

# The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 91 -

8-10 minutes

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I'm Such A Failure

\* Points >

Dawson

I had a lot of rage in me. So much I could hardly contain it. After making love to our girl, I laid there as she slept in my arms, as my man's arms were around my waist and my other two men's arms around each other and Isha. I let my mind go back to everything she told us. She may think we did nothing wrong, but that isn't true. We left her to fend for herself, even if we did leave her in the hands of our closest friends and new friendships. It still all came down to us. We may need

to rethink how we do things. Maybe hire more men to take over the missions while we take care of the business side. I

don't think I could trust anyone with her again. I would miss the adrenaline rush of the missions and doing a job well

done, but was that worth being away from her? I didn't think so, and I was pretty sure the guys would agree.

"Is she asleep?" Davis asked, as he kissed my shoulder.

"Yeah."

"K I'll wake the guys. I want to see what Savage sent us."

I agreed. I gently took the pillow Davis was using and put it in her arms and then rolled out of bed. Davis was gently waking the guys up with kisses so as not to wake up Isha. He whispered in their ears, and they slowly got out of bed.

We showered and then dressed. We all went downstairs and got our phones.

Sharp inhaled as we all opened his message. A picture of Jason with scratches and bite marks could be seen on his neck and shoulders. His face was a bloody mess, but you could see scratches there too. Then there was a

picture of Isha, her left eye swollen shut. It was black and purple, her left cheek was purple to her temple and a little on

her forehead. She had red fingerprint marks around her neck, and some around her upper arms. I was shaking so hard. I

heard a hard sniff, and looked over at Davis. He had tears streaming down his face. Being the most sensitive, this would

hit him harder in the feelings, even though it was hitting all of us pretty hard. Mic was cursing under his breath and Ford

was silent with his rage. His face was red, his muscles were tight.

We've kept him alive for you. He's ready whenever you need him. We're sorry brothers. Rage and I are awaiting our

beatings. You won't get a fight from our MC, they've agreed to this as well.

We got her checked out, both by our doctor and an OBGYN. The baby is fine. Strong and healthy. Sh\*t, I hope she's told

you about the baby. If not, act surprised. He didn't r\*pe her, we got to her in time. See you soon, Brothers.

"I want him dead," Mic spit out.

"I'm pretty sure we all do. He gets a beating, break as many bones as you can. Do whatever you want afterwards, I get to

gut him. Then we beat the sh\*t out of Rage and Savage. Let's get going."

"What about Isha?" Davis asked.

“She’ll be fine. There’s no threat to her anymore. Plus, she’s sleeping. Hopefully we’ll be back before she wakes up,” I

said.

“Let’s leave her a note at least to tell her we’ll be gone.”

I nodded, that was smart. I ran to her room and left her a note. I laid it on the pillow by her head, and then I leaned over and kissed her on the cheek.

“I Love you, My Baby.” I leaned further down and kissed her belly. “I love you too, Little Bean.”

I felt something release in me when I shoved the knife into Jason. I watched the anguish in his eyes as I whispered in his ear. He knew he had let go of the best thing that ever happened to him. Now, I watched the pain in his eyes ease into

I’m Such A Failure

18 Points>

blankness as he died. His guts spilled all over the ground at my feet. I heard James bolt and retch before the door shut

and watched Rage and Savage go after him.

“I feel better,” Ford said.

Mic and Davis grunted and nodded in agreement.

“We’ll feel even better once we shower and then beat the sh\*t out of Rage and Savage. I’ll go see where we can clean up.”

Fifteen minutes later we were in the backyard of the clubhouse. There was a huge bonfire and torches lit in a large circle. Men surrounded the makeshift ring. Rage and Savage were standing in the middle of it.

“This is penance for their failure to keep the one in their charge safe. No one is to interfere,” Wolf, the President of the

Colorado LOC, said.

He then left the circle and sat on a huge chair that looked like a throne. This mother f\*cker was full of himself, I thought.

A woman sat on his lap. She had a short skirt and tank top on. He arranged her, so her legs were spread on the outside of

his, and he petted her bare p\*ssy for all to see. Whatever floats his boat. I wasn't turned on a bit, and I loved to watch.

We walked into the ring. Davis and Ford faced Rage, while Mic and I faced Savage.

“F\*ck this is going to hurt,” I heard Rage say.

I looked at Savage and he smirked. “Yep,” he said.

I c\*\*\*\*d back my arm and let it fly. It was like my action let the others know to begin. We methodically beat Savage and Rage, hitting, kicking and throwing them around. When I realized they weren't fighting back, I yelled for them to fight, or

we were finished, and they'd just have to live with the guilt.

For every hit they got, we gave them back tenfold. I knew they weren't putting in their best effort, but they did get some licks in on each of us. I knew tomorrow I'd have a black eye. Davis already had a bloody nose, Mic had a split lip and I

think Savage might have broken a rib in Ford, or he was just going to be really bruised on his right side. Twenty minutes

later, Wolf bellowed for us to stop. We were all breathing hard when we turned towards him.

“Doc, check the pretty boy, make sure his ribs aren't broken, then check Savage, I'm sure his nose is broken,” he said as he

walked towards us.

He looked at me, "James called. Your girl is missing again. Think about putting a tracker on her."

"She should have her phone," Davis said. He checked his phone and saw she was still at the house.

"Maybe she left it there?" Mic asked.

"Ribs not broken, just going to be one hell of a bruise. It's already starting," Doc said.

Ford came over. "Let's go home. We need to find her."

We thanked everyone, slapped Rage and Savage on the backs with bro hugs, and we left shortly after.

We pulled up to the house and ran inside, well more like limping, but we limped fast.

James stood from where he was sitting.

"How are they?" he asked.

"Alive and hurt, they're definitely going to need some TLC. Have you checked the whole house? Did you see her phone?" I asked.

"Yeah, I checked every room and bathroom. I didn't see a phone."

"Did you try to call her?" Davis asked.

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+8 Points>

He blinked and then huffed. He dialed her phone. I heard it ringing and followed the sound to her room. I looked towards the closet and brow furrowing opened the door. It was pretty dark, but I saw her screen light up, and I saw she was on the

ground.

“Baby,” I shouted.

She moaned, and I walked in and scooped her up. Her eyes were fluttering as I laid her on the bed. When she saw me

she burst into tears.

“Hey, hey, baby, what happened?”

“I... someone was at the door and I don’t know, I just started freaking out, and I couldn’t get a hold of anyone. I got so scared and hid in the closet, and then I blacked out.”

“F\*ck baby, I’m so sorry. We thought you’d be fine. It was James at the door. God, I’m so sorry,” I said, dropping to my knees and laying my head on her belly. I’m such a f\*cking failure. I squeezed my eyes shut. I felt the bed dip on the other side of her and heard Mic, Davis and Ford apologize also. I couldn’t handle this. I’m failing her left and right. I sat back up. I looked at her and saw her tear-stained cheeks. I didn’t deserve her. I needed to get out of there. I needed to be alone. I leaned up and kissed her forehead. I got to my feet and left the room. I heard her call my name, but I couldn’t face her at that moment. I left the house and got in my car. She deserved so much better, but I didn’t know how I was supposed to let her find that. I knew I couldn’t let her go. I started my car and drove off.

## The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 92 -

10-12 minutes

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My **Drunk AF** Boyfriend

**My Drunk AF Boyfriend**

**Ford**

I watched as Dawson left. I knew what was going on in his head. He’s never failed at anything, and **he feels** he’s failed our girl. I have to admit I kind of feel the same way. I looked at Mic and Davis and **they nodded**. We’ve known each other for years, we know how one another thinks. I looked at James.

“Hey man, thanks for coming over. *You*

guys are pretty beat up. There’s some morphine in a first **aid kit in** the front bathroom. Take the two syringes that go with it. They’re going *to* need it.”

“Thanks. Hey Isha, feel better. I’ll call you tomorrow, okay?”

She gave him a small smile and a nod. The moment we heard the front door close, she looked at us.

“Where did he go?” she asked.

“He needs a minute, Princess. He isn’t feeling himself at the moment. I don’t think any of us are.”

“What do you mean?”

“Baby girl. We, and especially Dawson, because he’s basically our head of the house, feel like we’ve failed you. You’ve been through one hell of an ordeal, and we keep missing the mark when it comes to your well-being. We should have known Jason might have tried something, and we should have known better than

to leave you alone tonight. We didn’t go to the office. We went to the LOC compound to give Jason our form

of justice, and then we beat the sh\*t out of Savage and Rage,” Mic said.

“What? Why? And what do you mean you’ve failed me? You guys haven’t failed me. What Jason did was no one’s fault but his own, and tonight I just freaked out for no good reason except I was scared, and of what? I knew Jason wasn’t a threat anymore,`There was no reason for me to act the way I did.”

“Isha, you have PTSD Angel. What happened to you with Jason was a big deal. Someone coming to the door when you didn’t know anyone was coming over, triggered a response in you and that’s completely normal. I think maybe you should talk to someone, a professional,” Davis said.

She started to shake her head, but I stopped her.

“Princess, Davis is right. We’ve all talked to someone about our PTSD, and it also helped that we had each

other to turn to.”

“I have you too, don’t I?” she asked.

“Of course, baby girl. But talking to someone else, that isn’t us, might help with your PTSD,” Mic said.

“Okay, but how do we get Dawson back? I want you all to know, I don’t blame any of you for anything. Not even Savage and Rage.”

“We know, but we blame ourselves! You’re our woman. Your safety is the single most important thing, and you’re carrying precious cargo,” I said.

She smiled and put her hands on her tummy. We all smiled too.

We laid down with her and cuddled her until she fell asleep.

I looked at Davis over her head. Mic was behind him, his head on Davis’ shoulder.

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### **My Drunk AF Bovinend.**

“**Mic, come over here and** take my place. I’m **going to** see if I can **get a hold of him**. He’s been gone for twe **hours**.”

He **got up** and we switched places. I left the room and went to the kitchen. I got a bottle of water and downed it before pulling my phone out and hitting the number one on my phone. It **rang** and **rang**, then went **to** voicemail. F\*cker. I kept calling him but he never answered.

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“Alright d\*ck, you want to play the hard way, we can play the hard way?” I pulled up his location **and cursed**. That **a\*shole**. I grabbed my keys and got my bike out of the garage. I

put on my helmet and started it. **Half** an hour later I pulled up to Little Gems, a sports bar/strip club. They did have some really good wings here though. I'll give them that.

I walked in and flashed my local ID and slapped twenty bucks down. Locals got in for half price. I spotted **my** man instantly. Two busty blondes were trying to get him to buy lap dances. He was sitting in a booth and both of them were on either side of him, rubbing his chest, their breasts squishing into his sides. I walked **up** glaring at him. He looked at me dazed. F\*cker was toasted. I looked at the table in front of him and he **had** ten empty shot glasses lined up.

"Get lost," I said to the women.

"Awe, come on. Join us, we were just about to take your buddy in the back and show him a good time," one of the blondes said.

I looked at Dawson, there was no reaction from him. He just had this stupid dazed look on his face. "**Maybe** I'll just take a picture of the three of you and show it to Isha. I'm sure she'll love seeing our man with two strippers basically in his lap. I know I'm f\*cking enjoying it," I snarled.

"Isha, oh Isha, I love her so much," Dawson mumbled.

"Yeah, I can really tell. Guess you're more like Jason than I thought," I snarked.

"What? No, I'm not Jason, I'm Dawson. I'd never be like that a\*shole."

"Really then, what do you call this? You want her to smell them all over you?" I yelled.

He looked at the two women, they pushed their breasts out and smiled at him with huge grins.

"Ew, gross, get away. I only love one woman,

and my

men."

out of the booth grumbling about cheap a\*sholes. Their smiles dropped and they scoffed. They se Yeah, keeping it moving b\*tches. I flopped in next to him and leaned into him, taking a big whiff.

“Yep, you smell like a cheap wh\*re. You had better shower before you come to bed tonight.”  
“Didn’t plan on coming to bed. I don’t plan on coming home ever. She deserves so much better than me. They all do. I’m a loser, I can’t keep any of them safe. They’re better off without me.” His words hurt even though they were slurred as f\*ck, and I knew he was drunk off his ass, but I had a feeling he meant them.

much, Dawson. Do you *honestly* think “You really think we could live without you? We love you so f\*cking we could do better than you? You’re the best man I know. You’ve led us through wars in the desert and the jungle. You’ve kept our asses from being blown apart. You’re our f\*cking hero man. Our best friend, o

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Mic, Davis and I wouldn’t be the men we are without you. You protected us during our most vulnerable times.

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He looked at me, his eyes, watering. “You look like one of my boyfriends.”

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My **Drunk A Boyinend**

I **sighed**. He **didn’t** hear one **word** I just said.

“I am one of **your** boyfriends.”

“Give us a kiss then,” he said. Who in the f\*ck was us? I rolled my eyes and leaned **in** for a peck, but he surprised me and shoved his tongue in my mouth. I went to pull back, but he grabbed **me** around the throat **to** hold me still and I moaned. F\*ck, why couldn’t he be sober for this? I couldn’t **help** myself **and** I kissed him back. He moaned and scooted closer. I jumped when his hand grabbed my hardened **ock and**

squeezed.

I reluctantly ripped my mouth away from his and grabbed his hand. He squeezed harder, and I couldn’t keep my hips from thrusting into his hand.

“F\*ck, Dawson, stop. You have no idea what you are doing.”

“I do. I’m touching my boyfriend.”

I groaned. I had to stop this.

“Come on, I need to get you home and in the shower.”

“And then you’ll suck my c\*ck?” I froze and stared wide-eyed **at** him. If only. I just shook my head **and** grabbed him by the arm to help him out. I was going to have to leave my bike here.

I reached into Dawson’s pocket for his keys.

“Yes, baby, play with my c\*ck.”

“Jesus, f\*ck. You’re so going to regret this in the morning.”

“No, I’m not. You said you’re my boyfriend. I have a right to touch you and let you touch me.”

“Only with Isha, remember?”

“Mmm, Isha. She’s so pretty. Her t\*ts, f\*ck they’re huge. I love to bury my face in them and suck on them. You should meet her. I think you’ll think she’s pretty too.”

“I have met her. She’s perfect. She’s my girlfriend too.”

He gasped, “She is? Are you one of our boyfriends?”

“Yes, baby, I am.”

“Oh, good. Cuz I’d have to beat you up if you weren’t. She’s so perfect, you know? I want to marry her so badly. My mom is giving me my Grans ring to propose to her. I am going to do it at the site where we are going to build our house once I show it to James so he can come up with a drawing of our house, you know?” “Mmhmm,” I said, as I got him in the passenger side of his SUV. F\*cker was heavy.

I wish I would have recorded his ramblings. We could all have had a good laugh in the morning. Well, maybe not him, but the rest of us would.

When we got home he was almost passed out. He was mumbling Isha's name over and over. I got **him in the** house as quietly as I could. I took him to my room, undressed him and myself and got him **in my**

wer

"You're so handsome," he whispered as he pawed at my shoulders and chest, while I washed the stench **of** hoe off of him. I froze at his words. We didn't give compliments to each other. None of us did, **but** it felt

nice.

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**My Drunk AF Boyfriend.**

"**You are too,**" I **said**. Because it was true. Dawson, was one f\*cking hot ass **specimen**.

I **gently** wiped his face with a cloth, trying to avoid his blackening right **eye**. I washed his chest and arms and **his** underarms where he giggled through the process because he was ticklish. I knelt **and** washed **his** legs **and** feet, his c\*ck started to harden as he looked at me.

"No," I said. He would hate me in the morning if I took advantage of what he was offering.

"Just a little taste. I won't tell anyone," he whispered.

I scoffed, and stood.

"You're being naughty, Dawson."

"Yeah," he said with a snort. I rolled my eyes. I got him out of the shower when we were done and pushed him towards my bed.

"Sleep it off buddy. You're lucky I'm not a *more* unscrupulous man. If I was, I would have totally f\*cked you **in**

the a\*s."

He fell on the bed and rolled to his side and got into the fetal position. I looked at said ass and groaned. **It** was f\*cking beautiful. I smacked it. He *snored*. F\*cker. I left him and went to Isha's room. I climbed in **behind** Davis and kissed his shoulder.

"Find him?"

"Yeah, at Little Gems."

He rolled to face me. "What the f\*ck?"

"Yeah, I know, and he was drunk off his ass, didn't even know who I was until I told him, but I still don't think he knew who I was. He tried to get me to take advantage of him."

Davis chuckled and then leaned in and kissed me.

"Poor baby, I bet that was hard."

"You have no f\*cking idea."

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"Let me make it feel better," he whispered and pushed me onto my back, scooted down and took off *my* pants and underwear. I sighed happily at the first swipe of his tongue. I laid back and enjoyed my sober boyfriend and his talented mouth.

## The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 93 -

8-11 minutes

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Dawson

"F\*ck my head," I mumbled, grabbing my head that was pounding like King Kong was knocking **on** my brain **What** in the f\*ck happened last night? I smacked my tongue on the roof of my mouth, ugh, I could rate how gross it is in there and I bet the smell was even worse

I looked around the room I was in. This wasn't my room, and it definitely wasn't Isha's room looked to the left and saw the shelves full of packaged G.1. Joe figurines and realized I was in Ford's room. Why was I in

Ford's room?

I threw back the covers, noticed I was naked, and went to the bathroom to piss. I washed my hands and looked in the mirror. I looked like death. I used Ford's toothbrush to get this God-awful taste out of my mouth. Afterward, I swished mouthwash three times until I was satisfied my horrible breath was eradicated. I went in search of my loves and some underwear. I opened the door to Isha's room. It was empty I went to the dresser and got some of my underwear out and also a tank. I put on my clothes and went to the kitchen. Again it was empty. My brows furrowed. I made some coffee, got some IB Profrin from the cabinet, we kept it in, and downed four pills with a bottle of water. Once the coffee was done, I took a sip and sighed. That's the stuff. I looked out the kitchen window and saw no one was outside.

I walked around the house and, not finding anyone, went downstairs to the basement. I heard a voice coming from the theater room. I slipped inside and saw a pretty Asian lady on the big screen. My family was in the front row all sitting next to each other, but only Isha's face was in the small square in the corner of the

screen.

"And, how are you feeling now that you know that your ex won't be bothering you ever again?" she asked **Isha**. "I feel a sense of relief. I don't know what happened to him. I was just told that I would never have to worry about him again. I don't want to know where he is, I just want him to never contact me again."

"You seem to have a great support system. Why do you think you had a meltdown when someone knocked *on* your door?"

"I think it was just the fact that I didn't know anyone was coming over. It was late and even though at that time I knew Jason wasn't behind the door, a little part of me thought maybe it was him and I didn't want to find out if it was true. I feel foolish really."

I saw Mic bring her hand to his lips as he kissed her knuckles. Davis was behind her playing with her hair and Ford was on her other side, running his fingers up and down her arm in comfort.

"I want you to know that your reaction wasn't foolish, but that it's okay if you feel that way. Your feelings are very valid. You went through an ordeal, and it'll take some time for you to feel more comfortable when you are alone. Lean on your guys, that's what partners are for. Don't try to handle things all on your own. Open communication is extremely important for a

number of reasons. Also, make sure to listen to your **partner's** suggestions too. Remember, they love you," she said with a smile.

"Thank you Dr. Rylee," Isha said with a genuine smile on her face. It made me smile to see her **so** relaxed. "Anytime Isha. You can call me whenever you need me. Let's set up a bi-weekly session. I **have** Wed the twenty-eighth at 2 p.m. available. Will that work for you?"

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Life is Good

"Yes. Thank you again, Dr. Rylee."

"You're welcome. See you in two weeks."

They said their goodbyes and then the screen went blank.

"Well, I think that went well. Don't you think, Princess?" Ford asked,

"Yeah. Thank you for being here with me. All of you"

I felt a pang in my chest. They didn't wake me up to join them. I slipped out of the room and went back to the kitchen. As I rinsed out my coffee cup, Isha's arms came around my waist, her head leaning onto my back.

"Hey my big man. Did you sleep well?"

"I think I did," I said, chuckling. I turned, picked her up, and put her on the counter so we could be face to face. I braced my arms on the side of her, and she ran her hands through my hair, her nails scratching my scalp. I moaned, it felt good. She started massaging my head and neck. A little whimper came out.

Her smile was brilliant. "Have a hangover?"

"Yeah," I whispered. "I'm sorry, Isha, for leaving like that. I just needed to be alone. I feel like I'm failing you left and right."

Her brows furrowed. "You aren't failing me, Dawson. You aren't in control of my emotions and actions, that's all me. You're my rock, Dawson. You're the rock for all of us, and maybe that's too much to put on your

shoulders."

"NO!" I shouted. "Sorry, I mean no, it's not too much. I love being the protector for all of you. It's what I'm good at. That's all I know."

"Who's the rock for you, Dawson?"

"I don't need a *rock*, Isha. I need my men and my girl. That's what I need. I need to know that you're all safe, happy and content. That's what makes me happy."

"Don't leave like that again. I mean it Dawson. You scared me. I felt like I had done something wrong, and you were leaving me."

"Oh baby, I'll never leave you. I promise. I just had it in my mind that I had failed you. That you didn't need me, that none of you did. I was having a *heck* of a pity party. I don't really know what happened after I left last night. It's spotty, but I think I made out with someone, and I'm sorry. I want to be completely honest with you. I will *do* anything for your forgiveness."

Her laugh was music to my ears, but I was confused.

"You made out with Ford. He told us everything this morning. He found you at a strip club. He said you were just sitting there while these two blondes were trying to get you to go to the VIP room with them, but you acted like they didn't exist. But when Ford sat with you. You were all over him. He said it was very hard to resist you. Especially when you two were in the shower, and you wanted him to suck your d\*ck."

"Oh God," I groaned.

“Are we good, Dawson? No *more* running away. Stay and talk with us when it gets to be all too much I promise to talk about my insecurities too. Also, we need a rule where one of you needs to have you...one on at all times so I can get a hold of one of you. I think if someone had answered my calls last night and told

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Life Is Good

me James was coming over, I wouldn't have freaked out like that.”

“You're right baby. In our defense, we thought we'd be done before you woke up. I am so sorry?

“It's okay now. I'm always going to need you, just remember that.”

“Okay,” I said. I leaned down and captured her lips with mine. I slipped my tongue into her mouth, and we kissed with all the love inside of us.

“What do you want to do today?”

“James and Ava are coming over. We are going to look at the drawings he made for my firm. He also said he had something to show you?”

“Oh, yeah, right,” I said, looking away from her.

“Communication?” she said with a cheeky smile.

“I promise, this is something that I will tell you later. It's a good thing.”

“Okay, I trust you. Well, I'm going to go shower and get dressed. They should be here soon. Can you get the boys and make us some waffles? Baby and I want waffles, with strawberries and cream.”

I smiled at her. “Anything my baby wants my baby gets. Guess I should say my babies from now on.” She giggled. I helped her off of the counter and smacked her ass as she sauntered off. D\*mn was I lucky b\*stard. I had the best woman known to man. I went to find my men. I

shook my head at my antics from the night before. I can't believe I made out with Ford and then propositioned him.

I found them in the game room playing pool.

"There's the man of the hour," Ford said with a smirk.

"Hey, um sorry about last night," I said. I could feel my face heating up.

"You mean when you kissed me at a strip club, groped me and then offered me your c\*ck twice? Do you know how hard that was to resist? If I wasn't such a great guy, Dawson, I would have sucked you off, and then I would have bent you over and f\*cked that delectable ass of yours."

I rubbed a hand over my face. Davis and Mic started laughing, and I scowled at them.

"I'm sorry Ford, really. I shouldn't have *put* you in that position. But thank you for coming after me and keeping me from making any mistakes with other people last night."

"You were pretty loyal, even sh\*t faced. Even with me before I told you I was your boyfriend, *you* were doing pretty good at ignoring temptation."

"Well, that's good. Isha wants waffles, Who's in on helping me with breakfast?"

They all were. I felt good. Lighter, like a weight has been lifted off of my shoulders. My babies were safe, my guys and I were back to being a unit, now that I've gotten my head out of my ass. Life was good again.

## **The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 94 -**

11-14 minutes

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### **Vote**

<Possessive and Obacssive

Possessive and Obsessive

Isha

“I am so glad we are doing this. I haven’t had a girl’s night out since the night before Jason gave me the divorce papers. What’s that, a little over two months now?” I asked Savvy.

She nodded. “Yeah, two months, one week and three days, but who is counting? I need this too. I am so glad Jack’s mom is visiting. I think we all needed an adult night. Thank you for asking Dawson if the guys could join in their poker night.”

“That was all Dawson. I simply said I was happy you could come out with us. He asked what Jack and Mac were doing, and I said I didn’t know. I thought they were watching the kids. I’m glad he called them. He was even going to go to the store and get some toys for the kids. He was going to tell them to bring them along.”

“Awe, that’s so sweet,” Ava said. “Your guys are so thoughtful.”

I nodded with a smile.

We were getting ready in my room. James was on his phone playing a game while he waited for us. Erica and Louise were using one of my vanities, while Savvy, Ava and I were using the other one and the bathroom.

“This room is great, Isha. Your guys did a good job setting it up,” Erica said.

“They did. I was struck dumb when I walked into it the first time. I’ve never felt so seen and cherished.”

“You deserve it,” James said. He winked at me and went back to his game.

“James, Isha showed me the drawings you did for her firm. You did amazing. Did you decide on one Isha?” Savvy asked.

“Yeah, Ava, James and I looked at all five, and we narrowed it down to two a couple of days ago. And I chose the two–story Old Victorian style that will have a basement for the gym and library. The main floor will be the waiting area, six offices, the eatery and kitchen, bathrooms and a conference room. The upstairs will be four 2–bedroom apartments, another conference room, and we decided on having our one printing and binding area for the books instead of

outsourcing that. James has a couple of friends he goes to school with that do that sort of thing. He's going to invite them to lunch on Sunday, and we are going to talk to them about joining our team."

"That's fantastic," Savvy said. "Um, I was wondering if you think there would be any interest in a homestead guide or book, with colored pictures and instructions and some recipes and things like that?"

I looked at her and smiled widely. "Yes! I think that's a wonderful idea. Make a rough copy of your idea and we can hire a photographer. I also think Erica could do something for bodybuilding for women, with recipes, exercise tips, and Louisa, what about gardening and the right flowers to plant and when? And the best flowers to use for different occasions?" I asked.

They both froze, putting their finishing touches on their faces.

"Isha, I've never thought about that. Do you think people would actually like books on bodybuilding for women?" Erica asked.

"Yes, most definitely. There's a market for almost anything. What do you think? Is that something you girls would be interested in?"

1/4

Possessive and Obsessive

Both of them nodded eagerly. I was extremely happy with these ideas.

"Oh, Ava, what happened when you told Aaron about the baby?" I asked.

She started giggling.

"Okay, so after we left you, I pestered him about the lip. At first, he insisted he bit it, but I didn't buy it. So, gave him the silent treatment. He kept looking at me with a worried look on his face. But I wasn't going to let him get away with that lie. So we get home and I sit in the living room, and he comes to me and **kneels** in front of me. He puts his hands on my thighs and stares at me. He asked me what was wrong? And I said, I hope you don't teach our child to lie to its mother. I'd really hate to be the bad parent while you get to be the good one. He stared at me blankly, looked at my stomach, opened and closed his mouth a couple of times. I think I had short-circuited his brain for a minute. Then tears sprang into his eyes and he

bowled me over onto the couch and put his ear to my stomach. He kept asking me if I was serious, and I *nodded* and, of course, I was crying. Then he told me the truth about what happened. He apologized for not telling the truth right away. Just so you know, he doesn't hold any ill will towards Davis. He said he felt it was deserved."

I rolled my eyes. These guys, I swear.

"So, how has he been since finding out?"

"Let's just say, I love him so much, but I need this night out too. I need a breather. He's become like a helicopter parent already. If I even move to get up, he jumps up and asks me what's wrong and to let him go get whatever it is I need, that I am to just sit there and relax. I told him I wanted to go for a walk, but he wanted to carry me everywhere," she said, shaking her head.

I giggled, I was happy the guys weren't that bad.

"What about you? Have the guys been overly protective?"

"Kind of, not like Aaron though. They let me walk, but one of them is always with me. I wanted to lift some weights, and went to lift my normal twenty lbs, but Ford nixed that and said he didn't want me lifting anything higher than ten. I laughed, because I thought he was kidding; he was not. He even took all the weights that were more than ten lbs and locked them in the gym storage room. Mic and Davis went grocery shopping, and bought nothing but healthy greens and fruits. There's lean meat, absolutely no deli meat, and Mic refuses to have any fish in the house, because he read it was bad for me to eat seafood. I told him that it was raw fish, like sushi, but he wouldn't give in. Dawson has taken it upon himself to fill my bath water when I wanted a bath. It's freaking lukewarm water. He said hot water is bad for me and the baby. They all have these baby apps, and books they've been reading. You would think I was the first and only woman to ever get pregnant. But I can't complain. I haven't lifted a finger to cook in the last couple of days and I get foot rubs and leg massages nightly. I am actually surprised they are letting me go out tonight without them,"

"That's because I'm going." James said. "I've already gotten the riot act that I am not to let you and Awe out off my sight."

"Yeah, Mac and Jack gave Louise and me the same speech. Like they always do."

“Wait, what?” Savvy asked. Erica blushed.

“Oh, sh\*t, I thought you knew? The first time we had a girls’ night out they pulled me aside and asked if it would keep an eye out for you, to make sure no man ever gets close to you, and every time we

night out they give me a look and I just nod.”

\* gifts

Possessive and Obsessive

“Ugh, I thought they were over their fear?” she mumbled.

“I’m sure they are, it’s just precaution,” Louise said.

“Fear of what?” Ava asked.

“I was kidnapped by a stalker that I didn’t know I even had. We thought Brian, my ex–husband, was the only threat to me. But it turns out there was another guy. His name was Ramsey. He was a firefighter that worked at the firehouse we worked at. He thought, just because I gave it up to Mac and Jack, that I should be with him too. But we were in a relationship, and he couldn’t get that through his thick skull. Anyway, *he* kidnapped me, took me out into the middle of the ocean. I ended up saving myself by jumping into the water and swimming away from him. It was exhausting, but luckily I was saved by the Coast Guard. Sometimes, when I go out without them, they’ll get a little anxious. But it’s been years. I didn’t think they had their own personal bodyguard with me during gno’s.”

“Why do you think they want you to live stream when we go out? It’s not just for your channel. It’s so they can watch live to make sure you are okay, and no men are bothering you,” Louisa said.

“I had my suspicions.”

I laughed, “*Wow*, our men are really possessive on an obsessive level.” I looked at James and narrowed my eyes. “*So, you’re* my own personal bodyguard?”

James nodded. "Yours and Ava's, though I don't know why. I may look like I can take on a guy, but seriously, I can't fight. I'm too pretty for all that. Don't tell the guys, though. I don't think they know this."

"You're lucky Savage and Rage don't go all caveman on you," I mumbled.

"Sorry, babes, I'm a guy. I'm sure they think I can take care of myself, and I'll let them think that, because! don't want any babysitters."

I flipped him off and he chuckled.

"Okay, birthday girl. Even though it's technically not until tomorrow, I have something to go with that emerald green slinky mini dress. Those silver heels make your legs look phenomenal."

"Thank you."

I opened a drawer on my vanity and gave her the little square box.

"Isha, what's this?" she asked.

"Open it," I said excitedly.

She did and gasped. Inside were two identical diamond tennis bracelets. *One was for her wrist and the other was for her ankle.*

"Oh, Isha, they're beautiful."

James came off the bed, and helped her put the bracelet on her wrist while I did the one for her ankle.

"Gorgeous," I said.

"You're the best of friends Isha, I am so glad we reconnected and have become so close."

"Me too, Ava," I said, hugging

her.

“Okay girls, let me look you over. Jesus, I’m the luckiest guy tonight. You all look beautiful.”

Possessive and Obsener

We **really did**. I was in a pair of silk pants the color of ash purple that cinched at the waist and ankles. There were long slits on the sides of the pants that showed my golden skin. I had silver sparkly strappy heels on. My toes had a French manicure. My shirt was white silk. It was off the shoulders and had no back My hair was piled on top of my head and I had dangly earrings in my ears. Ava was in an emerald green slinky mani dress. Her hair was curled and hung down her back. Savvy was in a red pants jumper with black heels on.

Her black hair was in waves. Erica and Louise matched in black. Erica with a pants suit on with no shirt under her lightweight jacket. Louise in a black maxi that was completely sleeveless and flowy. Her hair was in a high bun. I looked at James. He was in charcoal gray pants and a dress shirt with a black belt. He

looked s\*xy as h\*ll.

We made our way to the front door. Whistles and grunts of appreciation met our ears. My guys grabbed me, each giving me a scorching kiss. I almost wanted to stay in. If it wasn’t for being a gno for Ava’s Birthday! might just have.

“Be a good girl tonight. Don’t accept drinks from strangers,” Dawson whispered in my ear.

I smiled and kissed him again. “I’ll be safe. Besides, I have my own personal bodyguard.” He had the good grace to blush. They all walked us out.

“Isha, ladies, James, this is Edgar. He’s your driver tonight. You get in his vehicle only. Anyone that doesn’t look like this, you walk away,” Ford said.

We all nodded.

“Um, babes, why are Rock, Wizard and Moose here?” James asked Savage and Rage. They chuckled.

“Baby boy, you didn’t think we’d let you go out without protection, did you? You’re so cute,” Rage said, kissing him. James stood there dumb-founded.

“Don’t worry, *you won’t* see them, they won’t interfere unless they have to,” Savage said, kissing him next. “I guess *your* men are just as possessive and obsessive as ours,” I said.

He scoffed as he got into the car.

## The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 95 -

9-11 minutes

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Crashing The (ND

Crashing The GNO

Mic

“I can’t win a hand worth sh\*t. I’m going to go get another beer. Does anyone need another?”

I got a bunch of ‘yes’ so I went to the kitchen and grabbed eight beers, and another charcuterie board had made up for tonight. I made three. We were going to order pizza soon, but for now we were snacking.

I overheard Savage laughing as I walked back into the game room.

“What’s so funny?” I asked as I walked in.

“I was telling your men, Mac and Jack, about the time Rage and I killed the sh\*t out of a man we caught

picking up a sixteen-year-old girl he catfished. Her mom found her daughter’s laptop open talking to this” eighteen” year-old boy she met online. They decided to meet up. Morn came home early from work to surprise her, found the laptop and contacted Wolf. We mobilized within five minutes and got to the park where he was dragging her towards a van. The man was like fifty, fat, and bald. She was fighting tooth and nail. Rage and I jumped out of the cage we were driving in and tackled both of them to the ground. Wolf grabbed the girl, Rage and I took the man back to *our* warehouse. We skinned him in certain places, taped our hands and stuck ground glass on our fists and beat him bloody. Broke every bone in his body. Then led him to a scorpion pit and threw him in. You ever seen someone stung by a thousand

scorpions? It's brutal. Anyway, afterward, we chopped him up into pieces and buried his body parts in various parts of Colorado."

"Good. Glad you got that f\*cker off the streets. Nothing worse than f\*cking s\*xual predators," I said.

A bunch of nods and grunts. We played some hands when Mac spoke up.

"It's been an hour, things should be getting good," he said.

"I'll pull it up and cast it onto the TV," Jack said.

I had no idea what he was talking about.

"We ever tell you about the first time Isha went out with Savvy, Erica and Louise?" Mac asked.

"No, what happened?" Dawson asked.

Both Mac and Jack chuckled. Mac pulled out his phone and cast it onto the other TV we had down here. He pulled up a video that was dated two months before.

Isha was dancing *on* a bar, men and women cheering her on, shoving money in a jar held by a cute pig-tailed

bartender.

My d\*ck instantly hardened watching/her dance. Her breasts and ass jiggled, and I heard Ford and Davis groan. All four of us adjusted ourselves.

"D\*mn," Savage and Rage said at the same time.

"Get your f\*cking eyes off of our woman?" I snarled.

"Hey, we had her first," Rage said.

I moved fast, but Savage stepped in front of me.

“Hold on, big guy, he’s just joking, no need to get your panties twisted. But I mean we can appreciate your

1/4

Crashing The GNO

woman. We have had her. She’s beautiful, but she loves you four, so, let it go, man.”

“He’s right Mic, let it go. We can’t help it if she’s beautiful, and she has a past with Rage and Savage. **But you** also can stop throwing it in our faces,” Ford said.

“You’re right, sorry. Honestly guys, we only have brotherly affection for her now. We love James,” Rage said.

I grunted, satisfied.

“Oh sh\*t, she won,” Davis said excitedly, clapping. I turned and saw my beautiful baby girl in a split. F\*ck

she’s gorgeous.

“They had a blast that night. She really needed it. She was hurting so much. I carried her to the spare bedroom, kissed her on the forehead and wished for her to have good dreams. I told Savvy that night that I hoped she’d find the kind of love her, Mac and I have. And look at her now,” Jack said with a smile. He waved his hand to the TV and there was a live stream from Savvy. Our girl was dancing with Ava, their hands roaming all over each other. Erica and Louise by them and James and Savvy on the other side. It was like a perimeter was surrounding her and Ava.”

“Look at our girl Mic, she’s having the time of her life,” Ford said with a smile on his face.

“She deserves it. Jack’s right. That night she was so sad. That was the night Rage and I met her. They came to our bar first. We danced with her. She cried. She knew he was cheating on her. We told her she deserved so much better. You four have shown her how she’s supposed to be cherished and loved. You are all doing a great job.”

“Watching those two together is the hottest sh\*t ever,” Aaron chimed in. We all laughed, he wasn’t wrong. Now our babies are going to grow up together. I’m so d\*mn happy about that.”

“What? Ava’s pregnant?” I asked.

“Yeah, she told me the other night. You know, tomorrow is her birthday, that’s why they all went out tonight.” “That’s right, you’re going to pop the big question tomorrow,” I said.

He nodded, grinning. “Yeah at Cheesman Park. Here’s the ring,” he said, taking a box out of his pants pocket. “I’ve been carrying it around with me so she doesn’t find it.”

He opened it. It was a beautiful five-carat pink diamond with two little diamonds on each side of the big diamond on a platinum band.

“It’s beautiful,” I said.

“She’ll love it,” Dawson said.

“I hope so. She’s it for me, the love of my life.”

“We know what you mean,” I said, as I heard Isha’s laugh, even through the crowd and music of the club. I could pick her out blindfolded.

“Congratulations on both the baby *and* the engagement because we all know she’s going to say yes,” Dawson

said.

Our poker game abandoned, we all enjoyed watching our girls and guy having the time of their

A growl came out from Rage when a guy in a silver sequined shirt and some leather pants sidled up close to James. Savvy and the girls were talking while James danced close by them. The guy leaned in and

whispered something to James, James shook his head. You could see him say, 'I'm taken **but the guy wasn't** buying it. Isha walked over and danced with James, but the guy in the sequined shirt wouldn't take the **hint**, and he got closer to James on the other side to sandwich him with Isha, Isha grabbed James around **the** waist and was trying to dance away from the guy. He didn't like that and started to get closer. All of a

sudden, Moose came into view. He grabbed the guy by the throat and hauled him away.

"Bout f\*cking time," Savage said. But the moment he said that, another guy sidled up to James, and his

friend sidled up to Isha.

"Looks like we have a dead man and his wingman," Rage said, standing.

"Are we going to the club?" I asked.

"Yes. I don't like all these men trying to flirt with mine. I also need to reward mine for letting the other know he was taken. Baby boy is about to have a real good time," Rage said with a grin.

I chuckled. I was eager to get to the club. I wasn't too keen on letting Isha out of our sight, but when Rage and Savage said some of their MC would be there, it made me feel a lot better.

We decided to take Dawson's SUV, with Rage and Savage on their bikes, and Mac and Jack in Jack's truck. Aaron rode with us. He seemed to be just as excited about going to the club as I was.

When we pulled up, there was a long line. Dawson pulled out three hundred and gave **it** to the bouncer who let us all in, ignoring the groans of the people in line. The music was loud, the base was bumping. Colored strobe lights—were going off. It seemed like a fun atmosphere, but I preferred being at home with one of my loves in my arms while we all watched a movie.

I clocked our girl right away. She and Ava were at the bar with Erica and James. I didn't see Savvy and Louise. We followed Savage and Rage towards their MC brothers, who were standing in the VIP area overlooking the dance floor.

“They’re all fine. Moose took some a\*shole out back that was bothering James, and Wizard and I took care of two that were bothering James and Isha. Once we walked up, they backed off.”

“Where is Savvy?” Mac asked.

“She and Louise went to the bathroom. The others are at the bar getting drinks. Our two preggos have been downing virgin piña coladas like they are going out of style.”

“It’s the coconut. Isha loves coconut, and I guess Ava does too,” I said. “I’m going to go dance with our girl.” Aaron followed me and Rage followed behind him.

I slipped my arms around my girl’s waist and she stiffened. She turned fast and when she saw me her smile lit up the room.

“Mic! Oh my Mic, *I’ve* missed you so much.” She jumped up in my arms and I grabbed her under the ass and took her to the dance floor. I let her slide down my body and I showed her my moves. We danced, I twirled her out and then in. I got all up close to her body and danced dirty with her. Her laughs and giggles were music to my ears. I picked her up again, *and* she wrapped her legs around my waist.

“Having fun baby girl?”

“Yes, and now I’m having even more fun with you here.”

“The others, are here too. Ready to be passed off?”

She leaned in and kissed me thoroughly.

“I want to ride you tonight, Mic,” she whispered into my ear.

\*F\*ck, I mumbled My dick just went rock hard

“Whatever you want, baby, I’m down for.”

Her giggle was pure sin as Davis took her out of my arms. I adjusted myself and went to find Ford. I needed a quick release

# The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 96 -

10-12 minutes

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**Dare**

**Isha**

I couldn't stop giggling. Davis danced with me like he was Patrick Swayze, and I was Baby left in a **corner** He was all over me, grinding and swaying his hips. Who knew my sensitive man had the moves like he was an **extra** in the movie Dirty Dancing?

"I can't wait to get you home, My Sweet Angel. I'm gonna make sure you get real dirty tonight," he **whispered** in my ear. That made me moan, as I lifted my arms and wrapped them around his neck behind me. He nibbled on my ear. I was so f\*cking wet. My clit throbbed with the base of the music. His arms were wrapped around my waist when hands on my hips gently took me from him.

I opened my eyes and Ford was grinning down at me.

"I have you to thank for the ass pounding I just got in the mens bathroom," he mumbled in my ear.

I threw back my head and laughed.

"I'm sorry I missed it," I said.

"Hmmm, we can recreate it for

at **you**

later date," he said.

"I'd love that. Nothing s\*exier than watching my men together," I said, brushing my lips across his.

"Oh, my God, she's literally gone from one hot guy to another, throwing her fat a\*s at them," Ford and I froze. Our lips parted, and we turned to stare at three girls dancing close to us. They were glaring at me, giving me disgusting looks.

But before I could open my mouth. James came out of nowhere, swaying and snapping his fingers **in** the three girls' faces. He was being held back by Rage, who was chuckling. Savage had a smirk on his face, standing at his side.

"You f\*cking jealous b\*tches need to keep your eyeballs off my girl. She's the sweetest, kindest, most generous person I know, and her men f\*cking adore her. You could only wish to have men as devoted to you as my girl does of her four men, me and my two men, her over there and her two men, our girl Ava and her man, and these two beautiful women standing behind you. You c\*nts don't even know how deserving our Isha is. So, back the f\*ck off, and stop coveting something that isn't yours, because her four men wouldn't touch you three with a ten-foot pole."

Ford chuckled and then yelled, "Yeah, what he said," and then he dipped me and kissed me until my toes curled. Then, to my utter astonishment, we danced West Coast Shag style. My grandpa taught me this when I was younger. He and my Nana used to Shag dance a lot. My mom and dad also did it every once in a while. It brought back so many memories. I couldn't help smiling until my cheeks hurt. These men in my life surprise me all the time. It's like they know all my secrets. I love them so much, I could hardly contain my

giddiness.

I saw a big hand land on Ford's shoulder. We both looked at the owner of the hand, and Dawson was

grinning.

"My turn Ford, you're hogging our girl."

"Fine. But we need to go soon. I'm so f\*cking h\*rny," he said, passing me to Dawson.

1/4

Date

**The music turned sensuous, and I realized it was Nine Inch Nails 'Closer, Dawson danced close to could feel how hard he was, rubbing against my belly.**

“Isha, next weekend, I’m **inviting my** mom and dad to dinner. I’ll be hiring a chef so **you** won’t have to cook and **you can** relax before you meet them. I know how nervous it makes you.”

“No, please, I want to cook. I am nervous, but I’m excited too. You said they are supportive **of** you and the guys, so maybe they’ll support me being a part of you *too*,” I said.

“They will. They are really excited to meet you. This next week, the guys and I have some **meetings**, and we are going to interview twelve men. We want to hire at least eight of them.”

He turned me, so my back was to his front, then he turned me again and lifted me so we were face **to face**. I wrapped myself around him. He swayed us side to side and I laid my head *on* his shoulder, my lips **brushing** his neck. He shivered and squeezed me tighter.

“Why?” I asked.

“Because, we feel we should stay home now. No more missions. We have a baby on the way. We shouldn’t be doing dangerous missions anymore.”

I leaned back, I felt there was more. He looked at me, his eyes softening. “We also don’t want to leave **you** alone anymore. Look what happened when we did it last time.”

“I had a threat last time. You guys shouldn’t stop doing something you love, just because you’re scared something will happen to me.”

“That’s the thing, baby. We love you more. I’d give it all up for you. I like the concept of coming home to you every night and so do the guys.”

“Just as long as this is something you all want. I don’t want you resenting me in the future.”

“Never, baby,” he said.

His hands kneaded my ass and I felt myself becoming wetter and wetter.

“I think it’s time to go home, Dawson. I need to feel all of you.”

“I’ll watch first, then I’m going to take you to the shower, and f\*ck your p\*ssy up.”

I groaned. His dirty talk was making the h\*rniness in me more.

“I want it hard, Dawson, I want it so hard I feel you for days.”

“F\*ck, baby, if you’re not careful I’m going to take you right now.”

“Truth or Dare?” I asked him.

His eyes flared. “Dare.”

“I dare you to find somewhere to f\*ck me, right now.”

He wasted no time. He carried me off the dance floor and rounded a corner. He walked down a hallway, and came to a door. He jiggled the knob, but it didn’t open. We came to another door and this one opened. We looked around, and it looked like some sort of staff room. There was a curtained off area, **and we moved the** curtain aside, and it was a really big closet. There were bags hanging. The closet was deep, **and he took us** to the way back. He dropped my legs and I stood. He then turned me and slid my **pants and thong** & He

4ded and started kissing my cheeks with open-mouthed kisses. I moaned. My hands were **against** the

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O

Dare

wall. I heard him behind me fumbling with his pants. Then he was guiding me to sit and I felt his **tip at** my entrance. He worked himself into me slowly at first. Once he was fully inside me, he held me to him, **waiting** for me to adjust to his massive size. He brought one of his hands forward and rubbed my clit, using **my** own wetness to lubricate his fingers.

“Dawson, please,” I begged. I needed to feel him move in and out of me.

“You ready for me baby? Ready for me to pound that little p\*ssy of yours until you’re screaming and c\*mming around my c\*ck, strangling me with that tight beautiful c\*nt of yours.

I whimpered and nodded.

He pushed me forward until I was on my hands and knees. He pushed on my shoulders, making me go lower, but leaving my ass in the air. His big right hand glided down my spine, over my right ass cheek, where he gripped it and then slapped it, making my flesh jiggle.

“Such a pretty sight,” he whispered. He grabbed my hips and pulled out and then slammed in hard. My whole body moved, my ass jiggling with every hard thrust. He pulled out and slammed back in over and over, harder and harder. I could feel every f\*cking inch of him, as he picked up speed. The smacking of skin on skin echoed around the closet. His grunts and groans heightened my pleasure, knowing I was making him lose control with my p\*ssy. I squeezed my walls and he groaned loudly. He went feral, moving my hips back to him and pushing me away just to slam into me as he yanked me back. I widened my legs, his thrusts were brutal, he suddenly leaned over me, both of his hands coming to the sides of my head. His rutting was

primal.

“You. Feel. So .F\*cking. Good. You’re mine, forever,” he growled in my ear. Then he froze and I whimpered. His hand came to my mouth, his other hand went under my waist, and he pulled me back, having me sit on him again. I was dripping, my juices flowed out of me all over him.

We heard voices, two men talking about the tips they’d made. Dawson’s hand that was on my waist, slipped down, and he rubbed my sensitive clit between two fingers. I rocketed off. I was c\*mming so hard, Dawson’s hand on my mouth tightened to muffle the sound of my scream. He kept rubbing, making me choke, my body convulsed. My juices flowed all over, drenching his thighs. He tapped my clit with two fingers and then petted me as I came down. The men left and Dawson picked me up and down until he was c\*mming. He slammed into me, holding me to him as his d\*ck twitched inside of me, his c\*m filling me to the brim.

“F\*ck baby, that was so good. D\*mn we made a mess.” Dawson looked around and grabbed a woman’s purse. He dumped it and found some fast food napkins. He cleaned us as well as he could. Then he shoved everything back into that woman’s purse except the napkins and hung it back up. We dressed, he looked at me and smirked.

“Your hair is falling down,” he said.

I took out all the pins and let my hair fall.

“You’re so beautiful, baby.”

“Thank you,” I said with a smile. We walked out of the curtained area and back out into the club. Dawson signaled to our guys and I waved to Savvy, Ava, James, Erica and Louise. They waved and blew kisses back. We left. The moment we were in the SUV, Ford put me on his lap, and we started making out.

“You smell like s\*x,” he mumbled. Taking a big sniff.

3/4

Dare

“That’s because Dawson just had his way with me.”

“F\*ck and we missed that?” Mic whined.

“Don’t worry, love, once we get home, you can have your way with me too.”

“Excellent,” he said, leaning over and capturing my lips. I sighed, content to let my two hunks play with me all the way home.

Roc

It’s come to my attention that some don’t know about my other books. There is. The Biker’s Assassin: Ripper and Chaotic the first LOC series, *The Biker’s True Love: Lords Of Chaos* the next gen series, *Wild Temptation After Divorce* this is my first attempt at a Polyamory series, and then there is my werewolf series, my very first books. *My Luna’s Gifts*, *The Beta’s Fate*, the third book is found in the Beta’s Fate. Also I have a f\*\*\*B\*\*K Page Roc Author. It shows the two dancers for the profile pic.

## **The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 97 -**

8-10 minutes

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Enjoying The Comfort

## Enjoying The Comfort

Isha

Mic and Ford had me so riled up all the way home. They tweaked my n\*pples, sucked on my skin, played with my soaked p\*ssy. Mic scrunched himself so he could get between my legs with his talented tongue while Ford leaned back against the back passenger door and held my legs open for him. They had removed my clothes the moment we drove from the club. I caught glimpses of Davis watching, palming his slacks as he squeezed his covered c\*ck. I heard Dawson's curses. I could only imagine he would look in the rearview mirror to see what was happening and try to concentrate on the road at the same time.

They played with me like I was their favorite toy, but they wouldn't let me c\*m. I'd get so close and Mic would back off, while Ford would blow on my skin to cool me down. Then they would start all over. I was begging and sobbing with frustration. Tears flowed out of my eyes. I was so needy, I could hardly stand it. But they

still refused.

When we got to the house, Ford carried my naked body all the way to my bedroom, Mic hot on his heels. I watched Mic undress all the way, his eyes blazing as he watched me. He passed us in the room and laid *down on* my bed, holding his arms out for me. Ford passed me to him. Before I impaled myself on Mic, I leaned down and kissed him, our tongues tangling, my hands in his hair. He moaned with pleasure as I ran my nails over his scalp.

"I love you," I whispered to him.

"I love you too, baby girl."

I turned my back to him. I lifted myself up, giving him a wonderful view of my ass and p\*ssy as I grabbed his beautiful c\*ck and notched it to my entrance and slowly sank down on him. We both groaned with pleasure. His hands massaging my ass. Davis' naked form stood in front of me with his fat c\*ck in his hand giving himself a couple of strokes before climbing onto the bed.

"Lie down, put your legs over Mics and spread your legs, my Davis." I commanded. He did as I asked. I rode Mic for a few minutes, enjoying his c\*ck as I bounced on him. Dawson and

Ford groaned watching my t\*ts move, they started to undress, grabbing their c\*cks and stroking themselves. Such a gorgeous sight.

When Davis was in place, I leaned forward and while I still f\*cked Mic, I took Davis' d\*ck in my hand and licked the tip. I swirled my tongue around his head. I felt Mic grab my ass harder and move me up and down on him. I got distracted by Davis and stopped moving. I moaned as I swallowed Davis' almost fully. I swallowed around him and he groaned. For a bit, I rode Mic and s\*cked Davis' off. Then I felt liquid being poured between my cheeks and fingers working their way into my ass as someone, my guess was Ford, since he was obsessed with my ass, and I still have yet to take Dawson there. Once I was prepped, I felt a body climb onto the bed and straddle Mic. The tip of a p\*nis pushed against my a\*shole. Mic held me still. I still sucked on Davis and when the tip went in I moaned hard, making Davis shout and thrust up, gagging me, which made him shudder and grab my head. He started thrusting earnestly. Mic and Ford, I could tell by the size of the d\*ck in my ass, set up a harmonious rhythm, bringing us all maximum pleasure. I was stuffed and

I loved it.

"F\*ck Mic, your tongue is sinful," Ford shouted. I whimpered. I could only imagine what Mic was doing. We

needed more mirrors, or a d\*mn video camera.

III

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Enjoying The Contfort

I was being pummeled in all my holes. I came three times before Davis shouted at the top of his lungs, holding my head down, making me take him all as he shot down my throat. I swallowed over and over, and Davis started stuttering his love. It made me chuckle, making him jerk again. He finally let go and scooted out from under me. Mic and Ford picked up their paces then. I bent all the way forward, laying my head in between Mic's legs as they f\*cked me, enjoying their ministrations. I was spent, and I let them have their **way** with me. Three more slams in my ass, had Ford spurting, and his release triggered Mic's.

I couldn't move. I was so exhausted. Ford pulled out and Dawson pulled me off of Mic, carrying me to the

bathroom. He already had a bath running. When he got in and lowered us in the water, I moaned. It was warmer than lukewarm temperature. It was perfect and what my muscles needed. My poor abused prasy

was pulsating.

I heard Dawson mumble something, but I was too far gone to listen. Not even five minutes later, I felt ice coldness being inserted into me. I moaned. It felt so good.

"You're all swollen, baby. This will make it feel better. It's hard having four lovers, huh?"

"Yes, but I love it, and I wouldn't want it any other way."

"Good, because we wouldn't either."

"Dawson, will you want to find out who the biological father is of our baby?"

"No, baby. We don't care. Our children will be ours no matter who actually fathered them. They will just have four daddies and one mommy. As they get older, if they want to know, we'll deal with it then. But when it comes to our assets, they will be divided equally. That's another thing I need to talk to you about. We want to put you on all our bank accounts. Or we could just give you a black card with unlimited spending."

"I have one of my own, you know. I'll need to get four more for you four."

"No, Isha. That's your money. You do what you want with it."

I turned and straddled him. It gave him better access to the ice d\*ldo in me, and he moved it in and out, making me suck in a breath. He smirked.

"Dawson. My money is your money too and vice versa. Maybe we should all just have one big bank account we all draw out of?"

“If that’s what you want. But we’ll set up a trust for our children and I want to set up a trust for you regarding the business in case something happens to the four of us. Not saying it will, but you never know.”

“Fine. Then I will do the same with my firm.”

His lips thinned, but I gave him the best puppy dog eyes I could muster.

“Fine. Guess we’ll have to learn that we all have money, and you are not a kept woman.”

I chuckled, “Good boy,” I said, rubbing my nose against his.

He punished me by circling my clit with his thumb and f\*cking me with the ice d\*ldo. I love his type of punishment.

The next day, we were all lying by the pool. Maude and Titus were jumping in and out while Dean floated on his floaty, Dawson keeping him within arms length in case the little guy wanted out. Ford was grilling some meat when, all of a sudden, I jumped up and ran into the house. The smell of the meat made me so nauseous I barely made it to the bathroom before I was puking my guts out. Oh no, the morning s

ess I

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< Enjoying The Comfort

read about was starting, except it was two in the afternoon.

Davis came running into the bathroom.

“Angel, are you okay?” he asked as he rubbed my back and held my hair for me.

“Baby didn’t like the smell of meat,” I spit out. “Please, don’t be in here for this.” It was so embarrassing.

“I want to experience every aspect of your pregnancy, Angel. I’m just so excited about all of it.”

“It’s weird you want to watch me puke,” I complained. He chuckled.

After I was done, he got my toothbrush ready for me and a cup of mouthwash. He was the caregiver of our group. I loved that so much about him. He smiled at me when I was done and then swooped down and kissed the ever-loving daylights out of me.

“If you don’t want meat, what do you want?” he asked.

I thought about it. “Watermelon with Tajin, some apples and peanut butter with mini chocolate chips and some cucumbers with cottage cheese.”

“Alright, I’ll run to the store. I know we don’t have mini chocolate chips or cottage cheese.”

I couldn’t go back outside because of the smell, so I ended up putting on a movie. Mic came in and lay with me on the couch.

“Tired baby?” he asked.

“A little. My tummy is still upset though.”

He spooned me from behind and held me close. He rubbed my stomach as we started watching *They Live*. It was a guilty pleasure of mine.

I smiled at the circles Mic was making on my tummy. I felt so loved and cherished by all of them. Someone was always rubbing somewhere *on* me, whether it was my belly, legs, feet. They were always making sure I ate relatively healthy. They definitely gave me enough exercise. I was a little worried about how things would go once I got bigger. But that’s future me’s problem. Right now, I am enjoying all the comfort I could get.

## **The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 98 -**

7-9 minutes

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Freak Out

Freak Out

Isha

I'm FREAKING **OUT!** I texted Ava.

It was Friday night. She and I hadn't been able to get together. She had to fly home with Aaron to visit her family. She was so excited when she texted me after her birthday. She sent a picture of the ring and a picture of her and Aaron cheek to cheek as she held up her hand. I was so happy for my friend. I was also a little jealous. I know I shouldn't be. I have four amazing men and they, all claim I am the only woman for them, but that didn't mean they wanted a lifetime commitment to me. I mean one of them at least has one with the baby on the way, but the others, they could drop me any time. It was still a fear of mine.

My BFF Ava: I'm on **my** way. **Bringing** a strawberry smoothing with an extra punch of protein. Be there in

**five.**

God, I loved her. That sounded so f\*ckin good and refreshing. Since the guys were at work, I snuck into the pantry and pulled out two Oreos where I hid them in a box of corn flakes. I gagged at the thought of the dry tasteless cereal. No one ate it in the house. I told them I was craving it one day just so I could have the box

in the house, to hide my cookies.

I moaned as I took the top off the oreo and licked the center. I knew Oreos weren't the greatest thing to eat,

but Bean wanted them. Who am I to say no?

"Mama's got your back, Bean," I whispered, savoring the gritty, sugary goodness.

"I'm here love," Ava called out.

I rushed to her and grabbed the smoothie and then grabbed her hand.

“Oh, God, the picture doesn’t do it justice. I’m so happy for you,” I said, hugging her.

“Thank you, me too. You should have seen my mother. She was in tears at the thought of me getting married and her becoming a grandmother. She said she wanted to be called Glamma. Can you believe that?”

“From what I remember of your mom I can. I remember at the senior parents get-togethers she was always dressed to the nines, makeup on point and everything.”

“Of course she was. She even put on full clothes and makeup to get the mail. God forbid anyone saw Margaret Greene in her natural state, people would faint.”

We erupted in peels of laughter.

“Have you told your mom and Nana yet?”

“No, I’m waiting until next week. It’s my sixth week check-up. All the guys are coming. I’m going to ask for an ultrasound and get two pictures. Then I’m going to go to the store and get a congratulations card and put the pictures in it. I’m not even going to call. I’m going to wait for them to contact me. I’m being naughty, but I can’t wait to hear from them. I wish I could be a fly on the wall when they opened the card.”

“My mother would kill me if I did something like that.”

“Oh, I’m sure I’ll be in for a treat. Especially from my Nana. I wish they were closer, but they love Vegas, and I do not want to move there. I hated growing up in all that heat.”

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Freak Out

“Me too. I love Colorado. If you want to beat the heat, you just ride up into the mountains. To me this is **the**

best place,” Ava said.

“I agree,” I said.

“Okay, now what has got your panties in a bunch?”

“Dawson’s parents will be here tonight. I don’t know what to make. Dawson said they were picky, but these were his parents. I need to impress them. What if they don’t like me? Surely they want someone that is not a total mess for their son. I mean I’m a divorcee.”

“Isha, you are magnificent. They’re going to love you. Didn’t you say Dawson said they were looking forward to meeting you?”

“Yes, but, of course, they’re going to say that they love their son. I hope they don’t think I’m in it for his money. I need to prove to them, I have my own, and way more than him and the guys.”

Ava averted her eyes and I caught it.

“What?”

“I don’t know if I should tell you, you might freak out more.”

“Ava, I love you, you’re my best friend, but right now I want to strangle you.”

“Okay, okay, well, Aaron told me when I told him you were meeting Dawson’s parents this weekend, that you’re about to hit the jackpot.”

“What? What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Well, Aaron and Dawson have known each other for about a year now, they’ve gotten somewhat close in friendship. I would say besides the guys, Aaron is the closest thing to a best friend Dawson has that he’s not in a relationship with.”

“Okay? And?”

“Well, Dawson’s father is Patrick Becks. He owns practically all the real estate in California where they grow garlic and avocados. The companies lease the land from Patrick. Patrick is a multi–multi billionaire, in the hundreds, and his mother is Aria Becks, former Aria Strike.”

“The model? Holy sh\*t, she’s my Nana’s nemesis. When Nana would model in the States, Aria was just coming on the scene as a child model when Nana was in her prime. Aria rose quickly and when Nana was close to the end of her modeling career, Aria made a comment about ushering in the new talent and letting go of the old. Nana got pissed and showed her that, no matter how old she was, she could still take Aria’s place in any campaign and for a year she did. If a campaign was waffling between using Aria, who was young and fresh, or Nana, who was classic and glamour, they always went with Nana. Oh God, she’s going to hate me,” I choked out. I could feel myself starting to hyperventilate. I didn’t know what I was going to do. “Hey, hey, calm down. It’s okay, there’s no way she’s going to hold a grudge against you just because your

Nana is a bada\*s.”

“You don’t know that. She’s going to convince Dawson to give me up. She’s his mother, he’ll listen to her. Oh God, Ava, I can’t breathe. Help,” I said. I kneeled down *on* the floor and got on my hands and knees. If I was going to pass out, I didn’t want the fall to be too far.

“Oh, Sh\*t Isha, I should have never told you.”

Freak Out

“No, no, this is good. I should know now, before I get in **any** further **with the guys**. I can raise **this baby on** my own. I’m financially sound. I work from home. When the firm is built and ready **to go, I can bring Bean to work**

with me.”

“Isha, you’re spiraling: You got to breathe.”

“I just need to lay down. Can you watch the dogs? They’re outside.” I slowly crawled to the couch **and** climbed on it. Blackness encompassed me and I welcomed it.

Ava

F\*ck, f\*ck, f\*ck, how was I supposed to know the history between her Nana and Mrs. Becks. I checked on the dogs outside. Titus was under a tree cooling in the shade. I laughed at Maude and Dean. She was on her back, her legs in the air, and Dean was lying on her tummy.

I went into the living room and checked on Isha. She was breathing deeply. D\*mn, her blood pressure must have skyrocketed. Dawson and the guys are going to kill me. I gulped as I

pulled out my phone. Who was most likely to go easy on me? Before he busted Aaron's lip, I would have said Davis, but now I don't know. I hit Ford's contact number and waited while it rang.

"Hey darlin, what's up? Are you okay? Can't get a hold of Aaron?"

"Hi, Ford, um listen, I told Isha *some* news, and she didn't take it well. She kind of hyperventilated and passed out *on* the couch."

"I'm *on* my way," he hung up, and I sat next to my bff. She'll be okay. I kept chanting to myself. I lifted her legs and sat down *on* the couch. I yawned and closed my eyes. I needed a nap. Being pregnant was exhausting.

## The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 99 -

8-10 minutes

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A Job Well Dosye

A Job Well Done

Ford

I was on my way to the conference room where we were holding the interviews for the last four of the *twelve*

we were interviewing this week. We were making our decisions after this interview. I reviewed the four files. Three of them I was okay with, but one I didn't think would be a good fit for us. He had a temper, he had three assault charges that were dropped, and I wanted to know why, but they were all bar fights. But when Ava called, my focus went straight to my girl. I texted the guys, told them something had come up with Isha, and I was taking care of it. I told them the three I liked, but I wanted answers to the assault charges for the

fourth before we made a decision about him.

Mic: What happened? We should all be there.

**We** can't all be there, we have to get these interviews done. I've got this. Ava gave her some sort of news that she **didn't** take well, and I guess she passed out. I'm going to get to her. Don't worry, I'll keep you all posted.

Dawson: Take her **to the hospital**, we'll **be there asap**.

Davis: **Maybe** her **blood sugar** is **low**. **Get her some sugar water, or oj, there's some in the fridge**.

**On it**

I closed the thread and ran to my car. I broke every speed limit and ran red lights. I got to our house in ten

minutes instead of the twenty it usually took or forty if there was traffic. I ran into the house and was about

to shout for Isha when I saw the two women on the couch. Ava laid one way as she hugged Isha's legs to her

body and Isha was facing me, her face in peaceful sleep. God, she was so beautiful. My racing heart

steadied, and I crouched down to run my fingers over her soft cheek.

Her eyelids fluttered, and then opened. They were unfocused and for a minute she smiled beautifully at me

and then her smile dropped and tears sprang into her eyes. I gently extracted her from Ava and carried her to

her room.

"Princess, what's wrong?" I asked her gently.

"Aria is going to hate me," she said, and then burst into sobs.

I was so confused. She tried to explain to me between her uncontrollable crying, but it was all a jumble of

words. So I did the only thing I could think of to calm her down. She was in a cute little white sundress, so I

laid her on the bed as she was explaining, not paying attention to me at all, and I reached under her dress to

pull her panties down, and while she was hiccuping between sobs, I buried my face in her pretty c\*nt and

licked her for all I was worth. She gasped and shuddered violently. She called out my name as I swirled my

tongue around her wet p\*ssy and then f\*cked her relentlessly with my fingers. I sucked on her clit and flicked

it rapidly and had her screaming my name as she grabbed my hair and smashed her juicy p\*ssy against my face. She came hard, and I lapped up all her delicious cream. I kissed her thighs as she calmed down. Her breathing was more relaxed.

“Now, tell me, what’s wrong?”

She did. She told all about her Nana’s and Aria’s history. I curled my lips into my mouth, trying my hardest not to burst out laughing. Aria will be the first to admit she was a right old b\*tch when she was younger and

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A Job Well Done

if it wasn’t for Patrick saving her from herself, she would have probably been insufferable as she got older. Aria changed dramatically when Patrick and she met. They hated each other

at first. Patrick thought he was so superior to those around him and Aria thought, because of her extreme beauty, everyone should bow down to her. She and Patrick butted heads like crazy until one night, a stalker of Aria's attacked and Patrick saved her life. After that, they were inseparable. Patrick found that having someone as delicate and beautiful as Aria softened his rigid edges and Aria found having someone devote themselves to her and teaching her to look past her own self-importance. She found a purpose in heading charities and thinking about someone else's well-being rather than her own. Meeting each other changed both of their lives, and they became better people for it. Aria quit modeling and dedicated herself to helping those less fortunate and also opening her own modeling agency to guide the next generation in not only their beauty but to be the bigger person also.

"Isha, baby. Everything will be okay. Aria isn't the same person she used to be when she was younger. They are so excited to meet you and, trust me, they know who you are. Please don't take any offense to this, but anyone who is associated with Dawson Becks gets background checks on them. Even Mic, Davis and I got one from the Becks family. They are very protective of him. He's an only child. So, trust me when I say, they know who you are, who your family is, and everything about you."

"Including my divorce?"

"Yes, and when I say they disliked Jason very much when they met him, trust me, they loathed him. Patrick saw right away he was a selfish prick. You have nothing to be worried about. Now, I want you to spread those pretty thighs for me more so I can f\*ck you."

She huffed and giggled but did as I said. I divested myself of my clothes as quickly as I could and then took her sundress off. I sucked in a breath at the site of her perfect t\*ts. I kneaded them and then buried my face in her cleavage and inhaled deeply. Hmmm, she smelled like vanilla and sunshine with a hint of lemon. So f\*cking good. I licked her cleavage and then took a n\*pple in my mouth and sucked hard. She cried out and arched her body to feed me more of her delicious breast. I moved to the other and gave it the same ministrations. She was begging me to fill her and, since I didn't want to disappoint her, I brought myself to her entrance and with a hard thrust I buried myself balls deep.

"Yes!" she cried out. I brought my arms under her legs and lifted them. I pulled out and slammed back in over and over. Her p\*ssy sucking me in and keeping me from pulling all the way out. She had a f\*cking grip on my c\*ck, and I loved it. I leaned forward, bending her in half. I won't be able to get her in this position much longer, so I took advantage. I captured her mouth with mine, and then sucked on her jaw and neck as I pummeled her p\*ssy. Her

screams and cries of ecstasy had me riding her harder and faster. Her wet heat made it easy to move in and out of her.

“Oh, Oh, I’m going to c\*m,” she panted out. I pulled out fast and dropped to her p\*ssy to shove my tongue into her. I wanted her to c\*m on my tongue so I could taste her juicy c\*nt. She exploded, her muscles clenched around my tongue as I moved it all around inside of her. She squirted a little and I moaned, making her squeal and squirt more. When she was finished, I stood fast and slammed back into her. I pumped six more times before I threw my head back and roared as my orgasm zinged up my spine and had me going ramrod steel as I pumped my c\*m into her.”

“F\*ck that was hot, I’m going to go attack Aaron at his office now. See you later Isha, glad you’re feeling better,” Ava called out.

She giggled and buried her face in my neck. She wrapped herself around me and I rolled, so I was lving on

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the bed, and she was on top of me 1y d\*ck still buried in *ber*

“I love you so much, Ford You always know how to make me feel better

“I love you too, My Naughty Princess. It’s my job to make sure you’re #ways happy 16 The sad.”

“Do you really think she’s going to like me?”

“I do baby, I really do. And when they find out tonight that you’re pregnant, you’re gig to maste more ecstatic. She’s wanted to be a grandma for a long time

“Even if it might not be her blood?”

“Yes my love. She will love it just the same. We’re all her sons, she’s told us that over and over

She took a deep breath and nodded.

“Well, since I’m all better, I need to get started on dinner. I’m making spicy noodles and gatic bet bites with cheesy garlic pull–apart bread. Oh, and a garden salad with a balsamic vinaigrette dressing to you think they will like that?”

“Yes, I think they will love it.”

“Okay, you go back to work. I know you guys have those interviews to finish, and then you all are picking out who you like. I’ll be fine. I have the dogs, and I’ll work better alone.”

“If you’re sure?” I asked.

“Yeah, I’m sure.”

“Okay, Princess. I love you. Make sure you drink some water and a glass of o

“I will, I love you too.”

We kissed and then we dressed quickly. I gave her one last kiss before walking out the door. Yep, I did a job well done, time to go do another.

## **The Secret Heiress Loved by Four - Goodbye 100 -**

11-14 minutes

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Family Dinner

Dawson

Sitting there listening to these last four during the interview, I kept discreetly checking my phone. I noticed Mic and Davis doing the same. Why wasn’t Ford keeping us in the f\*cking loop?

“Mi. Dennison, before we conclude these interviews, we have to be able to trust the teams that go out on these missions. If we hire the four of you together, this would be your team. You’ll be in training at our Vegas site for a year together before your first mission. You’re the only one with a rap sheet out of the twelve we’ve interviewed. We like to give people the benefit of the doubt, so can you explain the three assault charges you

have?” Mic asked.

Just before Dennison spoke, the door to the conference room opened. All three of us sat up straighter as

Ford came through the door.

“She’s fine. I’ll explain later,” he said. We all nodded, but I was still anxious to know what was wrong with our

girl.

“Mr.Dennison was just about to explain his assault charges,” I said. Ford nodded and took a seat.

“It seems I have a knack for catching men spiking their dates’ drinks, or a woman they just met. All three of my assault charges were dropped because I provided evidence of those accusing me of assault doctoring drinks. Luckily, the bars that these beatings happened in all had cameras. I can’t stand men who drug women so they are pretty much incapacitated as they s\*xually assault them. It’s something I will defend with my life. It’s how I was born. My mother was drugged at a college party when she was seventeen. She went to a party with an older friend and one of the frat boys r\*ofied her. I was the result of that night.”

“We are sorry to hear that, and that is’ extremely honorable. Not a lot of men would step in like that,” Ford

said.

“Oh, I know. I’ve broken off friendships because of men I thought were honorable weren’t and that let me be arrested and even scolded me for not minding my own business. I won’t be friends with people like that.”

We all nodded, more impressed with him than we were at the beginning..

“Well, gentleman, thank you for your time. We will be in touch within the next few hours. If you are hired, a plane ticket will be bought for you to go to Vegas on Monday. Your training will begin there for the next year,”

I said.

We shook all their hands and sat back down. All of us turned to Ford.

“What happened to Isha?” I asked.

“She fainted. She was worked up, freaking out about meeting mom and dad. Ava told her about them. Their backgrounds and who they were. Well, it turns out mom knows Nora and there is a rivalry there.”

He told us the story and had us all in stitches. Nora was such a bada\*s.

“Oh, I bet that burned mom’s ass when she was younger,” Davis said.

“I’ve seen pictures of Nora when she was modeling. Mother is beautiful and alluring, but Nora, phew, that woman was a wet dream come true. Even in her older years, right as mom came on scene as an adult, Nora

could run circles around her,” I said.

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**And apparently did, Mic said, pulling up old articles on hle phone and casting them on the big had in the office.**

**We all whistled side by side**, both women were stunning, but there was a sophistication **about** Nors that mon **didn't have at** that time.

**“Look at** her, I see where Isha gets her poise. She has a mix of Ellie's beauty and Nora's refinement. If Nora was anything back then like she is you imagine the fun she would have been?” **Ford asked.**

now, could

“Okay, let's stop lusting after our soon-to-be grandmother. I'm worried about Isha. It seems like **every time** she has some sort of anxiety she passes out. We need to ask the doctor about that,” I said.

“You're right, I don't think that's normal. Definitely something we need to talk to her doctor about. **So**, with Isha meeting Mom and Dad, are you going to introduce her to Shay too? I meant she's like family,” Mic asked. “Yeah, of course. Speaking of Shay, she'll be coming home in a few weeks. Now that she's finished **with** school and her internship at Bosa Incorporated, maybe we can use her skills here in the office? We **could** use a skilled accountant here, so we don't have to outsource our accounts anymore. What do you think?” I asked the guys.

“Yeah, sounds good to me,” Ford said, with Mic and Davis agreeing.

“Excellent. Let's talk about these guys. I like Bryce Dennison and Bryson Olsen. The other two are meh **for** me,” I said.

For the next few hours, we picked the eight out of twelve we wanted for the new teams we would be sending to Vegas. I told Stafford on the phone that I wanted Bryce as team leader of team one and Bryson Olsen as team leader of team two so they would get their extra leadership training.

“Okay, let's get going, mom and dad should be at the house soon,” I said.

We made it home in twenty minutes. The house smelled delicious, I could so get used to coming home to Isha singing in the kitchen bopping around as she cooked. Her hair was piled high on her head and she was in a pretty white sundress. The guys swooped in and each gave her a hug and a kiss and then went to get ready for the evening. I walked towards her and lifted her in my arms. She wrapped around me and rubbed her nose against mine.

“Hello, my BDD,” she said, giggling. I smacked her ass.

“Don’t you start with that sh\*t. It’s bad enough I have to deal with the Three Stooges and those stupid nicknames, and I am definitely not your daddy.”

“Oh, that’s not what mine means,” she said, brushing her delicious lips against mine. I grabbed her by the back of the head and angled her so I could kiss her deeply. She moaned and squeezed her delectable thighs around me. My semi became full on in an instant. I thrust against her core, making her whimper.

“What does it mean then?” I asked, pulling back slightly.

“Big d\*\*k Dawson,” I threw my head back and laughed, this woman.

I patted her butt and put her down. I checked out what she was cooking and groaned, it all smelle looked delicious.

“Do you think they’ll like it?” she asked, ring her fingers together.

“Yes, baby, I do. You have nothing to worry about.”

## Family Dinner

**She bit her lip and nodded, but I could see she was still worried. I gave her a quick kiss and ran upstairs to shower. When I came back down, Isha wasn’t in the kitchen. I went out back to say hello to our furry family Dean hopped around me until I picked him up. I grabbed a ball and threw it to Maude and Titus. Ford, Davis and Mic came out, and we all started throwing the ball around while we waited for mom and dad to show up.**

Thirty minutes later with still no sign of Isha, the doorbell rang. I went to answer it and was greeted by my beaming parents.

After hugs and kisses, we introduced them to Titus, Maude and Dean. My father fell in love with Titus and Maude. He even in his slacks and dress shirt, got on the ground and rolled around with them. Dean charmed my mother in an instant.

“Oh, he’s so adorable, Dawson.” I swear Dean could understand her. He preened at her praise. “So, where is my new daughter-in-law?”

“I think she’s getting ready, she’s really nervous Ma. She even worked herself up and fainted.”

“Oh, but why?” she said, distressed.

“Because she just found out who you are, or were, when you were younger and of who her grandmother is.” “Because she just found out who you are, or we

“Oh pish pash, that was so long ago and all my fault. I thought I was hot sh\*t back then and no one could tell me otherwise. Nora Ryan put me in my place quickly. And she did it with such grace. Wonderful woman,

really.”

“That’s so great to hear. I was really worried you’d hold it against me,” I heard my baby say. We turned and I

sucked in a breath.

She was in a high-necked sleeveless red dress that went down to her ankles. The dress had pretty delicate embroidered flowers. She had on flat sandals that had a string of beads through her big toe and pointer toe. Her toenails had a French manicure. Her hair was still piled high on her head but this time she had a pretty white lily hair ornament in it. Her makeup was subtle, her lips were glossy but nude with her natural lip color. “Oh, Dawson, she’s stunning. My dear, you must be Isha. God, you’re gorgeous,” my mother exclaimed. Isha blushed, making her look extra pretty.

Maude and Titus abandoned my father and stuck like glue to Isha’s legs.

My dad got up and brushed himself off. He was covered in Maude’s hair and I chuckled. Davis caught my eye and held up the hair duster we had bought. I grabbed it from him and helped my dad clean up. He kept tsking and pushing my hands away.

“Leave me boy, let me look at my new daughter-in-law,” he grumbled.

“Shh, dad, I haven’t asked her yet,” I said quietly. He gave me a disgusted look and then smirked.

He pushed me away and strode over to Isha and my mom.

“Well, hello gorgeous girl. Are you /sha? You know, you don’t have to settle for these rascals, there are far better men out there.”

“Dad!” We all cried out. Which made Isha giggle. Mom smiled wide, and my dad became putty **in** Isha’s hands.

I watched as my mom and dad fell under Isha’s spell. They fawned all over her. When Isha served **dinner**, they praised her after every bite of food, which had been delicious. For dessert, she brought **out** chocolate

amily Dinner

lava cakes with scoops of vanilla bean **ice** cream, all homemade. I don’t know how she **did it all**. **She was a** marvel.

“We have news,” I said, taking Isha’s hand. Davis took her other hand and Mic and Ford stood **and came to** stand behind us, their hands on Isha’s shoulders. “We’re pregnant.”

My mom squealed, my dad boomed with laughter and they both got out of their seats. Mom came running around. She hugged Mic and Ford. Davis, Isha and I stood. Dad grabbed me and hugged me hard, slapping my back. Mom moved to Davis and kissed him all over his face, leaving red lip marks that had Isha giggling. After dad congratulated the boys, they both turned to Isha.

“You’ve made us the happiest of parents, Isha. Thank you so much for making our dreams come true. We’ve wanted to be grandparents for so long. How far along are you?” mom asked.

“I am five and a half weeks. We have our six–week appointment next week,” Isha said.

“Wonderful. Oh, this is so fantastic. I can’t wait to tell the ladies at the committee luncheon next week. Belina Markson has been rubbing it in all our faces that her daughter is having twins. She’s the first of us to become a grandmother. Now I can share our good news. Is that okay?” she asked us.

We all nodded.

“When is your luncheon?” Isha asked.

“Thursday,” mom said.

“Our appointment is on Wednesday. I’ll get a picture for you so you can show it to everyone.”

Mom squealed again and threw her arms around Isha. Davis and I reached out to steady them. Mom was

taller than Isha by a good five inches. Dad gently took Isha from mom and hugged her. He whispered something in her ear that made her blush and she nodded.

I walked mom and dad outside after they said goodbye to the guys and Isha.

“Dawson, we brought your grandmother’s ring and the papers Isha needs to sign,” my dad said.

“I haven’t told her about the Beck’s legacy yet. Knowing her, she’s going to refuse.”

“Well she can’t. You and she will be the head of the family, which comes with great responsibilities.”

“I know dad. I just need some time.”

“She has to sign everything before you are married. It’s not like she’s a gold digger. She has her own money, so no one will think twice about this. Your father and I are throwing an engagement ball for you in two months. You have that amount of time to ask her.”

“Okay mom. I hear you.” She nodded and kissed my cheek. My dad hugged me and waved their driver off as I opened the car door for them.

Waving, I took a deep breath. There were things I needed to talk to Isha about. I just hoped it all wouldn’t

scare her away.