nodded

1/5

<Dropping The B WoThat Was A Lovely Appetizer

Isha

I had a fantastic time visiting with Stafford and Cruz. They were both so funny and friendly, not to mention fantastic eye candy. Stafford was tall and slim, but you could see the musculature under his suit. He told me his parents were Nigerian and he wanted to make me some authentic Nigerian food before I went back to Colorado. I graciously accepted. Cruz was of Colombian descent. His family immigrated to America while his mother was still pregnant with him and he was the first of his family to also go into the military and then college.

“I paid for my parents’ mortgage for Christmas one year. My poor father almost had a heart attack. He was so surprised. Then I gifted my mother a brand-new cherry red corvette. You should see her now. She rides around town every Sunday just to show it off. She doesn’t go anywhere in particular, just drives and waves to her friends.”

I laughed until tears were in my eyes.

“I loved meeting your friends. They were so delightful. You must miss them a lot.”

“We do. But the move made sense. The four of us were tired of the Vegas heat, and we wanted a new scenery,” Mic said. He was having a problem keeping his hands to himself as Dawson drove us to lunch. His hand kept creeping higher and higher up my thigh.

Ford beat Davis to the back seat, and I was once again in between them. I was about to say something to Mic, but then Ford surprised me by shoving Mic's fingers against my core with his hand, and they were both now trying to drive me crazy.

"You two need to stop. I don't want to be sopping wet while in the restaurant," I panted out. They were teasing me like crazy. They were staying away from my clit but brushing their fingers everywhere else.

"That's what we want, Princess. We want you wild with lust. In fact, you won't be needing these anymore," Ford whispered in my ears.

He gripped my thong and ripped it from my body. I gasped. Dawson chuckled and Davis turned in his seat, his eyes blazing with heat. I moaned when Mic dipped two fingers inside me and swirled them. He then pulled them out and shoved them in Davis's mouth. He sucked on them greedily.

"That's so f\*cking hot," I cried out.

Ford dipped two of his fingers in and did the same when Mic took his fingers away from Davis. They were literally feeding him my juices.

"We're here," Dawson announced.

Ford bolted from the car. I was stunned he just left us all like that.

"Is he okay?"

"I'm sure he's fine. Must be getting us a table," Dawson said.

He parked and before Mic or Davis could make a move, he was out, opened the back door and grabbed my hand.

We walked hand in hand with Davis and Mic close. When we walked in, the male host greeted us with a huge smile and guided us to a table with long dual table cloths.

"Is this an Italian restaurant?" I asked.

"It is, do you like Italian?" Dawson asked.

## The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 48 -

15-18 minutes

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“What’s your first?” Mic asked.

“Chinese.”

“Mmm, that’s my ffaavorite,” Davis said with a smile.

+ Pos

I scooted to the middle of the booth we were led to. Dawson sat on one side of me and Davis was on the other. That made Mic pout, but I winked at him and he smiled. I was looking around for Ford, but he was nowhere to be seen.

“Where is he?” I asked.

“Bathroom?” Mic guessed.

Our waiter came over to take our drink orders. When it got to my turn, I felt hands on both of my thighs, but they weren’t

Dawson’s or Davis’s, they had their hands on top of the table.

“Water and a SPRITE!” I accidentally shouted. Thumbs grazed my p\*ssy. The waiter startled, and the guys looked at me

with wide eyes. “Sorry,” I squeaked.

“You okay, my angel?” Davis asked, and he must have been worried because there wasn’t one stutter.

“Mhmm,” I said, rolling my lips into my mouth, so I didn’t scream. Ford’s lips were now brushing my inner thighs.

I looked around the table because I was wondering why none of the guys realized Ford was under it, but then I knew why. It was a huge f\*cking table, you could fit ten people here, and they were spread out comfortably. I felt him spread my thighs and gently push my sundress up. I must have been sitting too far back because all of a sudden his hands scooped under me and pulled me forward, causing my upper half to fall back against the booth.

I looked at everyone and that's when they all realized what was happening. Chuckles went around the table.

"This is so unfair," I gasped as he dragged his tongue where my leg and hip meet before nibbling on my right p\*ssy lip. Oh God," I cried out a little too loudly, and Dawson leaned over to capture my lips.

"Shhh, my Angel. Jjjust let him do his thing," Davis whispered in my ear, while Dawson devoured my mouth. Then Davis nibbled on my ear lobe.

Oh dear lord, they were going to be the death of me. I moaned when Ford swiped his tongue through my lips, and Dawson deepened the kiss. He let up to let me breathe and smiled at me.

I wondered what my face looked like. I had to be flushed. I was sure my eyes were glazed. My breath hitched as Ford circled my clit and then started to flick it rapidly. My breathing became rapid. The waiter came back and set our drinks down. His eyes were glued to my cleavage as my chest rose and fell. He cleared his throat.

"Are you ready to order?" he asked in a strained voice.

"No, we need a minute," Davis said. I was so proud of him.

The waiter walked away and Ford bit down lightly on my clit and I lost it. This time Davis slammed his mouth on mine and I moaned and cried out into his mouth. I saw Mic lean over, and he grabbed one thigh while Dawson grabbed the other, opening my legs wider and Ford f\*cking went feral and f\*cked me with both his fingers and tongue until I burst for a second time. How was no one noticing this? They were all in their own little world, either on their phones or talking to each other. Finally, I came down from two epic orgasms. I felt Ford lightly kiss my thighs as he petted my p\*ssy like saying good girl.

He casually came out from under the table like he had no care in the world with a wicked proud smile and sat next to

Dawson.

“Hey,” he casually said.

2/3

That Was A Lovely Appetizer

40 Points

Mic and Davis chuckled. Dawson grabbed him by the neck and brought his face close to Fords, their noses were almost touching. To everyone’s utter shock, he licked the seam of Ford’s lips and then delved his tongue into Ford’s mouth. Ford

froze.

“Holy f\*ck,” Mic whispered.

Dawson pulled back with a smug smile.

“She’s delicious,” he said, and then let go of Ford. Ford blinked and then blinked again before he looked down at his

pants.

He cleared his throat, “I, um, just made a mess. I need to go clean up, be right back. I want a Modello and lasagna. He got up quickly and left. Mic and Davis started laughing and Dawson smirked.

I sat there gathering myself and fixing my dress. Dawson had his hand high up on my thigh, rubbing small circles.

“You okay, baby?” he asked.

I nodded and took a drink of my water.

“Well, that was a lovely appetizer. I’d also like some stuffed mushrooms and the Chicken Parmesan. Dawson, could you

order for me please? I just need to collect myself some more.”

He smiled and kissed my forehead. Davis also kissed my forehead and Mic winked at me. These four were going to be

the death of me, but man, what a way to go.

My Night With My Girl

My Night With My Girl

Mic

+8 Pointe

Dinner had never been so fun. I was delighted when Isha all of a sudden was forced back into her seat because, at that moment, I knew exactly what was happening. She was f\*cking beautiful when she came. I was utterly shocked when Dawson grabbed Ford by his neck and brought him close and licked his lips, then kissed him with his tongue. Never has he done that. I was turned on and jealous at the same time. I laughed hard when he had to go to the bathroom because he nutted in his pants. Sh\*t I would have probably done the same thing.

The food was delicious, I had gotten carpaccio. The conversation flowed, and we all got a little drink in us except for Dawson. He had one glass of wine and then water.

I didn’t know if any of them were aware I wanted her to myself tonight, but they soon would. When we had gotten home, we decided to watch a movie in the living room. We let Isha pick, and I was surprised when she picked A Quiet Place. I thought it would be a chick flick.

She was sitting in between me and Davis. Dawson was on the floor between her legs with her shoulders over his shoulders, and we was massaging her feet and ankles. Ford was the odd man out, but he was fine with lying on the couch with his head in Davis’ lap while both Davis and Isha’s fingers ran through his hair. I had hold of her other hand, and I was so f\*cking content. I’ve never felt this relaxed with my family unit around me and our new girl. We were

leaving in two days, and I was not looking forward to that. I was going to miss Isha and I had a feeling the others would too. It would affect us in Colorado. She still had a week here, and as much as I wanted to ask her to come back with us, I didn't want to take the time she would spend with her mom and nana away.

She jumped at a scary part, making Davis and me both snicker. She bumped our shoulders. Dawson kissed her ankle or foot every five minutes. I think he was trying to get in as much lovin as he could. I would have invited him to sleep with

us, but I really just wanted it to be Isha and me. After *The Quiet Place*, Ford chose Rambo and thirty minutes into the

movie Isha's head leaned on my shoulder. I looked down and could see she was sleeping. I let her get her rest and

watched the rest of the movie. When it was over, Dawson put her legs down gently, turned and leaned in, giving her a soft

kiss, then he turned his head and gave me a peck and smiled.

"Don't wear her out too much," he said with a wink. I couldn't help the small chuckle that came out of me. He kissed

Davis and Ford and went off to bed.

"He's becoming a little more affectionate," Ford said.

"It's because of Isha, he's more relaxed around her," I said.

"She does that for all of us," Davis said.

"I've noticed your stuttering has gotten way better, it seems to only come out when you're either really upset or

super-excited."

He nodded, "I've been practicing my tongue twisters, and she makes me feel more confident."

“That’s good,” Ford said. He hauled himself up and then hauled Davis up. “Come on, I need a pounding, I’m still f\*cking h\*rny from dinner.”

“Happy to oblige,” Davis chuckled.

I sat there in the quiet with her for a little longer. It was nice just sitting here and playing with her fingers. In the past with women, I’d never been overly affectionate with them. They were used by me for fun with one of my guys. Pretty d\*ckish of me, but I’ve never wanted to be with just a woman. I’ve always had s\*x with them with someone else, even before I

1/4

### My Night With Ary Girl

joined the military. I didn’t date in high school, I f\*cked. Women were one and done for me. Many tried to have a relationship, but I just wasn’t interested. Isha is different, she makes me feel something other than lust. With the guys, I love them and would be devastated if something happened to them. I would die for them, and I also knew they felt and would do the same for me. But there isn’t a lot of softness within us. With Isha there is. I wanted to bundle her up and just hold her all the time. If I could tie her to me, I would.

A while ago, we all had a little too much to drink and Dawson brought up sharing a woman between all of us. It was a foreign concept. But Dawson asked us wouldn’t it be nice if we had someone that was just ours? I think he was lonely. I had Ford and Davis and they had me. Dawson was affectionate, but not like the three of us were. So, I think Isha will balance us out and bring us a hell of a lot closer.

I kissed the side of her head and shifted. I put my arm around her and shifted her to my lap, and then I stood with her in my arms. She was so light and tiny. Her curves were delicious, and I couldn’t wait to get her out of her clothes.

I took her to my room and laid her down. I stripped off her dress and sucked in a breath. F\*ck, she was gorgeous. I felt myself perpetually half hard d\*ck turn into steel. I groaned when she shifted and rolled to her side. Her f\*cking ass was amazing. I could see why Ford was so obsessed with it. But her t\*ts were my favorite, she was f\*cking stacked, and I was

here for it.

I rolled her back, so I had an unobstructed view. I needed to take the edge off. I didn't want to hurt her. Dawson was a thick and long mother f\*cker. I knew she had to still be sore, so I didn't want to just instantly rut in her. I wanted to make love to her, not just f\*ck her senseless. I'll have plenty of time to do that.

I stripped out of my clothes and spit in my palm. I gripped my c\*ck and started stroking it. I reached out with my other hand and rolled her right n\*pple between my fingers until it pebbled and did the same with the other. I palmed her left breast and started to knead it. My fist stroked faster as I jerked myself over her. I wanted to see my c\*m on her p\*ssy and lower stomach. Tonight she was mine and I wanted to mark her. I leaned down and sucked her right n\*pple into my mouth. Her soft moan made my body shudder. I lifted, my balls drew up, my eyes were glued to her t\*ts, and I let go. I grunted as my c\*m flew out of me and landed on her soft tummy and her bare p\*ssy lips. F\*ck that was so hot. I rubbed my c\*m on her stomach and groaned as I watched it disappear. I was in her pores and all over her skin. It made me feel extremely possessive. I rubbed my c\*m all over her p\*ssy. I knew once I ate her out I'd taste myself. I didn't care.

Now that I had a little more control, it was time to wake her up. I dropped to my knees and put her legs over my shoulders. I sucked my middle and ring finger into my mouth to wet them, and then I slowly pushed them into her. I leaned forward and nudged her p\*ssy lips open with my nose and inhaled deeply, groaning loudly. She smelled so f\*cking good. I circled her clit with my nose and then stuck my tongue out and licked all around her. I slowly pumped my fingers in and out of her. I just wanted to get her wet. I didn't need her c\*mming yet.

I flattened my tongue and rubbed it up and down on her clit. She was starting to moan, they started out sleepily and breathy and then started to get louder. I knew she was awake when she gripped her fingers into my hair to hold me still as she lifted her hips, shoving my face deeper into her. I obliged, moving my fingers out, grabbing her thighs and holding her hips still as I f\*cked her with my tongue. She tried to hump my face, but I wasn't having it. I wanted to reach my tongue deep inside of her. I wanted to feel her burst on my tongue and have her p\*ssy walls clench around it. My nose nudged her clit as I continuously thrust my tongue deep inside her, and she burst and creamed all over my face. I f\*cking loved it.

"F\*ck, Oh God!" she screamed out.

I chuckled and her body convulsed. I grazed my teeth over her clit and she shuddered even more violently.

“A little sensitive baby girl?”

“Mic,” she gasped. “You’re so f\*cking good at that.”

214

My Night With My Girl

Thank you, baby,” I said, kissing up her body.

I paid particular attention to her n\*pples and held her t\*ts to shove them into my mouth to suck on. She held my head as I alternated between her succulent flesh.

“I f\*cking love your t\*ts, baby.”

“You don’t think they’re too big? Jason used to say they sometimes embarrassed him because I had a body like a porn star, and he wished I was a little more demure.”

“He’s a f\*cking idi\*t. Who complains about their wife’s body when it looks like yours? Men have fought wars for women with bodies like yours. They’ve fought in arenas to win the hand of women with bodies like yours. You’re perfection Isha. Don’t ever let anyone take away your shine, because you sparkle baby. I am so proud to have you as my woman.”

“You’re so sweet, Mic.”

“I’m just sweet with you, baby girl. You seem to bring out the tender side of me.”

She smirked and then grabbed me by the back of my head and brought my lips to hers. We made out, my hands roamed her body and hers gripped me to her. I pulled back and got a condom out of my bedside drawer.

I slipped it on and then slipped into her. I knew I wasn’t as thick or long as Dawson, but I knew how to work my d\*ck. I swiveled my hips as I thrust into her. Our bodies rocked together. This wasn’t a f\*ck fest, this was making love to my

woman.

I grabbed her hands and intertwined our fingers and brought them over her head to anchor myself. My thrusts became hard with my long strokes. Her legs were around my waist, which opened her up more, and I ground my pelvis into her clit. I thrust faster, our bodies slapping together. She was crying out in ecstasy. My eyes were glued to her face. I couldn't believe she was here with me. Just us. Her eyes opened and locked with mine.

"Mic," she gasped and then exploded. Her p\*ssy clamped down on mine. I groaned with pleasure. I thrust, slowly

prolonging her orgasm. Her legs were shaking around me.

"So, good baby. You feel so f\*cking good. This p\*ssy was made for me," I whispered out against her lips as I softly kissed

her.

When she came down, I picked up my thrusts again. Plunging over and over. I held her hands in a punishing grip as I slammed into her. She came again and I went with her. I roared my release with my head thrown back and eyes closed. I slumped down onto her, and she ripped her hands from mine and held me to her. I brought my arms in close and cupped her face, our foreheads touching.

"You're f\*cking beautiful. You're my gorgeous Goddess. I am so d\*mn happy you're my girl."

Her smile was radiant.

"I love being yours. You all make me feel so special."

"You are baby, you are so f\*cking special." I leaned in and kissed her. I rolled off of her and took off the condom where I tied it and threw it away in the waste-basket by my bed. I went to the bathroom and got a wash cloth wetting it. I went back to her and wiped her down before wiping me down.

"Thank you," she said, giggling. I smirked and then lifted her, maneuvering us under the covers.

"Rest up baby, that was just the beginning."

She sighed and laid her head on my chest. I held her, completely content with my woman in my arms.

## The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 49 -

7-9 minutes

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Kidnapping Her

Ford

Pows

I snuck into Mic's room, and he was wrapped around Isha. F\*ck. She was really cocooned in his arms. I looked around his room and grinned. I walked over to his wall and took down the peacock feather that I got him last Christmas as a prank, but the joke was on me. He ended up loving it. His nickname from us was peacock because every time he did something he was particularly proud of he'd strut around with his chest puffed out like a peacock.

I walked over to his side of the bed and brushed the feather lightly down his back. I saw him jerk and then wiggle. I waited a beat and then did it again. This time he rolled over onto his back and I fist pumped the air in triumph. I quickly put the feather back and ran around to Isha. I gently scooped her up and cuddled her close to me, instantly going hard in her naked state, which worked for me. I mean I was naked too, so this was a win, win. Kidnapping her, I rushed out.

I took her back to my room and laid her down. I donned a condom quickly, and then climbed onto my bed, and nestled my shoulders between her legs. I f\*cking loved the taste of Isha. I seriously couldn't get enough of it. The taste of her on my tongue was like ambrosia, sweet, creamy with just the hint of tang. It was a heady combination, and I've had it on my

mind ever since I first tasted her.

I looked up at her. She had her hands thrown over her head, her face was soft in sleep, her breathing was shallow, and her gorgeous breasts rose and fell in a sedate rhythm. She was utterly beautiful, and I felt so d\*mn lucky she was mine, because right now she was all mine.

I spread her p\*ssy with my thumbs and hummed low in my throat. She was glistening. I wondered what she was dreaming about or if this was her natural state, always ready for a tongue of c\*ck.

I slowly swiped my tongue through her lips and my eyes rolled into the back of my head. F\*\*\*ck, she was delicious. I

tucked into my morning breakfast and enjoyed myself.

Her moans started off quietly while she slowly woke out of sleep, and then I smiled as I flicked my tongue over her clit

when her eyes popped open and she arched her body and exploded all over my tongue. I shoved my tongue in and out of

her over and over as she came. Her sweet juices flowed over my taste buds and I moaned, making her body shiver.

She grabbed my head with her hands and humped my face as the last of her orgasm rolled through her. She was

smothering me and I didn't have a care in the world. If this was how I was meant to go then so be it.

I chuckled at the headlines.

Man dies smothered while eating p\*ssy.

"What's so funny," she sighed out.

"Nothing, My Naughty Princess. Good morning."

She looked down at me and smiled that beautiful smile of hers.

"Morning. How did I end up here?" She asked, looking around.

"I came into Mic's room and stole you."

“Naughty,” she giggled as I climbed up her body.

I slipped into her and groaned, my forehead on hers.

“You feel so good,” I whispered as I slowly started to pump in and out of her.

She wrapped her arms and legs around me, bringing me close. I slipped my arms under her arms and back and gripped

1/3

Kidnapping Her

her shoulders. My back strained and relaxed as I moved in her. She squeezed me with her thighs and then with her inner

muscles, making me groan in ecstasy.

“Oh, God, Ford, you feel so f\*cking good.”

“Yeah baby, you like that? You like when I swivel my hips with my hard c\*ck inside of you. You like my steel rod

pummeling this pretty p\*ssy.”

“Yes, yes, yessss,” she chanted, her hips meeting me thrust for thrust.

She was so sweet, tight and wet. Her p\*ssy gripped me like a vice. She had to have been swollen just a little, but she still

took me effortlessly.

I rolled us and put her on top of me. She squealed and I chuckled. She held my wrists as I clasped her beautiful breasts

in my big palms. I hummed in approval as her flesh overflowed my hands.

“You’re so f\*cking gorgeous Isha. God, you feel good,” I said, as she moved up and down on me, rotating her hips on the

downward and clenching her walls around me.

We moved together, we were in sync, we were perfect, she was perfect. She was so f\*\*\*\*cking perfect. I couldn’t wait to

feel her bare, but I hadn’t talked to her about that yet and I wanted to make sure she was okay with it.

She started moving faster, and I gritted my teeth to stave off c\*mming but she was making it really hard. I just wanted to stay in her forever.

Her rhythm faltered, and I took over. Holding her hips, I thrusting rapidly up into her. She exploded, fluid splashed all over

me and I couldn’t hold back my roar as I spilled into the condom. That was so f\*cking hot, her squirting on me like that.

The satisfaction that rolled through me knowing I did that to her, the boys can now call me peacock.

She collapsed on top of me. I wrapped my arms around her and held her tightly.

“You’re amazing,” she gasped.

My smile grew, that was a f\*cking ego boost.

“So are you, princess.”

Her tummy growled, and that made both of us chuckle.

“You guys have been giving me a constant workout. I was feeling guilty from not working out while I was here, but really

there's been no need."

I chuckled, she wasn't wrong. S\*x was a great workout.

We took a shower where I made sure to bring another condom because I knew I wasn't going to be able to keep my hands off of her and my d\*ck out of her. I had her screaming within ten minutes, her body shaking, which triggered my release.

We washed quickly and when we went into my room I realized she didn't have anything to wear.

"Looks like you're in one of my t-shirts and a pair of boxer briefs, sweetheart."

"I could rock that," she said.

"Baby, you can rock anything, you're that gorgeous."

"Jeez, you guys are great for my ego."

I scoffed. "Princess, you don't need the ego boost, just look in the mirror."

Silence met my statement and I turned from my underwear drawer to look at her. She had tears in her eyes. I tossed the t-shirt and underwear that was in my hands onto the bed, and I rushed to her, cupping her face.

2/3

Kidnapping Her

"What's wrong?" I asked worriedly.

"It's just, I haven't felt very pretty lately. It's hard on a person's ego when your husband cheats on you with a blonde

bombshell."

"Pfft, she's nothing but a blonde barbie, completely plastic and fake, her and her friends,"

I saw her visibly stiffen.

“You’ve met her?”

“Yeah, Paul Montgomery invited us all over to his house for dinner. He’s old friends with Dawson and his parents.”

“Oh, okay, I thought maybe you had all been with her.”

“Absolutely not, she is not any of our type. We like our women, real. Not that there’s anything wrong with how Madilyn

and her friends find their beauty. It’s just not for us.”

“Oh good.” She relaxed instantly.

“Isha, you have to know how stunning you are,” I said, incredulously. I mean she’s looked in a mirror.

“I know I’m cute. I’m short and a little dumpy, but I have good assets.”

“Woman, call yourself dumpy one more time and I will haul you over my knee and smack that delectable ass.”

Her pupils dilated. Hmm, she might want that. I chuckled. I pulled her face towards my lips and kissed her forehead.

“You’re a gem, princess.” I grabbed her hand, and we went down to find something to eat.

7

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he Pool

## The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 50 -

23-29 minutes

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The Pool

Isha

After breakfast of some delicious omelets, and Mic's glares at Ford all through breakfast, Ford took me out back to the pool. It was hot. It was only ten a.m. and I obviously forgot how hot it can get in Vegas. Even the slight breeze was too

warm.

"Thought we could cool off in the pool," Ford said.

"What about the others?"

"They have work to do, I don't, and I was given the order to make sure I keep you entertained. I think they're afraid if you get bored you'll leave."

"You're not afraid of that?" I asked, teasingly, dipping a toe in the pool and humming. It was not too cold, it was actually really nice.

"Nah, I'd just chase after you and bring you back," he chuckled.

"Would you? You seem like a pretty easy-going guy. Out of the four of you, I feel you're just in this for the fun of it. I could be anyone. I don't want to hinder your dating life."

He was the only one I wasn't sure about. Dawson, Mic and Davis have expressed wanting me completely, but Ford is a big old flirt, which I had no problem with, but I didn't want him to commit himself to me just because the others were.

He looked at me incredulously. His jaw dropped, and then he snapped it shut, and his brows furrowed.

“Isha, I know I’m light-hearted with you, but it’s because it’s how you make me feel. Talking to you, texting you and being with you, it quiets something in me. I have our guys, but when it comes to you, I soften, I feel relaxed, like my demons are

gone, and I can just breathe,” he said, earnestly. He stepped towards me and grabbed both of my hands.

“Please believe me. I want you like I’ve never wanted a woman before, and I’ve been with women, Isha, probably more than

the other guys. Not one has ever made me feel the way you do.”

I smiled at him. That was lovely to hear.

“I’m glad to hear this. I love our texts and you’re so fun. At the barbecue you had me in stitches before we played Truth or

Dare. Tell me more about you?”

Besides, tracking and extracting with our guys, I like to swim, I like to play pool and darts. I love scary and action movies. I’m a big outdoors guy. I like to hike and bike ride too. My favorite color is light brown. Besides that phenomenal ass of yours, your eyes are what drew me in. You’re breathtaking, Isha.”

“Thank you. Your relationship with Mic and Davis I find fascinating. But I also don’t want to get in between you guys, so if

any of you aren’t sure about me, please let me know.”

“We’re sure, Princess. You’re it for us. Just when it comes to Davis, be patient with him please. He’s very embarrassed by his stutter, but he’s working on it. Also, we all sometimes have nightmares Isha. I don’t know if the others told you, but I want to be completely transparent with you. No secrets. I feel like that destroys any relationship.”

“I agree,” I said.

“Well, that’s about enough with the heavy sh\*t. Let’s swim.”

"I don't have a suit," I said.

He grinned wickedly and started to strip out of his clothes. I smiled broadly and whipped off my t-shirt and his boxer

1/3

The Pool

briefs. I turned and heard him curse and say something about my ass. I looked over my shoulder and winked at him,

before diving in. Oh, it was glorious. The water was perfect. I glided in the pool, my strokes even and strong. I loved to swim. That's one thing both Jason and I had in common. We both loved the water.

A tug on my foot had me squealing. I came up, and Ford was laughing. He also had goggles on, and I couldn't help

smiling.

"Why do you have goggles on?"

"So, I can look at you underwater without my eyes stinging later. You know that old John Mayer song, 'Your Body is a

Wonderland', your body, Isha, is a f\*cking Wonderland," he said, gathering me into his arms.

I felt his hard c\*ck brushing my lower stomach. I shifted and brought my legs around his waist and nestled his shaft in between my lips. I rocked my hips up and down his length. He shuddered and then groaned, putting his head on my

shoulder. He took off his goggles and kissed my shoulder.

"F\*ck, My Naughty Princess, you really know how to make a guy's knees weak."

I moaned and leaned a little back, he clasped my ass and moved me up and down his c\*ck. I crossed my ankles behind him and used my legs to hold him tighter to me.

“Jesus,” he groaned. He leaned down and captured one of my n\*pples in his mouth.

I moved my hips faster, it felt so good as my clit dragged along his length. I wanted to c\*m so badly. He was helping me

move as he chanted f\*ck, f\*ck, f\*ck, and then I went too high and when I slid back down, I engulfed his whole length.

Both of us moaned loudly. I went f\*cking wild, bouncing on his c\*ck to my heart’s content. I didn’t care at the moment if

he was finding any pleasure because I was chasing mine.

“F\*ck Princess, you’re so f\*cking tight, smooth and silky. You feel so good, baby.” He brought me up to his lips and

kissed the f\*cking daylights out of me.

He continued to pump into me. He held my hips still, and he was now going to town on me. The water was churning

around us. I exploded around him, and he growled low in his throat. He took steps to the stairs of the pool. Every step he

took hit something deep inside me and I came again, my body shaking as I held him close.

“F\*\*\*CK! You’re going to make me c\*m, and I’m not ready yet. You feel too f\*cking good,” he gritted out.

He went over to a lounge chair. He pulled out of me, and I whimpered.

“Don’t worry baby, we aren’t done yet.”

He put me on my feet, turned me and bent me over.

He slammed back into me and f\*cked me hard, his balls were slapping against my p\*ssy. He had a grip on my ass that

was almost too much. There would be bruises later.

“This ass is so f\*cking gorgeous. I love watching it jiggle with each thrust. Your ass is magic,” he whispered, as he clasped my hips and f\*cked me back on to him as he thrust forward. I was not in control of my movements at all. I collapsed forward, my face on the plush cushion as I screamed my release. He all of a sudden stood on the lounge to come over me more and he f\*cked me into the mattress so hard. I felt him spit on my a\*shole and his thumb circled it. I felt him put pressure and his thumb popped in. He held me there, thrusting in and out over and over. His thumb would go deeper and deeper and, for a third time in so many minutes, I burst again, but this time he roared and came too. I felt his hips and c\*ck jerking, his arms were on either side of me and I saw the one in front of me shaking.

He pulled out of me and then all of a sudden he was behind me on his knees and he was cleaning me up with his tongue.

I guess he liked the taste of himself.

The Pool

When he was finished, he rolled me to my back and kissed me, spitting some of his c\*m into my mouth and I moaned. So f\*cking dirty and I loved it.

“You’re such a good girl, Princess. I love the taste of us combined. Now, let’s go to the outdoor shower and clean up. Then you can let me hold you on the couch while we watch another movie.”

I didn’t have anything to say, I was spent and let him take the lead. Being taken care of like this was so foreign to me, and I was enjoying every bit of it.

Roc

I’m still on my ladies trip, I will be home on Wednesday and double updates will start then.

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Snack

Davis

FB Point?

I was on the phone in the room that I used as a home office. I looked at the time on my computer and sighed. It was two in the afternoon. I wanted to spend time with Isha this morning, but then Dawson got a series of emails on a new client.

He needed us to rescue his sister from an abusive marriage. Apparently, the woman was kept captive, locked in their home with no way out. Their help kept their eyes on her and reported to him constantly.

She had been able to reach out to him by using her husband's computer he had left open when he went to take a shower.

She sent one word. HELP! And then deleted everything on her end.

She lived in France with her husband. She had no family or friends to help her and their house also had guards that roamed the grounds of their estate. I was in charge of getting the aerial surveillance, the blueprints of the grounds and the estate. Right now, I am on the phone with a man in France discussing the logistics of getting old and new blueprints. The new ones I can get myself by hacking into the digital public records. But for some reason the old blueprints never got uploaded, so I had to go the old-fashioned route and talk to someone, which was a chore for me. Lucky for me, my

stutter didn't happen while using a foreign language.

A soft knock came to my door and I looked up. I smiled when Isha peeked in. I waved her over as I talked to Jaque

Polson.

I spoke fluently to him about obtaining the blueprints as soon as possible. I had my eyes on Isha and her eyebrows rose in surprise. She had one of Ford's T-shirts on and I didn't like it. I scowled at her and stood up, putting my phone on speaker and lying it on the desk. I started unbuttoning my shirt. Now, I was just going to give her my shirt, but the moment I started to undress, her smile went wide, and she whipped off the shirt she was wearing, and I sucked in a breath so harsh I started to cough. In just Ford's boxer briefs she was stunning.

"Ca'va?" Jaque asked.

"Oui, I am fine," I said in a mix of French and English, but really all the blood in my head rushed to my d\*ck, and then she stripped off the boxer briefs. I mouthed 'Oh f\*ck, and she beamed as she sauntered over to me.

She finished taking my shirt off and tossing it on the ground, and then she dropped to her knees and started to unbuckle, unbutton, and unzip my slacks. They fell to my ankles. I was half listening to the excuses Jaque was giving me because my sole focus was now on the gorgeous woman on her knees in front of me.

I spoke rapid French to hurry him along, and the liquid heat that hit Isha's eyes had me pausing. She liked it. She likes hearing me speak another language, so I slowed down and put a little more warmth in my tone as I seduced her with my

random words.

I watched her lick her lips as she pulled my boxer briefs down and my d\*ck sprang out. She grasped me and I inhaled slowly. With her other hand she pushed a little and I sat in my office chair.

"Yes, I really need them as ssssoon as pppossible," I said, the first time ever stuttering in French as she wrapped her pretty lips around the head of my c\*ck. She swirled her tongue around my head and flicked it against the sensitive underside, and I groaned.

"Are you sure you are okay, my friend?" Jaque asked again.

“Fine,” I barely said, as Isha deep throated my c\*ck, and I felt her tongue come out and swipe along my b\*ll sack.

My eyes closed, she started to bob her head up and down. I couldn't keep my hands to myself and I fisted her beautiful hair in a pony and started helping her..

1/3

Snack

“So, you see, it's a little difficult to give you what you need.”

“It's so not difficult,” I whispered. I watched her swallow and I groaned low. “Just do it, I'll pay double.”

She gagged, and I growled, “Take it all,” I whispered to her.

“Excuse me?”

“Sorry Jaque, just thinking out loud,” I said.

She breathed through her nose and took me deeper and I hummed. So f\*cking good.

+ Points >

Jaque rambled on, and I grabbed Isha's head and shoved her down to hold her, feeling her swallowing. She has no idea what she is doing to me. She's unraveling me, and I was about to f\*ck her pretty mouth like a man possessed. She tapped my thigh and I let her up. She gasped for air, and Jaque paused.

“Keep going,” I said to both of them. I wiped the saliva off of her chin, and then I shoved her back down as I thrust up. I used her mouth and throat and to my utter astonishment she took it like she was made to take my c\*ck in her mouth all

her life.

The sounds she was now making were becoming a little obscene, but I just didn't give a flying f\*ck, it felt so good, and

Jaque didn't seem to notice.

“Here it comes, baby,” I whispered.

And I went all the way down her throat, Her nose hit my groin and I grunted, trying my hardest not to shout as I came

down her talented throat.

Jaque was quiet. Did he ask me a question?

“I’m sorry, got distracted,” I said as Isha came off me, licking every drop from my shaft and then licking the bit on the sides

of her mouth. She was so s\*xy.

I picked her up and had her straddle me. I got in the drawer of my desk and pulled out a condom. She stopped my hand

and shook her head. I felt the heat blaze in my eyes. Oh, sh\*t, does she want me raw?

“I asked if I could get them to you in two days,” Jaque said.

“Jaque, I need them today, I’ll pay triple.”

I slid into her and her head fell back. I attacked her neck with my mouth and tongue. She was so tight, so wet. Her walls

were soft and warm. I helped her move up and down in a slow pace. I sucked her neck between my lips. There was

going to be another hickey on her.

“That’s seventy-five thousand for just some blueprints,” Jaque said.

“I’m desperate,” I said. But those words weren’t for Jaque, they were for Isha, who lifted her head and looked into my

eyes.

She rotated her hips as she rocked on top of me. She grasped my face and brought her lips to mine. She moved with grace and perfection. She slid up and down my shaft while Jaque talked. She ground down on me, making me groan just a little too loudly.

“You don’t sound so good, my friend. I’ll get those blueprints by the end of the day for you. Might be a little late, but you’ll have them before midnight your time.”

“Thank you Jaque,” I said. He said goodbye and I let him end our call because I had Isha’s ass in my hands, and I was not letting go.

“F\*ck baby. I was just giving you my shirt because I wanted my clothes on you. But this is better,” I said, kissing her jaw.

2/3

+8 Pointt

She giggled and moved on me faster and harder. We didn’t say another word until we both exploded. She bit my shoulder as she screamed at the same time and I shouted with my release.

Then I just held her.

“You let me c’m in you,” I said.

I trust you, I’m clean, I know you and the guys are. Dawson showed me all your medical reports. I’m also on birth control. And I wanted to feel you. I didn’t want a barrier between us.”

“I’m so glad,” I whispered. Her head was on my shoulder, and I was petting the back of her head and following the line of

her hair.

“Davis, I didn’t know you could speak French. You speak it, so well.”

I smiled and then pulled her back to look at her.

“I can speak Italian and Spanish too. For some reason, my stutter doesn’t happen when I sing or speak in a foreign

language.”

“You seem to be doing well with English too,” she said, smiling, running her fingers through my hair and scraping her nails

along my scalp. It felt so f\*cking good.

That's because I've been practicing my tongue twisters and I feel comfortable around you."

"Do you like me that much, Davis?" she teased.

I looked at her deeply. "I so like you, Isha. More than you know."

"Can I sleep with you tonight, Davis?"

My insides lit with joy. I thought she would pick Dawson or Ford to sleep with.

"Yes, I'd like that very much."

"Good, because this was just a snack." She kissed my lips, then my nose. She got off of me and dropped to her knees.

She licked me clean, which had me going rock hard again. She then winked at me, picked up my shirt and put it on with

Ford's boxer briefs.

There's a couple of sundresses in my closet and a pack of undies in my top drawer. No bras," I said, smiling.

She giggled, kissed me one more time and left my office. Well, that was a nice snack.

Yours Mine and Ours

Yours, Mine and Ours

Isha

+8 Points>

You would think being f\*cked by four men in the matter of two days I'd be sore as f\*ck and exhausted. But with the help of a icy d\*ldo and the wonderful after-dinner massage that Davis was currently giving me, I feel fantastic.

Dawson, Mic and Ford had to go out for whatever supplies they needed for the mission they were to go on. They didn't have enough here at the house, so they went to Becks Security to

get what they needed. They were initially leaving tomorrow to go back home and work in their branch, but with this mission and them here, it would be better for them to leave right away after they were geared up. Once Davis got the blueprints they needed, they were leaving, and I was so sad about it. But I wasn't going to show them that. They didn't need me to burden them with my feelings.

"Mmm, that's so good, Davis. Can you dig just a little harder where my thighs meet my butt, please."

He did as I asked and I moaned again. We were in his room. After dinner, when the guys left, he asked if I wanted to cuddle in his bed and watch a movie and, of course, I said yes. Who wouldn't want to cuddle with a gorgeous light-brown-haired, green-eyed muscular man? He had one tattoo. He said it was the SEALS emblem. It was an Eagle with

an anchor, trident and gun. It was on his left shoulder and absolutely beautiful.

Davis was also hairless. He didn't have any chest hair like Ford and Dawson did, and Mic had just a little brown happy trail

that circled his belly button and went down his abs, but Davis was smooth.

I was in my underwear that he bought me, and that was it. When he suggested a full-body massage, I thought that was code for s\*x, but he surprised me when he brought out some oil. I took my sundress off that he had bought me and laid

down on his bed while we watched Superbad.

I barely paid attention to the movie. His hands were magic, his fingers found the right spots to dig and turned my

muscles to jelly.

"You're so good at this, if you ever get tired of the security business, you could be a massage therapist. However, not sure if I'd like your hands all over other women," I said.

He chuckled. I felt his lips trail down the middle of my shoulder blades.

"I'll only ever give you and the guys massages. I'll never touch another person. I'm only yours," he said quietly.

I rolled, and his hands went straight to my breasts. He started to knead them, it felt phenomenal.

“Is that so? So if, say, Henry Cavill walked up and said, Davis, ‘I want your c\*ck,’ you wouldn’t be tempted?” I asked.

“No, I’m not g\*y Isha, I just have a connection with Mic, Dawson, and Ford. I don’t find other men attractive.”

“Okay then, what about Kate Upton? She comes to you and is like ‘Davis, I want you, ravish me, you wouldn’t?’” I said in a

breathy voice. He started pinching my n\*pples, and I couldn’t help arching into him. It felt so good.

“No, you’re it for me Isha, no other woman will ever be in my bed, my heart, my life.”

I blinked at him. He couldn’t mean that?

“Isha, you still don’t understand, do you? Do you think this is all temporary? That one ddday we wwll just wwake up and saaay wwe are dddone?”

He was getting upset, and I didn’t mean to upset him.

I brought my hand to his cheek, he leaned into my palm.

“You all can’t know. We’ve just met, we’ve just started this relationship, someone else could come along and capture your

1/3

Yours, Mine and Ours

Points>

attention. And although I don’t want that to happen, it could,” I whispered. Because I never thought it would happen to Jason and look how that ended up.

For some reason, I think if the four of them left me like Jason did, I would be more devastated, because I really really liked them. They've dug themselves deep, they've opened me up to a whole new world.

"It won't, you'll see Isha. Just give usss time," he whispered.

He leaned down and started to kiss me. I wanted to believe him and right now I shoved my insecurities away and enjoyed having him right now. He put his whole weight on me, his hands dove in my hair and held my head at an angle he wanted and devoured my lips. I opened my legs, and he nestled himself in between them. For a good ten minutes, we made out, our hands roaming each other's bodies, gasping into one another's mouths when we found a particular delicious spot to caress. We dry humped each other and I don't think I have ever had a more enjoyable make-out session.

My panties were pulled down my legs and I kicked them the rest of the way off. I was so wet for him. I felt his warm, silky-smooth, c\*ck glide between my p\*ssy lips. I cried out in pleasure.

"Gggoood," he gasped, as he put more pressure on my clit with his c\*ck. I moaned in agreement.

He lifted his body and kneeled between my legs. He grabbed his c\*ck and started smacking it against my clit, making me

gasp.

"Oh, God, Davis," I cried out. He dipped his c\*ck into me and then took it out to slap my p\*ssy with it.

Over and over he did this until I exploded. He shoved his c\*ck into my spasming p\*ssy and slammed into me over and

over. His face was fierce, his eyes blazed as he stared into mine.

"You're mine, Isha, and I am yours. Believe it. I'll never let you go, not even if you want me to," he growled. His

possessiveness turned me on even more.

I arched and he latched onto my left breast. He sucked hard almost to the point of pain and I shattered again.

“F\*ck!” he shouted, but kept pounding away. He was relentless.

I wrapped my legs around his waist.

“This p\*ssy is so good, it feels so f\*cking right. It’s tight, wet, and warm. So. F\*cking. Perfect,” he said, with each thrust.

“Look at this, our Davis, f\*cking that p\*ssy up. He’s going to town,” Ford said. Davis and I both looked at him. Davis kept

pumping away.

“I need some of that, either her mouth, or his ass,” Mic growled. He was stripping as he said it.

“You take his ass, I’ll take his mouth and Isha can have a fantastic show,” Ford said with a huge grin, unbuttoning his

khaki shorts and kicking them off. He was still in his white tank and I giggled.

Davis slowed and I looked at him. His pupils were blown and he had a small grin. He moaned, and I could see Mic using

the massage oil to prepare Davis.

“Oh, sh\*t,” I whispered.

“You haven’t seen anything yet, Princess,” Ford said as he guided his c\*ck into Davis’s mouth.

Watching Davis’s lips wrapped around Ford’s c\*ck was the s\*xiest thing I’ve ever seen. I thought watching Savage and Rage together was hot, this was blazing, maybe because I cared for them all. Ford slowly thrust his c\*ck in and out of Davis’s mouth, and I could see Davis’s tongue peek out and twirl around Ford’s tip when Ford’s tip was on Davis’s lips. Then Davis gave a low long moan and I saw Mic pushing into Davis’s ass. His eyes glued watching his c\*ck disappear into his best friend’s hole.

With every thrust Mic made, Davis made into me. Mic was pushing Davis into me. Ford and Mic set up a rhythm and all I

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could do was enjoy and watch the three of them. I felt myself getting wetter and the heat in my lower belly was

spreading.

Mic picked up his speed, Davis plunged into me over and over.

+8 Points >

“That’s it baby, take your daddy’s c\*ck,” Ford said to Davis, and I exploded. No, he did not just say that to Davis. F\*ck it

was scorching.

My p\*ssy squeezed around Davis and he moaned. His body shuddered, I felt him c\*mming in me, he was flooding my walls. Then Mic and Ford roared at the same time and I watched Davis swallow, which set off a mini orgasm inside me.

“F\*cking beautiful,” I heard Dawson say. My head whipped over, and he was sitting in a corner of the room where he was watching us. C\*m on his stomach.

“Dawson,” I said. I reached out to him.

His eyes locked on me and he smiled.

“My beautiful baby. Did you enjoy it all?”

“Yes,” I whispered.

“Good. Everyone clean up, the blueprints are in, we leave in an hour,” Dawson said. Davis pulled out of me, and kissed my

belly. I smiled at him.

Dawson walked over and lifted me. He carried me to his room and started the shower in his bathroom.

He didn’t wait to clean either of us off, he just filled me with his long thick c\*ck as he stepped into the shower. He slammed me up against the shower wall and went feral. His mouth was

on my neck as he pumped into me. I held on for dear life. He pummeled my p\*ssy without mercy. My legs were locked around him when I exploded. I screamed, and he grunted loudly, pushing all the way inside of me. I could feel his c\*ck jerking as he came.

“You’re f\*cking mine. Ours. Remember that while we are gone. Don’t give this p\*ssy to anyone, Isha, you understand?” he

asked, pulling back to look at me.

“I understand. I’m yours and Mic’s and Fords, and Davis’s. No one else.”

“That’s f\*cking right,” he said, slamming his mouth on mine.