

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 51 -

8-10 minutes

Snack

Davis

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

"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.

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 thrusting 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.

C Snack

+8 Points

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

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 52 -

9-11 minutes

Yours, Mine and Ours

Isha

+ 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

1/83

Yours. Mine and Ours

+3 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.

“Gggood,” 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

213

Yours, Mine and Ours

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.

1 คน

Happy For Them

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 54 -

19-24 minutes

Happy For Them

Isha

I missed them so very much. Before they left, Dawson gave me the code to the front door of the house. He said they would be radio silent while on this mission, and they didn't know how long it would take. They needed to do surveillance and then finalize a plan. I got one text from each of them, telling me how much they missed me and that they would see me soon. Each of them sent me a picture.

Dawson sat in a pilot's seat, smiling at the camera, with a headset on and sunshades. His white T-shirt was tight across his broad chest. So yummy.

Davis had on a pair of cargo pants in different color greens, a black t-shirt, his muscles bulging as he leaned up against the plane's doorway. He was smoldering at the camera. He sent a text with it that said, 'call me Derek Zoolander'. It made me laugh.

Ford sent a picture of him with his arms crossed, legs spread in black cargo pants and a black t-shirt, his blonde hair whipping in the wind. He had a smirk on his face and he reminded me of Iceman in Top Gun, played by Val Kilmer. He was so f*cking hot. Both Val and Ford. I chuckled at my thoughts.

Mic was in a seat on the plane, a drink in his hand and a wide smile on his face. His lip ring was gone, and I suspected on missions he took it out. He had on a dark green tank, his inked-muscled arms were gorgeous. The whole man was f*cking gorgeous. His brown hair was styled, his brown eyes twinkled, he was s*x on two legs.

I made a collage so I could have them on my lock screen. Whenever I missed them, which was constantly, I tapped my phone and looked at them.

"You miss them, don't you?"

I looked up and smiled at my mom.

"Yeah, a lot. It's weird how fast they burrowed in my heart. Mama, do you think I am enough for them?"

“Yes, Isha, and from the way they treated you last weekend and even your Nana and I, shows how much they care about you. Don’t let what Jason did to you keep you from finding happiness. You deserve all the happiness and so do those

boys.”

I nodded. My phone suddenly rang, and I looked at the caller ID. I didn’t recognize the number, but what if it was one of the guys, and for some reason they couldn’t get a hold of me on their phones?

“Hello?”

“Baby, when are you coming home? I miss you so much. My life is falling apart without you.”

“Ugh! Jason, stop calling me. You wanted this, now live with it!”

I hung up. I looked at my mom and she was smirking.

“Good girl. F*ck that man, I knew he would regret this. I bet all his clients pulled out from him when word got around of what he did. Reputation is everything in his type of job. No one wants a realtor that would cheat on his wife. They wouldn’t know if he was cheating them out of their money.”

“Wow, you think?”

“I know, honey. When you’re in a career that is basically built by reputation alone, it’s crucial to have a good image and he doesn’t. I bet he is losing clients left and right, and he needs you to look like the family man he desperately wants to look

like,”

1/4

Happy For Them

“Well, he can have that with Madilyn, because no way in h*ll am I ever going back to him. Especially not after the four men

I've had that treated me way better in the two weeks I've known them than Jason had in the last three years."

She nodded, and then we went and joined Nana outside by her pool. We had sweet tea and little cucumber and cream cheese sandwiches. They asked a lot of questions about the guys and when I admitted that yes, I'd slept with all of them at once and alone they whooped with cheers.

"You two are crazy. I can't believe you're acting like this just because I got laid."

"Not because you got laid, but because you got laid by the four hottest men we have seen in a long time. Not counting Robert and Mark of course," Nana said.

"Speaking of Robert and Mark. I'm moving on with my love life. What about you two?"

My mom squirmed in her seat and Nana smiled wickedly.

"Your mother went on a date on Saturday, and she didn't come home until last night, right before you showed up."

"Oh really? Do tell," I said, teasing mom.

I couldn't stay in the boys' house without them there. It felt empty, and I didn't like feeling alone. Although I did steal a T-shirt from each of their rooms. I sprayed cologne that each wore on their individual shirts so I could smell them while I slept. I slept like a baby, with their scent all around me last night.

"We had a lovely dinner and I may have had a little too much to drink. So he offered me his guest bedroom since dinner was at his house. I accepted. He may have slept with me in the same bed. He held me all night. It was lovely."

"He just held you?" I asked incredulously. I thought Uncle Mark would have more game than that.

She cleared her throat, her face going beet red. I smiled and Nana started cackling.

"He woke her up with his tongue in her cunny, and then he gave her two more orgasms, making love to her," Nana blurted.

“Mom!” my mom shouted and then covered her red face with her hands.

“Mom, it’s okay,” I said, laughing. “You deserve love just as much as any of us.”

“He asked me to marry him this morning,” my mom said, dropping that bombshell on both of us. I looked at Nana and her

mouth was wide open.

“You didn’t tell me that!” Nana screeched.

“What did you say?” I asked her. Please say yes, please tell me it’s a yes. I silently prayed.

Mom put her hand in her blouse pocket and pulled out a beautiful emerald and diamond ring. She put it on her finger.

I squealed, and both Nana and I popped up from our patio chairs and hugged her.

“Oh sweetie, I’m so happy for you,” Nana exclaimed.

“Mom, this is fantastic. Where’s Uncle Mark now?”

“I told him I wanted to tell you guys on my own. He’s over the moon. He asked if I wanted a big wedding, but I just want to get married at the Justice of Peace and have a nice honeymoon.”

“I think that’s a wonderful idea,” I said.

“He thought so too. So, tonight we are getting married, and then he’s taking us out to dinner.”

“Tonight? We have to go shopping and find you a beautiful dress,” I said,

“Well, I have that white suit that I bought for my friend’s garden party last year. I sent you a picture of it, remember?”

Happy For Them

“Absolutely not. You are not wearing a suit to your wedding and one you’ve already worn, Nana said.

Printe

With that, we all went shopping. Dawson informed me that radio silence meant they wouldn’t have their phones on them. So I knew sending them pictures wouldn’t disturb them. In the dressing room at the store we were at, I took pictures of myself in my underwear, both front and back. Then I tried on three dresses, and posed for pictures and sent them out. Then I did something extremely naughty. I stripped completely bare. I set my phone up on a little shelf that was beside the mirror where you could put your phone and keys. I put a timer on my phone and I posed on the bench. My legs spread wide, two fingers in my p*ssy, my other hand palming my breast, and I threw my head back like I was in the throes of ecstasy. I then took a picture of my p*ssy close up. After cropping the one of myself on the bench, I sent them all in the Truth or Dare thread. I couldn’t help giggling, thinking about their responses.

I chose a rose-colored, off-the-shoulder satin dress that stopped just above my knees. There were ruffles along the top of the dress that went around my shoulders and to my back.

I stepped out and saw my mom in a long cream-colored mermaid dress. There were white pearls all across the bodice.

“Oh, mom, you look stunning.”

“You think so? Not too much?”

“No mom, not too much.”

Nana came out in a light blue ankle dress, with three-quarter lace sleeves. Mom and I exclaimed about how gorgeous she looked as she did various poses, like when she was a model.

“Robert is going to eat his heart out seeing you in that,” I said.

“Well, that’s not the only thing Robert is going to eat out tonight,” Nana teased.

Mom and I burst out laughing. My Nana was too much sometimes. But I loved it. I loved how close we all were. They really were my best friends.

Later that night, tears ran down my face as I recorded my mom marrying a man she had loved for a long time but wouldn't admit it. Uncle Mark blubbered through his vows and he was so happy. The smile on his face was radiant.

"Ellie," Uncle Mark sobbed. "I have loved you from the moment Danny introduced you to me. But he was my best friend, and he loved you too. I never married because no one could ever compare to you. I was devastated when Danny died, and I was devastated that there was nothing I could do to help you through your grief. But I've waited and watched for when you were ready to open your heart again, and I am the luckiest man to be the one you chose to love. I love you so much, and you becoming Mrs. Jenson has made me the happiest man alive."

Mom was beaming.

"Mark, I loved Danny so much. We had a wonderful marriage. He was a wonderful man, husband, father and friend. But I've held a secret for the last twenty-six years from you. I've always loved you too. I secretly hoped that the two of you would share me. But I never voiced my fantasy, because I didn't want to destroy any of us. But I have loved you for twenty-six years. I used to hate seeing you on dates, and when you dated Vanessa for six months, I thought she was the one that was going to be your wife, and I almost lost it. Danny knew my feelings. Unbeknownst to me, until one night he brought up a solution that I agreed to. He was actually going to bring it to your attention and suggest a union of the three of us, but then he died, and I was just as devastated as you were. He loved you like a brother and was willing to bring my dream to fruition, and I think he would be happy to see us married and in love. I love you Mark and being Mrs. Jenson is a dream come true."

The JOP pronounced them husband and wife shortly after. Nana and I cheered when they kissed. Afterward, we went to dinner at Sabor de Lujo and had the best Mexican food ever, in my opinion.

I watched as Mark doted on my mother. He couldn't stop touching her, and she blossomed under his attention. I couldn't

Happy For Them

have been happier. Well, I guess I could have if my guys were here. I missed them.

48 Points

“You leave in two days, we’ll miss you,” Nana whispered to me. She was beaming, watching my mom and Mark. Robert

sat next to Nana and I saw his hand on her leg.

“Nana, I think you’ll be just fine,” I said, looking at her leg pointedly.

“I told him to make sure he was ready. He said he’s been ready for the last couple of years. I think I’ll be just fine too.”

I giggled, happy for them both.

Planning For My Future

Isha

Home, or I guess my home at the moment. After collecting my bags from the baggage carousel, I Ubered to the guy’s house. The guy that was driving me had the same reaction as the one when I first came here.

“You guys are rich as f*ck aren’t you?” the young guy said, gawking at the house.

“Well, the people that own it have their own security business. They’re well off,” I said, no need to let him know that yes, I am rich as f*ck.

“I say. One day I hope to be this rich. I’m working on my degree to become one of the best architects this world has ever seen. Look, these are my designs,” he said, pulling out his phone. I didn’t want to be rude, so I looked at his pictures.

“Wow, these are really good, you have some major talent. You go to CU Denver?” I asked.

“Yeah, CU Denver College of Architecture and Planning. I’m in my last year. I’ve worked my a*s off for some scholarships, but I didn’t get enough to pay for the rest of the schooling. So, I do this, and then bar tend at a Scooters Pub.”

“Oh, I like that place. What’s your name? Do you have a card?”

He beamed at me. He was a cute kid. I snorted at my thought, he was probably only a couple of years younger than me. But he was adorable in that, I've never had a heartbroken kind of way, and I was ready to rule the world. I envied him.

He handed me a card for his driving services.

"I also drive privately when I can, so if you ever need a ride, let me know."

"Thanks James," I said, reading the name on the card. He happily helped me with my bags. I gave a twenty-dollar cash tip, and tipped him another ten on the Uber app with five stars. He honked and I waved. I looked at his card. James Camden, Driver. That's all it said with a phone number.

I had a plan for James Camden. He shouldn't have to work so hard to make ends meet. I didn't lie when I said his designs

were good. They were actually phenomenal.

I looked at my phone to check the time. It was too late for what I wanted to do, so I decided tomorrow would have to be

soon enough. I punched in the code for the front door and with a sealed puff of air it opened.

I kind of felt like I was intruding, but I knew that was ridiculous because they offered. Dawson mentioned my room was

ready for me. Up the stairs and all the way down the hall. He said they gave me the master bedroom, which I had protested, but he said it was a done deal. But I had a feeling we'd all be pretty much sharing my room, so maybe the

master was the best idea.

I made my way there with my many bags. I had to buy a whole other suitcase for everything the guys bought me and some of the things I bought myself. I needed the clothes anyway since I left most of my other clothes at Jason's house.

I wonder if he and Madilyn have moved in together yet? Are they already planning their wedding? Ugh, snap out of it, who

cares?

I opened the last door down the hall and gasped. The room was huge and incredible. The walls were white, as was the carpet. It was a really plush carpet. I had kicked my shoes off at the front door and I could feel the carpet under my toes. The furniture was black with copper accents that went well with the white in the room. There were two vanities that I swooned over. They were ash lilac, and the little seat cushions were covered in a deep royal purple. There was a silver tray on one vanity and nothing but the glass top on the other. Both mirrors on them were huge. I looked over at the bed. It was a f*cking Alaska King bed. Yep, a bed for all of us. I smiled at the two royal purple comforters that covered the bed

+8 Points >

Planning For My Future

and the bazillion pillows all in different shades of purple. Was this why Ford asked me my favorite color? I set my bags down and walked around the room. There was so much space. On one side of the room were huge windows with dark purple blackout curtains tied back. The windows look out into the backyard where the pool, deck and fire pit were. I walked to some double doors and threw them open. Again, I gasped. It was a walk-in closet, one side for hanging your clothes, the other with many shelves, some built-in drawers, and a place that looked like you could store jewelry in. There was a fancy shoe rack that looked like one of the guys put together next to the shelves. Did they think I had a gazillion shoes? I chuckled, they obviously thought I was some high-end girl. I really hate to disappoint them.

I walked out of the closet and opened another door and walked into my dream bathroom. There were double vanity sinks,

a room just for the toilet with its own door. The shower was big and could fit probably three people easily and beside that

was a beautiful oval, jetted tub. There was a lot of space here too. I swear a whole family could live in this bedroom alone.

I got busy hanging up my clothes in the closet and putting away my underwear and sleepwear. I barely took up a quarter of the closet. I had to laugh. The shelves had three pairs of heels on them, two pairs of tennis shoes and some ballet flats. The shoes I kicked off downstairs were just my flops.

Hungry, I went to the kitchen. There wasn't much, so I just ordered a pizza and some drinks and put on a movie. I checked my phone for the hundredth time. Still no answer from the

guys. I haven't heard from them since they left on Sunday night, and it is now Thursday. Be patient, Isha, and don't worry about them. They are professionals. The doorbell chimed, I got my food and, not caring to eat alone in the dining room, I brought it all to the living room. I wanted to explore the house more, but food was a must. I turned on the t.v. and found Practical Magic on. I squealed a little, it was one of my favorite movies. I flipped the pizza lid open and started to chow down. The next movie was Murder by Numbers and I checked the guide on the t.v. every movie on this channel was a Sandra Bullock movie. It must be her birthday, and they are celebrating by playing all her movies. Since she was one of my favorite actresses, I approved.

I was really lethargic after eating half the pizza and I decided to forgo the solo tour of the house. I laid down on the couch to watch the Sandra Bullock thriller.

The next thing I knew I was waking up from one of the best sleeps I have ever had. This couch was so comfortable. I looked at my phone. It was nine in the morning. Wow, I got over twelve hours of sleep. Must have been jet lag. Remembering the plan I wanted to do I googled the Colorado University financial department.

Fifteen minutes later, I was talking to Jorge, who was a chipper man in the morning and was eager to help.

"You want to pay for this young man's entire schooling. He has some scholarships, but it's still a significant amount."

"I do. He has a very promising future and I just want him to concentrate on his studies and not worry about paying his bills. I also want to put money on his student card for his meals and whatever else it's used for."

"And how would you like to pay for this ma'am?" he asked, a little astonished.

Since I was given a black card with no limit on it by my Uncle Mark that had my funds connected to it, I informed Jorge that's how I wanted to pay. He choked on his own saliva.

"You're like his fairy Godmother. Does he have any clue you are doing this?" Jorge asked.

"No. I just met him last night. He was my Uber driver from the airport. He was a really sweet person and I had the pleasure of seeing some of his work. He seemed like a hard worker and his attitude was amazing."

“Wow, that’s just incredible. Well, he’s going for his Masters of Architecture, and he’s on an accelerated program. Looking at his record, he’s a very smart young man. He fast tracked everything. His workload is astronomical, and if you are saying he is also working, I am amazed he can find the time to sleep. He’s almost done. His scholarships cover half his cost. The other half is fifty-two thousand eight hundred and ninety-four dollars. Also, how much would you like to put on his student card?”

“How much time does he have left before he graduates?” I asked.

od For By Pute

He still has a year.”

And how much does a student usually use on a student card?”

I would say about five thousand. That covers meals, books, and accessories or recreational games he wants to attend

where they sell souvenirs, ect.”

“Okay, let’s triple that, and will he get the money if there is anything left?”

Yes, it will all be his to-do what he wants.”

“Excellent.”

Jorge and I finished our transaction and I asked if there was somewhere I could send a gift to James.

“You can send it to the Campus Dorm lounge at Lynx Crossing, just make sure his name is on it.”

Thank you, Jorge. You’ve been a great help.”

“Thank you Isha, you have a wonderful morning.”

There was something about James that told me he was going to be big and important to my future.

I took a quick shower and dressed in some cut-off blue jean shorts and a red tank top. I put my black hair up in a high ponytail and put on my flops by the door.

I took one of the guys' vehicles and I ran to a CVS and got some stationery and a small box of envelopes. I then ran to my bank and got a special card to put twenty-five thousand on. I wrote a letter to James.

Dear James,

My name is Isha Ryan. You picked me up at the airport last night, and I was really impressed by your talent and enthusiasm. I have a feeling your future is going to be bright. I have paid off your student loans, and put fifteen thousand on your student card. When you graduate, please contact me. I'd like to invest in your future. I am also sending you a card with twenty-five thousand on it. Please quit your jobs and concentrate on your studies, and have some fun. My email is IslaGold@g*****m, just put your name in the subject line, so I know it's you. I hope to hear from you in a year's time.

Isha Ryan

Missing He

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 56 -

9-11 minutes

+ Pointe >

Missing Her

Dawson

कॉल

"It's time to make our move. We've been here long enough, our plan of action is in place. Court Reynolds will be leaving the country to hop over to Germany. He has a mistress there. I have already tampered with his breaks, and if that doesn't work, I contacted our contact in Germany to take him out. Ford, were you able to get the sleeping gas in place?" I asked.

“Yes, yesterday Court had a construction crew go into his manor and reinforce all the doors in the house with steel and new locks. We also installed bars on the lower windows. He caught one of his staff trying to help Ashley and had her killed. The body is buried in the rose garden under their bedroom window. When we have Ashley, I will contact the local authorities with an anonymous call. I put the sleeping gas canisters on a timer to go off at five a.m. The staff will be out for two hours. That’s how long we have to get her out. Which should be a breeze.”

“Davis you and Mic will be the ones to extract her, Ford you are backup. in case anything goes wrong. I’ll stay with the plane. Let’s make this clean boys. I want to get home to our girl in one piece.”

“She should be in our home by now,” Mic said.

I nodded. “I checked the camera’s and saw her enter. She then checked out her room and ordered pizza and watched movies. She slept for twelve hours and left this morning. I also just checked our chat thread. You guys might want to open it and send a quick message, there’s motivation there for us to come home safely,” I said with a wicked grin. I had to jerk off several times already. I wanted to wait for the guys before sending a quick text.

“Jesus f*cking Christ!” Ford shouted.

Mic and Davis groaned in appreciation.

“I f*cking miss her, I can’t wait to get home and sink my c*ck into her sweet p*ssy,” Mic said.

“And her mouth,” Davis said.

“And her ass,” Ford murmured, the phone right up to his face.

“What are you doing, Ford?”

“I was hoping I could smell her p*ssy through the screen.”

I snorted, I was pretty sure he was serious.

“Alright, let’s get some sleep. Send your texts out, the alarm goes off at three where we will go over the plan one more

time.”

My phone started buzzing instantly as I made my way to my tent. We had set up in a field that was about ten miles from Court Reynold’s estate. The guys were sharing a tent and I had my own. Their f*ck fest the night before kept me up and that’s when I looked at my phone, which I would never have done in the past. Radio silence meant just that. When I saw there were several messages in the chat thread, I clicked on it and groaned. My baby’s sweet body, clothed and unclothed, was on display. This girl was something else. Her body would make any p*rn star jealous, she was so f*cking perfect. My c*ck had gone instantly hard and with the noises that were coming from the tent beside mine, and the pictures in front of my eyes, I couldn’t resist. I had pulled my c*ck out, spit in my palm and started jerking off. Seeing her fingers in her sweet p*ssy, I could just imagine how they felt, and the sounds they would have made and her sweet

moans.

I couldn’t get enough of her. In person, I craved her constantly. It took everything in me to concentrate on everyday tasks and not want to find her and slam my c*ck into her. Sharing her was hard, because I wanted to be inside her constantly. Having her last weekend was f*cking epic. I honestly don’t know how I am going to be able to function when we go home.

1/3

Masing Her

To have her there constantly was going to wreck havoc with my willpower, because it seems when it comes to her, I have

none.

Ever since meeting Isha, she’s been on my mind. I even found the site her books were on and I downloaded one. The girl had a dirty imagination, and I would love nothing more than to re-enact some of these scenes with her. She had me jerking off twice as I read about three bikers tying a club wh*re up and having their way with her. One of them had a whip and used it to mark her body. Was Isha into that? I don’t know if I could mark her skin up like that. She was so beautiful, and I didn’t want to mar her skin. But maybe some spankings? Maybe with a paddle? I’ll have to talk to her. I want to fulfill her every fantasy.

Mic: Baby girl, our mission is almost over and the moment I see you, I'm impaling you on my c*ck. No matter where you are, those are some phenomenal pictures.

Davis: I'm going to eat that p*ssy until you squirt all over my face.

Ford: That ass is mine Princess. You just f*cking wait, I'm going to eat and f*ck it.

Man, they were really worked up. I was pretty sure I was going to be hearing some skin slapping again soon.

My baby, I call dibs on spending the night in your bed the first night we get home.

Mic: F*ck I should have thought of that.

You can join us after I've had my way with her.

My Baby: I miss you guys so much. I've been so worried. I know you said radio silence, but I am so glad to hear from

you.

I quickly clicked over to the boys' thread.

What does that mean? Is she saying what I think she's saying?

Mic: I don't know, I'm a little stunned right now. My brain glitched.

Davis: I'm going to pretend that it does, because I've got to tell you all, I'm falling hard,

Same

Ford: I'm going to choose that it does too, because same here.

Mic: Thank f*ck I thought I was the only one.

I clicked over to mine and Isha's thread.

My baby, we miss you too. Are you okay?

My Baby: I'm just feeling a little lonely. Nothing to worry about. I can't wait for you all to come home. Apparently, when I'm lonely I spend lots of money on random strangers.

Anyone I need to worry about?

My Baby: LOL no.

Okay, going back to radio silence. I love you baby, goodnight.

I wanted to be the first to say it. I turned off my phone and smiled. The first groans hit my ears and I chuckled. It was

going to be a long night.

My alarm went off at three a.m. I woke up with my hand on my hard d*ck and c*m on my stomach. Did I f*cking jerk off in my sleep? Apparently I did. I cleaned up, I heard the guys moving about.

We went over our plan, and then they headed out an hour and a half later. I watched on the camera feed that was on their

2/3

"Gas should have done its job by now," Ford said.

"Let's go," Mic whispered.

They were off, Davis hacked the gate, and it opened. They ran swiftly to the front door. The guards that were supposed to guard the grounds had been taken out with contaminated food that was delivered by a maid we bribed the morning before. The dogs were drugged, so there was no impediment. Ford, being the forward thinker that he was, made keys to

the front door and Ashley's room.

They easily got inside. There were bodies on the first floor of the staff passed out on the ground. I watched as they made their way up the stairs. Ford stopped there as back up while Mic and Davis moved forward down the hall. More bodies of

passed out staff were on the ground.

Davis took the key that Ford gave him and unlocked Ashley's door. When they entered, she was sitting up in bed, eyes

wide.

"Who are you?" she asked in French. Davis told her who they were and why they were there. She scrambled out of bed. We saw the lock around her ankle and the extremely long chain that was attached to it. Mic went to work on the lock. He had it open within three minutes. She ran to her closet and stepped in where we assumed she was dressing. When she came out, she was dressed and she had a small bag. She went to a desk and asked them to unlock it. Mic did. She pulled out some papers. She informed them they were her birth certificate, passport and social security card.

"I need to divorce him. Can you wait until I print out some papers?"

"He will be dead soon. Leave a note stating you are visiting your brother in the states," Mic said.

I watched as Davis took the chain and lock and threw it in a bag they brought with them. We had planned this, so when the authorities came to the house to inform her of her husband's demise, we couldn't have them find the chain. They'd never suspect she was abused and held captive. The death certificate will be issued without problems and, with her being his spouse, she'll inherit his fortune. Davis had taken it upon himself to make sure everything was left to her and the mistress got nothing. Thank God there were no children.

An hour later, they were back with Ashley in tow. I had packed up the campsite while I waited, and we were in the air, twenty minutes later.

"Thank you, thank you so much."

"You're welcome. Your brother will be waiting for us at the airstrip when we land," Ford said.

She nodded. I smiled, we were on our way home, and soon I'd see my baby.

Friendly Advice

Isha

I was giddy. I had just finished my twelfth book. I submitted it all to my editor and applied for completion. My readers seem to like this story, so I am confident the completion will go through.

I closed my laptop and looked around. I really wanted to swim, but I had a little cabin fever too. I pulled out my phone and

dialed Ava.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 57 -

9-11 minutes

“Ava Greene.”

“Hey, it’s Isha. You sound so professional.”

“Hey girl, lol I didn’t look at the caller ID. Are you back?”

“I am. Are you busy?”

“Nope, quit my job.”

“What? Why?”

“My boss couldn’t keep his hands to himself. I reported him to HR, they didn’t do sh*t. They gave me a severance and I just took it and left. So, I am channeling my inner Isla Gold and trying my hand at writing.”

“Ava, that’s fantastic! I want to open a publishing firm. You could be my first author.”

“Girl, shut up! Look, you know what works. My story is horror eroticism. It’s about a girl who moves into a haunted house. The monsters that live there want her, but there’s blood play, and b**m. Do you think that’s something people would want

to read?”

“Ava, there is a market for that. You have no idea. Write it, then let me read it. Once I get my firm started, will you be my

first author?”

I crossed my fingers.

“Yes!”

We both screamed on the phone and then erupted into giggles.

“What are you and the boys doing? Do you want to come over to Aaron’s and my place? By the way, we moved in together,

” she said, giggling.

“Um, I moved in with the boys,” I whispered. I don’t know why I did it, it was like telling her a secret.

“Oh my God! Look at us, we move quickly,” she said, laughing.

“The boys aren’t here right now, they are working.”

“Well, why don’t you come over. Aaron can grill some burgers.”

“I’d like that, I’ll bring a snack tray,” I said.

“Perfect. Five o’clock, I need to text Aaron.”

“Ok, see you then.”

I called Savvy next.

“Hey girl, hey, she answered.

Just gardening, I had to harvest some tomatoes, cucumbers and squash. We have so many at the moment.”

“Well, that’s perfect. Anyway, can I come over and steal some?”

“Yes, please. The boys are volunteering at the firehouse this week. I need some adult company.”

“Okay, I’ll see you soon.”

I took the same SUV I took yesterday and drove the forty minutes to Savanna’s house. I pulled up and Willow came racing

out of the house with Axel on her heels.

When I got out, Willow screamed and launched herself at me. Luckily, I caught her and we both went down.

“Willow Tiera!” Savvy yelled.

We both started giggling, and then I was tickling her.

“Auntie Isha, nooooo,” she screamed in delight.

“Me, me, me,” Axel said as he jumped on my back. I grabbed him by his leg and pulled him. He slid off of me and I cupped

his head so he wouldn’t hit the ground hard and started tickling him.

There is something about a little kid’s giggling that soothes the soul.

“Okay you terrors, go feed the chickens and the goats.”

I watched as Willow and Axel ran off hand in hand.

“You’re so lucky Savvy. Ever think about having more?”

“No. Those two are enough. We just got Axel sleeping in his own bed. I finally have Mac and Jack to myself,” she said

winking.

“I want a half a dozen babies,” I said.

She gawked at me.

“Your poor v*gina.” We both burst into laughter. “So, last time I heard from you, you had a couple of kisses with that man,

Dawson Becks.”

Wow, a lot’s happened since then. She’s going to sh*t herself.

“I have moved in with Dawson and his friends. They took me to a place called Club Vector. We had a fantastic time, and

I’ve had s*x with each of them and holy f*ck Savvy, I now know what it’s like to be you.”

“Yes! I am so happy for you. I hope you have the most fun with this. How do you feel about them emotionally? I am

guessing the s*x is good.”

“The s*x is phenomenal. I mean out of this world. I love having s*x with them individually, but together, together is

definitely my favorite. Emotionally, I’m freaking out a little. I really, really like them and Dawson told me he loved me. He

said it in a text, but I’m not sure if it was an accident. He was like ‘I love you, baby. Goodnight, and then nothing. I’m

pretty sure it is like when you get off the phone and you accidently say, ‘I love you,’ and then hang up.”

“Except he typed it Isha. That talked conscience thought.”

“Hmm, well I don’t know, but I definitely love f*cking them all together. Again, it’s my favorite.”

She was nodding. “Mine too, I love it when my boys and I are together. Any of them together?”

“Yes, three of them. But their dynamic is different. They aren’t g*y. They just have this special bond. They’ve explained they aren’t attracted to other men, besides each other and Dawson. I’m the first girl they’ve all shared.”

2/3

Friendly Advice

“And hopefully the last,” she said with a raised brow.

I gave her a hopeful smile.

“You don’t think you will be?”

5 Points >

“I don’t know. Some days I have all the confidence and I think I’m enough for them. Other days, I think, I wasn’t enough for Jason. How could I possibly be enough for the four of them?”

“Isha, trust me, you’re enough. That doubt you are feeling, that’s because of Jason and his actions. He wasn’t enough. He wasn’t enough of a man to be faithful, loyal and loving. Remember I know where you are coming from. When men cheat,

it’s not about the person they are cheating on. It’s about their ego and pride. They want the wh*re and the Madonna.

Someone to do whatever is in their depraved mind that they can’t see doing with their innocent wife, no matter how much

she wants to experiment. That’s what it was like with me and Brian. With you, your ex’s greed and ego got in the way. He

thought the grass was greener on the other side and thought he had found someone that could give him more prestige.

He's wrong. He should have f*cked her father, not her."

That had me giggling.

"There's something I want to share with you. While I was in Vegas, I found something out."

I told her about my inheritance.

"Holy sh*t! Isha, I'm so f*cking happy for you. Your idea of opening your own publishing firm is fantastic also. Wow, I'm in

the presence of a multi-billionaire. The guys, with the help of Jack's sisters, are almost to that billionaire status. Their

clubs in Florida are freaking popular, and they just opened up a full on b**m with dungeons. Not my cup of tea, but the

buy-in to become a member is different from the other clubs. The buy-in is ten million dollars. They cater to every

patron's needs as long as it's legal. They already have a hundred patrons with more applications to be vetted. I figured this

time next year, my boys will be billionaires."

"Wow," I said. I have never experienced anything like b**m. I'm not sure if that was something I was into.

"Savvy, thank you. Thank you for showing me this world so I could accept Dawson and our guys."

"You're welcome, but I have a feeling you would have done just fine on your own with them."

"I don't know. I wasn't very experienced. Jason was the only man I had been with until Savage and Rage," I said with a

wicked grin.

“They’ve asked the guys about you. They told them to tell me to bring you around to the bar again.”

“Oh, well, you can tell the guys to tell them I’m taken.”

“No, I don’t think I will.”

“Savvy!”

“What? If you ever run into them with the guys, I think their reaction will show you exactly how they feel about you.”

I just shook my head with a smile.

“Let’s go pick your veggies.”

Perfect Homecoming

Mic

“Where is she? I need her. Why do we not have a tracker on her yet?” I asked, desperate for my woman. We landed two hours ago. We had to deliver Ashley first to California, talk to her brother and then get back on the plane. Then we had to go to the office, drop our gear, debrief, and shower. I wanted to skip it all, but Dawson said we had to be disciplined, even though I could see he was biting at the bit to be home like the rest of us. Now we were and she was nowhere to be

found.

“Seriously, you want to put a tracker on her?” Davis asked.,

“If we did, we would know exactly where she was right now.”

“I can just locate her through her phone,” Davis said.

“We all do. We’ve all missed her,” Ford said.

“I had to jerk off on the plane just to take the edge off, or I’d be a two-pump chump tonight,” I said.

That had the guys chuckling, pretty sure we all did, except for Dawson, who had been flying the plane.

Before Davis could locate her through her phone, all of our phones pinged.

I looked at my phone and saw there was a message from Aaron.

Aaron: Too bad you all had to work. This is my view and I am loving it. Since you like sharing so much, do you think I

can have a threesome with Isha? I know Ava would be okay with it.

Picture of Isha in a very little yellow bikini laughing with Ava, drink in her hand and her arm around Ava's waist:

Touch her and die mother f*cker. I will cut your balls off and feed them to you.

Ford: I'll skull f*ck you a*shole

Davis: You're dead for even asking

Dawson: You're fired.

Aaron: I'm joking, jeez you guys have it bad. I understand though, I couldn't share Ava with another man either.

Ummmm am I still fired?

Dawson: If you can keep your d*ck away from our woman, you're still my friend and realtor.

Aaron: Consider my d*ck nowhere near your woman.

I huffed. I went to my room and grabbed my car keys to my Aston Martin.

"Where are you going?" Ford yelled as I rushed back downstairs.

"To get our girl."

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 58 -

12-15 minutes

“I’m coming with you,” Davis shouted.

“Nope!” I said and ran. I heard him curse, but I made it to my car and had just shot forward when he rounded the driveway. F*cker shouldn’t have kicked off his shoes. I chuckled as he started shouting. His tongue twisters were doing

him well.

I knew I had about fifteen minutes before any of them could come after me. I saw that Dawson’s vehicle was gone, so he’d have to catch a ride with one of the others.

1/4

Aaron has been our friend for just over a year, and we’ve been to his house a couple of times. When I pulled up, I could hear music coming from the back of his house. I walked up to the fence and I smiled. I could see my girl sunning in a lounger, talking to Ava. Aaron was nowhere to be seen, but I could smell burgers on the grill. I saw the gate was locked, so I jumped the fence.

“So the s*x is off the charts?” I heard Ava whisper.

“Girl, you have no f*cking idea. Individually and all together. I’ve never been d*cked down so well. I miss them so much,”

Isha sighed.

I smirked and snuck up on them.

“That’s good to hear, baby girl,” I said, sliding my arms under her and picking her up from behind. I threw her in the air, turning her and catching her all-in-one go. She squealed in shock and then squealed again after seeing me, wrapping her arms around my neck and her legs around my waist, hugging the breath out of me.

“Oh Mic! I’m so glad you’re home. I’ve missed you so much! All of you,” she cried out, and then she smashed her mouth on mine and there was no better feeling than my girl’s happiness at seeing me. Sure, being inside her was f*cking exceptional, but this, right here, was the best feeling ever.

“Hi baby, I’ve missed you too.”

She kissed me all over my face and I couldn’t help chuckling. I sat us down on the lounge chair, me leaning back and her

straddling me. She looked at me smiling hugely.

“Your mission went well, are you all safe?” she asked, and I melted. I literally felt my heart become goo. No one has ever asked how one of our jobs has gone, let alone wanting to know if we were safe.

“Yeah baby. The guys are right behind me. I just hauled ass to get here once Aaron let us know where you were. I didn’t like coming home and not finding you there, or not knowing where you went.”

“I’m sorry. I wasn’t expecting you home. I would have been there or left a note.”

“I know baby, I’m just teasing. I’ll just put a tracker on you, so I know where you’re at all the time.”

She blinked at me, and then she smiled even bigger.

“Okay, as long as I can do the same.”

I threw back my head and laughed. This woman. I brought her towards me and started kissing her. I noticed the tiny triangles barely covering her n*pples and the tiny scrap between her legs. My f*cking hard on was under her ass at a downward angle and I needed to get it upwards. I brushed my fingers down her sides to her spectacular ass and lifted

her.

“Adjust me baby,” I said against her lips. She giggled and did just that.

“God, that’s hot, I heard Ava say. I jolted. I totally forgot she was there, some f*cking security expert I was. One look at my girl and I see nothing and nobody else.

“Sorry, Ava. Didn’t see you there,” I chuckled. Isha cuddled into my chest and I held her completely content.

Ava giggled, "That's just fine. I'm glad my friend has a man that only has eyes for her."

"Men, she has men that only have eyes for her," I said as I heard the tires of my buddies' cars screeching to a halt.

"Hey, f*ckers. Watch the tire marks," Aaron yelled as he came around the corner with a grill flipper in his hand. "Oh, hey

Mic."

I narrowed my eyes at him. I still didn't like the threesome remark, and he chuckled at me. I squeezed Isha and she squeaked.

2/4

Perfect Homecoming

Sorry, he was trying to take what is mine."

"Oh, did he f*cking play that threesome joke. He said he was going to do that. I told him it wouldn't go over well," Ava

said.

"No it did not, you almost lost your boyfriend."

"Well, I'm glad I didn't. I love him," she said with a smile.

I heard Isha sigh and she cuddled in more.

I was holding her tight because I heard running feet coming towards us.

"Mine," Ford growled. He snatched Isha out of my arms and jumped into the pool. I noticed he only had board shorts on. I watched as they came up from the water kissing.

“F*cker,” I mumbled. That’s okay. I was going to steal her before we got home. I needed to feel her p*ssy wrapped around

1.

“How is she?” Dawson asked, coming to sit by my feet. Davis hit my arm and I scooted over for him to sit next to me. It was a tight fit, but I put my arm behind him and cuddled him with me, holding him tight to my side. I kissed the side of his

head and he hummed.

“She’s good. She’s missed us and is extremely happy we are home, as you can see.

We watched as Ford had her against the wall at the deep end. They were making out like crazy. He had his arms on either side of her holding them both up, and she was wrapped around them. I heard them both groan and I just knew, he was f*cking her up against the pool wall. That d*ck, I wanted her first. Oh well.

The water was churning around them, yep they were f*cking.

“Don’t c*m in my pool!” Aaron shouted.

Both Isha and Ford groaned in pleasure.

“I think it’s too late, baby. Besides, we f*cked last night in your pool. No biggie,” Ava said.

We all chuckled, and Aaron rolled his eyes and went back to grilling.

“Isha made a snack tray if you guys are hungry. There are tomatoes, cucumbers, black olives, salami and three different types of cheeses, with crackers.”

“Thanks darlin, I’m starving,” Dawson said, getting up.

“Me too,” Davis said. He turned my head and kissed me and then got up.

“You’re so lucky. You have a good woman and some good buddies. I love Isha, she and I are becoming really good friends. I can honestly say, she’s becoming one of my best friends.”

“I’m glad. I think she needs more female friends. And thank you, I feel pretty lucky having all of them in my life.”

“Please don’t hurt her, Mic. She’s been through so much. I can also tell she is falling for all of you. The way she talks

about you all, she gets this dreamy look. She deserves to be happy.”

“I couldn’t agree more. Don’t worry, none of us will hurt her. She’s our life, our angel,” I said. Her whole body was now

shuddering as Ford pounded into her. I was f*cking hard as a rock. “Excuse me.”

I got up and stripped off my shirt, shoes, socks, and then finally my pants. I didn’t care that my boxer briefs were going to

get wet.

I walked around to the side of the pool and dove in. I swam up behind Ford and gripped his hips to stop f*cking Isha.

3/4

Perfect Homecoming

48 Pousts 7

“Oh, f*ck, I heard him breathe. Ford has bottomed before but it wasn’t often. He loved it though, and he especially loved it from me, just like Davis did.

“Shhh, you’ll be okay.”

I took out my c*ck and pulled Ford’s shorts down. I probed him with two fingers and eased into him. He groaned and Isha whimpered. She knew what was about to happen and with as wide as her eyes got and the lust I saw blazing there,

she liked it.

I worked him as much as I could. I needed to be in him now.

I notched my c*ck at his entrance and in one push I went balls deep.

“F*****ck,” Ford groaned out loudly.

“Isha, I heard something behind me, what’s happening,” I asked as I started to pump in and out of Ford’s tight ass.

“Aaron picked Ava up and is now lying behind her. He has her legs spread and is playing with her p*ssy and t*ts while they watch us,” her breath hitched.

“Where are Davis and Dawson?”

“I don’t know. I don’t see them,” she moaned.

I looked at her. Her eyes were glued to what was happening behind me and I smirked. We have another voyeur in the

family.

I pounded Ford’s ass. Each thrust I made I pushed him into Isha. She came twice before I felt the tingles in my balls and spine. I heard skin slapping behind me and I would bet my left nut that Aaron was f*cking Ava as they watched the show in front of them. Aaron was a good guy. Not many men would tolerate a guy f*cking another guy in front of them, but apparently our scene turned them on.

With three more pumps, I groaned as I f*cked my load into Ford’s ass. It triggered an orgasm from both of my lovers and, apparently from the sounds of a shout and moan behind me, it triggered Ava’s and Aaron’s too.

“I’m sending you my pool cleaning bill,” Aaron shouted.

“Worth it,” both Ford and I shouted back. We all laughed. I kissed Ford on the neck and then leaned over his shoulder and

kissed Isha. This was the perfect homecoming.

“Let’s go clean up,” I said.

I pulled out of Ford, and then he did the same to Isha. We swam to the side of the pool and got out. When we got into the

house, Dawson and Davis were sitting at the dining table eating.

“You could have joined in,” I said.

“Nah, I have plans for our girl tonight,” Dawson said. He was staring at Isha hard. She blushed. I chuckled. How could

she blush after what we just did? It made me love her even more than I already did. Because I loved her a lot. The

realization hit me when we were over the Atlantic. I had missed her so much, and I couldn’t honestly see our lives going

forward without her. I just needed to find the right time to tell her and to convince her to love me back.

+8 Points)

She’s Special

Davis

I watched Ford, Mic and Isha walk down the hall to the bathroom in Aaron’s house. I wanted her desperately.

“You jealous?”

My eyes snapped to Dawson’s.

“A little. I want as much as the rest of you do. She’s special. I care about her a lot.”

“Do you love her?”

I nodded as I shoveled the last bite of my burger in my mouth.

"I do. I don't think she's ready to hear it though. I mean she's just gotten out of a relationship and jumped right in with us. We could just be a rebound for her," I said quietly. It was my fear. That she'd fulfill her needs with us and then seek out a meaningful relationship with someone else.

"You don't think she cares about us as much as we do her?"

"I think she cares. But I think she's overwhelmed by all of our attention too. She's not used to it. She's eating it up. I don't blame her for it. Bbb," I stopped and took a deep breath. "But I also think she's unsure of us. Her insecurities and fears are valid. We have to show her, she's our everything. Convince her she's not just a fling to us. Make her fall in love."

"I agree. Just keep loving up on her, that's all we can do. Even if we are a rebound for her, it could grow into something

else," Dawson said, and I nodded.

"I'm going to go steal her," I said. I took my plate to the sink and rinsed it off. Then rinsed my mouth out.

"She's mine tonight," Dawson said. I nodded.

I walked down the hallway, I found the bathroom they were in from all the noise that was coming from it. I was surprised

to find the door unlocked. I slipped in. None of them paid me any attention. My guys had Isha in the middle of them.

Both of them are pumping away. Mic in her p*ssy and Ford in her ass. Isha's moans and whimpers were music to my

ears. I stripped and palmed my c*ck. I stroked myself with one hand and rolled my balls with the other. I watched them

for a minute, enjoying myself.

Isha noticed me first. She came hard, her head turning to lay on Mic's shoulder. She smiled at me. Her eyes blazed as

she watched me stroke my c*ck in long pulls. Her lips parted, and I could imagine them wrapped around me. My head

fell back a little, but I kept my eyes on her. She bit her bottom lip and then shattered again. This time she screamed her

release, and it made Mic and Ford fall over. Both of them groaned in unison.

Ford pulled out of her slowly. He bent down to his knees and soothed her ass with his tongue. I almost blew my load

right then and there at the sight. When Mic pulled out, Ford buried his face in her p*ssy and Mic held her open for him.

Then he tongued Mic's d**k, cleaning him up. Ford was a dirty, dirty boy, and we all loved it. I stood there waiting for them

to finish washing. Ford was the first one out, his eyes lit up when he saw me.

"Like the show?"

"Very much," I said.

I stepped into the shower. I kissed Mic, then turned to Isha and kissed her. I heard Mic get out of the shower, and put

Isha against the wall. Her legs wrapped around me, and I slipped right into her.

"F*ck, I've missed you," I said against her lips.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 59 -

6-7 minutes

1/3

< She's Special

+6 Points >

Our tongues tangled while I slowly pumped in and out of her. I just loved feeling her walls grip me in her tight, silky

smoothness.

"I've missed you too," she said in between kissing me. She started moving her hips with mine. Both of us f*cking each other. It felt so good, I never wanted to stop.

"Your p*ssy Isha, was made for us. You feel so good. Each of us love being here," I said, punctuating it with a hard thrust. She cried out. I felt her juices gush around me.

"Davis, I love being with you, with all of you."

My heart had beat hard when the word love came out of her mouth. I started to pound into her with long hard strokes.

"Davis! Yes, Davis, harder, please."

"You want it hard baby, drop your legs, and turn, then bend over and touch your toes."

She did as I told her to. I slammed back into her. With her bent in half, I gripped her hips and pounded away. Over and

over my hips smacked her ass, the slapping of our skin echoed around the bathroom. Her cries were loud, and my eyes

rolled into the back of my head at the fill of her tight, wet, heat. She was f*cking incredible.

I looked down and watched my d*ck disappear into her and come back out. My d*ck was glistening with her juices

combined with Ford's and Mic's. It was hot, so f*cking hot. A primal need to have her taste all of us came over me.

"Drop to your knees and suck my c*ck. Taste all of us together, baby."

She did. She dropped, turned and opened her mouth. I watched her swallow me. My groan and snarl were feral as I

gathered her hair into a ponytail and shoved my d*ck deep down her throat.

My groan was loud, and she moaned around me, making my groan turn into a high-pitched noise that should never come

out of a masculine man's mouth. But f*ck it was good. She choked around me. I cursed at the feel of it and shoved past

her gag reflex. When I felt her throat constrict around me, I lost it. I used her. I couldn't help it. In and out, I slammed into

her mouth. Her obscene noises spurred me on more, going faster. She put both her hands on my thighs, and then she

shoved me deep down and held herself to my groin, swallowing convulsively.

"F***CK!" I shouted as I let loose stream after stream of c*m down her throat. My knees almost buckled, and I had to slap

my hands against the wall to keep myself from falling her as she used her tongue to clean me all up.

"Jesus Christ, baby. What the f*ck? You're going to be the death of me," I rumbled.

She giggled, and I looked at her face. She had a radiant smile as she licked her lips.

"You just taste so good, I couldn't help it," she said, seductively.

I growled and picked her up. I kissed her first, then lifted her more until I threw her legs over my shoulders. I leaned her against the wall and shoved my tongue into her juicy c*nt. I moaned at the taste of her. I could taste Mic, Ford and her. All of my favorite flavors. I f*cked my tongue in and out of her, curling it to get the mix of them on my taste buds. My tongue moved up to her clit, where I flicked it rapidly. Her thighs squeezed my head, her cries were becoming louder and

louder.

“Squirt on my face baby. Come on, give me your juice,” I begged. I went back to f*cking her with my tongue, curling it inside of her when a high-pitched squeal came out of her as I rimmed her asshole with my little finger and she burst. Her juices flooded my mouth and I drank her ambrosia. I shoved my whole face into her sweet p*ssy, my nose rubbing her clit, my tongue soothing her spasming hole.

She slumped forward, and I gently brought her down and held her in my arms. I turned and washed my face in the spray

of the shower.

2/3

She’s Special

I kissed her head since she was cuddling on my shoulder as I held her.

“Davis,” she whispered.

“Yeah, baby?”

“My heart feels so full. You make me feel so much.”

It was almost the declaration I wanted. I’d take it for now.

** Pages >

“I know what you mean, My Sweet Angel.” I turned off the shower after washing both of us and I wrapped a huge towel around us. I stepped out of the bathroom. I called out to Mic, and asked him to bring us something to wear, and I found

an empty room.

“Are you tired baby?”

“A little,” she whispered.

Mic came into the room.

“I’m going to lie with her for a little while. Thanks,” I said as he brought us some shorts and tank tops.

I climbed into the bed that was in front of us and we laid down. I sighed as I felt her relax fully and fall asleep. I was so damn happy.

Small Misunderstanding

Isha

I woke up in an unfamiliar room, naked with an arm wrapped around me. My brows furrowed for a second, but then everything came rushing back. A smile broke across my face and I rolled over. Davis, face soft in sleep. He looked really young. I lifted my hand and brushed my fingertips down his temple to his jaw. He moaned in his sleep.

“Love you My Sweet Angel,” he mumbled. I froze.

He did not just say that! My eyes were wide, and my mouth was wide open. He’s the second one to say it to me. I snapped my mouth shut, my heart was pounding. I licked my lips, looking back at his face. Tears suddenly sprang to my eyes.

“I love you too,” I whispered.

I was glad there was no reaction. I didn’t know how I would act if he knew I felt the same. I wasn’t ready to admit it to them though. The feelings that were running through me were completely different from what I ever felt for Jason. They were stronger, and harder and

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 60 -

8-10 minutes

Small Misunderstanding

Isha

I woke up in an unfamiliar room, naked with an arm wrapped around me. My brows furrowed for a second, but then everything came rushing back. A smile broke across my face and I rolled over. Davis, face soft in sleep. He looked really young. I lifted my hand and brushed my fingertips down his temple to his jaw. He moaned in his sleep.

“Love you My Sweet Angel,” he mumbled. I froze.

He did not just say that! My eyes were wide, and my mouth was wide open. He’s the second one to say it to me. I snapped my mouth shut, my heart was pounding. I licked my lips, looking back at his face. Tears suddenly sprang to my eyes.

“I love you too,” I whispered.

I was glad there was no reaction. I didn’t know how I would act if he knew I felt the same. I wasn’t ready to admit it to them though. The feelings that were running through me were completely different from what I ever felt for Jason. They were stronger, and harder and

completely all-consuming. Dawson’s little slip and Davis’s sleepy declaration went a long way to making me feel whole.

Having the sudden urge to pee, I got out of the bed I was in. I put my pillow in Davis’s arms. I had to smile when he cuddled into it, his face completely smothered as if he was trying to smell me. I leaned over and kissed his cheek. I saw him smile, and I couldn’t help smiling bigger. I really did love him.

I found my clothes and put them on. I stepped out of the room and looked down the hall, I went into the bathroom and did my business. When I came out, I heard laughter and talking. Something clacking on a surface. When I came out of the hall, I saw Mic, Ford, Dawson, and Aaron sitting at the dining table playing dominoes. Ava was in the living room watching Nerve, a movie I secretly loved.

“Isha!” Ava squealed, jumping from the couch. She ran over to me and engulfed me in a hug like we hadn’t seen each other in ages. I giggled, wrapping my arms around her.

“You’re okay? You don’t feel awkward, do you?” She whispered into my ear.

I pulled back from her and looked at her confused.

“Aaron and I on the lounge, while you and the boys did your thing in the pool?”

“Oh, no. I actually found it pretty f*cking hot, watching you and you watching us.”

She visibly relaxed. “Okay, good. I was worried things would be different between us.”

“No, Ava, I really like you. I wish we were better friends in school. But I am glad we are good friends now.”

She beamed, “Me too!” She kissed me on the cheek. Whistles came from the table and we both broke out into giggles. My stomach decided to rumble at that moment.

“Baby girl, come eat. There’s a cheeseburger with your name on it. I’ll warm it up,” Mic said, getting up from the table.

Dawson grabbed me as I got closer and sat me on his lap. He kissed my temple.

*Sleep well?”

“Yes. I haven’t slept that well the last few nights. I really needed it.”

“Hmm, good. You’re going to need your stamina for when we get home.”

I blushed and he chuckled.

1/4

Small Misunderstanding

“How do you want your burger baby?” Mic asked.

“Just mustard please. Oh, and I brought some ruffles. Can I have a handful?”

“Coming right up!”

+5 Points

“Lay this domino down in front of you, please,” Dawson whispered in my ear, making me shiver and goosebumps break out all over my shoulders and arms. I did as he asked, and he licked and then kissed my shoulder.

Mic placed a plate in front of me, I took my bun off and put six ruffles on top of my mustard burger.

“That’s gross,” Aaron said. I heard a gasp and saw Ava smacking him on his shoulder as she sat her own burger down

and sat on his lap.

“Have you tried it?” I asked.

“Ew, no,”

“Try it, I dare you.”

“Oh, ho, are we doing another game of Truth or Dare?” Aaron said, smiling.

“Nope, but if you back down, it means you’re a p*ssy,” I said.

Mic, Ford and Dawson chuckled, Ava giggled and Aaron snorted.

I stared at him and he rolled his eyes.

“Fine, hand your burger over.”

I passed it over. He looked at it like it was a piece of sh*t. His nose and top lip scrunched in disgust. He went to take a small bite, but Ava shoved his hand and he ended up taking a big one. He glared at her as he chewed, then his eyebrows

shot up and he took another bite.

“This is so good,” he said with his mouth full.

“Here Isha, mine is the same. I eat it with ruffles and just mustard too.”

She passed me her cheeseburger and got up to get another.

“Seriously, how were we not friends in high school?”

“I was too busy trying to fit in, and you always had your nose in a book.”

“True. I was so shy, books became my friends.”

“You aren’t too shy anymore,” Aaron said with a wicked grin.

“That’s because of these guys. They bring out my naughty side.”

“See, told you,” Ford said, giving me a wink.

I smirked at him and ate my burger.

After Davis woke up and ate, we went home. I rode with Dawson in his SUV.

“I’m sorry I didn’t ask to use your vehicle,” I said.

“It’s no problem. What’s mine is yours. You can use any of our vehicles, or we can go shop for one of your own.”

“Yeah, I want my own. I need to go look for sites for my publishing firm. I think I want to build it. I have something in my

mind about how I want it to look.”

“Wow, okay. Have you talked to Aaron about land?”

2/4

Small Misunderstanding

“Yeah. He said he had several he could show me. Ava’s going to be my first author.”

“I didn’t know Ava wrote.”

Ponte

“She is now. I can’t wait to read what she’s writing. She said it’s full of blood play and b**m. I’ve never experienced either. Not sure if I want to though. I’m not much into pain, besides a smack on my butt or a n*pple pinch.”

I saw him smile and he looked relieved.

“Dawson? Is there something that’s bothering you?”

His cheeks started to turn pink and he cleared his throat.

“I, um, have been reading one of your books. The Daddy’s MC? There was a scene with three bikers, where they tied a club wh*re to some sort of rig and one of them whipped her. I was wondering if that’s something you were into. I know

that’s some b**m stuff.”

“Oh, um, no, like I said, not into a lot of pain. But I wouldn’t mind being tied up.”

The SUV swerved as his head jerked to look at me.

“Really?”

“Yeah, something about being restrained while being used turns me on.”

“Okay,” he said in a raspy voice. I bit my lip and looked at his groin. There was a tent growing.

“The thought of me being completely helpless turns you on, doesn’t it?”

“So very much,” he mumbled.

“What about chasing me, Dawson? Would you and the boys like to chase me? Maybe through some woods?”

“Jesus f*ck,” he said, adjusting himself. I couldn’t help giggling.

“You’re a tease, baby. You had better be careful, or I might think you were serious.”

“Oh, Dawson,” I said, unbuckling my seatbelt. I leaned over and cupped his bulge. “I am so serious. It’s one of my biggest fantasies, to be chased, restrained and have my clothes ripped off me by a masked man and f*cked, hard.”

His d**k jumped in my palm and I squeezed him. He groaned.

“One day baby, I am going to make your fantasy come true. You just f*cking wait, it will be when you least expect it.”

He pulled up to the house and there was a familiar car in the driveway. I stepped out as my guys pulled up behind us.

The car door opened and James stepped out.

“Miss Isha!” he yelled, and ran over to me. Before I could stop him, he lifted me up and swung me around in a giant hug.

“WHAT THE F*CK?” All four of my guys roared.

James hastily put me on my feet. Davis tackled him to the ground and flipped him to his stomach.

“Davis! No!”

Everyone froze, they all looked at me and I felt my heart crack at the looks of betrayal on their faces.

Tears sprang to my eyes. Did they not trust me?

“I..I can explain,” I said, as a tear escaped.

Davis sucked in a breath, Mic slowly came over and cupped my face. Ford and Dawson came closer to me. I could feel the heat of their bodies.

3/4

* Small Misunderstanding

“Don’t cry, it just took us by surprise. We don’t like it when other men touch you.”

“I understand,” I whispered.

I watched as Davis lifted James up, but he kept hold of his arm.

“Let’s go inside,” Dawson said in a clipped voice. He sounded angry.

+8 Points>

“I’m sorry,” I said, taking my face out of Mic’s hands and rushing to the front door. I punched in the code and ran inside. I

needed a minute to calm down.