

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 81 -

9-12 minutes

Great News

Great News

Ava

I couldn't believe I was here in the hospital with my best friend lying in a bed unconscious. Isha had become so special to me. I remember **back** in high **school** seeing her a lot with her nose in a book. We'd pass each other, and she always had a nice smile for me. We even had a class together. She was sweet. I unfortunately, was vain and was too busy trying to become Miss Popular.

But I always saw her around and felt we could have been friends instead of just friendly. Bumping into her again seemed like fate. A chance to become friends. But she had become more than that. I feel a deep connection with her. Like in a past life, we were real sisters.

It was weird how one minute we're talking about my problems with Aaron and the next she's collapsing into Savvy's arms. Thank God Savvy was quick on her feet. The dogs **ran** over, barking and whining frantically. When the paramedics came, we had to get the dogs to stop protecting her so they could get close. Savvy had to call Jack and Mac for help. The dogs wouldn't let anyone close to her. Jack came storming out of the house and to the backyard with Mac hot on his heels. Jack's sharp commands to the dogs had them standing down except little Dean. His whole body was shaking, but he fiercely stood next to Isha and tried to bite the paramedics when they got close. Mac scooped him up and Dean went feral. Mac had to clamp his hand over Dean's muzzle to keep himself from getting his nose bitten off. They stayed back with the dogs and kids while Savvy and I followed the paramedics to the hospital. I called Aaron in a panic. No matter how betrayed I felt by him, I really needed him right now.

Savvy was sitting on one side of the bed, biting her thumbnail as she stared at Isha. I had my arms clasped around my middle, rocking back and forth in my chair on the other side of Isha's bed.

The hospital door opened, and a pretty elderly doctor came in with a small smile on her face with a male nurse who checked Isha's fluids and vitals.

“Hello, I’m Doctor Ivory. You must be **Isha’s** sister?” she asked Savvy.

Savvy said she was her sister so we could be with her and be told what was wrong with her. They look so much alike no one questioned it.

“Her half sister, yes,” she said.

“Well, it looks like your sister is extremely dehydrated and a little malnourished. Do you know the last time it was when she ate?”

We both shook our heads.

“She’s a writer, sometimes she gets so absorbed in what she is doing she forgets to drink or eat,” I said. It was only a guess because that’s what happens to me sometimes.

“Well, she’s going to need to eat a lot more than she has been. And she’s going to need a lot more fluids too. She’s four weeks pregnant.”

Savvy and I both gasped.

“Oh my God!” We both squealed, jumping up and running around the bed to hug each other as we jumped up and down.

Great News

The doctor chuckled, “Well, I’m glad to ane this is good news. I am going to prescribe her some prenatal vitamins. Once she gets more fluids and vitamins in her through the IV, she should he waking up. It could be soon or a couple of hours because her dehydration was severe We’d also like to keep her here for

observation tonight.

“Thank you so much, Doctor Ivory I can’t wait to tell her when she wakes up, Savvy said

The doctor left, and we sat down grinning from ear to ear

“Whose do you think it is?” I asked.

“Well, I don’t think they were careful like Jack, Mac and I were. So it could be any of theirs. But the barbecue was a month ago and the only person I remember being in her p*ssy was Davis. But then when the doctor said a month ago it could be a couple of days more or less and we both know she has s*x with them often, so really it could be any of theirs.”

“They’re going to be ecstatic. I know they’ll all love this little one regardless of who the father actually is”

The door to Isha’s room burst open and Savage, Rage, James and Aaron walked in

“Ava, baby,” Aaron said, **as** he rushed over to me. I know I said I needed him, but now that I knew nothing was actually wrong, the hurt came back. He went to lean down to kiss me, but I turned my cheek. I saw him stiffen. I looked at Savvy and saw compassion in her eyes.

I looked at Rage, Savage and James, and they were all eyeing each other and us uncomfortably. I sighed.

“So, what’s wrong with her?” James asked.

“She has severe dehydration and some malnutrition probably from not eating when she gets into her writing zone. And she’s pregnant.”

“No sh*t?” Savage said with a smile. I nodded and everyone smiled.

“The guys are going to lose it,” James said.

“Yeah, they’ll become completely unhinged with their possessiveness. I know I would,” Aaron said. I looked at him and I saw **so** much longing in his eyes. I felt tears prick mine and I looked down.

“Okay, well, it’s crowded in here. I’m guessing they’ll want to keep her for observation overnight?” Rage

asked.

Savvy and I nodded.

“We’ll be at the compound if you need us. We’ll come over tomorrow night then. You okay with that baby boy?” Savage asked James.

“Yeah. Nothing we can do for her now. See you girls tomorrow.”

We gave them all hugs.

When they left, I looked at Savvy.

“You should go. Your family needs you. I’ll stay with her.”

“Okay, if you’re sure,” Savvy said.

“Yeah.” She leaned down and hugged me. She whispered for me to listen to what Au on had to say and to remember her story about her friend.

Great News

I hugged her back and whispered, thank you.

When she left, Aaron grabbed her chair and brought it over to sit next to me. He angled it so he was facing

1. me.

“Baby, look at me, please.”

“I can’t. I just can’t right now, Aaron. I am so hurt by your actions and God knows whatever else.”

“Nothing. There is no whatever else. I haven’t done anything to betray you except maybe for being utterly stupid for not listening to your concerns, and I am so **sorry** for that. You were right. Me going out with the partners **and** the secretaries was a huge mistake. Not because I did anything but because I was so blind to

what was going on.”

He told me what he started to notice and then about him being drugged and what his bosses had said to him. Then he told me about getting the video, sending it to his bosses' wives and resigning.

I was flabbergasted, and then I was in his arms.

"I'm sorry, I am so sorry for doubting you," I sobbed.

"No, baby. I am sorry for giving you a reason to doubt me, but Ava, you have to know, you are my everything. love you so d*mn much that I couldn't imagine not having you in my life."

I hiccupped and then kissed him. I was at an awkward angle, so I moved and straddled him, and we made out for a solid five minutes.

"As hot **as** I find watching you two make out, what the hell happened to me?" I heard Isha croak.

I gasped and got off of Aaron's lap. We both stood up and turned to her. I sat in my chair, and he sat on her bed. I grabbed her hand.

"Isha, you're awake finally. We thought you'd be out longer."

"Well, I am probably going to pass out again. I can hardly keep my eyes open. What's going on?"

"You were dehydrated and malnourished. When was the last time you ate?" I asked.

She stared at me and then closed her eyes.

"Not since yesterday. And I'm dehydrated because of all the d'mn wrong with me,"

"We do. You're four weeks pregnant," I told her.

Crying I've done lately. I don't know what's

Her eyes went comically wide, and then she broke out into a huge grin. Her hands went to her belly.

“Wow. Oh my God.” And then she burst into tears. Aaron chuckled. I leaned over and kissed her forehead. I got her a cup of water and a straw. I helped her drink. “I can’t believe it.”

“Well, believe it. Savvy, James, Rage and Savage were here. Mac and Jack stayed with the kids and the dogs. We had a hell of a time trying to keep the dogs from attacking the paramedics, but Jack and Mac took control. Dean almost bit Mac’s nose off.

“Oh no! Is he okay?”

“Mac or Dean?” I teased. She scoffed and rolled her eyes.

“Dean, of course.” That made me laugh.

Great News

“**They’re both okay.**”

“**Thank** you so much, Ava.” I took her hand again and squeezed it. Her eyes darted **back and forth between** Aaron and I. “So, I guess, **since** you guys were making out so hot and heavy you **made-up?**”

I blushed. “You and Savvy were right. He’s not cheating.” We both told her what had happened.

“I hope you sue the sh*t out of your ex-bosses,” she said.

“Oh, yes. I am going to file a civil suit against them and Cleo,” Aaron said.

“Good. Well, since it looks like I’ll be staying here overnight, could you guys go back to my **place and watch** the dogs, please?” Isha asked.

“I want to stay here with you,” I said.

“I’m just going to sleep. Trust me, I will be sleeping like the dead. But I really need someone to take **care of** the dogs. You can all pick me up tomorrow when I get discharged.”

I bit my lip. I really didn’t want to leave her, but she pleaded with me with her eyes.

“Okay, but we’ll be here tomorrow to get you in the morning. And then we’re going to use your billions **and hire** a world–class chef to feed us for the next two weeks.”

She chuckled. “Deal.”

I kissed her on the cheek and then Aaron kissed her too. We bade her farewell and walked hand in hand **to**

Aaron’s car.

“I’m glad we could work out our problems, baby. Again, I’m sorry.”

“I’m sorry too. Come on, let’s get to the house fast. We can put the dogs to bed and then order in some dinner. I am starving. We were going to order a pizza but then all this happened.

“Sounds like a plan,” he said.

We drove off not knowing the sh*t storm we would walk into the next morning.

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8-10 minutes

Fate

Jason

I grunted as I finished jerking off in the shower. My phone had been ringing a couple of times, but I ignored **it**. I haven’t gotten off since Ginny gave me my last blow job. It’s been what, five days since then? I was **not** used to going so long. I didn’t feel like picking up some random either.

My phone went off for like the sixth time. I snarled and turned off the water. I got out and, not worrying

about the water I was dripping everywhere, ran to grab my phone.

“Hello?”

“Mr. Baxter?”

“Yes, this is Jason Baxter.”

“Mr. Baxter, this is Elena Huxley and Intermountain Health Saint Joseph Hospital. We pulled up the

information for Isha Baxter. She has you on her file as her emergency contact?”

My heart started beating fast at the mention of Isha’s name. What happened? Why was she in the hospital? Did one of those a*sholes hurt her? Has she not changed her name yet? Does she still love me?

“Isha is my wife, what has happened?” I ask, holding my breath that Isha hadn’t told them we were divorced.

“Well, sir, she was admitted by ambulance. She collapsed and is unconscious. I am calling to inform you of

that. Is your insurance still the same for billing purposes?”

I still had my insurance policy. I haven’t canceled it yet. It was on my to do list..

“Yes, it’s the same. How did you know to contact me?”

“Well, her sister didn’t have the information we needed for our records, she used the name Isha Ryan. When I asked if they had brought Ms. Ryan’s ID. She gave me it, but it said Isha Baxter. When I told her sister that, she said it was her married name. So, I put that name in our system, and she popped up from a previous stay.”

“Oh right, that was when she hit her head last Christmas holiday when she hung some decorations and fell

from a stepladder,” I explained.

“Yes, well, since she was in the system you were there as her emergency contact.”

“Wait, did you say sister? Isha doesn’t have a sister.”

There was silence for a long minute.

“The woman that came in here with her said she was her sister.” She must have been with Savvy, they did

look alike.

“Well, they’re like sisters, she’s her very good friend. I am glad she was there with my wife. Can **you** tell me

how my wife is now?”

“**Still** unconscious sir. She was dehydrated **and** a little malnourished. It also says **that your baby is fine.**”

Baby? She’s f*cking pregnant? Hmm.

“Oh, thank God. Listen, I **just got out of** the shower, **I’ll be there soon,**”
I **hung up with the lady and sat on my**

III

Fate

bed. I nibbled on my lip thinking of a plan and when it struck, I couldn’t **help the** smile that **was on** my **face.**

I dressed quickly, packed a small bag and then ran to the hardware store, then the grocery store **to stock** up on supplies, and a clothing store and bought some essentials I’d need for Isha.

Afterward, I drove the hour and a half to our cabin. With the tools I had there, I set up everything I needed. Then I drove back to Denver and straight to the hospital. Night had fallen by this time and I walked **up to the**

front desk.

“Hi, I’m Jason Baxter. My wife Isha was admitted earlier today. I just got in and came straight here.”

The pretty lady behind the desk smiled and then directed me to Isha’s room. When I got there, I walked in quietly. I was surprised to see her asleep in bed alone. Where were her boyfriends? I smirked, knowing **they** couldn’t get to her. They weren’t family.

I sat in a chair by her bed. She was so beautiful. I didn’t know what I was thinking, giving her up. **The** hospital door opened, and a nurse walked in.

“Sir, visiting hours are almost over.”

“I’m her husband,” I said, holding my breath.

“Oh, okay, congrats on the baby. I heard she didn’t even know she was pregnant. You must be so excited.”

I gritted my teeth and gave a tight smile. “Yes, very. Um, when can I take her home? And why isn’t she

conscious?”

“Oh, she was for a little while. The medication and vitamins and how exhausted and dehydrated she was took a toll on her body. She’s just sleeping really hard. She will be discharged in the morning.”

“Okay, thank you.”

She walked out *and* I looked at Isha again. How was I going to get her out of here? I was sure someone would be here first thing in the morning. When she wakes up, she’s bound to tell someone we aren’t married anymore. I was going to have to do something drastic. An idea formed, I was going to have to go home and get what I needed. I left and rushed to my

apartment. I had prescribed Trazadone and grabbed a pil. I then went to my closet and got an old battered suitcase that was my father's before he passed. I then went back to the hospital. I got a cup of coffee, and went back to Isha's room, set the suitcase down, and went into her bathroom, where I took the pill out of my pocket and laid it on the sink lip. I poured my coffee down the drain and rinsed the cup out. I then put a little water in it. I crushed the pill and put it in the cup. I swirled the crushed pill around to dissolve a little.

I then crept over to Isha's bed.

"Isha?" I whispered. Nothing, she was really out of it.

I put one arm under her shoulders *to* lift her a little. I tipped some water in her mouth. She swallowed

reflexively.

"Good girl," I whispered.

"Dawson?" she whispered. My jaw clenched, but I played along. Anything to get her **to cooperate**.

"Yes baby, come on, take little sips," T said, quietly.

She did as she was told, and I got it all down her. I waited an hour.

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Fate

"Isha," I said loudly to wake her up. I called her name again and shook her a little, she was out. I smiled. What I was about to do next would be a miracle not to get caught. But it was late, and there were minimal staff, so I was willing to take the risk.

I went to the suitcase and put it on the end of her bed and unzipped it. I lifted the top and looked inside and then at Isha. It would work. I took her IV out, shut down the monitors and picked her up. I laid her inside the suitcase, folding her legs and arms. She was so tiny, she fit perfectly. I zipped the suitcase up. I blinked. I thought there would be a bulge to give it away that something was inside, but it looked normal. This was

fate.

I gently picked up the suitcase, holding it by the handle and the bottom. It would probably look weird but no one would notice there was a body inside.

I opened the door and looked out into the hallway. There was a nurse at the desk. She had her head down looking at some papers. I walked by, she looked up and smiled and I smiled too. She went back to looking at the papers. I just kept walking. No one stopped me, *no one* even looked at me. They were all busy, looking at charts, or talking to one another. I walked right out and *to* my car. I kept waiting for some alarm to go off, or someone to come running after me, but there was nothing. I opened the back door to my car, I quickly unzipped the case and took Isha out. I laid her down, brushed her hair off of her face, checked if she was still breathing and smiled.

“I’ve got you now, baby. I’m going to take excellent care of you, and then when you have that baby, I’ll give it a good home to someone else. Then we can have our own. You can *keep* writing, and I’ll take care of all the finances. We are set for life, baby. We’ll move somewhere where no one *knows* us and we can start over. I leaned over and kissed her soft lips. I closed my eyes and savored her warmth. I felt my c*ck stir and I moaned. I couldn’t wait to be inside her again.

I pushed away from her and quickly got into my car. I drove slowly through the lot and out onto the road. I looked at my phone. I didn’t need it anymore. I had some burners, so I tossed it out the window. I left her phone at the hospital. No one was going to be able to find us. I turned up the radio and chuckled. I whistled with the tune as I drove us to our destination.

Roc

Remember this is fiction and I know Jason would have never gotten away from this IRL.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 83 -

8-10 minutes

<We Need To Find Her

We Need To Find Her

Ava

Aaron and I pulled into the hospital parking lot with Savage and Rage behind us on their motorcycles. James with his cute property cut had me smiling as he held onto Savage as Savage parked his bike.

Savvy, Mac and Jack and the kids parked on the other side of us. We all got *out* of our vehicles at **the** same

time.

“So, you said yes to becoming a biker b*tch,” I teased James as I put my arm through his.

“Yes, the best decision ever. I’ve also decided I’m moving to the compound. They’re ecstatic.

“Yeah we are,” Rage said, smacking him on the ass.

I chuckled. I raised to my toes and whispered into his ear.

“I have a secret but don’t tell anyone until I confirm it.”

“What?” he whispered back.

“I think I’m pregnant. I realized this morning that I haven’t had a period in a couple of months. And when I woke up, I puked. Aaron doesn’t know. He was still sleeping. I’m going to get a test today.”

He looked at me wide-eyed and mouthed ‘Oh My God!’ I nodded, smiling wide.

When we walked into the hospital, we got stopped by police officers. They were everywhere.

“What’s going on?” Savvy asked.

“Ma’am, we can’t answer that right now. Please go back out to your vehicle and go home. No unnecessary people can be let in at this time.”

“But, my sister’s here. She’s being discharged this morning.”

“Name?” he asked.

“Her name is Isha Ryan, but right now she’s under Isha Baxter. She hasn’t had a chance to get her new ID yet.

The officer’s eyes bugged.

“Wait here please.”

He ran off. We all looked at each other in confusion. Another officer, this one older and a man in a suit,

walked over to us.

“You’re Mrs. Baxter’s family?”

“Well, yes, she isn’t Mrs. Baxter anymore, she just hasn’t gotten her new ID yet. She’s Ms. Ryan now. Shes been divorced for two months,” Savvy said.

The man and the officer looked at each other.

“Ma’am. You **say**, Ms. Ryan is divorced? We were told her husband came to visit her **last night. He is the one** on her emergency contact list.”

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< We Need To Find Her

I gasped. “No! They’re divorced, I can go to her place and get the divorce agreement. She showed me where **it** is. She was so excited when she received it. She must not have changed her emergency Information on her medical records. It would be one of us and her boyfriends,” I said, pointing at Savvy, me and James.

“And you are?” the officer asked.

“I’m Ava Greene, this is Savanna Stanley–Davis and this is James Camden. We’re her family. Her boyfriends are Dawson Becks, Mic Benton, Davis Rogers and Ford Myers.”

Eyebrows shot up.

“I know, it’s unconventional, but she’s in a poly relationship. Those are her core members. Jason Baxter is

not.” I was starting to freak out. “Can we see her?”

The man in the suit shifted and cleared his throat.

“I’m sorry to inform you, Ms. Ryan went missing some time last night. The last person *to* see her was her husband. We haven’t been able to get a hold of him after he left last night. A nurse saw him walk out a little

after visiting hours were over. We were hoping to see him this morning since he isn’t answering his phone.

We figured he was still asleep.”

“Who are you,” James asked.

“I am Donald McPhearson. I am the head of the Hospital.”

“So, you’re telling us Isha is missing? Do you know how long?” I asked.

“Well, she was checked around eight pm and that was also when a nurse talked to her husband.”

“Ex–husband,” I sniped.

“Right, ex–husband. We checked our surveillance. He left a little after that but then came back with a suitcase. It looked like he was going to be staying the night. We allow that for spouses. But an hour later he left with his suitcase, so we assumed he changed his mind. She wasn’t checked again until four this morning. The nurse sounded the alarm then, that a patient was missing. I was informed and I called the police. We’ve been trying to get a hold of Mr. Baxter, but like I said, he isn’t answering yet.”

"It's eight am now, what have you found?" Savage asked.

"Well, nothing. A car was sent to Mr. Baxter's residence on file, but the house has been sold. We found another residence at an apartment complex but no one was answering. So we were waiting for him to show up."

"Incompetent," Rage muttered. Rage pulled out his phone. I shuffled closer to him and James. Aaron rubbed my back, trying to keep me calm.

"Hacker, I need you to get into the hospital's security footage and get it to my phone immediately. Yeah, Intermountain Health. Thanks Brother."

He looked at us and waved Savvy and everyone over.

"I have a man getting us the security footage. We don't need to be here. Let's get back to Isha's **place.**"

We all nodded. Before we left, turned to the officer.

"Was there anything of Isha's left behind?"

"Just the clothes she had on, her jewelry and her phone," he said. I asked for it. He sent someone **to get me**

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We Need To Find Her

the stuff. When I had it we left.

When we got back to Isha's, I fed the dogs and let them outside. They didn't seem too enthusiastic. **I think** they were missing her. Me too guys. Savvy got food for her kids and put them at the table.

“Okay, with Dawson and the guys out of commission, this is all on us. You’ll have the club’s full support when finding her. All our resources are yours to use. She’s family to us,” Savage said.

Rage pulled his phone out and walked into the living room. He turned on the TV and cast the video from his

phone to the big screen.

“Okay let’s find this f*cker,” he muttered.

We watched the footage and watched Jason walk in to the hospital and talk to the front desk. We then saw him go to Isha’s room. We saw a nurse go in and come out and a minute later Jason left in a hurry. **We** watched him walk to his car. Savage took out his phone and called someone and gave them Jason’s license plate number.

Rage fast forward. Jason was gone for a minute, but then his car came back into the parking lot. He was carrying a suitcase. A big old leather one. We watched him walk and get a coffee from a machine and then go into her room. Some time passed, and then he walked out cradling the suitcase. We saw **the** nurse lift her head, they smiled at each other. The camera shots showed he just walked right out, no one paid him any attention. In the parking lot, he opened the back door and put the suitcase in. The door blocked whatever **he** was doing. Then he closed the door and got in the driver’s seat and drove away.”

“She’s in the suitcase,” Mac said.

I jumped at the sound of his voice.

“No way,” James said.

“Yeah, he’s right, rewind it to when he first got there with the case,” Jack said.

“See, it looks flat, it swings as he’s walking because there is nothing in it. Now go to when he leaves.”

Rage *did*.

“It’s full, he’s cradling it like it’s precious. She’s in there,” Jack finished.

“Holy sh*t,” Aaron whispered. I whimpered, Savvy started crying. Mac grabbed her and pulled her onto his lap. Aaron wrapped his arms around me.

“Babe, babe, what are we going to do,” James asked Savage. He was spiraling.

“Hey, hey, it’s okay, baby boy, we got this. Rage and I will find her, and we’ll go get her. Our club will help us. Wolf is already gathering men to be ready to roll once we find her. This is what we do, baby, we rescue the taken. Okay?” He pulled James into a hug, and James clung to him. Rage walked over and wrapped his arms around both of them, and they rocked James side to side.

We had to find her. That a*shole will pay for taking her. My poor friend must be so frightened. I prayed that Jason wouldn’t hurt her or the baby. I can’t believe this happened so soon after the guys left. **When** we **get** her back, because I had no doubt we would, I am putting her under lock and key until they return.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 84 -

9-11 minutes

1.6K

<I Need A Plan

I Need A Plan

Isha

Ugh, my head feels weird. Why is it so fuzzy? Is that bacon I smell? The loud grumble from my **stomach tells** me it is. Blinking my eyes open, I was surprised to find it very dark. Looking around **the** room, **it** looks familiar, but it’s so dark. Wasn’t I in the hospital? This is not a hospital room, there would be **some** ambient lighting. Seeing a lamp on the bedside table next to me, I clicked it on.

No! No, no, no, why am I in the bedroom of the cabin I used to own with Jason? There’s no way I should **be**

here. What in the actual f*ck is going on?

“AHHHHHHH,” I screamed. I went to jump out of bed and noticed I was no longer in my hospital gown. I **was** f*cking naked and there’s a d*mn shackle around my ankle with what looks like a twenty-foot chain attached

to it.

I pulled the blankets back over me as I heard thundering footsteps running up the stairs. The door burst open and there was a shirtless boxer brief clad Jason standing before me.

“Jason! What the f*ck is going on? How am I here? And why in the f*ck am I naked?”

“Honey, calm down.”

“Don’t you f*cking call me honey, answer my God d*mn questions!”

“Jesus Isha, when did you get such a filthy mouth?”

I growled at him. I would have launched myself at him if I wasn’t f*cking naked.

“Why in the f*ck am I in this f*cking cabin, chained to the f*cking bed, naked?” I yelled.

“The hospital called me to tell me you were there. Guess no one informed them we were divorced. They just let me right in. I took that as fate that we still belonged together. So, I took you out of there, snuck you right out underneath their noses. Pretty f*cking clever, right? Anyway, you’re chained because I don’t want you to

escape

until you fall back in love with me. We’re here at the cabin because no one knows I have it.”

“You need to let me go. If you value your life, I need to get home,” I said,

“No. No one knows I took you. They’ll see me walk into the hospital with a suitcase like I’m staying the night, but then changed my mind and left. I got rid of my phone and left yours at the hospital, so there is no way to track us. We’ll stay here for a while until you are able to travel. Right now, I have got to get your hydration levels up and get some food into you. The doctor said the baby was good, but we want to make sure it’s strong and healthy. I’ll get a good price for it. Not that we need the money, but every little cent counts **for**

our future.”

“Over my dead body,” I snarled.

“Now now, I’m not into murder or else I would have given you something to ab*rt **that little b*stard in your** belly. I can’t believe you got pregnant by another man. Do you even know who the **father is?**”

“Of course I do. It’s my boyfriend’s.”

“Which one?”

“It doesn’t f*cking matter because they’ll all love it.”

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14

I Need A Plan

He **scoffed at** me. “Since you aren’t hurt, **go** freshen **up**. I **got you** some **clothes**, they’re in **the** closet. Fil be

back **up** with your breakfast.”

& **H b H**

He shut the door and left. I was going to kill him. I did have to pee though. I walked **to the** bathroom, no

wonder the chain was so long, I could go anywhere in the room.

After I was done, I washed my hands and looked at myself in the mirror. I was a little pale. **My head was** still **fuzzy** but I could deal. I went to the closet and saw he bought me nothing but sundresses. Probably **so he**

didn't have to unlock my ankle. I slipped it on, and was pissed that I couldn't put on any underwear for **an**

extra layer of armor.

I heard Jason coming back up the stairs and turned to meet him as he came through the door. I needed **a f*cking plan**. He brought in a tray with two plates of eggs, bacon, avocado toast, water and orange **juice**.

My stomach growled loudly and he smirked.

"Come on, you have to eat," he said, setting the tray on the little round table that was in the room.

"How do I know you didn't drug any of the food or drink?"

"Isha, seriously? I wouldn't drug you. Well, I did give you a sleeping pill to keep your gorgeous ass out **so I** could get you here and get you shackled without any fight, but I promise, that will be the only time."

"You did what?" I asked, panicking, my hands going to my stomach.

"Chill, it's just a Trazadone, it's safe. I looked it up."

I reluctantly sat in the chair at the table. I picked up the plate and sniffed it. He rolled his eyes and sighed. He then leaned over and took a scoop of eggs with the plastic fork he had in his hand and ate it. He gave me

a look like 'See', and then started in on his own food. I glared at him and picked up the plastic fork that was

on the tray and started eating.

I couldn't help the moan that came out as I ate. I hadn't eaten in what felt like forever. He chuckled and I flipped him off.

"Man, you've picked up some bad habits hanging with your new friends."

“They’re my lovers, and I don’t give a f*ck what you think.”

“Well, I’ll just have to help you remember your manners.”

“And how do you imagine you will be doing that, in that delusional head of yours?”

“I may not kill Isha, but if you remember, I obviously have no problem using my hands on a woman.”

“So you intend to beat me?”

He eyed me like I was crazy.

“No! I meant s*xual punishment Isha. You seem to like different things in the bedroom **since you’ve had a** threesome and more. I figured I could punish you with forced orgasms, **or** orgasm denial. **Jesu:**

monster.”

not a

“You f*cking kidnapped me!”

He shrugged. I wanted to stab him in the eye with my plastic fork.

“How long have I been here?”

n

2/1

<I Need A Plan

43 Ports 2

“You’ve been out for a day and a half. I’m surprised you aren’t all over the media. The hospital must be keeping things quiet for their reputation.”

“Someone will come for me,” I said, taking a drink of my orange juice.

“Hmm, I find it funny you said someone, but didn’t mention your boyfriends. They get tired of you and kick

you to the curb? Is that why you’re so dehydrated and malnourished?”

“No, you a*shat. I’ve been crying a lot lately, and I forget to eat when I write.”

“Ahh yes, you hid that from me. Why?”

“I wouldn’t have if you had paid any attention to me. But also, my mother thought it was a *good* idea.”

“Of course she did. She hates me.”

“Hmm, I wonder why?”

He snorted. Glad I could amuse him. Not.

“So, where are your guys?”

“How is that any of your business?”

“It’s not, but I just assumed one of them would be with you at all times? And no one was there when I came

to visit,” he said.

“Yeah, well, who knew I needed bodyguards in a f*cking hospital. I sent my friends home to watch my dogs. My guys are working.”

“Ohhhh, on some secret sammy squirrel mission, huh? I hope they die.”

“F*ck you!” I screamed, picking up my orange juice and throwing the liquid into his face.

He jumped up and then, quick as a flash, his hand flew, and his palm cracked across my face. F*ck that hurt. "F*CK! ISHA! That's the second time you've provoked me impulsively. I'm sorry for hitting you. I've never been a violent person in my life!"

"Could have fooled me," I said, hand to my face. I was not going to cry in front of this a*shole.

He stomped into the bathroom. I heard him start the shower. I munched on my bacon and grabbed his orange juice and downed it. I then drank half my water. I did need to keep my strength up, both mentally and physically, if I was going to come up with a plan.

The shower turned off, and he walked out butt ass naked and went to the dresser. I looked away and I heard

him chuckle.

"What's wrong baby? Afraid you'll like what you see?"

I scoffed, he had nothing on my guys. My men were absolute perfection. Especially their d*cks and how they use them, oh, and their tongues and fingers, f*ck I had to stop thinking about them, I was turni. yself on. Stupid pregnancy hormones. Or just maybe hormones, because I sure as f*ck got turned on by them when I wasn't pregnant.

I watched him clean up the spilled juice, and then he sat back down.

"You drank my juice?"

3/4

Need A Plan

"I was thirsty."

We finished breakfast in silence.

"What's your plan, Jason?"

43 Punts 2

"Well, like I said, I need you to get stronger than we are traveling. I'm going to book us *some* tickets to Greece, then I figure we could charter a yacht and sail around until you

have the baby. Then we'll find a nice couple to sell it too and sail off into the sunset until we have our own child."

I shook my head. "You're so f*cking delusional. My friends will file a missing persons report if they haven't already. The moment you book those tickets you'll be flagged."

He scowled at that. Ha, didn't think about that, did you, d*mba*s.

"I'll think of something." He cleaned up everything and left the room. I ran over to the door *and* locked it. No way was I letting him in unless it was to feed me. Now, I need to make a plan. I crawled into bed and stared. at the ceiling. I rubbed my tummy hoping for some inspiration. Don't worry baby, mommy will think of something.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 85 -

7-9 minutes

4/4

< I've Been Saved

I've Been Saved

WARNING PHYSICAL ASSAULT

Isha

"Open the door, Isha," Jason screamed as he banged on the door.

It took him an hour to come back to the room after he took the dishes away. He had been banging **on the** door for five minutes straight. I was so annoyed and pissed. Why did I not *know* about this **side** of him? How did I not know he was abusive and crazy? Or was it just with me?

"Go away, Jason! I'm not opening the f*cking door!" I screamed back.

I took a deep breath. I didn't think all this anger was good for the baby. The f*zziness in my head finally **went** away, probably the food helped with that, but I was d*mned if I was going to thank Jason for that.

I got up off the bed, ignored the banging and wandered around the room. Have Ava, Savvy and **the** guys figured out I was missing yet? Jason said I'd been gone for a day and a half. They would know by **now**, right?

"Isha!"

I rolled my eyes. Was there anything here I could use as a weapon? I opened the drawers in the dresser **and** rummaged through them and found nothing. I went to the closet and all I saw were clothes and plastic hangers. An idea popped into my head and I grabbed a plastic hanger, discarded the shirt that was hanging off of it, and snapped it in half. I then crouched and started rubbing the broken end against the wooden floor.

The banging stopped and it was a relief. I kept rubbing the broken end, but it wasn't turning into the point I had hoped it would. I threw it to the ground and stood up. I went to the bathroom and rummaged in there. There wasn't even a razor. I was truly screwed here.

Crack!

"Ahhhh," I screamed, jumping from wood splitting.

Crack!

I ran back into the room and gasped. Jason was hacking the door with an ax.

"What the f*ck Jason!" I yelled.

He removed the ax and looked through the chunk he had removed.

"Open the door, or I'll finish chopping it down," he said calmly.

"You're insane!"

"I'm not!" he roared. "I just want to get close to you again. You're my wife Isha, mine!"

"I'm your ex-wife, it's been finalized. I'm in love with other men."

“DON’T SAY THAT!” He continued to hack until he could slip his arm in and unlock **the door**. **He dropped the** ax outside the room, probably so I couldn’t **get** a hold of it, and walked in.

“Jason, please, I beg you, let me go.”

“No. You’re mine,” he came at me. I screamed. He grabbed me, both hands on **the sides of my head, trying to**

111

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I’ve Been Saved

bring his lips to mine. I fought him, pushing at his face, trying to get his lips away from me.

My nails raked down his face, neck and chest. He roared in my face and I screamed louder. I couldn’t let **this** happen. I had to protect my baby and myself from being s*xually assaulted. I could never look **at** my guys in the eyes again if Jason succeeded in r*ping me.

With all my strength, I pulled back my fist and hit him in the face. It didn’t do any damage, but it stunned him. I was so scared. I heard a rumbling in my ears, I just knew it was my heartbeat beating so fast. He’s going to hurt me, really bad. He grabbed me by the throat and with his other hand he punched me on **the left** side of the face twice. The roaring in my ears got louder. Dazed, I went limp. He held me by **the** throat. **I** couldn’t breathe. He then threw me on the bed, grabbed the front of my sundress and ripped it down **the**

middle.

“I’m going to reclaim you, wife. You will be mine from here on out. I’m going to make sure those men never

want you again.”

That brought me out of my daze. I slapped his hands and arms. I hit his face, the sounds of my smacks echoing around the room, sounding like thunder. He yelled in my face. I screamed. I was slapping, scratching and biting. I was not going down without a fight. I saw

him take his d*ck out of his boxer briefs, and I screamed louder. Just as he was about to notch himself at my entrance, he was suddenly gone.

I kicked up my legs and rolled over my shoulder backwards and scrambled off the bed, hitting the floor and crawling to a corner where I huddled, covering myself with the scraps of my dress, and putting my arms over my head to hold off more blows. My face hurt from where he hit me. I just knew it was going to bruise, and I could feel my left eye swelling. I heard grunts, skin hitting skin and then a loud crack. Jason's yell turned into a high-pitched scream, another crack followed.

"Did you just break both of his hands?" I heard someone say. I didn't recognize the voice.

"Prez, he touched someone special to me and my guys, not to mention some good friends. We were supposed to keep her safe, and he made us look like fools. He doesn't need his hands anymore."

"Fine, but I'm not wiping his ass."

"Don't worry, he won't be alive long enough for that. You hear that, f*cker, you like threatening my man, and hurting my friend? You're f*cking dead." I heard more grunting and skin hitting skin.

"My turn," I heard. Nothing was registering. I was pretty sure those voices sounded familiar, but I just crouched in the corner shaking. I heard some more grunts, screams and what sounded like stomping. Jason's screams suddenly stopped.

Firm footsteps came towards me and I whimpered.

I felt arms come around me and I started crying.

"Shhh, sweetheart, it's me Rage. I'm just getting you out of here and taking you home. We have a doctor waiting for you at your place to look you over. You're safe now. We're so sorry Isha, we **didn't** thir' **anything** would happen like this. We thought you were safe at the hospital. Who would have thought **he'd e the** balls to do something like this? This is on us and when Dawson and the boys get **back**, we'll **let** them **get** their revenge on us."

My mind finally started working, and I wrapped my arms around him at the same time as I cried out. **My sobs** now came out in relief. I was saved, thank God.

n

2/3

I've Been Saved

Rage carried me to an SUV. He climbed in the back with me. I heard him tell someone if he wrecked his bike, he'd cut off his balls and feed them to him. I didn't know who he was talking to, but I found it completely sweet that he was letting someone else ride his bike while he took care of me. I really had some great

friends.

"Everyone is waiting for you at the house. We wouldn't let anyone come with us, just in case Jason ended up being dangerous. I'm sorry we didn't find you sooner. It took a while for our hacker to hack his way through some red tape. He only has the use of one hand right now, or else it would have gone faster."

He was rambling. I could feel his muscles they were tightly coiled. I lifted my head from where it was buried into his neck and kissed his cheek.

"Thank you. You saved me just in time."

He squeezed me to him. "Sleep little one. I have you," he said to me.

I didn't think I would, but I was emotionally exhausted. So, I closed my eyes and let him worry about any

danger.

Roc

Sorry it's a short episode. We are moving my oldest son to another state this weekend and I am spending time with him tonight. This mama's heart is bruised, but we have to let our children spread their wings lol. It's not like he hasn't been on his own for the last seven years

but, he was only four hours away and now he's going to be 12 hours away. Wish this mama luck.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 86 -

12-15 minutes

They're Horried

They're Home!

Isha

I **was** so nervous. The boys will be home soon. I looked at myself in the mirror. My face still had some

yellowing bruising. It took a couple of days for the swelling to go down. The doctor that looked me over told me that he didn't see anything wrong besides the face but that I should see an OBGYN as soon as possible.

I made Ava, Savvy and James take me to one the next day. I was not taking any chances with my baby. The

looks that I got when we walked into the OBGYN I chose were somewhat comical. I knew what they were

thinking, if they only knew the real s*****e gave James the stink eye until they heard me say the father

was out of town as I was asked if James was the father.

I felt bad that the boys weren't there for the first heartbeat hearing or seeing our little bean in my womb. But I asked for five pictures of bean, and they graciously gave them to me. The heartbeat had been strong, my

doctor said, and she assured me that Tr*zodone was safe taken responsibly while pregnant. Her name was Nyla Evans and I adored her. She was very gentle, understanding and all around great. I told her the truth about what happened and she was very sympathetic. I even

told her about my relationship dynamic. Her eyebrows were raised, and she looked at Ava, Savvy and James.

“No, they aren’t a part of my relationship, they are my best friends, my family. Although she is the only one that only has one boyfriend, she has two husbands, and he has two, I guess you could say husbands.”

“Wow, that’s just, um wow. You’re all very lucky.”

She looked a little dazed and we chuckled.

“Isha? You okay in there?” Ava asked, knocking on the bathroom door. I looked at my outfit. I had on just a purple sports bra and a matching thong underneath a pair of black short overalls.

My hair was in a high ponytail and I had caked on the makeup to try and hide the yellow bruising. It worked somewhat. At least that’s what I was telling myself. My black eyeliner was in a dramatic cat-eye look, and I had on a bold red lip stain. Hopefully my lips will distract them.

“Yeah, I’m coming out,” I said, opening the door. “What do you think? Can you tell?”

She looked at my face and rocked her head side to side.

“It looks good, just don’t stand in direct lighting.” I grimaced.

An hour ago, the guys’ texts started bombarding me, which meant they were in state, and almost done with their debriefing meeting. There were a lot of I missed yous, and I love yous, and I can’t wait to get you in my arms. I really couldn’t wait to give them their presents. I got them all white onesies with the words Daddy’s Little Bean *on* them. They were all the same and there was a picture of our bean, in each of their flat boxes.

“I hope they’re excited about the baby,” I mumbled.

“You know they will be. You’ve told me they wanted a baby.” I nodded.

“You’re nervous about telling them what happened, aren’t you?” she asked.

“Yeah. I just hope they don’t get mad at me.”

“Why would they be mad at you?”

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1/5

They’re Home!

“I don’t know. I just feel like I could have done something more. He almost r*ped me.”

* Fonts ?

“Isha. From what Savage and Rage said, you fought tooth and nail. He was covered in scratches and bites.

That’s what they said.”

I nodded. I asked Savage what happened to Jason. He said I didn’t have to worry about it. That Jason will

never bother me again. My guess is that they killed him and, honestly, I don’t really care.

“I was so scared, Ava. I’ve never been that scared in my life.”

“I can’t imagine.”

“Enough about me. Have you told Aaron yet?”

“No. I was waiting until the boy got home. I’m telling him tonight.”

“I’m so excited our babies will be growing up together. They’re going to be the best of friends.”

“If one of us has a boy and the other has a girl, we should write up one of those old–fashioned betrothal

thingies.”

“Oh my God, yes!” I said, excitedly. We both laughed at our silliness.

“Thank you for everything, Ava. You and everyone that stayed with me. You were all a big help. Especially with my nightmares.”

“Hey, you’re my soul sister. I’d do anything for you.”

I smiled and threw my arms around her. We hugged for a long time before we decided to break apart. We went out into the living room and talked as we waited for the boys to come home. She told me Aaron had something important to do, so it was just us. Our biggest topic was baby names.

“I think I want Stefan if it’s a boy,” Ava said.

I scoffed. “There is no way. Aaron will never allow that. He gets extremely moody when we watch an epis*de of The Vampire Diaries.”

“I know, isn’t it cute? I love his little jealous moments. Our s*x is always superb after one of his snits.”

I giggled at her use of the word snit.

“What about you?” she asked.

“I honestly don’t know. Besides, I want all the guys’ input.

“I get that. Hey, I was looking some stuff up online about staying in shape while pregnant. There are some pregnancy workouts we can do together. Also, would you like to start going on walks?”

“Yeah. Hey, your birthday is this weekend. Anything in particular you want to do?”

“Aaron said he had a surprise for me on my actual day, but how about we do something the day before ou, me, James and Savvy, oh and her two friends, Erica and Louise.”

“Yes! How about we go clubbing? I haven’t danced in ages! And I could use a girls’ night out, plus James.”

“Too bad we can’t drink,” she said.

“True, but I definitely can do without the next day’s hangover.”

“Oh, my God, yes.”

2/5

They’re Home

“I wonder what’s taking the guys so long? They didn’t take this long the last time they went on a **mission**

“Maybe because since it was a two–week mission, the meeting was longer?” Ava suggested.

“Yeah, I guess.”

Ten minutes later, Aaron walked in.

“Ava baby, it’s time to go. The boys were right behind me. Let’s give them some privacy.”

“What happened to your lip?” I asked Aaron. It was split and swollen.

“Oh, I bit it, no biggy. Come on, my love.”

“I’ll see you soon. I love you,” Ava said, giving me a hug.

“I love you too.” I kissed her on the cheek and then hugged Aaron and kissed his cheek too.

Once they left, butterflies exploded in my stomach. I just couldn’t wait. I picked up the four boxes as I saw headlights cut across the curtains. I stood in front of the door. The door burst open and Ford came rushing in. The moment he saw me, he barreled towards me. I squeaked as he picked me up, spun me and then slammed his mouth on mine. I still held the boxes between us, so I couldn’t wrap my arms around him like I

wanted to.

“God, baby. I’ve missed you so much, so f*cking much,” he said, his eyes closed and his forehead against

mine.

“Give me,” Mic said, snatching me out of Ford’s arms. My boxes fell to the floor.

I wrapped my arms and legs around Mic. He kissed me thoroughly. I felt my toes curl. F*ck I was getting extremely turned on. Two weeks without my guys was f*cking torture. I couldn’t even get myself off because I had five other bodies in bed with me every night and I didn’t have a moment of peace during the day. On the bright side, James came up with some phenomenal designs. He actually did five. I was flabbergasted by his talent. I was going to ask the guys for their help in choosing. Ava also liked the five that were given to me, so I am hoping with the guys’ help I can choose the right one.

Davis took me next. He took me to the dining table and sat me on it. His eyes roamed my face, his fingers brushed over my bruise and tears sprang to his eyes.

“Davis?” Did they know? But how?

“Yyyou’re jjjust sssso bbbbeautiful, I wwwas sssso llost, wiiithout youuu,” he took a deep breath. He was shaking.

“Davis, ...” he just shook his head and brought his lips to mine. His kiss was so soft and gentle. He wrapped his fingers around my ponytail and then deepened the kiss that had me moaning and scooting closer to him to wrap my legs around his hips and grind against him. His loud groan was full of wanting. He backed off and then kissed my face softly, especially over my bruising. Then he looked at me with so much I **and a**

little pain.

“We’ll talk, let me just say hello to Dawson, okay?”

He closed his eyes and a tear escaped. He nodded. He kissed my forehead and moved away. Dawson scooped me up under my ass

“Hi, My Baby,” he whispered.

3/5

They're Home!

I smiled at him. I loved it when he called me My Baby.

“Hi.” He leaned in and dove his tongue into my mouth. His kiss was aggressive and possessive. It **was** full

of love and passion. His hands kneaded my cheeks and I moaned.

He pulled back and looked at me. His eyes zeroed in on *my* bruising.

His lips thinned as he pressed them together.

I wiggled in his hold.

“Put me down. I have something for you all.”

He did. I didn't want him to ask me any questions yet. I wanted to give them their presents first.

Davis had bent down and gathered the boxes.

I smiled at him and took three of them and passed the others to my guys.

“Sit, sit. I'll count to three, and you all open them at the same time.”

“Baby girl, what's all this? We're the ones that are supposed to spoil you.”

“I can spoil you too,” I said. Once they were all seated, I beamed.

“Okay, one, two, three, open,” I squealed.

They tore into the boxes. They all stared with confused looks on their faces as they looked at the black **and**

white picture.

“What is this?” Ford asked, turning the picture upside down and then right side up.

Davis’ eyebrows were furrowed, and he was turning his head side to side. Mic was just staring at it intensely and Dawson was looking at the picture, then at me, then back at the picture like he was trying his hardest **to** figure it out.

“Is this an optical illusion thing? I am not good at those,” Mic said.

I burst into laughter.

“There’s more.”

They all put the picture down and opened up the tissue paper. Ford was the first to lift his onesie up.

“HOLY F*CK!” he shouted. Dawson froze. He had the deer in the headlights look. Davis gasped, then picked

up the picture.

“Oooh, my Gggod,” he whispered.

“OH SH*T, YES, YES, WE DID IT, WE ACTUALLY DID IT!” Mic shouted. Then he was up, and I was in his arms. He was hugging me so tight.

my other

More arms surrounded us as Ford enveloped us. Then Davis stood still holding the picture and onesie and slammed into the back of Mic and Ford, and I felt his kisses all over my forehead. Dawson came side and opened his wide arm span and held all of us.

“We’re starting a family. This is everything I’ve wanted for so long,” Dawson’s deep voice spoke out. Something settled inside me, my anxiety evaporated. They weren’t angry with me, and none of them brought up my bruise. I was a little worried about Davis. His stuttering was strong, but I’d help him work **out** his

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4/5

They're Hamel

emotions.

"Come on, let's get something to eat and drinks. We need to sit down and talk," Dawson said.

Dawson walked away first. He went down the hall to his study.

Davis, Mic and Ford all tried to take me to a chair to sit me down. I laughed as Ford finally won and picked me up. He set me so gently down. Davis ran to the refrigerator and poured me a tall glass of milk. Mic whipped out his phone.

"What do you want to eat, Baby Girl?"

"Fruit. Lots and lots of fruit. I don't care what kind. Oh and cream, and chocolate," I said, biting my lip.

He thought for a minute and then grinned.

"Crêpe's Palace it is. I'll DoorDash us some sweet and savory crêpes."

My stomach rumbled at that and he grinned.

If this was any indication of how things were going to go during this pregnancy, I was going to sit back and enjoy it.

Dawson walked back into the dining area.

"Where are the dogs?" he asked.

I burst out laughing that he just noticed.

"They are at Savvy's. They're dog sitting tonight."

"Oh." he said, a little deflated. I hid my smirk. Someone missed Dean.

"Food will be here in fifteen."

"Okay. Let's sit. Davis, let me see your hand."

My brow furrowed, and I looked at Davis' hand. I gasped. His knuckles were bruised and one of them had a cut *on* it."

"What happened?"

"That's part of what we need to talk about," Dawson said as he started to clean Davis' knuckles. "I want to hear everything that happened while we were gone. Don't leave any details out."

gulped. Okay, *here goes* nothing.

7

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 87 -

7-9 minutes

An Hour Earlier.

+ Points

Dawson

I f*cking on cloud nine. We caught our man. It was a hard hunt, he was a slippery f*cker, but we got him, captured him and delivered him to the government agency that wanted him, and we got a cool thirty million for his bounty.

We had arrived home and Aaron was waiting for us on the tarmac. I smiled. I couldn't wait for news of my girl. We had all texted her the moment we could, telling her how much we missed her and loved her. Her texts of love were so soothing to my soul.

"Aaron my guy, what a pleasant surprise," I said, slapping him on the back. "We have to debrief, but please tell us how

Isha is?"

"She's great, healthy now."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Davis asked.

“I have a lot to tell you. I’m going to follow you to your office.

I nodded. We got in my SUV and I looked in the rearview waiting for Aaron to start his car.

“What do you think he meant bby that?” Davis asked.

My head whipped to look at him. He was nervous. I put my hand on his thigh and squeezed.

“Hey, he said she is great. Focus on that.”

He nodded, but I could tell he was worried. So was I.

We pulled up to the office, it had been a silent ride, all of us in our heads.

When we walked in, it was quiet. All the staff except for the night cleaning crew and a security guard were in the building. I greeted them, as did the guys when we walked in.

I took them to my office. It was the biggest and had more seating. However, my guys took the long couch. Davis was in the middle of Ford and Mic. They were holding hands. Aaron sat at the chair in front of my desk and I took my chair from around my desk and sat it next to him.

“What’s going on?” I asked calmly.

Aaron took a huge breath and let it out slowly.

“The day you left, Isha collapsed.”

“What? Is she okay?” I asked frantically.

“What happened? Is she sick? Why didn’t anyone get a hold of us?” Ford yelled. I looked at him, Mic and Davis.

They had all paled, and I’m sure I was too.

“You told us you go on radio silence. It happened hours after you left, and you were already in the air. She was dehydrated and malnourished.” He stopped talking and looked down at his hands, biting his lip.

“There’s more, but she needs to tell you. Anyway, Savage, James and Rage left the hospital since there was nothing they could do. They had decided not to come over that night because the hospital needed her for observation. Savvy had to go home and take care of her family. So, Ava and I stayed with her. When she woke up. She assured us she was okay. We talked for a while and talked to the doctor. She just needed fluids, some vitamins, and food. She asked us to please go back to your place to watch the dogs.”

1/3

<An Hour Earlier We all nodded. That was understandable. Why did he pale all of a sudden and look really nervous?

Peints

“Before you continue, please, is Isha really okay?” Mic asked. His Adam’s Apple bobbed up and down with nervousness.

“Yes, she’s great. Um, what I’m about to tell you is hard. Please know, no one could have predicted what happened next.”

“What happened?” I asked, dreading hearing what he had to say at the same time as wanting to hear it.

“The hospital called Jason. He was her emergency contact. She forgot to change it after the divorce. He went to the hospital while she was asleep. He was in the room with her for a little bit. Talked to a nurse and then left. He came back a little later with a suitcase. We later found out he drugged her while she was sleeping, and he put her in the suitcase and

walked right out.”

We all jumped to our feet ready to run out, but his yell for us to sit down caught all of us off guard.

“She’s fine, I swear. She’s at home right now with Ava.” Mic and Ford sat, but Davis stayed standing and paced the room. I

sat down, keeping an eye on him from the corner of mine.

“She was missing for a day and a half before Savage and Rage’s club pulled through and found a cabin he had in his name. The club pulled all their men and rode the hour and a half to the cabin. Savage said when they got there. He was trying to r*pe her, but she fought him with all her might. When he was pulled off of her, he had scratch and bite marks all over his face, neck, and arms. She f*cked him up, they said. But then Rage and Savage beat him unconscious and broke both of his hands for touching her. Rage got her out of there. Savage brought Jason to the LOC compound. He’s been there for the last two weeks. They’ve kept him alive and nourished for you guys. Although he does get daily beatings from Rage and Savage. And um, one of the bikers r*ped him four times. No one knows who it is, or they aren’t telling.”

I grunted at that, I didn’t give a f*ck. I wanted to f*cking kill him. My poor baby. We left her to fend for herself. This should never have happened.

“WWWWHERE WWWERE YYYOU!” Davis roared. He lunged for Aaron and, with wild swings, he got him in the mouth,

chest and stomach when Aaron jumped up to defend himself.

“I’m sorry. We’re all sorry. We had no idea this would happen. Never did it cross our minds that the hospital wasn’t safe.”

I pulled Davis into me. He started crying. He clung to me. My eyes closed as I held him. F*ck, this was a mess. I looked

over and Mic and Ford. Their faces were stricken. I walked Davis over to them. He collapsed into their arms.

“What aren’t you telling us?” I asked.

“He hit her. Her face was swollen for a while, but now it’s just some yellowing under your left eye and cheekbone. She’s nervous as f*ck. I’ve watched her all day. We all slept with her in the bed because she had nightmares, but she hasn’t had any in the last four days. I am hoping they have run their course. Again, I’m so sorry we let this happen.”

“This isn’t your fault. We didn’t take Jason seriously. We should have dealt with him, when he was throwing around threats. We definitely underestimated him. “

“Ssshee’s gggoing ttto haaate usss,” Davis stuttered. F*ck. He’s worked himself up.

I walked over to him and hauled him up. I put my forehead to his. “She’s not going to hate us. She loves us. This was an unfortunate mistake on our part. I’ll take care of it, okay?”

“We’ll take care of it,” Mic said. “We’re a unit. He hurt our girl, we all take care of it.”

I nodded. I wasn’t going to let this f*cker live. I hoped they could handle that.

“Right now, we need to go home. I miss our girl,” Ford said. I nodded.

I looked at Davis. The anguish in his eyes hurt.

“It’ll be okay, baby. I promise,” I said. I leaned in and kissed his lips softly. It was very rare when I initiated intimate

2/3

An Hour Carler

contact, but he needed it.

*Aaron. Thank you for taking care of our girl these last two weeks. I appreciate it. We appreciate it.”

“Yeah man. Thank you,” Ford said. He stood up and shook Aaron’s hand.

“F*ck that,” Aaron said. He hugged him. Mic then hugged him and finally Davis grabbed him and wrapped his arms

around him.

“I know buddy. I know,” Aaron said. They slapped each other’s backs.

“We’ll talk to Savage and Rage later. We need to get home. We’ll debrief tomorrow.”

I grabbed Davis’ hand and walked out of the office. We’re coming, baby. We’re home. You’re safe now.

48 Points >

Loving Each Other

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 88 -

9-11 minutes

Loving Each Other

Isha

Savage told me once I was ready to tell the boys what happened to text him. So I did, and then I explained to the guys what I was doing before I started to tell them everything that had happened. Five minutes later all their phones pinged.

“You aren’t supposed to look at his text until I’ve explained everything. My guess is that Savage wants to explain what happened to Jason. I don’t know. I told him I didn’t want to know. In my head they turned him over to the police. That’s how I’ve been dealing with it. Anyway, the day that you left, I was lost. I went out to the pool and swam and then an idea came to me and I started to write. I guess with all the crying and mood swings, and getting lost in the writing zone, I got dehydrated and forgot to eat. I passed out. Luckily, Savvy and Ava were with me.”

I explained everything that happened on my end. When I got to the point where I woke up in the cabin and told them I was naked, I started to shake. Mic stood up and grabbed me. He sat in the chair I was sitting in and held me on his lap. He unbuttoned the buttons at the sides of my overalls and slipped his hands inside to settle on my rounded stomach where he drew circles with his fingers. It helped calm me and I continued telling them the whole ordeal.

“After breakfast, I locked him out. I tried to think of a plan and searched the room. I tried to find a weapon, even broke a plastic hanger and tried to sharpen the end of it. It didn’t work. He was banging on the door. I went to the bathroom to look for a razor, but there was nothing, and then I heard this God awful crack. When I ran back into the room, he was chopping the door with an ax.”

I explained how he made a big enough hole to unlock the door and how he attacked me.

“I knew if he succeeded in r*paing me, I couldn’t look any of you in the eyes again. How would you want to be with me

after that? And I didn’t want to lose any of you.”

“Isha, we would never have blamed you if something like that happened. None of this is your fault. This is all on Jason,” Ford said, coming to crouch in front of me. Davis and Dawson stood side by side. Davis’ hands were hanging at his sides, the look on his face was full of longing. Dawson had his arms crossed. He looked so mad.

I looked down at my fingers.

“I just couldn’t get it out of my head that you would find me dirty.”

“Jesus,” Dawson cursed. I heard Davis’ inhale and let out a breath, but I couldn’t look at anyone.

“Isha, there is nothing that you could do to make us look at you like that. You are the love of our lives and the mother of our child, and future children. This is all for life, Princess,” Ford said, taking my hands and kissing them.

“Baby, we love you so f*cking much. You are our soul, the very center of us. You are the bright spot in our lives,” Dawson said. He leaned over Ford, and lifted my chin, so I looked into his eyes. “You are perfect, beautiful, funny, kind, loyal, and the best addition to our unit to bring us all together and make us stronger as a family.” He leaned down and softly kissed me. He leaned back and gave me a beautiful smile, which had me smiling too.

“We love you, Baby Girl. Never doubt that. We don’t just want you with us, we need you with us,” Mic whispered in my ear.

I looked at Davis. His Adams Apple was bobbing, he was trying to get his words straight. I could tell. But he couldn’t do it. So, he did the one thing he hasn’t done with me in a while. He signed to me how much he loved me, that without me, he wouldn’t be the man he was today. I made him more confident, and I gave him the chance to feel the love of a good woman. We are nothing without you. I am nothing without you. I love you and would never give you up. You’re stuck with us until we are old and wrinkly, even after our d*cks don’t work anymore. You’re it, My Sweet Angel.

I burst out laughing. Davis wasn't trying to be funny, but what he said had me in giggles. The guys chuckled. David

1/3

Loving Each Other

+8 Points

opened his arms and I got off of Mic's lap. I put my arms around his neck and he lifted me. I wrapped my legs around him.

"Give us a minute, and then we'll be ready for you all to join us," Davis said. Not one stutter, he was feeling much better and I grinned. My big sensitive man turned into my big, s*xy, confident man. He turned and started walking towards my

room.

I looked at my guys, and they were all smiling. I saw them start to undress, and I knew I was about to have a fun night with my guys.

Davis walked into my room. He slid me down his hard body until my feet hit the ground.

"I love you," he said, cupping my face.

"I love you too," I said. I started unbuckling his belt so I could get his cargo shorts off of him. He took off his shirt and then unclipped my overall straps. When my overalls dropped, he sucked in a breath.

"I love it when you wear these tiny scraps of underwear, just so I can do this." He reached down and ripped them off. I moaned at the slight zip of pain when my thong straps tore. He ripped off my sports bra and my breasts bounced into his hands.

He groaned when his shorts fell, and I rubbed his hard c*ck through his boxer briefs.

"Are you okay angel? You're feeling okay?"

"Yes, and I'm feeling way more than okay," I said.

He grinned, and I dropped to my knees, taking his underwear with me. His d*ck sprang out of his boxer briefs. I wrapped my hand around him and gave him a lick from his balls to the tip of his c*ck.

His groan was absolutely primal. I wrapped my lips around him and swallowed him in one go. He thrust at the same time, grabbing my ponytail. I jerked him as I bobbed back and forth. His groaning was non-stop. I hallowed my cheeks

and sucked hard.

“F*ck Isha, I wasn’t expecting this, I wanted to pleasure you. God, your mouth is so hot. So f*cking good.”

I whimpered at his praise. I could feel myself becoming soaked. I came off of him and licked his shaft before taking his balls into my mouth and started tonguing them.

“God, yessss.”

Something in him snapped. He bent and picked me up. He turned me and bent me over the bed and lined hi c*ck up with my entrance. He pushed steadily until he was balls deep. Both of us moaned.

“F*ck me Davis. F*ck me hard and fast.”

He was holding himself still. I could feel him shaking.

“Davis?”

“I don’t want to hurt the baby,” he whispered.

“You won’t, I promise, doc said I had no restrictions.”

That did it. He pulled out and slammed into me. I braced myself with my hands on the side of the bed. He grabbed my

arms by the crook of my elbows and pulled them back. He was slamming into me hard, my breasts swinging.

“Now that’s a f*cking sight,” Mic said, walking in, with Dawson and Ford right behind him.

“F*ck, he’s going hard, listen to that skin slapping,” Ford said.

2/3

Loving Each Other

+8 Points>

The three of them stood watching, stroking their c*cks. Their eyes on me heightened my pleasure. I burst around Davis’

c*ck. He groaned in pleasure but kept pounding me. Davis turned us so I was facing them. Mic came forward and dropped to his knees. Davis slowed down as Mic grabbed my face and kissed me.

“You’re so f*cking beautiful,” he said to me.

I smiled, and then my eyes rolled into the back of my head and I shattered around Davis’ c*ck, again. Davis slowed down

even more, let go of my arms, and bent, lifting me up with his d*ck still inside of me. His hands under my thighs he stood, spreading my legs, opening them wide for my guys to see. He then started thrusting again. Mic, already on his knees, scooted closer to lick me up and down between my p*ssy lips and flicked his tongue over my clit.

“Oh, God, yes, don’t stop, please don’t stop,” I screamed.

Mic buried his face into my p*ssy. I could feel his tongue licking me and Davis’ shaft. Davis was moaning like crazy.

“Mmm, you two taste so good together,” Mic whispered and went back to licking.

“Let me taste,” Ford said, dropping next to Mic. They both licked me and Davis together. Our moans mingled in the air. I looked at Dawson. The lust on his face was scorching as he yanked at his c*ck furiously.

“This is the hottest scene ever,” he groaned. He walked over and got close to us. His eyes were running between what Mic and Ford were doing and my bouncing breasts. I was so turned on when I came for a third time, I squirted. Mic and Ford went wild. Their faces buried deep together, cleaning my mess up. Then, with a loud grunt, Dawson came, his c*m hitting my p*ssy and dripping down between my p*ssy lips and all over Mic and Ford’s tongues and lips.

They groaned and licked Dawson’s c*m off of me, their tongues mingling together and also cleaning each other’s lips.

“I’m going to c*m,” Davis shouted.

Suddenly, he was yanked out of me and I heard him curse. I felt his torso jerking and looked down. Ford had his lips wrapped around Davis’ c*ck swallowing his c*m.

“F*ck that’s hot,” I whispered.

So Scared

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 89 -

7-8 minutes

So Scared

Isha

Mic stood and took me from Davis, who stumbled back and sat in a plush chair that was in my room.

Mic laid me down and slipped into me in one thrust. He held me by the shoulders and buried his head into my neck as he rutted in me. I wrapped my legs around his waist and held on to him. It felt so good to have him in me, to have my guys home and loving me. They were taking away all my insecurities about what happened and replacing them with this lovely

memory.

“Roll,” I heard Ford demand.

Mic rolled us, and he roamed his hands down my back to my ass and spread my cheeks. I moaned because I knew what was about to happen. I felt lubed fingers around my anus. I clenched at first at the pressure of Ford's fingers.

"Relax Princess, let me in," he coaxed.

He rimmed me with his finger. Mic grabbed my face, and we started kissing, my body melting into him.

"Good girl," Ford said as his fingers sank into me. He was using two to stretch me out. I moaned as pleasure zinged

through me.

I then felt the blunt head of his c*ck pushing and squeaking when he popped past that first ring of muscle as he sank into me. We all groaned then. Mic cursed as my p*ssy became extremely tight. They alternated pushing in and out of me. My nerves were electrified. Feeling them both inside of me was a dream. I heard another moan and looked to my side. Dawson and Davis had switched places and now Davis was sucking Dawson's c*ck. I gasped, he smirked, his hand on Davis' head pushing him down more. Davis groaned, which had Dawson's hips flexing and him groaning too. I guess at the moment a mouth is a mouth. I wonder if this was the first time Dawson has let one of the guys do this to him.

"It is," Mic groaned, watching them together.

I must have said that out loud.

"I needed more," Dawson grunted. "Watching you three is so f*cking hot."

"Watching you two together is so hot," I cried out as I came clamping down on Ford and Mic. They both shouted and then

went feral with their thrusting.

"Harder, Davis, I want to c*m with them."

I heard slurping my orgasm went on forever. Watching my big man getting his d*ck sucked for the first time by one of our lovers was the hottest thing I've seen. All their groans as they came at the same time made me c*m again.

Afterward, we all cuddled in my bed. I was facing Dawson. We kissed every few seconds but remained staring at each other. Davis was behind him holding Dawson, snoring a little. Mic was behind me with Ford behind him, their soft

breaths even, telling me they were asleep.

"How do you feel?" I asked Dawson.

"I'm supposed to ask you that," he said, rubbing my lower belly where our baby was.

"I meant with getting your first blow job from a man."

His eyes unfocused for a minute and then focused on me.

"It was different. I prefer you, but it was really good," he said with a grin. I giggled.

"It was so hot. Will you let it happen again?"

1/3

him to drop to his knees. I don't think I've ever seen anyone so eager to suck c*ck.

"It's not just any c*ck, Dawson. It's your c*ck. Something they've all wanted."

"Yes, well, maybe if I need it during our group s*x if one of your holes isn't available."

I snorted and his grin widened.

"I missed you so much," he said. "I'm so sorry this happened to you baby. I'm sorry we weren't here to keep you safe."

"Hey. I'm okay. We're okay," I said, putting my hand over his on my lower belly. "I always feel safe with you guys. And we all

thought I was safe. That's why I sent Aaron and Ava here to watch the dogs, and they all took such good care of me after

everything."

"Still, this should never have happened."

"We couldn't predict what Jason would do, Dawson. He spiraled. He's lost everything. My guess is I was his last resort to get his life back on track."

He nodded. He brought his hand up and cupped my cheek.

"I'm so happy about our baby."

"Even if it's not yours?"

"It's mine, no matter whose it is biologically. We'll all claim it. I can't wait to find out what we are having." His thumb

rubbed my cheek.

"Do you have a preference?"

"Just that it's healthy. By the way, I want you to meet my parents. They want to meet you too."

My eyes widened, "Will they like me? What would they think of me, being in a relationship with all of you? What if they

think I'm a sl*t? Oh, God, they're going to hate me," I whispered.

He chuckled and leaned in to kiss the tip of my nose then my lips.

"Baby, they know all about you, they know my relationship dynamic with our guys. They are very supportive and eager to meet you. And I, for one, know they will be ecstatic when they find out they will be grandparents."

"But," I started to say, and he shushed me with his lips.

“Whether the child is biologically mine or not, they will accept the baby as theirs. Our guys’ parents, they aren’t in our lives. My parents consider them theirs. So you see, they will love this baby like their own grandchild no matter what.”

I bit my lower lip and then grinned. I was going to trust him. He’s never lied to me about anything.

“When will I meet them?”

“Soon. The guys and I still have some things to do. We still need to debrief and go over our mission.”

“How did it go?” I asked.

He grinned, “We got our guy.”

“Never doubted it,” I said.

We kissed some more, and then we napped for a few hours. When I woke up I was sad to see I was alone. But there was a note on the pillow next to me.

We went into the office to get our work done. We love you. The food that was ordered, and we forgot about is in the fridge. Looks really good. Please eat. We love you. D.D.F.M

273

So Scared

sports)

My tummy rumbled. I chuckled and patted it. I slipped on one of the guys’ T-shirts, from the smell of it, it was Mic’s. I went to the kitchen, opened the fridge and practically dove into the crêpes. I ate all the sweet ones. I looked at the time on the microwave and saw it was nine p.m. My brow furrowed. It was kind of late for them to go into the office. Of course, I didn’t know what time they left, so they could be home soon. A knock on the door caught my attention. For some reason, fear swamped me. Who could it be? It’s late. I ran to the room and grabbed my phone. I dialed Dawson, but he didn’t answer, so I tried Mic, then Ford and finally Davis. I whimpered. No one was answering. The doorbell rang this time and I

screamed. I ran to the walk-in closet and hid in the way back. I laid on the ground and curled into a ball. I tried calling my men again, but got nothing back. Why weren't they answering? I heard the doorbell again, and I whimpered, tears falling from my eyes. "Please, please go away," I whispered. My breath was sawing in and out of me and, to my horror, my vision was narrowing. I could not pass out, no. But it was futile. Fear took over and everything went black.

The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 90 -

10-13 minutes

8 Ponte>

I Can't Find Her

James

I stood watching Rage put out torture tools for Dawson, Mic, Ford and Davis to use on Jason. Savage was dragging a wiggling Jason to the hook where they were going to hang him. He should be used to this by now. He's gotten a daily beating for the last two weeks and I suspect the one that had r*ped him was Moose. He was a sadistic son of a b*tch. Every time some brought up the gaping hole that was Jason's ass, he would smirk. There was a reason he was called Moose.

"I'm glad you guys didn't kill him and kept him relatively healthy. The guys are going to be so happy to deliver justice for Isha," I said.

"We knew they would want to do that too. We would if anything ever happened to you, and we caught the son of a b*tch."

"Awe, you love me," I said teasingly.

He looked at me seriously. "We do, baby boy. You haven't figured that out yet?"

"What?" I said in a high-pitched voice. We had never declared our feelings to each other.

"We love you," Savage said with a grunt as he finished securing Jason. Jason's muffled begging went on deaf ears.

Savage walked over to me and stood right in front of me.

“Rage and I love you. You’re it for us, James. We feel you complete us. We won’t be adding to our circle. If it was just casual, or we just wanted a physical relationship with you, we would keep adding. The only other person we wanted was Isha. But since that’s out of the question, it will be just the three of us.”

“But, what if you want kids?” I asked.

“Do you?” they both asked, freezing in their movements.

“I don’t. At least not right now if ever.”

They both physically relaxed.

“We don’t either. We like the way our life is.”

That was a relief.

“What about you, baby boy? How do you feel about us? It’s okay if you don’t know if you love us yet. You will eventually,” Savage said.

The tightening around their eyes and mouths told me he was lying, they wanted me to love them.

“I love both of you. And I am so glad you don’t want to bring another into our relationship.” I had been so worried they would want a female that would take them away from me.

Savage grabbed me by the back of my neck and slammed his mouth onto mine. Rage then took me away from him and

did the same.

“Good, that’s good, because we’ll never let you go. We would have tied you up and would have given you so much pleasure until you agreed that you loved us,” Rage said.

“Well, d*mn now I wish I would have said I didn’t love you guys.”

They chuckled, “Don’t worry baby boy, we’re still going to give you undeniable pleasure.”

“Hmmm, goody,” I said, kissing Rage again and then Savage.

1/4

<7 Can't Find Her

The door to the building opened and Dawson, Mic, Ford and Davis walked in.

“Hey guys,” I said.

They all grunted. Okay, they're in the zone, got it. I stepped back as Dawson stepped up to Savage.

“We will be having some words when we are done with this useless piece of sh*t.”

“I would think so. Rage and I are ready.”

“Good. So are we.”

My eyes widened. I looked at Davis, Mic and Ford, and they were glaring at Rage and Savage.

“What's going on?” I asked.

“Don't worry baby, just something Rage and I have to take care of with the guys here.”

I didn't like the tension that was radiating off of my loves and my best friends' loves.

Muffled yelling turned the attention of everyone to the one f*cktard in the room.

“Eager to die are we?” Dawson said menacingly. I've never seen this side of him and I got to say it was f*cking hot.

“Rein in that lust baby, you're getting your ass smacked for that.” Savage rumbled in my ear, making me shiver.

“Sorry,” I whispered. He and Rage chuckled.

+ Points>

The boys stripped down to their boxer briefs. My guys and I all let out appreciative hums. It couldn't be helped.

I watched as they all surrounded Jason and just started using him as a punching bag. I winced at watching them

methodically break the bones in Jason's body. Mic and Ford were impressive with their hits. They definitely looked like it

hurt. But Dawson and Davis. Every punch, jab and kick, Jason's bones cracked and crunched. They left his face alone.

Jason pissed himself a couple of times and even defecated once. He was sprayed down by Rage. And the floor was

pressure washed. Now I knew why there was a drain in the ground, all the sh*t, piss and blood got washed down it.

I was amazed that Jason was still breathing, although he was wheezing. Davis went to the table that Rage had set up.

He picked up a handheld torch and turned it on. Dawson, Mic and Ford grimaced and backed up. Jason moaned,

because that was all he could do when he watched Davis walk towards him. Davis put the pressured flame on Jason's

balls. I didn't think he could, but muffled squealing came out of him. I gagged. The scent of burning flesh was not

pleasant, but I asked to stay. I had to watch for my friend, plus I felt guilty for not being there for her when she was taken.

I should have never left her alone. There was a small pop and oozing liquid and blood fell to the floor.

Davis turned the torch off.

“That’s for thinking you could stick your d*ck in my girl. Only me and my guys have that privilege. And boy, what a

privilege it is. Her sweet p*ssy is so wet, warm, and tight. Thank you for giving it up for me to enjoy.”

Holy sh*t Davis. I’ve never seen him talk so much and that was hot.

Mic and Ford each had a hammer in their hand. They each went to work, breaking the bones in Jason’s feet, shins, and

knees, and they swung with everything they had on his thighs. The left leg femur bone snapped.

“Ha! I won,” Ford said.

“F*ck, name your price,” Mic said, breathing heavily.

“Your ass, of course,” Ford said.

“Of course,” Mic said with a wink.

They threw their hammers at the table where they landed with a loud clatter.

2/4

<1 Can’t Find Her

I watched Dawson walk up to Jason. He got close to his ear. We all leaned in to hear what he was going to say.

+8 Points

“You f*cked up throwing Isha away. She is such a sweet, gorgeous, and kind woman. Her body is f*cking beautiful. Her d*ck sucking skills are phenomenal. How you thought you could find better, I don’t know. Her p*ssy is the tightest I’ve ever had. She squeezes my d*ck so

well, I'm convinced she was made for me. You were just a mistake that should never have happened. But don't worry. My boys and I are going to take very good care of her and our baby and future babies. She's going to look so stunning round with our offspring. Oh, and did you know she's a billionaire? Well, guess what, when she marries me, she'll become a multi-billionaire. Hundreds of billions, Jason. As generous as Isha is, if you had played your cards right, just been a little nicer, maybe she would have helped you out. But I doubt it, because you've always been a first-class prick. You touched what isn't yours anymore. You tried to take my p*ssy without her permission. For that you get to die."

I didn't notice the large knife in his hand because I was so focused on his words until he plunged it into Jason's gut and

sawed sideways, completely gutting Jason. Jason's screams were unreal even with him being gagged. Dawson went

from one side to the other and his innards fell out. I bolted from the building and started gagging. Savage and Rage

came out after me.

"You okay, baby boy?" Rage asked, rubbing circles on my back. Savage was rubbing my neck. It helped with the nausea.

"Yeah, I thought I was going to throw up. I've never heard splats like that."

"You insisted on watching love. Maybe next time you pass that up," Savage said.

The door to the building opened up. Dawson stepped out.

"We need a place to clean up, then we deal with our tension. Isha loves you guys and I don't want this between us."

"Okay. We'll take care of the body. You and the boys can use our place. It has two bathrooms. Then we'll deal with our

tension. Baby boy, why don't you go over to Isha's. Spend some time with her," Rage said.

"You have the code for the house, James?" Dawson asked.

“Yeah. I’ll knock first so I don’t startle her.”

“She might still be sleeping,” Dawson said with a smirk.

“What’s this tension you guys are talking about?”

“Just something Dawson and his boys are entitled to have. They need to get their licks in on us.”

“What? No! What did you do?”

“We didn’t protect Isha, baby. They asked us to and we didn’t. She was taken because of us,” Rage said.

“NO! If that’s the case, then I should be punished too.”

“No, baby. This is on us. We said we would protect her, and she was taken on our watch. We need to do this, James.

Rage and I need this to save face,” Savage said.

My shoulders slumped. I looked at Dawson.

“Please, don’t kill them,” I begged.

He chuckled, “No James. We won’t go that far, I promise.”

I kissed Rage and Savage, feeling defeated. I did not want my guys hurt, but I understood their brand of justice. They feel

they deserve this.

I sighed and got into my car and drove to Isha and the boy’s house. I knocked and waited. Maybe Dawson was right and she was sleeping. I rang the doorbell. I didn’t want to scare her to death just by walking in. I waited some more. I

3/4

< I Can’t Find Her

+8 Points

thought I heard her say something. I rang the doorbell one more time. She didn't answer, so I used the code. I walked in and looked around. I saw evidence of food having been eaten.

· ३ १ ० ·

"Isha? Isha baby, it's me James." I walked around the house, looked in rooms and bathrooms. I went to her bedroom and didn't see her there. My brows furrowed, where was she? I went to the basement to see if she was watching a movie, and no one was there.

I pulled out my phone and dialed Dawson, but he didn't answer. I tried the other guys but got nothing. Were they already beating up my guys? I tried Rage first. He didn't answer and got nothing when I called Savage. I walked back into the living room and thought maybe she was outside and went to look.

Nope. I huffed and looked at my phone. I knew she wasn't at Ava's or Savvy's. I needed to get a hold of the guys and only had one other number to call. I was so afraid to dial this number, but it was important, and I was told if I couldn't get a hold of my guys, that this was the number to use. I pushed the contact.

"Who in the f*ck is this?"

I cleared my throat. "Um, hello President Wolf, this is James."

He chuckled. "Just Wolf little man," he said in his very deep voice. I rolled my eyes at his little man comment. Just because he was a giant and I literally came up to the man's neck, but almost everyone came up to the man's shoulders or neck. He was six-foot-four or five.

"Um, Isha is missing, and I can't get a hold of her guys or mine."

"Again? Jesus that girl needs a f*cking tracker. Alright. I'll have one of them call you."

He hung up. I sat down in the kitchen and waited for someone to call.