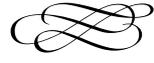


*New Beginnings: Book 2*

# LOVE FOUND

*Allie Noel*

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ALLIE NOEL

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## BLURB

My new life started out amazing, and I finally found real love. The kids and I are back with our family where we belong.

My five amazing men have shown the kids and I what it's like to be cared for, but of course, things can't stay happy and easy for long.

The aftermath of a stalker leaves us reeling, and unfortunately, that's not all we are having to deal with. Unexpected news and people from my past are coming.

Will the new family we've built be able to withstand everything we will be hit with?

Love Found is a why-choose romance with MM and content that some may find triggering. This is book two in a trilogy and ends in a cliffhanger.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

First, I want to thank my fucking bomb ass PA, Jasmine. I am so grateful to have your help. You and your peen addiction have been so much fun to have around.

My beta team, again, I couldn't do this without all of you amazing ladies even though by the end of the book seeing Sullyn's name gave me nightmares. I am so grateful for all the help.

Quinn, I promise to not wait until the last minute and give you six days to edit half a book. Well, hopefully not. <3

Rachel, you have been the real MVP acting as my PA until I found Jas, then still helping as much as possible and promoting every chance you can and being the one I bounce ideas off of. Finding you has been one of the best things to come from this journey.

Jarica James, none of this would be possible without you. I don't know how I can ever repay you for everything you've done to make my dream possible, but thank you so much for every single thing you've done. I say this sincerely, one hundred percent not deadpan.

And lastly, Mom... I couldn't bring myself to do this for the first book. It's still fresh and kills me when I have to face the fact you're gone. However, you're the reason I love books so much. You always encouraged my obsession. All the trips to the library, then the movies, then listening to me complain about everything they messed up even though you had no idea what I was talking about. I love you, and I wish more than anything you could be here with us.

## TRIGGER WARNING

This book is a why-choose romance. Our lucky, leading lady will not have to choose between her yummy men. If the word fuck offends you, then this most definitely isn't the book for you.

This book has mentions and detailed retellings of domestic violence, sexual assault, child abuse, rape, and pregnancy loss. It all happened in the past. Please keep this in mind when reading.



### *Isla*

*I* wake up to the sound of a door slamming open, and Corin sauntering into my hospital room. “So where is the little mistake at?” he sneers, looking down at my beautiful daughter. I don’t understand how her own father could hate her just because she’s a girl.

“Don’t call her that. It’s not her fault you didn’t get another son. Besides, the man is the one who determines gender anyway, so you can’t blame me. You get what you get, so grow up and fucking deal with it,” I growl back at him as I raise up to snatch her out of the bassinet. I don’t trust that he won’t try to hurt her.

I see the slap coming, and my body braces for it. I’ve learned not to make a sound because it only gets him hot when I try to fight back.

“Don’t talk back to me, you stupid bitch. I should just kill you both and get it over with. You are fucking useless. You can find your own way home. I don’t want that bastard child in my car.” He’s looking at me like I’m the scum on the bottom of his shoe with his mouth in an ugly sneer and his nose scrunched up like he smells something foul.

You’d think I’d be used to it, but his words somehow hurt worse than him actually hitting me. Even though I take the physical abuse quietly, I still never learned to keep my mouth shut, even if I knew it would piss him off more.

*“Unfortunately for me and our kids, none of them are bastards. I fucking wish none of them had your DNA. I can only hope I raise them better than your fucked up parents did with you!” I sneer back at him.*

*He storms over and grabs my arm that’s holding my daughter, squeezing as he raises his fist to punch me; I go to flinch away, but everything is black.*

When I wake up again, it’s due to an annoying beeping... a slow steady sound. Where am I? Why does everything hurt? I hear whispers from somewhere beside me as I try to peel my eyes open. God dammit, it hurts to breathe. Oh, thank fuck, that was just a nightmare. It takes a couple tries to get my body working enough to open my eyes.

I blink a couple times, trying to get my sight to adjust and focus. *Where am I? Why is everything hurting?* I look around trying to gather my scattered thoughts. It takes a minute for everything to sink in; I can’t remember very much, but it’s all fuzzy and confusing.

Spread around the larger-than-normal space, Callum and Silas are on the couch that’s along a whole wall of windows looking out over the town. They look so cute sleeping sitting up and cuddled together. I’m glad they are working on figuring things out between them. Bodie is on my right in one of the hospital chairs with his head resting on my bed, holding my hand. His red hair is fanned out around him. Odin and Orin are standing by the door that’s across from my bed, talking, and from the looks of things, it seems Odin is trying to comfort his brother. My poor sensitive man seems to be struggling.

“Hey,” I choke out, my throat so sore I can hardly get the word out. Why does everything hurt? It feels like I’ve been breathing fire.

Both of the twins whip their heads in my direction. As I figured, Orin has red-rimmed eyes. They stand there stunned for a moment, then both rush to my side. In their haste to make it to me, they wake the others.

“Angel, don’t ever fucking do that again. You scared the shit out of us.” Bodie leans over to kiss my hand. All the guys

look like shit. It doesn't look like they have slept at all, despite being dozed off just seconds ago. I'm sure I don't look much better though.

“What happened? I feel like I got hit by a bus,” I mumble. My throat hurts so bad.

“Well, Wildflower, you got shot. Heather attacked you outside the birthday party while you were on the phone with your sister. We heard the shot, and when we ran over we found her standing over you. Bodie dealt with her while Orin tried to get the bleeding to stop and we waited on the ambulance to get there, you've been out for five days.” Silas informs me, glancing around at the others. *I was shot? What the fuck, that crazy bitch shot me. How am I still alive?* I can feel myself going into a panic attack, but Silas grabs my hand and squeezes. I don't understand why this happened or how I made it out okay.

I have a feeling they are leaving something out. “Are the kids okay? Where are they? What are you not telling me? What happened to Heather, was she arrested?” I shoot out the questions. I can feel the panic getting worse, I just need everything to be okay. I'm still raw from the nightmare about Corin, and all I want is for my babies to be okay.

Bodie grabs my face and makes me look into his eyes. He bends down to kiss me, and it definitely helps calm me down a little. God, I'm so thankful I'm still here, and I have these amazing men and my kids to live for. I don't understand why bad shit keeps happening to me. Sighing. I give him a small smile, but my heart is still racing.

I look past Bodie to the others, hoping they will give me answers. Odin clears his throat and walks over to give me a quick kiss, seeming to need to reassure himself that I'm okay, before returning to where he was standing. “The kids are fine, Babygirl. Emma took them home. They didn't see anything, so they think you are sick for now. We decided it was best to wait to see how you wanted to handle that. Heather is dead; the gun went off when she and Bodie were fighting over it, and the shot killed her instantly, and uh...” he trails off. Something big definitely happened if he's this nervous to tell me. He said my

kids are fine, and I can move so I'm obviously not paralyzed. All my guys are here, so what the fuck is going on?

I don't understand what they are keeping from me.

"What?" I snap. "I'm not in the mood for secrets; what aren't y'all telling me?" My eyes dart around, begging for answers.

Before any of my men can open their mouths, a doctor who looks like McSteamy from *Grey's Anatomy* comes in with a nurse who appears to be in her fifties, looking like a younger Betty White with a big smile. They both notice I'm awake, and the nurse hurries over and starts checking my vitals.

The doctor looks at the guys sternly. "Why didn't anyone come tell us she was awake?"

"Sorry, sir. She was asking about her kids and was starting to panic. We wanted to calm her down," Callum tells him, not sounding the least bit apologetic.

"Mmh." He glances between me and the guys. "Do you want them to leave while we go over your injuries?"

The looks the guys give him would make most men run. He just raises an eyebrow at them and turns to glance at me. I like this guy already; he doesn't take anybody's shit.

"No, it's fine. They can stay; they are family," I tell him. All the guys give me huge smiles for that. *I really can't believe how lucky I was to find them.*

"Alright, then Isla. First off, the bullet punctured your lung. We fixed it, but you lost a lot of blood. Thankfully, we had O+ in stock, so we were able to help that as well. We are going to do another ultrasound to check on the baby later today, but like I told them, we aren't sure it will be able to make it through all the trauma. Any questions?" He looks at me expectantly after delivering the news of a goddamn baby so matter of factly. What the actual fuck? I know he didn't just say baby. It must be the drugs.

"Uhm, yeah, just one. What do you mean the baby might not make it? What fucking baby? I'm not pregnant. I *can't* get pregnant." I look at him like he has two heads. I'm starting to

freak out again. Multiple doctors told me that I couldn't get pregnant again. What in the hell am I going to do with four kids? God, what if the guys leave me? I'll be a single mom. I think I'm going to be sick.

"Well, I'm not sure who told you that, Isla, but you are definitely pregnant. You're about eight weeks. The fetus had a pretty strong heartbeat, but we did a quick ultrasound to see about how far along you are, and if we could see if there were any signs the fetus was alive after your labs showed you were pregnant. It's completely possible it may be healthy with no issues. However, I can't promise that. I'll let you get some more rest. They will be coming to do an ultrasound here soon." With that, he heads out of the room. I take it back. I don't like him. How do you just drop a fucking nuke on someone, then just scurry out of the room? Who does that?

I sit there in stunned silence, trying to do the math. Eight weeks would mean I got pregnant the first week of October... shit. I have no idea which of the guys is the dad. That was the week we took a five day trip to the gulf just me and them. I don't think we left the room or the bed. It could be any of them. Oh. My. God. I don't even know who my baby's dad is!

"Holy shit... I'm pregnant. I'm having another baby..." I'm scared to look up at the guys. I'm scared of their reaction. I wasn't supposed to get pregnant. They said it was impossible because of all the damage from the previous pregnancy losses and trauma. What am I going to do? Oh, god, what if they hate me now? How are the kids going to take having another sibling?

Orin sits on the side of my bed and lifts my face so I can look at him and the others. "What's going through that beautiful mind of yours?" I take a risk and glance at all my guys in the eyes, trying to gauge their reactions.

I burst into tears, my words coming out in broken bursts. "I'm so sorry! I was told I could no longer get pregnant. I didn't mean for this to happen. I understand if none of y'all want this. I don't even know which one of you could be the dad!" I break off into sobs.

Orin shuffles me over to where he can hold me without hurting me. “Darlin, it’s okay. We’re so excited! We know you didn’t think you could get pregnant. We were fine with only having Arden, Lochlan, and Vivian. We love them so much. However, we are so fucking happy to get the chance to experience everything with you.” He kisses me softly. At that, I swoon a little bit. I’m still completely freaked out, but that helps a tad. There are still so many things that could change. How could this happen?

Odin sits on my other side and grabs my hand. “Babygirl, I am so fucking happy we get to show you how it should be when you’re growing someone’s baby. We don’t care who the biological dad is, just like it doesn’t matter that our other three didn’t come from any of us. This baby will be just as loved and just as important to all of us.” With that declaration, I swoon a lot and am a little less freaked out.

I start crying for a whole different reason. *They are not prepared for pregnant Isla. I cry over everything.* “I love you guys so much! Thank you for loving me and my kids. I’ll never understand how I got so lucky. I know everything has happened so fast and we haven’t all been together long, but I am so thankful I found y’all. I never thought I would find one man to love me after being so broken. Then I moved here and found not one but five amazing men that love not only me but my children. Thank y’all for being the dads you didn’t have to be for my kids and showing them what it’s like having healthy father figures.” *Oh god, I almost forgot about the mood swings.* This time I don’t have to worry about setting them off with everything I do.

They all chuckle and give me small kisses, looking like they are all tearing up as well. Callum pulls me into his arms and gives me a hug, being mindful of my injuries. “You don’t have to thank us; you and the kids are the best thing to ever happen to us. We were going through the motions and barely living, and y’all showed up and our world became whole again. We love y’all so much.” He gives me a breathtaking kiss and snuggles me for a second while we all process everything.

“So, Kitten, if you’re eight weeks along, when can we find out the gender? I want to start buying things.” I’m going to start crying again. I had to beg Corin to let me buy the kids anything, and it was always the bare minimum they needed.

I smile at the pure look of happiness on his face. “Well, first, I need to find an OBGYN. If they do the genetic testing, you can find out around nine weeks; ultrasound results for gender is usually closer to fourteen weeks. So I guess it just depends on how fast I can find a doctor. Plus we need to remember there are no guarantees the baby will make it at all,” I remind them gently. I don’t want them to get their hopes up and we find out the baby didn’t make it. Ah shit, I’ll be starting all over, and babies need so many things. I guess it’s good I got such a big SUV.

“We know, but we are choosing to hope for the best,” Odin tells me softly. I hope I don’t let them down.

I take turns cuddling with each of my guys, and I get to Facetime my kids, which makes me feel like a weight has been lifted off of me. Whatever medication the nurse gave me has me feeling okay for the most part. I still have some slight pain, and breathing hurts like a bitch, but otherwise, I feel pretty decent. Fuck, it could have been so much worse. Anytime I so much as grunt they all jump, freaking out wanting to help with something. I have a ridiculous amount of pillows and blankets.

I’m tucked in between Callum and Silas when the ultrasound tech comes in, wheeling the machine in front of her. “Hey! Are you Isla Aaron? Can you confirm your birthday?” She asks while getting the equipment set up. She’s another older nurse, around forty most likely, and has dark brown hair with gray peppering through-out. Her skin is an amazingly clear bronze, and if it wasn’t for the hair, she would look in her twenties.

“Yep, that’s me. My birthday is April first nineteen ninety-five,” I answer her while the guys get up and move to the side of my bed. I steal a look at their delectable asses, and I can’t help but want to bite them. Not even a gun-shot could hamper the effect they have on me.

She stops and looks up, finally noticing all the guys standing around. “Um, for this part, we need everyone but the father to step out, please,” she questioningly says, looking between each of them.

Oh, this will be fun to explain for the rest of our lives.



*Isla*

“U h, well, they are all the dad, so...” I break off, her shocked face making me want to laugh, but she recovers quickly.

“WELL, okay then. I’m Alex. This will have to be an internal ultrasound due to you being so early. According to your bloodwork and the small external one they did while you were in surgery, it seems you are about eight weeks. However, they just checked long enough to look for a heartbeat, and your labs were kinda high so you could be farther along. Any questions before we begin?” She smiles over at me, waiting for my answer.

“NOPE. This isn’t my first pregnancy,” I tell her.

“ALRIGHT, great. Can I have you pull your legs up and lay them out? You can stay where you are in the bed. Can you lift up just a tad for me, and I’ll place a pillow under your bottom?” she asks, grabbing one from the chair beside the bed.

I GO to try and lift myself up, wincing from the pain shooting through my body now. “Ow, ow, ow. On second thought, I don’t think I can do it by myself,” I tell her, grimacing against

the unpleasant sensations. Fuck, I didn't realize how sore I am. This is going to be more of a pain in the ass than I'd anticipated.

"HERE, WILDFLOWER, LET ME HELP YOU," Silas says softly while lifting my butt so the tech can place the pillow where she wants it.

"THANK YOU, sir. Now, let's take a look at the baby. I want y'all to be prepared though, the doctor isn't sure the baby will make it, so please keep that in mind," she reminds us softly.

"WE UNDERSTAND. THANK YOU," Odin stiffly replies. Please, please let the baby be okay. Even though this wasn't planned, I'm going to be devastated if I lose another baby.

SHE GETS the probe inserted and looks around for a minute. "Oh, listen to this!" she happily exclaims, pushing some buttons. A couple seconds later, we can hear the beautiful *thump, thump, thump* of a heartbeat. I'm actually pregnant. With men who love me and my kids and are so good to us. This is real. That is the most beautiful sound ever.

I IMMEDIATELY START CRYING, and one glance at the guys tells me they are all tearing up as well. It's the strangest feeling having partners who are excited about having a baby.

"DO Y'ALL WANT A QUICK LOOK?" she asks, turning the screen so we can see the little blob. Wait... what is that? Is the baby deformed? Is that a shadow?

“THAT’S THE HEAD, the little flicker there is the heartbeat, and those are the little leg nubs,” she explains to the guys, pointing out everything. Oh, fuck me. Please tell me the drugs are making me see double.

SHE GETS a weird look on her face as she moves the wand a tad. “Uh, wait a moment. Give me just a second,” she says, moving it again. Fuck me running, it’s not a shadow.

I LOOK at her with wide eyes. “Please tell me I don’t see what I think I see.” I wanted more kids, but fuck my life.

“WHAT?” echoes from each of my five worried men. I look at them with wide eyes.

“YES, ma’am, you do. Congrats, guys, it looks like you’re having twins!” she exclaims. Oh, god dammit. Maybe I am still dreaming.

“THE FUCK?” Odin sounds confused by the turn of events.

“TWINS?” Orin asks in shock.

“THAT’S FIVE KIDS UNDER SEVEN!” Callum exclaims in disbelief.

“YAY! Hopefully, we’ll have one of each!” is the exuberant reply from Silas. *Of course he’s the one immediately happy.*

“WE NEED BIGGER CARS,” Bodie deadpans. *Ever the practical one.*

WELL, that was a better reaction than I thought they'd have. They are all so cute. The extreme differences in their reactions are really telling of their personalities. I have a moment to realize that Bodie is right. Shit, my car is barely big enough as it is.

ALEX and I look at each other and burst out laughing. “Oh, you are going to have your hands full with five kids and these five, but it'll make it easier having one kid per dad!” She chuckles, wiping at tears forming at the corners of her eyes. All I can think about are the multitude of diapers I don't have to change. It'll be wonderful.

“YOU'RE RIGHT! That will be great. We will need all the hands we can get,” I tell her, still giggling at the guys' faces. I don't think I've ever seen such a mix of shock, fear, and excitement before.

ODIN RAISES his hand with a serious face, looking like a kindergarten boy who is about to ask about dinosaurs. “I have a question...”

“YES, sir, what would you like to know?” she asks, trying to hide a smile.

“WELL, I'm Odin, and the one right there with the black hair is my twin brother, Orin. I was wondering, are twins genetic?” he asks, pointing over to his brother. I hope none of them are jealous about the babies not being theirs if we decide to find out who is the biological father.

“THEY ARE, but the mother carries the gene that would determine if it’s multiples most of the time, but it can also be random.”

“Aw, man. That would have been cool.” Orin pouts.

“ALRIGHT, well, it looks like you are definitely about eight weeks along. Twin A is measuring eight weeks one day, while Twin B is measuring eight weeks three days. That’s perfectly normal for twins. I’d set up an appointment as soon as possible. They will most likely list you as high risk due to it being a multiple pregnancy, especially after the past issues that I noticed in the chart.” With that last note, she gets the machine cleaned and put back up and leaves the room.

WE ARE all speechless and in shock. I was told I couldn’t get pregnant, and now, I’m having twins. For a grand total of five kids. *Well, I always said I wanted four. What’s one more, right?* I chuckle at myself. *This is going to be a huge adjustment.*

AND THEN IT really sinks in. Holy fuck. Twins. Five kids. What are we going to do with five kids?

THE GUYS TAKE turns leaving one or two at a time after the nurse leaves. I was confused as to what they were doing, until every time they came back they each would have a beautiful flower arrangement, my favorite candies, or some small gift from the gift store.

WHEN I ASKED Odin what they were doing, he said it was their way of showing me they are happy about me being pregnant,

which is definitely a concept I'm not used to.

A COUPLE HOURS later as I'm waking up from another nap, Bodie comes walking in, holding a huge lunch box. Yay for me, that hopefully means no hospital food. All of the other guys went home, and the nurse had brought me more pain meds, which is what made me sleepy.

"WHAT'S THAT BABE?" I ask around a yawn.

"I TALKED TO YOUR DOCTOR, and he said if you were feeling up to it when you woke up that it was okay for you to eat. The others and I have been taking turns running home and showering, loving on the kids and eating, but since we knew you were okay and resting, we all went home while you napped. I was only gone long enough to whip you up something better than the stuff the cafeteria has downstairs," he answers while pulling different containers out the bag. I'm glad they finally took care of themselves while I was out.

"WELL, WHAT DID YOU BRING ME?" I excitedly ask while trying to rise up in the bed a little. I realized how hungry I am.

"HERE, Angel, let me get you sitting up, and I'll show you everything." While he's helping get me comfortable sitting up in bed, there is a knock at the door.

"COME IN!" Bodie calls out, covering me up with the blanket.

A MAN I don't recognize comes walking in, and immediately, I can tell he's definitely not a doctor. He's a short, pudgy man

and strangely reminds me of Mr. Smee from *Peter Pan*. “Isla Claire Taylor?” he asks snidely.

“UH, no, it’s Isla Claire Aaron now. Who are you?” I ask.

“YOU’VE BEEN SERVED.” He hands me an envelope and promptly walks out the room.

I’M STARING at Bodie wide-eyed with confusion over the whole exchange. “What the fuck?” I rip open the envelope and scan over the papers inside and what I’m reading has me fucking livid. “That stupid fucking bitch!” *Oh, I’m going to prison. I’m going to kill this fucking woman.*

“ANGEL, let me see. What’s going on, who is suing you?” he demands, reaching for the papers. I thrust the papers at him.

“CORIN’S FUCKING MOTHER! She is suing me for custody of the boys *again*, trying to have my rights terminated, and claiming me getting shot shows I’m unfit.” I’m seething at this point. The monitors are beeping, and my nurse comes jogging into the room. I don’t think I have ever been so pissed off in my life, and that’s saying something.

“WHAT IS GOING ON, are you okay? Are you hurting? Your blood pressure just went up,” she asks hurriedly, coming over to check it manually.

“MY ABUSIVE, dead, ex husband’s mother is suing me for custody of my sons again. I was just served papers,” I tell her, sure that I must have steam coming from my ears at this point. *If I could murder her and get away with it, I would.*

“HONEY, I understand that is very upsetting, but for yours and the babies’ health, I need you to relax, okay?” she soothes, rubbing my shoulder.

I TAKE a couple deep breaths to center myself which only helps so much since it hurts like an absolute bitch. “Bodie, hand me my phone, please. I’m calling Maw-Maw. This bitch thinks she’s fighting a scared, poor, single mom again. She has another thing coming.” Oh, Maw-Maw is going to lose her shit. I fought hard the first time, but two Aaron women... they better watch out.

“HERE YOU GO, ANGEL.” He hands me my phone and kisses my head. “That’s the spirit, love. You aren’t alone, and we will ruin her for trying to take our boys.”

MY HEART SOARS. *I love hearing the guys refer to them as our kids.*



### *Isla*

The nurse wouldn't let me call until my blood pressure went back down, and even then, it was only if I promised to stay calm, so an hour later and after the amazing homemade chicken and dumplings, banana pudding, and yeast rolls, I'm finally feeling less murderous. Nothing like comfort food to help me feel better.

"It's just like her to keep on with all of this bullshit, when I was pregnant with Vivian she would justify the fact her son was beating on me because it was my fault she was a girl, like I had any control on the sex of the baby. Or all the times she told the boys I was an awful mother and we would have a better one when I died. I don't understand how someone can be so fucking terrible." I'm shaking in anger at this point.

"Oh let's not forget when she told me she was glad I lost each of the babies because she didn't want her son having kids with me. Then made my pregnancy with each of the kids a fucking nightmare, constantly telling me how fat I was, and how it's my fault her son has to cheat because I'm too ugly for him. How about the time at Christmas when all of their extended family was there and me and Vivian were the only ones with no presents to open and I wasn't even allowed to eat her dinner. You know, I'm not one to wish death on anyone, but is it too much to ask that she gets put in a mental hospital?"

"Angel, you will never have to deal with her shit alone again, you have your grandmother and us to help and support

you. Call Emma now and let her know what's going on." Bodie kisses my hand as I grab my phone.

I dial up Maw-Maw's number. She doesn't know that I'm pregnant or that it's twins, so I figure I'll give her the good news, then drop the custody bomb. This is going to be interesting.

I push the call button, and she answers the second ring. "Hey, Isla Claire, how are you feeling? When are they going to let you come home? These kids are missing their mommy."

"I miss my babies too, but I'm hoping I can come home tomorrow or the next day. I'm just a little sore, but the pain medication keeps it at a manageable level. Where are the kids now?" I ask, chewing on my nails. Damn, I'm nervous to break all this news to her. Bodie squeezes my hand. How are we going to tell the kids? Should we wait?

"They dragged their daddies to the playroom; Vivi wanted to play princess tea party, and the boys wanted to play firemen. What's going on? You don't sound like yourself." *Of course she picks up on it.* Well, here goes nothing.

"Well, do you want the good news or bad news first?" I ask her, deciding to let her choose.

"Well after the last couple days, I need to hear good news for a change," she replies after a moment. Well, I hope she feels like it's good news.

"I'm pregnant... with twins!" I practically yell the last bit. *That's great, Isla, just belt it out.*

I have her on speaker, and it's deathly quiet for a minute, then all we hear is the sound of her excitement. "Oh my god! Twins! More babies!" She laughs and cries and cheers for a couple more minutes before she manages to compose herself. Well, at least she's looking forward to it.

"I'm so damn happy. There is that other big multi-room suite beside yours, and we can knock out a wall to make it one big space so everyone has room." There's a poignant pause. "If y'all are planning on staying here, that is." She breaks off sounding sad. *I didn't even think about that.* I hope the guys

are fine living with my grandmother till the old bat croaks because I'm not leaving her again.

"Oh, Maw-Maw, of course we are staying. The guys and I haven't really discussed it, but I have no plans to move away from you again. Plus, it makes sense since you have plenty of room," I tell her, glancing over to see Bodie's reaction. He smiles at me, and I let out the breath I've been holding.

"I'm glad to hear it; I'm not ready for y'all to move out. Now, if that was the good news, do I even want to hear the bad news?" she asks worriedly.

"You have to let me get the whole thing out before you lose your shit, deal?" I hesitantly tell her. *She is so going to lose her mind.* I'm actually scared to tell her about Stephanie.

"Alright." The single word is uttered with a tone of sass we all know and love. *Well, here is the attitude already. This is going to be a disaster.*

"I was served papers. Corin's mother, Stephanie, is suing for custody of the boys again, claiming that getting shot shows I'm an unfit parent." I throw everything at her in a rush.

It's so silent I can hear the grandfather clock in the background. "Uh, Maw-Maw?" I ask worriedly. I can hear her grinding her teeth in anger.

"That stupid vapid cunt! Who the fuck does she think she is? The boys? She has three fucking grandkids, and she is only worried about the boys? Does she really think asking for two out of three kids is going to look good for her? How does you getting shot prove anything?" She's screaming loud enough I have to pull the phone farther away to hold it at arm's length, and I'm looking at Bodie like I've seen a ghost. I've never heard my grandmother so mad in my life. There is a loud crash and the sound of glass breaking after her rant, and I'm almost afraid to know what she did.

"Um, Maw-Maw, did you just throw something?" I ask worriedly.

"I did, and now, I'm going to need a new coffee mug. I can't believe that bitch thinks she can swoop in and take those

boys from us. She thinks she can win? Oh, I'm calling my lawyers right now. That bitch is going to wish she never even had that abusive, piece of shit son of hers." She huffs, then hangs up. Well, that's great. Honestly, even with her losing her shit, I can't believe how amazing it is to have her by my side again. Just like when I was in high school and was accused of cheating on an English paper, she showed up to the school and lost her shit on that teacher.

Bodie and I just stare at each other for a moment, then burst out laughing. "Well, I didn't expect Emma to lose her shit like that," he says after he catches his breath.

"Yeah, I expected her to be upset, but I've never heard her that mad before," I reply.

Before he can say anything else, the doctor walks in. "Good afternoon, and how are we feeling today?" he asks as he walks over so he can check my incisions. I'm so tired of being poked and prodded.

"I'm pretty sore but not too bad. It hurts to breathe mostly," I tell him honestly.

"That's good. Unfortunately, that will take a couple of weeks to heal to where it doesn't anymore. I also have a list of OB's here that are local. However, they will most likely send you to a high risk doctor due to it being twins and the fact you were just shot."

*I didn't even think about the gunshot also being an issue. Hopefully, we're just being overly cautious.*



### *Isla*

“*N*ow I’d normally keep you at least one more day, but seeing that your IV has been discontinued and three of your men have first aid or higher experience, I think it’s safe to let you go home. You’ll need to try and stay off your feet as much as possible, no submerging your incisions, nothing that will make your breathing heavy, and no picking up anything more than five pounds. Do y’all have any questions?” he asks. *I laugh to myself when he mentions not lifting anything. As if that’s going to be easy with three kids who all weigh at least twenty pounds.*

We both shake our head no as he heads to the door. “Alright, the nurse will be in soon to discharge you and take the IV port out. Call the number on the paper if you have any questions or concerns, and there is a follow up appointment scheduled in two weeks with me at my office as well.”

“That’s so freaking great. I’m ready to see my babies!” I say excitedly after he walks out the room. I can’t wait to see what they think about having little siblings.

“So are we telling the kids about the twins? Or do you want to wait?” my handsome viking of a man asks. I really got lucky he’s so fucking ungodly hot with his long red hair and beard. His bright green eyes pop with his pale skin and freckles. Not to mention he stands a whole foot taller than my five foot three frame. Pretty sure it’s not normal to flood my panties just by looking at him, but damn he’s mouth watering.

I'm snapped out of my staring when he waves his hand in front of my face. "Angel, are you feeling okay?"

"Um, yeah. Just wondering how I got so lucky to have not only one smoking hot man, but five who love me, and yes, I want to tell them. If that's fine with all of y'all." I give him a small smile.

"We are the lucky ones. You are so beautiful, strong, and caring, not to mention an amazing mother, and now we are lucky enough to have the woman of our dreams carrying our children. I can't tell you how excited I am to watch you grow these babies and show you how it should have been with your other pregnancies. It's completely up to you if you want them to know; it's your body growing the babies so it's your choice when to tell people." He bends down to give me a kiss, then starts packing and cleaning up the room. I swear everytime these men open their mouths I fall for them a little harder.

I'm nervous about being pregnant again. All the therapy I had after Corin died helped so much with my PTSD and issues I had regarding all the trauma and abuse, but I'm worried that being pregnant will set me back. I know it'll be different this time, and I'm excited to have a happy pregnancy. I still can't believe it's twins. Five kids, now that's scary. I've always wanted a big family, but I never imagined I'd have a family of eleven. We are going to need a bigger SUV.

The nurse comes in about twenty minutes later with my papers and a wheelchair. The drive home was spent with me making a list of all the things we would need for the babies, and I think Bodie was shocked at the amount I listed with there being two of them. Even though I'm excited to plan a twin nursery, I'm still worried how everything will work out. I guess I just have to hope for the best.

I told Bodie I wanted to surprise everyone so we didn't tell them we were headed home. Hopefully they don't hear us pull up. When we pull up, he pulls into the driveway right in front of the door and helps me up the steps.

Walking in, we don't hear any noise from the kitchen area. "I'm going to text Odin and see what they are doing so that we

don't have to search the whole house for them," Bodie says, pulling out his phone. We are going to have two toddlers in this massive ass house. Maybe we can attach an Air Tag to them so we don't lose them. *Come to think of it, that would work with the other three too.*

"They are in the media room; Vivian wanted to do movies and a picnic," he tells me, leading me down the hall. I hear the giggles of my kids the closer we get, and it seriously warms my heart at how much love they have in their lives now. The kids have these men wrapped around their fingers. I can't wait to see these five burly, ginormous men with two little babies.

We creep up and slowly push the door open. Odin, who is facing the door, notices us immediately.

I take a couple steps so I'm standing behind my babies, who are all so into the new *Lightyear* movie they don't notice that I'm there. All the guys and Maw-Maw see me, however, and I raise my finger in a shhh motion. I very slowly creep up behind them, bend down as much as I can and whisper yell, "Boo!"

I love getting the little shits back for always scaring me, but ouch that hurt.

All three spin around and scream, "Mommy!" They jump up and run over to hug me, but Odin and Bodie stop them.

"Hold on, y'all have to be easy with mommy. Remember she's not feeling good, so y'all can hug her just be gentle," Odin tells them, letting the boys go.

Arden and Lochlan very slowly walk closer from the end of the couch and wrap their arms around me. "I'm so happy you're home! I missed you so much!" Lochlan says, kissing my cheek. I'm so fucking happy having my babies back in my arms.

"I missed y'all so much too! Let me give sissy some love, then we need to tell y'all something." I reach for my little girl who showers me in kisses, her sweet little giggles making me feel just overwhelmed with love. I already feel so in love and full with my three amazing kids, five wonderful men, and my

awesome grandmother, and now, I get to have two more babies with men who truly love me and my kids. Life is perfect. Even with the gunshot and the crazy bitch trying to take my children, I don't think I've ever felt so content in my life.

After a couple minutes of getting all the snuggles and kisses from my babies who have completely forgotten about the movie still playing in the background, we have them sit in the guys' laps with me across from them. I take a minute while they are talking to the others to just look at my family.

Callum with his rugged looks, his long brown hair and golden eyes, all his colorful tattoos; standing at six foot three, he already looks intimidating when you add in the scar across his eye, but despite his looks, he's a huge teddy bear.

Then we have Silas, mine and Callum's lover. He is my bad boy next door. He has medium length blond hair, blue eyes, snake bite piercings, and a small cross tattoo on his face by his right eye. The shortest of my guys at six foot even, he's my gentle soul. He and Callum never wanted to address they were both bi and had feelings for each other.

Next there's my twins, yin and yang. They are identical in build with different colored eyes and hair. My horror movie fan Orin with his left leg covered in horror themed tattoos which isn't even all his artwork is my dominant, serious, and outspoken man with his white hair and blue eyes. Odin is his polar opposite with jet black hair, green eyes, and a beautiful blue butterfly on the front of his throat. He's my submissive, sweet, and soft spoken lover.

And last but not least is Bodie, my viking. My chef has long, red hair, a matching beard, and plenty of freckles. He's the nurturer of the group, always needing to make sure everyone is fed and taken care of. *I really did hit the jackpot when it came to these sexy as sin men. I constantly feel like I need to pinch myself.*

I don't know how I went from an abusive, traumatic marriage where I didn't know what love even felt like to falling in love with these amazing men, but I am forever grateful. They have shown me and my kids what it actually

means to be loved and wanted. Me and all three kids still have PTSD and some triggers from living with Corin, but the guys have been great at helping us work through it.

“Isla Claire!” Maw-Maw snaps her fingers in front of my face, bringing me out of my thoughts. “Are you okay, dear?” she asks softly.

“Yeah, sorry. Lost in my head. So kiddos, we have some news.” I pause to look at them. *Why am I more nervous to tell my kids than I was my grandmother?*

Arden, my oldest, it’s hard to believe he’s only six, he looks worried. He has seen so much in his short life. My little mini-me with his dirty blond hair, baby blue eyes, and freckles. Luckily, he was spared most of the physical abuse from his father but is so attached to me now after witnessing all the abuse I went through. I’m most worried about what his reaction will be.

Lochlan, my sensitive, middle child at only four, looks so much like his father with his dark brown hair, brown eyes, and tan skin. He unfortunately wasn’t as lucky when it came to being safe from abuse. They say kids are great at picking up someone’s true character, however, and I believe it after he took to the guys quickly.

Lastly, I look at my sweet Vivian. She’s only two but with such a strong personality, with my facial features and attitude and her light brown hair and hazel eyes, she is a perfect mix of me and her father, not that he ever gave a shit about her. She suffered the worst of the abuse, simply for being born a girl. As much as I hate what he put her through, I’m also glad she was so little and doesn’t remember most of it. Thankfully, the child psychologists said they don’t feel she will have long lasting effects of all the trauma.

They are all looking at me and waiting for me to tell them the news, and I don’t know why I’m so nervous.

“Alright, kids. Mommy is pregnant! I have *two* babies in my belly!” I rush out. They all just look at me funny for a moment before replying.

“Heck yes! Woooo!” Arden is running around cheering, while Lochlan walks over and puts his hand on my stomach.

“Did you eat my babies?” he cries out. I burst into tears from happiness and because I’m laughing so hard.

All the guys and Maw-Maw join in my laughter. “No, baby, I didn’t eat the babies, that’s where they will grow until they are big enough to come out. Like you, bubba, and sissy all did,” I tell him, kissing his head. *Please, don’t ask me how babies are made. I’m not ready for that conversation.*

“Baby sister?” Vivi asks, cocking her head to the side like a puppy.

“We don’t know yet, sweetie, but we will find out soon though, okay?” I tell her.

Arden walks over and looks at me funny. “Wait... two babies?”

“Yeah, honey, we are going to have two babies. So either two brothers, two sisters, or one of each,” I answer him. Gah, I don’t know if I could handle two more boys.

He nods his head as he thinks that over, then looks between me and the guys. “But who’s their daddy?” I look at the guys dumbfounded, trying to figure out how to answer that when Silas pulls Arden to him. Well, shit, I didn’t expect that question.

“We are all their daddies just like we are all yours, Lochlan’s, and Vivian’s daddies. How lucky are y’all?” He gives him a hug, but Arden still looks worried.

“What’s wrong buddy?” I ask him as he chews on his lip.

“Are y’all going to love these babies more than us since they are y’alls real kids?” he asks softly. Lochlan looks worried as well, and now, I want to cry again. I hate how unsure he is.

All five of the guys make some form of protest, but it’s Orin who speaks up the loudest. “I want y’all to listen to me very closely, alright? It doesn’t matter to us who made you three, we love all of you with all of our heart, and we will not

love these babies any more or any less than we love you. You three *are* our kids as far as we are concerned. Nothing will ever change that. There are two types of family; there's the family you're born into and then the family you choose, and we will choose you three every time. Do you understand?" *Immediate swoon.*

Arden looks between all five of the guys and seems to make up his mind. "Can we call all of you dad?"

Silas and Orin are both crying, and the other three don't look like they are holding it together very well. *I wish I had my phone to take a video.* I glance to my side, where my grandmother is holding up her phone like a pro. *Thank goodness Maw-Maw is recording, since I forgot.*

"Yes, y'all can call us all dad." Silas reaches over and pulls Arden in for a hug, then all the guys go around hugging all the kids. Best freaking day ever. I am so happy right now.

After everyone settles down again, we get comfortable seated in a loose semi-circle on the floor and finish watching the movie, each of the kids using one of the guys as a makeshift chair. I must have dozed off because I wake up being carried to bed. I'm laid down gently and can feel myself surrounded by my guys all snuggled around me.

I fall back asleep to the sounds of their breathing and the amazing feeling of truly being loved. I never knew life could be so perfect and this time next year I'll have two more beautiful babies.



### *Isla*

The weekend passes relatively quickly, but Monday and Tuesday go by slowly. We were thankfully able to get in with an OB last minute the day before Thanksgiving. Although I'm sure the fact that my grandmother ended up calling and throwing money at the doctor helped, I won't complain since it worked. The twins and I head in to my appointment first thing in the morning.

The other guys had to work, but Orin and Odin made sure to take off to be there for support, and so I am not alone in case we get any bad news. Which is new, since I've never had anyone to come to these appointments with me before. I'm so freaking worried one or both of the babies won't have a heartbeat this time. My anxiety attacks have been so bad and nearly constant.

I thought all the therapy that I did the six months after Corin died had helped, going four times a week until we moved. After the guys came into my life, I haven't had a lot of episodes. However, since the shooting, then finding out I'm pregnant, everything has been triggering me.

It's crazy the difference it makes when you have partners who support, care for, and understand you. Corin would laugh when he provoked me, anytime I flinched, or had a panic attack because he thought it was so funny. All the guys make sure to be super mindful of all my negative stimuli; they hold me when I have a panic attack and snuggle me when I wake up

with nightmares. It's been hard getting used to it, but I'll never take it for granted.

We are sitting in the waiting room, one twin on each side of me, and I can say we are getting lots of crazy looks since they are both holding one of my hands.

"Babygirl, stop bouncing. It's going to be fine. The twins will be perfect. Take a deep breath and try to relax. I know it's easier said than done, but you don't want your blood pressure to be too high and have to be put in the hospital before Thanksgiving," Odin says softly, putting his hand on my knee.

A scoff comes from across the room where an older couple is sitting, and the woman is glaring at us. I'm sure we make quite the sight, with each of us having multiple tattoos, piercings, and the fact my hair is now a dark blue. Grinning at her, I lean to kiss both guys softly, then turn and wink at her which causes both of them to chuckle.

Before she can make any further remarks, the door to the back opens. "Isla Aaron?" a nurse calls out. When her gaze roams over the guys, her whole face lights up. She's pretty and young, most likely right out of school, with long, ash blonde hair and pretty, big, blue, doe eyes. Even though she's my height, she's small and with curves in all the right places. It makes me feel frumpy with my wide hips, no longer perky breasts, and stretch marks and scars on what seems like every inch of my skin.

I can feel my shoulders hunch down, and I start retreating into myself. Anytime another woman showed interest in Corin he would rub it in my face and would flirt in front of me, not caring if he hurt my feelings or not, so I automatically brace for it as we stand up to follow her out of the waiting room.

After taking my weight and vitals, she leads us down the hall. "Ms. Aaron, if you would take this cup and give us a urine sample? You can put your name and birthdate on it and set it in that little window there. I'll show your brothers—" She pauses for a minute to give the guys a saucy smile. "To room four. Right this way, gentlemen." She points down the hall, but instead of following her, Orin grabs my hand and

gives me a mind blowing kiss. Odin swoops in after he pulls away, then winks as he turns to follow the now frowning nurse.

I do my business, put the cup on the ledge, wash my hands, and head to meet the guys. It's a surprisingly big room. On the far wall is a large window with three chairs below it. We are on the third floor facing the outside of the building, overlooking a park across the street.

There is the typical exam room bed to the left with the ultrasound machine next to it. On the opposite wall is a big fifty-five inch TV, and the room is painted a pretty lilac with different shades of purple flowers all over. White cabinets are beside the TV with a sink and more cabinets underneath. It's super clean and nice.

The nurse is still in there talking to the guys who look less than happy. She turns to me when I walk in and tosses me a gown and a paper cover. I'm still really sore from, you know, being shot, so I jerk to grab them from falling to the ground.

I hiss out in pain at the abrupt movement and both of my guys jump up and rush to my side. "Darlin, are you okay?" Orin asks, helping me over to the bed. I nod at him, trying to catch my breath.

"I want a different nurse in here now because I know very damn well in her file it states she was just fucking shot. In what world did you get your degree that says it's okay to throw shit at a patient, much less one recovering from a gunshot?!" Odin is seething at this point.

The doctor walks in then, and I'm sure it's because he heard all the screaming. He's an older man, I'd say around late forties based on his salt and pepper hair. Soft green eyes with lines in the corners show he smiles a lot. However, he doesn't look like he's smiling now.

"What the hell is going on here!" he booms out.

"Well, he just started yelling at me for no reason!" the nurse simpers.

“No reason? Yeah, right.” Odin glares at her, then turns to face the doctor. “First, she kept flirting with me and my brother in front of our woman and was rudely dismissive of her despite the fact that she’s the patient, then she tossed the gown at her which caused her to pull her stitches since she was just fucking shot! All this happened because we told her we weren’t interested in getting her phone number,” Odin informs the doctor.

“Sarah, that behavior is completely unacceptable. You have been warned once already that is not appropriate. You’re fired. Get your things and go,” he tells her sternly.

When she leaves the room in a huff, the doctor turns to me and the twins. “I’m Dr. Smith. I am so sorry about her. She will not be a problem again. I’ll walk out and let you get changed. I’m going to grab your chart as well.”

Orin helps me change into the gown and get on the bed, then they both get settled in the chairs.

There is a knock on the door, then the doctor walks back in with another nurse. “Alright, Isla, this is Rachel. She’s going to assist me while I do the pap, then we will do the ultrasound, and we can go over any questions and concerns you have. Does that sound good?” he asks while getting his gloves on.

“Yeah, that’s fine.” I lay back on the bed and scoot down to the end, placing my feet in the stirrups without direction. After a couple minutes of the very unpleasantness of my cervix being poked and prodded, the doctor says he’s done and helps me sit up.

“How many pregnancies have you had in total?” he asks with a weird look on his face.

“Uhh, this pregnancy makes six. I had an ectopic in twenty-fourteen, stillbirth in twenty-fifteen, my oldest son in twenty-sixteen, my middle son in twenty-eighteen, then my daughter in twenty-twenty.” I’m looking down at my hands. *When will talking about losing my first two babies get easier?*

“Well, your cervix shows a lot of scarring,” he pauses and looks over at the twins. “Would you like to talk privately?” he

asks softly.

“No, sir, they are fine to stay. I’m comfortable with them,” I reply, smiling at my two amazing guys.

“Okay, well the scaring is common with repetitive sexual abuse. Now, that doesn’t mean you won’t have a healthy pregnancy, but it can cause some issues like bleeding and preterm labor. However, you’re having twins so you will most likely not go past thirty-six or thirty-seven weeks anyway.”

“Umm...” I glance at the guys and take a deep breath and look back at Dr. Smith. “My ex husband was physically and sexually abusive. He caused my still birth and raped me constantly for years,” I tell him, trying not to cry.

“I would say I’m sorry to hear that, but I know those words don’t mean much. I hate that that happened, and I seriously hope he was held accountable for his actions,” he tells me sincerely.

I give him a small smile. “He is no longer alive, so we are safe.”

He nods his head. “Good, good. Now, we are going to do another internal ultrasound since you’re still pretty early right at nine weeks, and we have your due date as June fourth; however, like I mentioned before, twins rarely make it to term due to it being higher risk. I do take mostly high risk pregnancies, but I will have you set up appointments with maternal fetal medicine as well, as a precaution.” He helps me lay back, then gets the ultrasound machine ready.

Odin and Orin walk over to stand by my head; Orin starts to rub my head and Odin grabs ahold of my hand. We want to record the ultrasound. I wince and let out a hiss when the doctor inserts the probe with the cold jelly into my lady bits. *God, this shit is uncomfortable.*

“Sorry, I should have told you it would be cold,” he apologizes.

“It’s fine, I knew it was coming,” I assure him. “It’s always a shock.”

He looks around for a minute, taking different measurements and looking closely at my, well, everything. He walks us through each and every detail and points out all the body parts for the guys benefit.

“Alright, so Twin A is measuring nine weeks three days, Twin B is measuring eight weeks five days. That’s perfectly normal. Blood flow to both is great. They have their own sac and placenta which is what we want to see. Less risk. Here is the first heartbeat.” He pushes a couple buttons, and the room is filled with a sweet *thump-thump, thump-thump*. I’m fighting back tears, and Orin isn’t far behind me.

“And here’s the second one.” A couple seconds later and again, we hear the second heartbeat.

“Twin A’s heartbeat is one seventy-seven, Twin B is one sixty-eight. Both are perfect. Do you have any questions?” he asks while printing out some of the pictures.

“Can we do the blood work to find out the gender of the twins?” I ask him while the guys help me sit up.

“Yes and no. We can do the bloodwork, but I don’t believe they are identical. If the test comes back showing Y chromosomes, we won’t know if both or only one baby will be a boy. However, if no Y chromosome is present, they will both be girls. I wanted to do the genetic screening anyway,” he explains.

I look over at both guys to see what they think, and they nod at me. “That sounds good to me. How long does it take for the results to come in?”

“It’ll only take about a week. I’ll send it to the lab today, but I’ll have them rush it since the office is closed tomorrow and Friday, so hopefully we’ll have the answer by next Wednesday. I want to see you every two weeks for routine check-ups. You are considered high risk since you are having twins and due to your recent trauma. My office has a twenty-four hour nurse line, so you can call with any questions and with any emergency, and they will send you straight to me. Do you want the results sent to your email?” he asks, grabbing a notepad and pen off the counter and handing it to me.

“Actually, no, I’m going to give you my grandmother’s. I want to surprise the guys and our kids, but if I see them, I won’t be able to keep it a secret.” I write down Maw-Maw’s email and hand it to him. He walks out and sends the nurse to gather everything needed to take blood for the testing.

The whole way to the car he holds my hand and talks about how excited he is for the babies.

Right as we get into the car and get it started, the bluetooth starts ringing. It’s a number I don’t know, so Odin clicks the button to answer for me while I buckle up.

“Hello?” I ask hesitantly.

“You fucking slut! How dare you try to keep those boys from me? You have no fucking right. They are all I have left of my son since you had him killed!” It seems like the Wicked Witch of the West had somehow gotten my number.

Odin turns an ugly shade of red and goes to reply before I put my hand on his arm and shake my head.

“First off, Cruella, I didn’t take anything from you. They were never yours in the first place. Second, you stood by and watched your son beat the hell out of me and treat his daughter that you refuse to even acknowledge like shit. Third, your son and husband had planned to fucking kill me and Vivi! The police had fucking proof of their plans. Besides, *three* judges refused you visitation rights. You will never get to lay eyes on my kids ever again. Go fuck yourself, Stephanie!” I’m screaming the last bit as I hang up on her and immediately block her number.

I slump back in the car seat and take a deep breath and rub at my scar all the yelling aggravating it. “That felt great, and it was long overdue. Can we run through Sonic and get pickle fries?” I chirp happily. Telling that bitch off really put me in a good mood.

“Yeah, babygirl, we can stop and get pickle fries. Do you want a large Dr. Pepper also?” Odin chuckles.

“Yup, sure do. I also want y’all to not snitch and tell Bodie I’m eating junk.” I make sure to use my hand to air quote junk

because Bodie is a warden when it comes to healthy food, and I love my junk food.

“When do we ever snitch?” Orin asks like he’s offended, putting his hand over his heart dramatically.

I turn to look at him pointedly. “You? Yesterday in fact, with my Ben and Jerry’s,” I deadpan.

“I didn’t know he would throw it away!” he whines back.

“You know he refuses to have processed food in the house. I’m pregnant, so I want real junk food!!” I screech at him.

“I’m sorry, Darlin’. How about I buy whatever junk foods you want to keep at the house, and I’ll hide them in my room? I have a mini fridge in the closet with my energy drinks.” Orin winces as he admits the last part.

“Yeah, that fridge better be stocked with my snacks if you get to hide red bulls,” I growl at him. Bodie hates energy drinks more than junk food. Honestly, I love him, but he is such a food snob. It drives me mad sometimes because I have always loved my junk food and candy.

We pull up to Sonic, and Odin orders my two orders of pickle fries with ranch, then a route forty-four Dr. Pepper. He also orders a soft pretzel and cherry Coke for Orin and cheddar peppers and a vanilla Dr. Pepper for himself. For the kids, he picked up some grilled cheese wacky packs, and he even made sure to order Maw-Maw her root beer float. We will have to burn all the evidence when we’re done eating.

Once we get the food, we head home, and I texted Maw-Maw to let her know we have food so she can have the kids in the kitchen. Right at noon, we pull into the driveway, the guys carrying the bags of food and the drinks, leaving me to open the door. As we walk into the large room, I see Maw-Maw and the kids seated and waiting for us. Along with Bodie. Oh, shit.

“Sonic? Y’all are eating Sonic?” Bodie accuses when he sees the bounty we walk in with.

“Yes, we are. Your pregnant, hormonal girlfriend wants junk food. I’m going to sit my happy, fat ass down and eat my

fucking pickle fries, and you will sit down and shut up while I do it,” I growl out, daring him to argue.

Looking at me with wide eyes, he mutters, “Yes, ma’am.” Then he helps pass out the kids’ food and mean mugs it the whole time. I really do love him, even if his disdain for my favorites occasionally drives me nutty.

While the rest of us are digging into our snacks, Bodie stands up and grabs his list for Thanksgiving dinner tomorrow. We have a bunch of people coming so he, Maw-Maw, and I will be super busy the rest of the day and in the morning.

“Okay, so I already have both turkeys and the hams marinating. Thankfully this kitchen has two huge ovens as well as the one built in with the outside kitchen. One turkey will be in the outside oven. The other Silas wants to deep fry, and I promised he could. Orin and Callum are responsible for making sure he doesn’t blow himself up. I have everything needed for each dish being made in the pan it will be cooked in along with the recipe. I have whoever’s going to be making said dish on the card. Until it is time to fry the turkey, the rest of you are on kid duty. So if everyone is done eating, let’s get cooking.” Bodie claps his hands and shoos everyone but me and Maw-Maw out.

This is mine and the kids’ first real family holiday, and I couldn’t be more thankful for how my life has turned out.



### *Isla*

*I* will never again, in this lifetime or the next, try to cook a Thanksgiving meal with Bodie. Maw-Maw has already tapped out and threatened to murder him with the turkey carving knife. He is a fucking drill sergeant. If he tells me one more time I'm not pouring something right or that I'm mixing something in the wrong order, I will be the one stabbing him.

“Bodie! It doesn't fucking matter how you mix in the fucking cheese! It's mac and cheese! If you don't shut the hell up and baste the fucking turkey, I'm going to lose my goddamn mind!!” I slam down the spoon and throw a handful of shredded cheese at him.

“It has to be stirred in as you add the cheese mix or it will separate funny!” he hollers back angrily.

I flinch at his tone. It doesn't trigger me like it used to since I'm currently preoccupied perverting on the man walking into the room. Thankfully, he doesn't notice, but Callum comes jogging into the kitchen shirtless and in gray sweatpants. *Man, I'm horny.* I'm hoping next week the surgeon will clear me; I'm still a little sore, but thankfully, my stitches have finally dissolved and it only hurts to cough or sneeze and not just breath.

“Why the hell are you screaming at our pregnant girlfriend?!” he demands seething at Bodie.

“She keeps arguing about how stuff is supposed to be made. Everything has a certain way it’s supposed to be done. It’s driving me crazy!” Bodie snaps. *Wow, he’s super serious about this shit.*

Callum walks over and cuffs him on the back of the head.

“Stop being a tyrant to Isla, who, need I remind you, is still healing from a fucking gunshot wound!” Callum growls, walking over to kiss my head with a gentleness that doesn’t match his tone.

Bodie bows his head and takes a deep breath, then looks me in the eyes. “I’m sorry, Angel. When I was a kid, the only time I ever felt in control was when I would cook food because it’s the only time my mother actually acted like a real parent. The rare times she was sober were when we would cook together.” He looks so ashamed now that it breaks my heart a little. I hate how hard his childhood was.

I slide off the stool I was sitting on and shuffle over to Bodie. Walking still fucking sucks so I’m trying to take it as easy as I can. I wrap my arms around him and hold him close. *Now I feel bad for being such an ass about how he wanted things done.*

“I’m sorry for being difficult. I will listen to your instructions while cooking from now on. However, I don’t appreciate you yelling at me the way you did. I’m sorry I reacted poorly. You are so anal about cooking, and I let it get to me. I know I shouldn’t have raised my voice either, and I’m sorry for that. How about we work on being mindful of how we talk to each other from now on? I also don’t want the kids around that behavior anymore. I want them to learn what healthy communication looks like.” I look him in his eyes as I pull him in for a kiss.

He kisses me back and hugs me tightly, being mindful of my tender body. “I’m so sorry, Angel. It won’t happen again. It seems we all need to work on our communication when we have a disagreement. It’s easy to fall into familiar habits. I love you, and I’m thankful I have you to help me cook.”

“I love you too, baby. I’m sure it doesn’t help that we’ve been cooking since seven o’clock last night, only squeezing in a couple of cat naps. We are tired, and it’s not good for anyone’s sanity. I agree we need to work on how we communicate, but for now let’s finish up with the last couple things we need to put together. It’s already six a.m., and the kids will be up in about an hour. Breakfast is going to be frozen waffles and fruit since that’s easy. Everyone will be here around noon.”

I look down at the list to see what all we have left to cook. “Okay, so the dressings are put together, they just need to be put in the oven, same with the green bean and sweet potato casseroles. The banana pudding and peach cobbler are in the fridge, and I put the pies in the warmer. Mac and cheese just needs to be browned.” I check everything off as I list it.

“All we have left are the rolls, baked beans, corn on the cob, and I need to debone the chicken and finish the dumplings. So you can finish all the veggies, and I’ll do the dumplings. The turkey will be done by time the kids eat breakfast, and then we can add everything to the warming trays on the buffet tables. The twins are in charge of setting the table.” I finish my list as Bodie starts pulling out the fresh veggies he will be cooking.

Callum goes to the fridge and fixes me a glass of sweet tea, kissing me on the head as he sits it down in front of me. “Do you need me to do anything, Kitten?”

I give him a sweet smile around my glass of liquid heaven. “Can you double check and make sure the kids didn’t leave a mess anywhere and plug in the air fresheners?” I stop and think for a second to see if there is anything else. “Oh, and will you get Silas to help finish putting up all the fall decor?”

“We already put up all the fall decor we bought, didn’t we?” Callum narrows his eyes at me.

“Um, well, I got bored and got on Etsy and Amazon, so there are boxes by the front door. I may have also ordered some Halloween decorations for next year,” I tell him sheepishly.

“Really, Kitten? You have an obsession with decorations, don’t you?” he asks exasperatedly.

“Just slightly, just wait till next week when all the Christmas decorations start showing up. Now go wake Silas.” I shoo him away.

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### *Callum*

I’M SHAKING my head and mumbling about crazy pregnant women the whole way to our wing. The guys and I rotate who sleeps with Isla most nights, but since she and Bodie were up all night cooking, Silas and I slept in our room. I push the door open to find him gloriously naked, sleeping on his back with his hands propped behind his head. The blanket is only covering his amazing cock and left leg, not leaving much to the imagination.

My mouth goes dry at the sight of his stunning body. It’s crazy to think just a couple months ago we were both fighting our attraction to each other, ashamed about being attracted to men. Having Isla was enough to help us let go of that shame. The guys all took it surprisingly well also. They all had various ‘about damn time’ reactions that we didn’t expect at all.

I push the door shut behind me. I slowly walk up to the bed and pull the blanket all the way off of him, crawling up in between his legs. I take his semi-hard cock in my mouth, and Silas lets out a sleepy groan. I bob my head up and down his throbbing, and now very hard, cock.

His hands go to my head and he threads his fingers through my hair. I glance up through my eyelashes, and he’s staring down at me hungrily. “Now this is an amazing way to wake up.”

I wrap one hand around his dick and suck my fingers in my mouth to wet them. “Hmmm, well, our beautiful girlfriend told me to come wake you up, and it’s been so long since I got to taste you, I couldn’t help myself.”

I slide my slick finger into his tight hole as I suck his dick back into my mouth, taking it all the way down my throat. I slowly work my finger in and out of his ass. I love the feeling of him squeezing my finger and the throbbing of his dick in my mouth.

“Oh, fuck, Callum. That feels so good. Turn around and come choke me with your dick,” he groans out. Just those words have me hard enough to almost cum on the spot.

I turn so I’m straddling his face, and he swallows my dick until it can’t go any further. I thrust into it as I take all of him into my mouth until I can’t breathe. I’m sucking his down and fucking his ass with my fingers. I can feel him moaning around my cock. I feel his wet fingers probe my ass, and I slide back on to them, and we both let out growl around the cock in our mouth.

We aren’t holding back, choking each other, and it’s almost like a game to see who gives in first. I can feel my balls starting to tighten, so I pop off Silas’s dick, saying, “Silas, fuck me, please.”

I crawl off so he can move from under me and get on my hands and knees. He raises up to grab the lube off the desk. I hear the lid pop open, then I feel the cold liquid run down my crack, followed by Silas rubbing his dick through the lube to gather the liquid.

Silas pushes my shoulders down and lines up his dick with my aching hole and slowly pushes in. We both let out a loud breathy curse once he’s seated inside of me. He leans over me slowly thrusting in and out. He snakes his hand up to my throat and slowly pulls me up so we are both on our knees.

“You like having my cock in your ass? Hmmm? Like me fucking your tight hole?” he growls out in my ear, causing a full body shiver.

“Yes, baby, yes. Fuck me harder,” I hiss out through gritted teeth.

We are facing the wall opposite of the door so we don’t notice the door is open until we hear someone suck in a breath.

We both look over our shoulders, and Bodie is standing in the door, staring at us wide eyed. “Um, Isla sent me to get y’all.” His eyes don’t leave where Silas’s dick continues to move in and out of my ass, a noticeable bulge growing in his pants the longer he stands there.

“Bodie... either come in and shut the door and watch, or get out and shut the door behind you,” I demand through grunts.

He looks at me with a deer-in-the-headlights expression, but he steps in and shuts the door. He seems transfixed on where we are joined. Silas pushes me so I’m on my hands and knees again. It seems having an audience turns my dirty boy on, since he’s now fucking my ass like his very life depends on it. I reach down and grab my own dick and start stroking it.

All you can hear in the room is the slapping of skin on skin, moans from Silas and I, and Bodie’s hard breathing. His dick is straining against his pants, begging to get out, although his hands are fisted at his sides.

I look back and make eye contact with him and his gaze is filled with heat. I jerk my hand faster and let out a feral groan as ropes of cum cover my hand and the bed. Two thrusts later and Silas fills up my ass, moaning, and we both drop down. Seconds later, the bedroom door slams shut.

I sigh as Silas pulls out of me. “I think we fucked up, babe. Let’s go get washed up before Isla comes and kills us both,” Silas says, pulling me up out of the bed.

This is so fucked up. Why can’t I get the image of Bodie staring at my dick out of my head?

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### ***Bodie***

WHY DID I STAY? Why didn’t I just walk out? I always thought anytime I found a man attractive it was due to the trauma. I’m not so sure anymore. The last couple years, I noticed how the guys’ muscles flexed when working out, or how hard it was to

pull my eyes away when someone would walk into the kitchen in a towel.

I don't know how I feel about being so turned on by watching them together. After all the times I had the choice taken away from me, I don't know if I could ever let someone touch my ass.

My head is still spinning when I walk back into the kitchen. Isla is standing at the little breakfast bar, passing the kids' breakfast out. I stop at the doorway to stare at her and our beautiful family. After everything that happened to me in my childhood, I never thought I would find someone to spend my life with, much less a single mom with three kids that stole my heart imminently. Now, we are welcoming two more babies.

When I met her, my family went from five to ten; and now, our family is at a whopping twelve. Five kids that are my reason to live, the men that saved my life, the woman who brought the light back, and the mother figure I always wanted.

"Daddy, why are you staring at us all crazy?" Arden giggles, running over and launching himself at me. *Every time one of them calls me dad, my heart feels like it's going to beat out of my chest.*

"I'm thinking about how lucky I am to have all of you. I love you, bud," I tell him as I catch him and spin him around.

"Come eat, baby. After breakfast, y'all can go play. Everyone will be here for Thanksgiving in a couple hours," Isla tells the kids as Arden walks over to finish eating.

Isla shuffles over to where I'm standing and must see something on my face. "Hey, kiddos, y'all go ahead and eat. Daddy and I will be right back. I'm sure your other dads or Maw-Maw will be in any second."

She grabs my hand and leads me into the massive walk-in pantry. "Alright, mister, spill it. Why does your face look like that?"

"What are you talking about, Angel?" I rasp out, fidgeting with my hands. The unimpressed look she levels at me would

make most people flinch away, but I am not most people. Because this is my feisty woman, all it does is makes my dick take notice. *Fuck, Bodie, not the time.*

I refuse to lie to her so I guess I need to get everything out there. She already knows about my childhood abuse, but I don't want her to look at me differently. I know she's fine with Callum and Silas's relationship, but that doesn't mean she will accept this part of me. Not that I have either, so I can't blame her.

*Well, here goes nothing.*

“Uh, well, when I went to get the others, I kind of walked in on Cal and Si...” I break off, not sure how to explain what I actually walked in on.

The smirk on her face tells me she knows exactly what I mean by my unspoken words. “That doesn't explain why your face looks the way it does,” she points out.

I groan at her as she raises her eyebrow at me, waiting for me to continue. “They had the door closed but not latched, so I just walked in. Si was, uhh...” I look away and take a breath. “He was behind Callum. He was, um, fucking him. When they noticed me, they told me to either come in and shut the door or go away, and well, I stayed and watched.”

I look down ashamed. “I don't know why I stayed.” I'm pacing back and forth now. God, why is it so hard to admit? Nothing is wrong with being attracted to men. This has nothing to do with what happened to me.

“Baby, what's wrong? Why does that have you freaking out so bad?” she asks, grabbing my hand, pulling me to a stop.

I look at her brokenly and whisper, “I liked it. It turned me on, seeing it. I wanted to join them.” I can feel the tears starting to fall. “How can I like that after what happened to me? What's wrong with me?”

She pulls me into a hug. I slide us both down till we are sitting on the floor against the wall. “Bodie James Sullivan, there is absolutely *nothing* fucking wrong with you. What happened to you was not your fault. You were raped as a *child*

by adults. That isn't on you. You didn't cause that to happen. Your mother failed you. It is on the shoulders of her and the men who hurt you." She grabs my face and turns it so I'm looking her in the eyes.

"You being attracted to men has *nothing* to do with what happened to you. If it did, I would think after everything I've been through it would make me not want to be with men. You are perfect the way you are. If you want to explore that side of you, I doubt Callum or Silas would complain. If not, then that's fine, too. It's solely your choice. I will love you no matter what, and it doesn't make you any less of a man. Okay?" She kisses me softly.

"I don't know what I want honestly. I think I need time to work through things," I tell her quietly as I stand up.

"Take all the time you need, baby. No one will blame you. Now, let's go finish breakfast with our kids. I think you need to sit down and talk to either Silas or Callum. Maybe both. It might help." She holds her hands up so I pull her to stand with me.

"I will, Angel. Thank you for listening." I kiss her and pour in all the love I have into it.

*I don't know what's going to happen now, but I'm thankful I have the life and family I have now.*



### *Isla*

*A*fter almost a whole day of cooking and very little sleep, I snuck away so I could get a couple of moments alone to wash all the food bits off me. I've never been more thankful for the built-in shower seat as I step out of the hot steaming bath. It's easier to move around now, but I'm still pretty sore and taking deep breaths can hurt like a bitch.

Standing in front of the mirror looking at myself, I'm blown away at the difference almost a year makes. Even with the extra scars from the gunshot and surgery, I am healthy. My eyes are bright, and I look happy. I'm so fucking nervous about being pregnant and working through all the trauma that I'm sure is going to pop back up with everything that has recently happened.

I don't know what it's like to not have to worry about being beaten, raped, or just verbally abused. I know my men aren't like that, and that they are amazing, but a part of me is just waiting for them to change like Corin did. I know it's not going to happen. However, that doubt was still planted in the back of my mind.

I feel hands wrap around my waist, and I jump since I'm not expecting it. "Hey, Darlin', are you okay?" Orin's smoky voice wraps around me and curbs my panic. I turn to face my kind-hearted, soft spoken man. You'd never know by his dark tattooed look, but he is the most gentle man I've ever met.

I give him a sweet smile. "Yeah, baby, I'm fine. It's just kinda nerve-racking being pregnant again. Even though in my

heart and soul I know it's going to be different, it's still a lot to wrap my mind around. Plus add in the fact that it's twins which is mind blowing itself."

He cups my face. "Darlin', I can't imagine how terrifying this is for you. I know there is a lot of trauma for you surrounding pregnancy and men in general, but baby, we love you so much. We love the kids with all our hearts, and we are going to love the twins. None of us will ever do anything to hurt you or any of them. No matter what, for any reason." He pauses to wipe a tear I didn't realize was falling.

"I actually wanted to talk to you about names for the babies. If they are boys, I was thinking Wyatt and Andrew after your dad and Paw-Paw. If they are girls I was thinking we could name them Willow and Iris, after Silas's sister and the daughter you lost. I figured if it's one of each, we could do Wyatt Andrew and Willow Iris. What do you think?" He searches my eyes, gauging my reaction.

I have tears running down my face now. "I love them. Let's go ask the others what they think. I think they will love the names. I think when I get cleared for sex again, my sweet pet deserves some special alone time. What do you think, hmm?"

With his closeness, I can feel him shiver at my tone. "Well, Mistress, I can't wait to worship you from your head to your toes." He pulls me in for a deep kiss and nips at my lip. He's such a brat.

"Just wait till I can spank your ass again," I growl at him.

He laughs as he runs out of the bathroom. "Hurry up and get to the living room, Darlin', everyone will be here soon."

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### *Silas*

AFTER SPENDING all day keeping the kid's busy they wanted to play with legos, which I'll never admit I love doing. Now I'm finally able to have a few minutes of adult interaction by

helping Bodie and Emma set the table. We decided to host a Thanksgiving dinner for all of the people we know that don't have anywhere to go. So we invited the guys from the shop, the firefighters and cops who are single, and the employees from Bodie's restaurant who also don't have family. In all, there will be about thirty-five people. We also plan to announce the pregnancy to everyone.

Isla has the house decorated to the nines from top to bottom in fall decor. It looks so amazing with all the gourds, autumn colored leaves, and cornucopias, small hay bales, and scarecrows. She's been working so hard and it seems like she's just trying to keep busy. It worries me since I've noticed she has regressed some since being shot and finding out she's pregnant, then Corin's stupid ass mother had to try and start shit. I hope all the stress doesn't cause any issues with the babies.

"Silas!" Emma barks at me.

"What? Sorry, were you calling me?" I sheepishly ask.

"You were staring off into space. What's wrong?" she asks, now that she has my attention.

Sighing and turning to face her, I reply. "I'm worried about Isla. I'm concerned that being shot and her now being pregnant is going to cause more trauma and make her panic attacks come back. Not to mention the cuntasaurus and her bullshit is going to cause her more stress on top of everything else that she's already dealing with, and I'm so scared something is going to happen to the babies. There is so much going on, and it's making me feel so out of control. I want her and our kids to be okay. Why does shit like this keep happening to her?"

Emma walks over and grabs my hand. "Silas, honey, I know you suffered a lot in your childhood, and I know with all of this going on it can be hard for you to manage. I promise Isla will be okay. I've talked her into making an appointment with a therapist to help work through all of these new changes. I can't promise the babies will be fine, since it's still too early

to know. However, just remember Isla is doing everything she can and that's all we can hope for.

“I'm so thankful my granddaughter and great grandkids have people that love them, so anything that happens we can deal with it together as a family. Why don't you think about seeing a therapist as well, dear? I think it might help you work through everything.”

I pull her in for a hug, trying not to tear up at the overwhelming love and care I can feel pouring out of this amazing woman. I never had decent parents or grandparents, but I am so thankful to have Emma in my life. “I think you're right. I'll call my old therapist Monday.”

“Well now, what's going on here? Silas, are you trying to trade me in for an older model?” I hear Isla snickering as she comes sauntering into the kitchen.

God, she looks so beautiful. Her blue hair is curled and flowing down her back with her bangs pinned back out of her eyes. She's wearing an amazing burnt orange, cuffed sleeve, knee length dress. It shows off a delicious amount of breast as well as her amazing legs. All her colorful tattoos look great in contrast to her outfit. Her beautiful blue eyes are enhanced by dark brown eyeshadow.

“Wildflower, you look amazing, and as gorgeous as your grandmother is, I wouldn't trade you for anything.” I pull her in for a kiss.

“I wanna know who you're calling ‘an older model’, ya heifer. You just hope you look this good when you're my age,” Emma sasses back, tossing a styrofoam squash at Isla who darts behind me to avoid getting hit. I love seeing how they interact with each other.

“Mommy!” Vivian comes running in the kitchen crying, and throws herself at Isla's leg.

“What's wrong sweetheart?” Isla asks softly. Bending over to pick up Vivian to hug her.

“Bubba hit me. He pushed me down!” she sobs into her mom's shoulder.

“Which one of your brothers, baby?” Isla gently coaxes.

“Lochlan.” Vivi snuffles and reaches for me. I wrap her up in my arms and start blowing raspberries against her neck to make her giggle.

I never realized how much I would love being a dad.

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### *Isla*

SERIOUSLY? Now the kids are fighting? I’m already exhausted. *Why did I want to host a dinner party?* I kiss Vivi’s and Silas’s cheeks and walk out of the kitchen to deal with Lochlan when I’m met with all of my man meat. *Fuck, I’m horny.* These pregnancy hormones are rough.

They are each dressed in black dress pants with different colored button ups. Odin is in a baby blue shirt to match his eyes, while Orin is in a burnt orange, which is one of my favorite colors on him—and it makes us match, which is adorable. Bodie is in emerald green, my other favorite color. Callum is in a blood red shirt, but his is fully unbuttoned showing his ripped chest. Now I’m seeing why Silas was in black, all my favorite colors.

Just the sight of these men alone makes my panties wet. It’s insane.

“Hey, babes. Silas is in the kitchen with Vivi, but I have to go deal with Lochlan. He is apparently bullying his sister,” I sigh.

Callum pulls me into his arms and kisses me. “Kitten, you look good enough to eat,” he purrs into my ear. He chuckles when he feels me shiver.

“I fucking wish someone would eat me already,” I huff out. “I’ll be back in a minute. Will y’all help Maw-Maw and Silas finish setting up everything? Everyone will be getting here soon.”

“Yeah, Babygirl, we’ll go help.” Odin kisses me and walks off to the kitchen. Bodie and Orin follow suit, both peppering me with kisses when they pass by.

“Do you want me to go with you, Kitten?” Callum asks, nuzzling my neck.

“Sure, baby, he might talk to you better than he will for me. Let’s go find him and see what’s going on. Vivi said he punched and pushed her. I don’t know what’s going on with him,” I explain as we head towards the playroom.

“There have been a lot of new and different things going on recently. Let’s just talk to him and see what’s going on. Maybe we should look into getting the kids into therapy. I know you said they were in it after Corin died to deal with everything, but I think it might help with all the recent changes.” He’s looking at me out of the corner of his eye as we walk down the hall, waiting on my response.

“Honestly, that sounds great, love. You don’t have to worry that I’m going to be upset. As far as I’m concerned, you and the other guys are their dads. Y’all have a say in how they are raised. I don’t want any of you to feel like y’all can’t express your options on how you think something should go.” I pull him to a stop in front of the playroom door so I can look him in his eyes.

“I want all of you to feel comfortable making decisions when I’m not around. I put you all on their emergency contact forms at school as well,” I tell him.

He leans down and kisses me. “Thank you for trusting us with your kids and your heart, Kitten. Let’s go see what’s wrong with our little man.” He grabs my hand and pulls the door to the playroom open.

Arden is sitting under the indoor tree house on his beanbag playing his Nintendo switch. “Arden, where’s your brother?” I ask calmly as I walk over. He glances up at me and points up to the inside of the treehouse before resuming his game. I look at Callum, and we both move towards the ladder so we can climb inside. Callum helps me into it and follows me up.

There is a Lochlan sized lump curled up under a blanket in another one of the beanbags.

I slowly knee walk towards him and pull the blanket off. Lochlan is lying in the middle of the bundle, balled up and crying. I scoop him up and set him in my lap. "Sweetheart, what's wrong?"

"I didn't mean to hurt sissy! She wouldn't stop taking my toys, and I just got so mad. I don't want to be like our old daddy! I don't want to hurt sissy, you, or the babies." He's full out sobbing at this point. I glance at Callum. I'm at a loss for what to do or say at this point.

Callum reaches out his arms. "Come here, buddy." Lochlan shuffles over and curls up into his lap. "Arden, bud, why don't you come up here, too?" he calls out, and a couple seconds later, Arden crawls into the vacant space in my lap.

Callum sighs and looks at the boys. "I'm going to tell y'all a story, okay? A long time ago, there were five best friends. Four of them had really hard lives at home, and some of them had mean dads, some had mean moms, or both. When things would get tough for those four, they would all show up at their other friend's house. Now, he didn't have a dad, but he did have an amazing mom."

He sighs and rubs his hands up and down Lochlan's back. "His mom would cheer his friends up and show them how they should be treated. However, that didn't always help. All five ended up having anger issues because they didn't know how to properly express themselves and their feelings. Even the boy with the amazing mom, because he missed his dad and was angry he had left them. You know what his mom taught them?" Callum smiled at the boys as he waited for an answer.

"No, what?" Arden asked.

"She taught them that it's okay to have big feelings, but it's not okay to put your hands on anyone in anger. That if you wouldn't like something being done to you, don't do it to others. If you are having trouble expressing yourself and someone is making you mad, come tell your mother, or one of your dads. We will help you. No matter what, if either of you

need to talk about anything, it doesn't matter what, you can come to any of us. Okay?"

"Okay, daddy. I'm sorry I hurt sissy. I promise I won't do it again," Lochlan says softly.

I lean over and brush his long brown hair out of his face. "We understand, baby. How about we go tell sissy you're sorry?"



### *Isla*

*A*s we are walking into the living room, the doorbell dings. “Callum, will you take Lochlan to apologize to Vivian? I’ll go get the door,” I ask as I turn to walk to the front entryway.

“Yeah, Kitten, I got it. Come on, buds, let’s go find sissy and get ready to enjoy all the amazing food Mommy and Bodie have been cooking.”

I really wish we would have gotten a definitive count on who and how many people were coming, but thankfully, we cooked enough for a small army. Maw-Maw, being the planner, had a ton of folding tables and chairs so we would have plenty of room for everyone. I’m mentally checking my list to make sure we didn’t forget anything, as I’m walking to the door, worried I forgot something.

I pull the monstrosity of a door open to the welcome sight of some of the amazing friends I’ve made since moving here. Chris and Nathan, my friends turned co-workers. Chris is the principal at the kids’ school, and Nathan is his husband as well as the school counselor. They have been amazing through everything and the short time I got to work at the school.

“Isla! You look amazing babe! I’m so glad you’re up and about now. We hated seeing you laid up in the hospital,” Chris rambles as he pulls me in for a hug.

“Thank y’all for inviting us. We brought some corn casserole and bread pudding. I know you said not to bring

anything, but my momma would whoop my butt if I showed up empty handed,” Nathan says as he holds up the box containing the dishes.

I chuckle at that. “Good ol’ southern moms. I get that completely, though. Wait till you see Maw-Maw running around hosting. Y’all go on in!” I step out and to the side so I can greet Jose and Joe. As they are getting out of Joe’s truck, more cars pull up, as well as a firetruck, since we told the guys on shift to come by too.

“Hey, guys! Glad everyone could make it! Everything is set up in the main dining and living room!” I call out as people start walking up.

“It’s great to see you. I’m glad you’re okay,” Joe says softly as he pats my shoulder when he passes.

“Good to see you standing, mama. I knew nothing could keep you down. You’re too strong for that.” Jose pulls me into a hug.

“Thanks, Jose, and I’m trying my best,” I softly reply.

“That’s the best we can hope for some days. I’ll see you in there,” he smiles as he walks in toward the back of the house.

A line of firefighters, EMTs, and police come next—all with their own greetings and well wishes—when I see a black Dodge Journey pull up, and a small older woman with long brown hair gets out. There is no denying who this is. However, I wasn’t expecting to meet Callum’s mother today. She’s walking up to the front door as we both wait to greet each other until she’s on the steps.

“Hi, you must be Isla? I’m Ellen, Callum’s mom. It’s so great to finally meet you. I’m sorry for the last minute change of plans. I was going to fly out to Florida to be with my parents, but they decided on a last minute cruise. I hope that’s okay?” she stares at me worriedly.

“Of course, that’s perfectly fine! I’m so happy to meet you, too. I know Callum was sad you weren’t going to make it. Why don’t you follow me, and we will see if we can’t find

him?” I happily reply, reaching out for her to take my arm. She smiles and takes it.

I’m leading her through the main floor when the man in question comes around a corner and comes to a complete stop.

“Mom! What are you doing here? I thought you were going to see Mimi and Pops?” he says, rushing over to hug his mother.

“I was going to, but they decided to go on a cruise last minute, plus I wanted to see you and meet the woman who has all of my sons enamored as well as my three new grandbabies,” she tells him, patting his cheek.

All three kids come running in at that moment. “Daddy! Mommy! Let’s go eat!” Arden whines, coming to pull my hand as the other two grab Callum and Ellen’s hands.

“Hold on a minute. There is someone I want y’all to meet. This is my mom, Ellen.” He turns to his mom and points out each child. “This is Arden, Lochlan, and Vivian.”

She kneels down so she is eye level with them. “Hello, little ones. Looks like I have a lot of spoiling to catch up on. I’m so happy to meet you all.”

Arden looks at her and smiles. “So you’re our Maw-Maw too?”

I ruffle his hair. “How about we come up with another name so it won’t be confusing?” I ask, glancing at the woman in question to see what she thinks.

Lochlan starts bouncing around. “My friend Katie at school has a Noni, so can we call you Noni?”

Ellen taps her chin like she’s thinking very hard. “I think that sounds perfect! How about we go find the rest of the party and y’all can show me around?”

Lochlan takes her hand as Arden starts talking her ear off about all the people that are here.

“Daddy, hold me!” Vivian asks, tugging on Callum’s pants.

“What’s my pretty girl doing? Are you hungry, sweetheart?” he asks between peppering her with kisses.

“Daddy! Stop, that tickles!” she giggles.

“Okay, okay. Let’s go get some food for my beautiful girls.” He grabs my hand with his free one, and we go find the rest of our friends and family.

Everyone is seated around the table, laughing and having a good time. I pull out my phone and send a text to all the guys.

Isla: Ready to make the announcement? Callum, do you still want to with your mom here?

Callum: Of course Kitten! She will be so excited.

Bodie: Ready when you are, Angel.

Odin: Let’s do it, Babygirl.

Silas: I can’t wait till everyone knows, Wildflower

Orin: Ready when you are, Darlin’.

I stand up with my glass of sweet tea and tap my spoon on it to get everyone’s attention.

“Hey, everyone, if I could have your attention for a moment, I’d like to say something.” I give everyone a minute to quiet down.

“First, I’d like to thank everyone for joining us to celebrate today. I’m so blessed to be here. After everything my kids and I have been through the last couple years, we are so grateful to be somewhere safe with friends and family that mean the world to us. With that being said, the guys and I have some news.” I take a breath for a moment and look around the room, as everyone except Maw-Maw stares back expectantly. “We’re pregnant with twins!” I shout.

You can hear a pin drop as they all soak in that information. The first one to come to their senses is Ellen. She jumps up. “Are you serious? More babies! I’m getting more grandbabies? When did you find out?”

“We found out when I was in the hospital. I’ll be ten weeks pregnant tomorrow. Before you ask, we don’t know the

genders yet, it's a bit too early. We did a genetic test, but we won't have the results back for a couple of weeks."

"That's so great, hon! I'm so happy for you!" Chris comes over to pull me in for a hug.

"Congrats, guys!" Nathan follows suit while a line forms as everyone comes to congratulate us.

We are all finally sitting down to finish our dinner when the doorbell rings again. Maw-Maw jumps up, her fork clattering to the plate. "I'll get it!" she shouts as she hightails it out of the dining room.

"What is that about?" Silas whispers as he leans over to steal a bite of my roll.

"Hey, asshole, don't steal my food! I'm eating for three!" I elbow him.

It makes me so happy to see all of my family and friends enjoying each other's company and spending the holidays together. The kids have finished eating and are now running around playing and trying to convince everyone to be done with dinner so they can eat their desserts.

I'm talking to Chris and Nathan about work and how things have been when Maw-Maw walks back in with a man following her. She looks over at me and gives me the 'You better be on your best behavior look.' I raise my eyebrow at her and take a glance at the man following her. He's around sixty or sixty-five, six foot even, with salt and pepper hair, and blue eyes. You can tell he has a happy demeanor just by the smile lines around his face.

I stand up and go to meet the mystery man followed by a wall of man meat, and judging by the narrowing of her eyes, Maw-Maw isn't amused at all. This is going to be so much fun.

I extend my hand out to him. "Hi, I'm Isla, Emmalynn's grand-daughter, and you are?"

He accepts my handshake. "Hello, I'm Will. I've heard a lot about you and your family. These must be your men?" he gestures to the guys behind me.

“It’s nice to meet you, although it seems someone was keeping secrets,” I jokingly glare at my grandmother. “And to answer your question, yes. That’s Bodie, Callum, Orin, Odin, and Silas.” I point each guy out, and they all shake his hand. Of course, the kids take that moment to run over.

“Maw-Maw, who’s that?” Lochlan asks, walking over to stand beside Bodie.

“Yes, Maw-Maw, who’s this?” I ask her, raising my eyebrow at the death stare I’m getting.

“Well, kiddos, this is Will. We met at the gym. We’ve been seeing each other for a couple of weeks and I figured now was as good a time as any to introduce him. I assumed everyone would be on their best behavior,” she says, cutting her eyes at me.

“What? I’m always on my best behavior. I don’t know what you’re talking about.” I give her a sickly sweet smile.

“Yeah, yeah, you brat. If it’s okay with you, I’d love to get him some food. Y’all can interrogate him later, but I should let you know, he’s a lawyer.” She winks and takes his hand, leading him over to the food.

The rest of us go back to the table we are sitting at and begin to move things around to make room for the new addition.

“Babygirl, how do you feel about this new development?” Orin asks, brushing my hair off my shoulder so he can place a soft kiss there.

“I mean, of course I want her to be happy. It’s been a long time since Paw-Paw died, and she’s basically been alone since then after I left. It’s just weird seeing her with someone else. They were soul mates and were so in love. I want someone who will treat her like that again.”

“All we can do is support her and make sure we are there for her. Hopefully, he ends up being a good man. If not, we will run him off.” Silas chuckles as he says the last part.

“Shh, here they come.” Bodie kicks Silas under the table as he goes to open his mouth again.

“So, Isla, Will is actually the lawyer I was talking about to take care of that other issue we had.” She looks down at the kids to convey her meaning since they obviously don’t know the wicked witch is back.

“Hey, kids, why don’t y’all go play with Mr. Chris and Mr. Nathan?” Callum plucks Vivi out of Silas’s lap and walks the kids over to the guys, leaning down to whisper in Chris’s ear. Chris nods and starts playing with kiddos to distract them.

Once Callum is sitting back down, I turn to Will. “What do I need to do about that? I have all the paperwork from all her previous attempts as well as the restraining order.”

He chuckles. “Dear, you don’t have to do anything. I’ve already sent a cease and desist letter that informed her and her lawyers that if she tries to contact you or anyone in your family, she will be liable to be sued for half a million dollars. I filed all the paperwork for restraining orders for everyone living in the house.”

“Wow, that’s great. Is this the normal type of law you practice, and what do I do when she contacts me? Because she will, without a doubt. She is extremely narcissistic, and according to her beliefs, she can never do any wrong.”

“You call me. I’ll make sure everyone has my number, and I’ll handle it from there. Record everything if possible. Every bit of evidence will help. As for the business practice, no. I’m actually the main corporate lawyer for the biggest Fortune 500 company in the state. However, I do practice family law on the side pro bono.”

“Well, it’s nice to know I have a great lawyer this time. I barely won the last time she tried this,” I sigh sadly.

Arden comes running up to me. “Mommy, can we get dessert now? Please?” He gives me his puppy dog eyes.

I pull him in for a hug and kiss all over his face making him giggle. “Yeah, I think we can, sweetheart. Sit down, and I’ll fix y’all’s plates.”

“Sit, Angel, I got it.” Bodie kisses my head when he stands up.

I sit back down and just look around. I can't believe how lucky I got when we moved back here and started over.

*I can't wait to see what it's like adding more kids with partners that actually care.*



### *Isla*

Two weeks later, I'm sitting in the backyard with two boxes all decorated in pink and blue. Everyone else is in the living room, waiting for Callum's mom and the couple friends we invited to arrive. We decided to just do a small gender reveal, especially after the big Thanksgiving announcement dinner, so only Chris, Nathan, and Jose are coming. We wanted something simple for the reveal but I still wanted a bigger baby shower. I told the guys how I'd never had one with the other three kids, and they told Maw-Maw, so I'm sure it'll be a production.

We are going to do a live video for everyone who couldn't come, so they can still all find out with us. The only person who knows is my grandmother, and she's highly excited about that fact right now.

"Isla, baby, everyone is here," Silas calls out as he walks over to squat down next to me. "Are you ready to find out what these little ones are?"

"I am, but I'm happy with whatever combo we get. What are you hoping for?" I ask, leaning over to kiss his nose.

"Honestly, I want one of each, but as long as they are both healthy, I'll be happy either way. Now let's go, because Bodie is crawling out of his skin waiting to find out. I think he's more excited than anyone to decorate a nursery. He has a whole vision for every outcome," he chuckles, helping me to my feet.

“Well, let’s put him out of his misery, shall we?” I grab his hand and walk over to the open back door. I grin as I see the kids bouncing around. They are so excited to find out what the babies are. Vivian wants sisters, Lochlan wants brothers, and Arden wants one of each.

“Okay, everyone, we will eat and chit chat afterwards because having to keep this secret has been hard. So there are two boxes both filled with either pink or blue balloons. The kids will open the boxes at one time.. Okay? Let’s find out what these babies are!” Maw-Maw claps her hands and ushers everyone out the door.

The guys and I line up behind the kids, close enough so we can help them if needed. “Alright, kiddos, Arden, you get this box, Loch and Vivi, y’all get this box. Vivi hold it just like this, okay?” I show her how she needs to pull it. I’m standing in front of Bodie with his hands wrapped around my waist and resting on my belly. The twins are on my right, and Callum and Silas are on my left, holding hands.

“Chris, here is my phone. Just push the ‘Go live’ button when I get out of the way.” Maw-Maw hands him her phone and steps off to the side, and he indicates we’re live.

“Kids, are you ready? On three, I want you to pull the boxes open, alright? Everyone count.” Maw-Maw holds up three fingers.

As she puts them down, we count “One, two, three!”

The kids yank the flaps on the boxes and...

Pink! They are both pink! “Oh my god! Girls! We are having girls!” I wrap my arms around Vivian who turns and throws herself at me. The guys are taking turns hugging the boys and kissing mine and Vivian’s heads, telling us they love us. I am surrounded by so much love and excitement, but why do I feel like I’m going to be sick? My heart is racing, and I can feel my breathing getting faster and faster.

“Wildflower, are you okay?” Silas steps in front of me and lifts my head so he can look me in the eyes. He doesn’t like whatever he sees. He looks over his shoulder, and calls out,

“Hey, we will be right back.” Grabbing my hand, he very quickly rushes me to our suite.

Once we are in and the door is closed, I burst out into sobs. “I’m so sorry, I’m so sorry,” is all I can get out. The suite door gets flung open with enough force it hits the doorstep and starts to swing closed again.

“What the fuck? Why is she crying, what’s wrong?” someone asks. I’m not sure who at the moment since I can’t see through the tears, but I think it’s one of the twins.

“I don’t know, I noticed her starting to panic and had to get her out of there. She lost it when we made it here. I don’t know what happened,” Silas replies. I can decipher who is talking a little better now that I’m no longer sobbing, just hyperventilating

“I think I know what’s wrong. She has mentioned a couple times how pissed her ex was when he found out she was pregnant with a girl. He beat her to try and kill Vivian multiple times. So I’m sure she went into a panic over having two girls. If his reaction to one was bad, I can’t even fathom two. It doesn’t matter that she knows we would never hurt her. Her default is to panic. We forget all the trauma she’s been through because she does so well most of the time,” Orin explains, getting down to his knees in front of me.

He reaches out towards me like he’s approaching a wild animal. “Darlin’, can I hold you?” he asks softly.

I just nod my head, and he wraps his arms around me and pulls me into his lap.

“Can you tell us what will help you feel better, sweet girl?” he mumbles softly against my ear.

I take a second to gather my thoughts and glance around. All of my men are here. They came for me. It won’t be the same this time. I chant that over and over until I feel my breathing starts to even out.

I take one more deep breath. “I don’t know why I got so freaked out all of a sudden. I saw how happy all of you were. I know with all of my heart none of you would ever hurt me or

any of the kids. It was like being hit with a huge wave of soul crushing fear.”

“Babygirl, we understand completely, and it is normal for you to have those knee jerk reactions. You and the kids went through so much, and it wasn’t all that long ago. All of you have been doing amazing for the most part thanks to the amount of therapy and support you have. However, random triggers will pop up, and we will work through it. How are you feeling now?” Callum asks, leaning over to squeeze my hand.

I take a minute to take stock of my feelings. “I’m okay. I’m so excited to get a second chance to outwardly be happy about having girls. I’m so excited for all the matching clothes.” *Wait...*

“Did I ruin that for everyone? Shit, I just ran out of my own party.” I slump back into Orin.

“No, Angel. Everyone is still here, snacking. I decided to cook an actual dinner, so they all wanted to stay. I’m making one of your favorites; steak with sauteed mushrooms in a creamy garlic sauce, served with mashed potatoes, fresh green beans, and yeast rolls.” Bodie grins at me when he sees the look on my face.

“Oh, baby, that sounds so amazing. That panic attack left me starving. Real fast though, me and Silas talked about girl names, and I never had a chance to ask y’all’s thoughts. What do you think about Willow Saige and Iris Claire?”

Callum holds mine and Silas’s hands. “I think those are beautiful names. They have strong sentimental meaning. Guys, your thoughts?” The rest of them are all a little quiet, which has me getting worried.

“I love the names, Angel. I do have one question, though. What will we do about their last names since we aren’t sure who the bio dad is, and none of us care to know?” Bodie asks, and the others all nod in agreement.

“Huh, I actually haven’t thought about it. How would y’all want to do it?” I nervously ask. I really like having the same

last name as my kids. That's why after Corin died, I changed all of our names back to my maiden name.

Odin pulls me up, and all the guys stand with us. "Actually, Babygirl, we've been talking about it and, well..." They all get down on one knee. "Will you marry us? We figured you'd want to keep the last name you share with Emma and the kids, and none of us are attached to our last names. So will you marry us?"

He opens up a ring box that I didn't see he had, and when he opens it, I have tears running down my face for a new reason. I have to compose myself and wipe my eyes to be able to see what turns out to be the most beautiful white gold, kite cut, engagement ring. It looks like a moonstone with onyx in the setting around the band. It's perfect.

I stand there in complete shock, like I can't believe this is actually happening. Not only do these five amazing guys want to spend the rest of their lives with me, but they have taken on the role of dads to my kids without hesitation. It still makes me slightly nervous since Corin didn't turn into a monster until after our marriage, but I know that's just my trauma talking.

They are all shifting around nervously waiting for my answer. I take a deep breath and check in with myself to make sure in my heart and soul that this is what I want.

"Yes. Of course I'll marry y'all! Not sure how we will make it work legally, but yes!" I squeal out.

I'm crying, they are crying and taking turns hugging and kissing me. I know some people won't understand how I moved on or got over everything in my past and was able to feel so comfortable with my guys so easily. It took a year of extensive therapy four times a week for the kids and I, and knowing with every fiber of my being that these five men before me are so completely different in every possible way from Corin. I know the kids and I are finally going to have the family I've always dreamed about. No one deals with trauma the same way and if it wasn't for them being such amazing men and being patient with me, I don't think I'd be where I am today. They all give off the most calming energies. I know the

damage Corin has done will never go away, that I'll always have the scars he left outside and inside my body, but I have the support and love I need to get stronger every day.

“Would you like your ring now?” Silas chuckles.

“Yes, it's so fucking perfect! Where did you find it?” I ask as he slides it down on my finger.

“We had it custom made with your two favorite crystals. Now how about we head to the dining room and let everyone know we have more to celebrate?” He grabs my hand, and we all head to find our guests and family.

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## *ORIN*

I can't believe she said yes! We get to marry the most amazing woman and mother. There aren't enough words to even begin to describe how excited I am to bring two more baby girls into this family. Hell I'm still in shock that we are having twins. Odin and I have always been so close. I'm thrilled they will get to experience that.

“Hey, everyone, sorry for my little freak out. Thank you all for staying, we have some more exciting news. First, we decided on names for the girls. Twin A is going to be Willow Saige, and Twin B will be Iris Claire, and...” she pauses for dramatic effect. “Look!” Isla holds up her hand and shows everyone her ring.

“We're getting married!” We all shout at the same time. Everyone starts clapping and congratulating us.

The kids run over and launch themselves at their mother and me. Odin and Callum help ease the impact since she still does get a slight tweak in her stomach from the gunshot.

“Mommy, does that mean they will be our daddies forever?” Lochlan asks, looking up at his mom with hope in his beautiful brown eyes.

“Yes, baby, they will be y'all's daddies forever. Are you okay with us getting married?” she asks, looking at the three of them.

Arden looks between his brother and sister and they all seem to have a silent conversation. After a couple of seconds, Arden looks back at his mom. “Yes, Momma, that's okay with us. They are the best daddies ever. They make you happy and love us.”

That statement alone is enough to melt my heart completely. I never really thought I wanted kids, but now, I couldn't picture my life without these three.

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*Isla*

“So, Isla, does that mean I get to plan a wedding as well as the baby shower?” Maw-Maw asks, bouncing around like a kid in a candy store.

“Yes, you get to plan a wedding, and I think I want to do it before the twins are here. If that works for y’all?” I ask, glancing back at the guys.

They all give their agreements. “Well, how about December twenty-eighth? Yours and Paw-Paw’s anniversary. That gives you three weeks. It doesn’t have to be anything overboard like you’re used to doing. If that works for everyone? We just need to figure out the details,” I suggest.

Maw-Maw wipes her eyes. “That would be amazing, and it’s cute you think a short window will mean I can’t go overboard. Money talks, dear. I’ll get started on everything tomorrow. I just need to know what colors and the little details y’all will want included. All y’all need to figure out is dresses and tuxes.”

“That we can do. I need to finish Christmas shopping anyway, so if Chris and Nathan want to join me, we can knock out a dress. I can take Vivi, and all of you and the boys can go this week to figure out tuxes. I have an idea of what I want already, and if you look at my Pinterest, it has a “dream wedding” board so whatever from there you can make happen. I’m not picky.” I look over at Chris and Nathan.

“Oh, babe, you know we are game to go shopping! We need to get Christmas presents and something to wear also. So two birds, one stone.” Chris claps excitedly.

Callum’s mom walks up and pulls me, then all the guys, into a hug. “I’m so happy for y’all. I can’t wait to meet my new grandbabies and for you and the kids to officially be family. If it’s okay, I’d love to come dress shopping with you. I understand if you aren’t comfortable with that since we don’t know each other very well yet.”

“I would love it if you want to come as well. It’ll give us some girl bonding time. Maw-Maw, are you going to join us?” I ask, turning to look at the woman in question who is completely engrossed in something on her laptop.

“Of course, dear, I wouldn’t miss it for the world.”

She grins up at me, and I don’t think I like the look in her eyes.



### *Isla*

The last couple weeks have been so amazing. It has been two weeks since we found out the gender of the babies and since the guys asked me to marry them. We obviously can't all get married but the guys decided Bodie should get to be the legal husband since Callum and Silas are going to legally get married and the twins have each other as biological family. Bodie doesn't have anyone. We also decided that since there are five kids and five men, each man will be legally adopting each child.

We asked the kids who they wanted on theirs. Arden chose Callum, Lochlan chose Odin, and Vivian chose Silas, so Orin and Bodie will be on each of the twins. Normally that wouldn't work, but since my grandmother is dating a lawyer and is also apparently really good friends with the local judge, it was nothing to get them added.

I'm currently headed to meet Ellen, Chris, and Nathan. I'm sitting in the passenger seat, listening to my grandmother lay out her plans for what flowers and decor she wants at the wedding, and Vivi is singing 'Let It Go' for the hundred thousandth time. I'm excited to actually be able to look for a dress I really love. Stefanie demanded to go with me last time and made sure I got the dress she and Corin wanted, and it was absolutely hideous. I found a local high end dress shop online that tends to cater to more untraditional wedding dresses, and I can't wait to see the store in person.

I called the shop the day after the guys proposed to see if they had anything like what I was wanting, and she said she has a couple but one she thought I would absolutely love based on my descriptions.

When we pull up, the others are already there waiting on us. Since I don't have any female friends and my sister is in jail, I brought a little gift to ask Chris and Nathan to be my bridesmen. I ordered them a set of custom wine glasses with their names on them, a decanter, and a really nice bottle of wine. They each have cute little notes that say, 'I've got my rock, now I need my flock. Be my bridesmen?'

"Hey, babe! Are you ready to find your dream dress? I can't believe you got an appointment here! It's so hard to get into, but I doubt anyone says no to Mrs. Emma," Chris rambles, reaching his hands out for Vivi.

"Hey there, pretty girl, ready to help mommy find a dress?" he asks her as he gently tosses her in the air, making her giggle.

"Yes! Mommy is going to look like a princess! I get to wear a pretty dress too," she replies excitedly.

"I bet you'll look so beautiful too. Is everyone ready to go in?" He sets Vivian back down next to my grandmother.

"Actually, I have something for you and Nathan. Maw-Maw, if you want to take Vivi, you and Ellen can go sign us in for the appointment, and we will be right there," I ask, reaching into my car to grab the gift bags.

"Yes, dear, that's fine. Let's go, little bit." She grabs Vivi's hand, and she and Ellen walk into the shop, laughing at something Vivian was saying.

"Okay, woman, what you got? The suspense is killing me." Chris is hopping around.

"Chris, settle down. I knew I shouldn't have let you have more than one cup of coffee," Nathan chastises.

"Okay, okay. I'm sorry," Chris says, not sounding apologetic at all.

“Here, you big child, open it.” I hand them each their bag, fidgeting as I wait for them to get to the note that’s stuffed in their glasses.

“Oh, Isla, these are beautiful!” Chris gushes.

“Did you even see the note, Christopher?” Nathan asks, pulling me into a hug.

Chris yanks the note out of the glass and shoves everything at his husband.

“Yes! A million times yes! We would love to!” Now he really is bouncing around. It’s crazy how hyper he is when his husband is the calmest person ever, but I guess it works.

“Alright, you two, let’s go find the future missus, her dream wedding dress,” Nathan teases as he ushers us into the store.

“There you are, Isla Claire, this is Ashley. She will be helping you today. Ashley, this is my beautiful granddaughter.” My grandmother pulls me beside her, so I can face the woman who will apparently be helping me.

She is stunning, standing a good six or seven inches taller than my five foot three frame. Where I’m fuller in most places, she’s thin, but she has a beautiful hourglass figure, long red hair, and pale flawless skin. Honestly, I don’t know whether to be jealous or if I wanna talk the guys into adding another woman into our mix.

I’m not quite showing yet, and I lost a good amount of weight from the gunshot wound recovery, but I’ve had multiple pregnancies and three full term babies, so my stomach already has a little pudge and my legs rub together so much I could start fires with the friction. My boobs are in completely different time-zones, and I’m reminded of when I used to feel so bad about how my body looked.

Corin loved pointing out every single flaw and made sure I knew what each one was. However, after all the therapy and having five guys who love to tell me how beautiful I am and how much they love my body, it’s made me fall back in love with how I look and be proud of what my body and I have

survived. It's a wonderful feeling to not constantly compare yourself to other women.

“Hey, Isla! I'm so excited to help you today! Mrs. Isaacs explained what you are looking for, and I already pulled everything that fits, plus one that I think you might like in particular. Now that I'm looking at you and your style, I really think you'll love it! If you'll follow me, your guests can sit on that couch right there, and we will come out here to show them the ones you like. Who all is with you today?” she rambles on, apparently as high strung as Chris.

“Well, this is my daughter, Vivian. My grandmother Emma, Ellen is my soon-to-be mother-in-law, and Chris and Nathan will be my bridesmen.” I point out everyone as I name them.

“You're going to help my mommy look like a princess? She has my baby sisters in her belly. I get to wear a pretty dress too!” Vivian hops around with her information overload.

“Oh, my! You're pregnant with twins?” Ashley asks nervously, since I'm sure she is worried about a dress fitting months from now.

“Yes, I am. Twin girls. The wedding is in thirteen days, on the twenty-eighth. I know it's super quick, but my men and I aren't getting any younger,” I chuckle.

“Girl, I get it! How about we go try on some dresses and see if we can find your dream dress, shall we?” She waves her hand toward the dressing room I'll be in.

“Let's do it” I head in the direction she pointed out and open the door, and all I can think is ‘*Wow*'.

“They are so beautiful and there are so many! I didn't think I'd have that many options for a black dress.”

I'm stunned. There has to be at least ten dresses. All of them are either straight black or mostly black with a hint of color. All of them have different bodices, skirts, and fabrics. Some have long trains, some don't. I don't think I've ever been so excited to try on a bunch of dresses.

“Okay, so pick out whichever one you think you want to try on first. There is a robe right there on that hook if you want to undress to your underwear and slip into it. Just knock when you’re done, and I’ll help you slip into the gowns, if that’s fine with you? It’s normally easier with extra hands,” Ashley explains, pointing to where the robe is.

“Oh, yeah, that’s fine. I’m sure I’ll definitely need help,” I assure her.

“Sounds great, I’ll just step out and give you a second.” She pulls the door shut, and I quickly change and slip into the robe, then take a second to really look at the dresses and decide to start with the one I’m not sure about. It’s mostly black with white flowers, has a sweetheart neckline, and lots of beaded detail all down the gown that flows into a huge fluffy skirt.

“I’m ready,” I call out, pulling the door open to find Ashley standing there. “I think I want to try on this one,” I say, pulling the gown in question. “I’m not too sure about it, though.”

“Let’s get you in it, then you can tell me why you aren’t sure about it.” She pulls the ribbons to where the top of the dress is open enough I can step into it. Once I have both feet in, we pull it up to my chest. I can already tell I don’t like it. It’s way too much. Once we have it in place and she has it clipped up to the proper size, she fluffs out the skirt.

“Yeah, definitely not my thing. It’s too... uhhh... much? I don’t know, just too fluffy and blingy.” I’m turning back and forth in the mirror. It’s definitely a no-go.

“Do you want to show the others, even if it isn’t *the one*?” Ashley asks, adjusting the fit of the bodice one last time.

“Yeah, why not.” I turn towards the door, and she helps move the dress out the way. I make my way to the middle of the show area, and everyone is sitting on a semi-circle couch facing the wall of mirrors with the platform in the middle.

“That dress is beautiful, but how do you feel about it dear?” Maw-Maw asks.

“Honestly, I don’t really like it. It’s too poofy.” I glance at her through the mirror.

“Yeah, hon. I think I agree. It’s not you. It’s too much like a Disney princess trying to be edgy, when you are way more Wednesday Addams,” Chris says, walking over to get a closer look with Vivian running up to me.

“Mommy, you look beautiful!”

I squat down as much as I can. “Thank you, baby! Go sit with Maw-Maw and Noni, and after I find my dress, you get to try on some too, okay, princess?” I ask, kissing her head.

“Okay, Mommy.” She skips back over to the couch.

Chris steps up next to me. “Obviously the color works for you. It really brings out the colors in your tattoos, plus it looks great with the hair. I’d try... something with a more form fitting look. You have an amazing body, and this is your wedding, so you should show it off.”

“Oh, yeah, sweetheart, I agree. Definitely flaunt it since you’re going to pop soon with the twins,” Ellen agrees, nodding along with Nathan.

“I think you’re right.” I smile at the man who is quickly becoming my best friend. I look over at Ashley. “Ready for the next one?”

“Sure am, I think I have the perfect one in mind.” She helps hold my dress so I can walk back to the dressing room.

Once we get into the room, she undoes the clips holding the dress and helps slide it down. I step out of it, so she can hang it back up.

“Okay, here we go. I think this one is closer to what you are wanting.” She pulls out a beautiful mermaid style dress that has off the shoulder sleeves, a sweetheart neckline similar to the first dress, and beaded appliques all over.

“Oh, it’s beautiful,” I breathe.

We squeeze me into the dress, and I love it, but I still don’t feel like it’s the one. However, it’s close, and I’m excited to show the others.

“Oh, wow! That’s amazing!” Nathan claps when I get back out to the waiting room, followed by various sounds of approval from everyone other than Chris, who is looking at it quizzically.

He steps up next to me. “You like it, but don’t love it, am I right?”

“It’s beautiful, but it’s missing something. I’m not sure what though. I *really* like it, but I don’t feel like it’s the one,” I say honestly.

“Can I take a look at the dresses you have in the room? I have an idea,” he says, looking between me and Ashley.

“Of course, hon, that’s fine,” I nod, before looking to my shopping squad. “What do y’all think about this one?” I want their opinions even if I’m personally not sure about it.

“I like it, but I agree that something is missing. It’s not quite you,” my grandmother answers.

“I think you need something in the middle of those two, one that’s not too flashy, but not too plain,” Ellen agrees, Nathan nodding at her words.

“Well then, Chris, let’s see what your idea is then, hmm?” I take a moment to glance over at my sweet little girl, who is now lost in her tablet and snacks.

I follow Ashley and Chris to the dressing room. She helps me out of the dress I’m currently wearing while he goes through the ones hanging.

“Isla, I want you to turn around and close your eyes, okay? Ashley and I will guide you into it. I want you to keep them closed until you’re back out front. Can you trust me?” he asks, looking me in the eyes to make sure this won’t trigger me.

“Of course I trust you.” To show him I mean it, I turn my back to the mirror and close my eyes.

“Thank you for trusting me,” he whispers, patting my shoulder.

“So this is what I had in mind,” I hear him moving a dress, the fabric swishing around.

“Oh, that’s perfect! I should have thought of that one first.” Ashley sounds kind of disappointed it wasn’t her idea.

“I bet it’s hard dressing strangers. I know her and how she normally dresses, so don’t beat yourself up,” he assures her.

“Isla, we are lowering the dress in front of you so lift your leg.” I follow his instructions as they dress me. I can tell it’s long sleeved, and it feels like the sleeves are lace. It’s fitted down to the knee, then seems to flare out. It feels surprisingly lightweight.

“Do you have something like this and like this?” Chris asks, I’m assuming he’s showing her something on his phone.

“I actually think I do, give me just a second. I’ll be right back.” I hear the door shut behind her as she goes to grab whatever Chris asked for.

“Thank you for being here, it means a lot,” I say quietly.

“No, thank you for allowing me to be here. I’ve never really had a best friend, other than Nathan. No one ever wanted to be friends with the gay kid. You know, normal southern bullshit,” he says softly.

“Fuck what other people think, they missed out. You make an amazing friend.” His reply is cut off with a knock at the door as I hear Ashley step back in.

“Are these what you have in mind?” she asks him.

“Oh, these are fantastic! Here, Isla, lift a foot.” He slides a shoe on each of my feet, then I feel him putting a veil or something on my head.

“Now, *that’s* perfect. Isla, I’m going to walk in front of you. Put your hands on my shoulder so I can guide you. Don’t open your eyes till I tell you to, alright?” Chris asks.

“Sounds good, just don’t let me fall,” I chuckle nervously.

“Never, Isla. Let’s go see if this is the dress, shall we?” He places my hands on his shoulders.

I blindly follow him back out to the stand, and I hear gasps from the three waiting. I’m pretty sure I hear my grandma

sniffle.

“Oh, Isla, you look beautiful,” she says, her voice thick with emotion.

“Open your eyes, Isla,” Chris says softly from beside me.

When I open my eyes, I’m blown away. My reflection doesn’t even look like me. The dress is gorgeous. It’s black with long lace sleeves, so you can still see my tattoos. The front has a plunging neckline with lace detail all over, and it’s a mermaid style skirt, but flares out at the bottom to a beautiful train. I turn to look at the back, which is open down to right above my ass, and it happens to look amazing in this dress.

The thing Chris put on my head wasn’t a veil, but a beautiful crown that has rubies in it. It’s gold with floral and heart details. I lift my dress up to find matching forest green high tops, that look so fucking amazing and just my style. I’m two seconds from crying because I love it all so much.

“Well, dear, don’t leave us hanging,” my grandmother snarks softly.

“This is it. This is my dress.”



### *Odin*

*W*hile the girls are looking at dresses, the guys and I take the boys to find suits for the wedding.

Emma made an appointment at a tux shop for us all to get fitted, since we don't have time to custom order anything for all of us. We should be able to find what we need, they just might need minor alterations. The shop itself looks nice, if expensive, when we walk in. Everything is decorated in white and creams, and there are high end suits and tuxedos spread out everywhere.

I'm in the lead, holding Arden's hand as we walk up to the front desk. I wait for the young woman on the phone to look up. Her eyes widen at the sight of us, and she makes it obvious she's checking us all out. She's pretty, but nothing spectacular. Maybe it's because I'm so used to my blue haired, tattooed beauty. I look back at the guys who have decided to leave me waiting while they check out all the different options.

As the girl—whose name tag reads Emily—hangs up the phone, Orin walks up, knowing I'd rather not be left alone with someone who was ogling us. Our experiences have taught us women can be crazy.

“Hey, there, I'm Emily. How can I help you?” She bats her eyes at us, making Orin roll his in silent response. I elbow him in his gut. Last thing we need is a pissy sales lady messing up our suits because he was a dick.

“We are here for our fitting appointment. It should be under Aaron,” I rumble out. Arden is holding both my hands behind my back and peeking around at the lady, which isn’t normal; he usually loves to talk people’s heads off.

“Oh, yes, here it is. Party of seven? Who’s the groom?” she asks, grabbing a clip board and walking around the counter which makes Arden book it to where Lochlan is standing with Silas, looking at pocket square colors.

“We all are actually,” Orin answers. “I believe the wedding planner sent over the tuxes we are wanting for us and our sons?”

She looks completely stunned for a minute and stares at us while she processes what he just said. “Uhh, okay. Let me go get the stylist and pull the correct tuxes.” She hauls ass toward the back of the store.

“So, brother, how are you feeling with everything? We haven’t had a chance to check in with each other with everything going on,” Orin asks softly so the others don’t overhear anything.

For as long as I can remember, we’ve always taken the time to check in with each other when something big happened, acting as each other’s sounding board. I can tell by the sound of hiss voice something is wrong.

“I’m good, really. I’m happy. I love Isla and the kids so much. I never thought we’d have this, definitely never thought we’d find a woman crazy enough to take all of us on. However, here we are, and we get a chance to be a family, and now, we are adding two more little girls to the mix. I don’t think I could be happier, but why don’t you seem happy? Are you having second thoughts?” I worriedly look at my brother; I don’t know what I would do if I had to choose between them.

“Absolutely not; I’m so in love with her and the kids that it’s ridiculous. I’m just worried, I guess. I’m not sure how I can measure up to be the kind of man she deserves. I’m not as outspoken as the rest of you,” He’s looking down at his feet and mumbling, which is something he’s done every time he’s nervous or scared ever since we were kids.

I grab his chin and lift his head until we are making eye contact. “Why would you think that, brother?” I search his eyes, trying to read his mind. *If only.*

“How could I possibly make her happy when she has four other alpha men? I’ve seen the way she melts when one of y’all takes charge. I can’t do that. I can’t be that for her,” he says sadly.

“Orin, she *loves* you just the way you are. I’ve seen her eyes fill with heat when she’s telling you to get on your knees. She likes being in control, and you give her that. She needs you as much as she needs the rest of us. Don’t ever think any differently.” I pull him into a hug.

“Thank you, brother, I needed that. I can’t believe we found someone that is crazy enough to want to deal with all of us. I never thought when we would joke about it as kids it would come true. I figured we would either just find flings or drift apart with different women and families.” He pats my back and pulls away as Emily and an older woman walk up.

“Hello, darlings, I’m Margot. I’m the head seamstress. I’m going to check the fit of all of y’all’s tuxes. Would you like to start with the children?” Margot says all in one breath. She has a Cajun French accent, which matches the image she presents in her flowy black dress with an abundant amount of necklaces, bracelets, and rings. Her gray hair has pink strips that pair well with her dark umber skin.

“Hey, I’m Odin, and this is my twin, Orin. Those are the other grooms, Silas, Callum, and Bodie; and our sons Lochlan and Arden.” I point each of them out as I name them.

“We are doing black tuxes with different color ties, and the boys will have bow ties. I believe Mrs. Emma sent over the details of the tie colors.” I pick up Lochlan as he makes his way over to me. Our quiet boy seems to be getting a bit overwhelmed.

“Are you ready to try on your tux for the wedding, bubba?” I blow raspberries on his sweet little face as he giggles and nods his head.

I set him down, and Silas and I take the tiny little tuxes and get the boys in their adorable outfits.

Silas and I stand back and take a good look at our good looking little men. “Is that not the cutest thing you’ve ever seen?” Silas opens the door, and we turn the boys to face the others.

“Look at y’all! How freaking handsome!” Bodie pulls them both in for a hug. “Mommy is going to be so happy to see y’all.”

“I think they are going to blow us out of the water with how good they look, huh, boys?” Callum ruffles their hair.

“Okay, gentlemen, if y’all would let me through so I can check the fit real quick.” Margot moves past us and kneels next to the boys and gets to work measuring and pinning the hems.

“Okay, theirs look great other than the pants needing to be hemmed. Let’s get them out of these, then y’all can take turns with trying y’all on.” She takes the boys’ coats to hang them up.

The guys and I alternate trying on our suits and entertaining the boys. I can’t believe how much my life has changed in such a short amount of time. We went from a house full of bachelors to soon-to-be husbands and fathers to five kids. I don’t think I’ve ever been more happy and content with how my life is turning out.

## *ISLA*

We have thirteen days until the wedding but only ten until Christmas, so after dress shopping, the guys met us at a cute little pizza shop, then Maw-Maw took the kids home so we could finish Christmas shopping. I ordered all of the guys' stuff online and have it all hidden in my grandmother's safe room. Silas seems to like trying to find his presents like the child he is.

I got Bodie a really fancy knife set that all of the big name master chefs use, along with some fancy kitchen tools he's been talking about wanting. Silas, the man child, has been wanting new games for his Xbox, an Oculus, and a new paintball set up.

Odin, my ever practical man, wanted a new jacket like Rip from Yellowstone. I also got him a gift certificate for a day session for a new tattoo. Orin also got a session for a tattoo along with the last couple books in the series he's currently reading.

Callum got an easel with paints and a set of brushes. I found out that he loves to draw and has been wanting to get into painting. He also mentioned liking Rip's jacket so he got one too. This is our first Christmas together, and we really wanted to make it great for the kids and decided to not go overboard with each other.

However, this is my first Christmas that I have money, people other than my children to buy for, and had a real family to celebrate Christmas with, so I completely went overboard, and I'm not even a little sorry.

However, since the six of us—and of course my grandmother—may have been going a little crazy with spoiling the kids, yesterday we gave them a big trash bag and explained to them if they fill the bag up with all the toys they don't want or play with anymore and put them under the tree, Santa will take them to kids who might not get a lot of presents.

I amazingly raised three selfless and caring children even after everything they have been through. The boys had no issues filling up their bags, Vivian on the other hand had to have a little more coaching, but in the end, she did really well and was excited to get to help other kids.

We are currently in a toy store, a mom and pop shop type thing. This place is ridiculous. It's like Toys"R"Us on crack. I'm in the Barbie and baby doll aisle, looking for the doctor Barbie and the Baby Alive doll Vivian wants, when I feel a presence come up behind me.

"Hello, Isla." I'd know that nasally voice anywhere.

I turn around and low and behold, I'm right. Standing behind me is none other than Stefanie.

"Does a restraining order mean nothing to you? I don't know what you're hoping to accomplish by cornering me at a fucking toy store, but your son isn't here to keep me from beating your ass if you start on your bullshit." Of course she waits until I'm pregnant and can't just beat the hell out of her like I want to.

"I want my grandsons, you stupid fucking whore. You have no right to keep them from me. They belong to my son, and I will get them. You won't stop me. You were never good enough for him, and it's your fault he's dead. It's you and that mistake of a daughter that should have died. Not my son and husband." She takes a menacing step toward me, and right as she gets within reach a very large tattooed arm reaches between us.

Callum moves to where he's standing in the middle us. "I suggest you take a huge step back and get the fuck away from my fiance. My mom taught me never to put my hands on a woman, unlike you and the piece of shit you raised, but touch her and see how fast I lose my manners."

Stefanie's wrinkled face turns red, not even a little bit scared of the hulking man threatening her. I mean, I guess she married and birthed pure evil, so why should he worry her?

“I’m not scared of her or her band of perverts. What kind of men share one woman? I always knew she was a whore, so it’s not surprising she’s fucking everything she can get her hands on. I’m glad those demonic little parasites she’s carrying don’t belong to my son. And for your information, you *cannot* keep those boys from me. They *will* be mine. They will pass on the White name.” She steps forward again, trying to get into my face. How did this bitch find out I was pregnant? We haven’t posted it anywhere or anything.

I put a hand on Callum’s arm with the rest of the guys now lined up beside me. I step around to where I can stand toe to toe with this vile woman.

“First off, you insufferable fucking cunt, they no longer have y’all’s last name anyway. Secondly, they will share not only my last name, but the last name of their *real* dads. The ones who actually love them and cherish them. They will know what it’s like to be raised by real men, which is something you wouldn’t know anything about considering you raised the worst kind of human being possible. What kind of fucking woman is proud of a man who beats his wife, causing her to lose multiple pregnancies?

“What kind of grandmother is proud of a son who beats his children and uses them as pawns? It’s *your* fault he and Ricky are dead. You condoned their behavior, and you knew they were planning on killing me and your fucking granddaughter. I’m not some scared, broke, single mom anymore. I have the money, support, and power to fucking destroy you.” I’m panting by the time I’m done, and before she can reply, someone else steps in the aisle.

“Isla, that will be enough. I’m sure Mrs. White.. I’m sorry Ms. White, will find out how much can change when you have real money, power, and family to back you.” Will comes storming over to where he’s standing between us as he finishes. He holds his hand out for her to shake, politely civil despite his previous tone.

“I’m Mr. Norestung, Mrs. Aaron’s attorney. I believe your counsel received the order of protection, the cease and desist, and the other various court orders I filed. I suggest you call

them soon, because we will be taking action against you for violating them, threatening my client, and threatening to kidnap her children.” He reaches into his jacket pocket and hands her a business card.

“Oh, and these police officers are here to arrest you for violating the restraining order, so you will have to call your counsel from the station.” He waves over two officers. Odin shakes their hands, then they arrest the vile bitch as she spews more and more bullshit while being led away.

Will goes to follow the cops out, but stops to shake Silas’s hand. “Thanks for calling me. Luckily, my office is just down the street. I’ll get this taken care of, and I’ll see y’all on Christmas!”



### *Isla*

*A*fter the complete shit show, I decided I wanted to finish shopping because I wasn't going to let that bitch take away my Christmas cheer. However, the guilt of knowing the kids had to deal with her bullshit for so long made me go a little crazy, so now one of the spare rooms in the same hall as the playroom is being turned into an indoor jungle gym. I also bought a bunch of new stuff to add to their pretend play centers, new games for all of their consoles, and of course, Vivian got a ton of new dress up stuff.

Once we got home, I snuck all the bags into the safe room. We had dinner as a family, which I can't even express how much I love, and I just finished tucking the kids into bed. I'm so tired, and my whole body hurts, so I'm thinking a hot shower sounds amazing.

Once I get to the bathroom, I'm blown away. I find all five of my amazing men standing around the luxurious room. The lights are off, but there are dozens of candles that light up the space. They have the water running and the jets going. The tub is full of bubbles, and they have a snack tray with my favorite munchies and a huge glass filled with what I'm sure is sweet tea.

I don't realize I'm crying until Silas steps up and wipes my face. He leans in to give me a breathtaking kiss. I feel hands on my shoulders, then my shirt is lifted up over my head and another set of hands pulls my leggings and panties down while peppering trails of kisses all over my body.

Silas takes my hand and leads me to the bathtub and helps lower me down into the magnificent water. They all take turns feeding me snacks, and rubbing my shoulders and feet. When I'm thoroughly relaxed and panting from all their little touches, I'm helped out of the tub and dried off.

Odin leads me into the bedroom, gently sitting me on the bed, and Orin hands him a blindfold. He looks at me for consent. I nod at him, my clit throbbing in anticipation for what I know is coming.

Everything goes black as he secures the fabric across my eyes. I feel multiple sets of hands wandering all over my body. My hips jump off the bed as I feel a hot tongue swipe up my folds that are now wet again from something other than a bath. Two mouths clamp down on my nipples, which are even more sensitive due to the pregnancy.

I'm already close as Bodie thrusts two fingers into me, pumping them in and out. He sucks my clit into his mouth as he works a finger into my ass. I know it's him by the feel of his hands. They are softer than the others', but with scars from his learning days as a chef. My twins suck my nipples into their mouths again. Along with their yin and yang looks, they have distinct sweet and smoky smells. My hands find their way to Silas's and Callum's throbbing dicks which are easy to figure out who's who. Where Silas doesn't have the length, he has the uncircumcised girth, and Callum is longer, not as thick, but is circumcised. I can feel the pre-cum leaking out, and I want a taste. I pull them in close enough to where I can take turns fucking them with my mouth.

"Look at how beautiful our beautiful wife looks," Odin moans, his voice getting deeper.

"She's going to look even better taking all our cocks. She's such a greedy little woman, taking us like such a good girl. Working our dicks till we go mad," Silas says in between thrusts.

Suddenly all of the hands, mouths, and dicks disappear, and I let out a whimper of protest. I'm lifted up, then I'm gently lowered down into a seated position, so I can sink onto

a cock. I let out a loud moan, and a hand pushes me down on the chest of Odin. I can tell by his build and the smell of his wooden barrel bourbon soap. His rough hands on my hips hold me still as he kisses my neck.

I hear the plastic *snick* of a bottle of lube being opened, then the sting of a well lubed dick sliding into my ass slowly. I feel so unbelievably full that I let out a loud moan. The blindfold is slipped off my face and I glance over my shoulder to see that Bodie is behind me. Orin kneels by my head, leaning down to kiss me before guiding his cock to my mouth. I lick around the head and suck it down the back of my throat.

“God, your mouth is amazing,” he groans.

“Her tight asshole is gripping my dick so tightly,” Bodie moans, losing his rhythm.

I glance over, and Silas is on his hands and knees next to me. He lets out a loud, husky groan as Callum sinks into his ass. He leans over and latches on to my nipples. I’m so close; I can tell all the guys are as well.

Odin reaches in between us and pinches my clit. It makes me see stars as I’m having my ass and pussy fucked so thoroughly. I feel so fucking full. I take Orin to the back of my throat and swallow him down, making him cum with a shout. I gulp down every drop of cum he gives me. Odin slams into me a couple more times, I feel him swell, and then his release coating my walls. I cum so hard it takes my breath away. Callum and Silas both let out a shout as they cum as well. We are all a panting sweaty mess.

We take turns jumping in the shower and cleaning up, then we fall into bed exhausted. There is nothing more comforting than falling asleep snuggled in between my men.

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A LITTLE OVER A WEEK LATER, it’s Christmas Eve, and against my better judgment, and despite saying I’d never cook with Bodie again, I’m helping cook our Christmas dinner. I hated leaving him to do it all alone. Callum’s mom will be staying

the night so she can be here when the kids wake up and open their gifts. The other four guys are busy putting all the new toys together and getting everything ready for Santa's visit.

We wanted to start a new family tradition so I ordered all of us—grandmothers included—matching pajamas. I wrapped them each in clothing boxes with everyone's favorite candies. Bodie, of course, made the kids' snacks because of their allergies. However, I wanted my sweet tart ropes and air head bites. He's learned not to fight his pregnant soon-to-be wife about her junk food. The boxes also have fuzzy socks included. The kids each have a pair with these cute little elves and their names embroidered on them. I got everyone else a small trinket for their box.

We are going to open them after dinner, then go into the media room to watch a couple of Christmas movies that the kids will pick out with popcorn and homemade hot chocolate. After that, we will carry the kids to bed.

We have different sized trees set up all over the mansion, but we decided we wanted to do our Christmas in the smaller family room off the kitchen. It has a fireplace, it's more intimate, and definitely feels more homey.

We have the room looking like a true winter wonderland, since the chances of snow in Louisiana are slim. I'm so excited for the kids to see it tomorrow. We have a full feast planned for dinner. I haven't felt this content since I was a teenager, living at home with both my grandparents and sister. I never thought it was possible being in such an awful and abusive marriage where I was just trying to survive and keep my kids safe. Now, I'm cooking a huge Christmas dinner with one of the loves of my life, growing two perfect little girls, and my three children are happy, healthy, and thriving. I started my dream job teaching and I'll get to go back to it when the girls are a little older.

I have amazing friends and even with all the bullshit I've dealt with knowing me and my kids are safe is the best feeling in the world.

I'm standing at the stove mixing the homemade pudding when 'Tennessee Whiskey' by Chris Stapleton starts playing. Bodie loves to have music in the background while he cooks.

He walks up behind me, kissing the side of my neck. "Can I have this dance, Angel?" he whispers in my ear.

"Of course, baby, just let me take this off the heat." I smile as I move the pot and turn to face him.

He takes my hand, and we sway around the kitchen. He's holding me close and whispering in my ear how much he loves me and how much he loves our kids, and I'm melting into a puddle.

"I am so excited to marry you and spend the rest of my life with you and the beautiful family we have built. I'm so happy I was the one chosen to be your official husband and to share a name with people I care about again. I love you more than I've ever loved anyone. Thank you for allowing us into yours and the kids' lives." He kisses me like his life depends on it.

"Okay, love birds, save it for the wedding. Finish whatever foods need to be prepped for tomorrow. The take out just got here, and the kids are ready to open their Christmas Eve presents," My grandmother says as she walks into the kitchen, grabbing more eggnog and pouring it into her glass.

I'm going to have to cut her off soon before she starts acting crazy. "Speaking of the wedding, are you going to tell us where it is going to take place?" I ask, raising my eyebrow.

She takes a swig of her drink, which I think is absolutely disgusting. It's a raw egg mixture, and I will never understand the hype.

"Nope, I don't think I will, dear. I have hired drivers so there's no need for you to know. Chris, Nathan, you and I will get ready in my suite and go out the front door. The groomsmen and the boys will get ready in y'all's suite and go out the side door so there's no chance anyone will see anyone else. The make-up artist and hair stylist will be here at ten to take care of you. The men's car will get here at two; ours will be here at three. They will take us straight to the venue. I have

security in place just in case Stefanie decides to show up. The wedding planner has everything else handled.” The smug look on her face is annoying as hell.

“Fine, you crazy old woman, keep your secrets. The tuxes will be here Friday, and I have to pick up my dress tomorrow. I can’t believe this control freak here is letting someone else make the food.” I elbow Bodie softly in the side so he knows I’m teasing him.

He grunts, then chuckles. “Well, Angel, that’s because my restaurant is still catering it. They know all the food allergies, and I’m confident in their abilities.”

I walk away to finish the pudding, rolling my eyes. “Of course you would find a way to still have control over the food, and Maw-Maw, we are almost done here. I’m putting the puddin’ in the pan, slapping the wafers on it, and it’ll be ready for tomorrow. Everything else is done and ready to be cooked in the morning”

She walks by, flicking me on the ear. “Good, now hurry up so we can start our new family traditions, heifer.” She saunters out of the room like she’s a queen.

“That woman drives me so crazy sometimes. I love her more than anything and she gave up so much to raise me and my sister. However, she’s nuts.” I’m grumbling at Bodie because I know if I talk any louder and she hears me, she’ll come back and I’d rather not have another food fight.

“I know, love, but it’s part of her charm. Let me throw that in the fridge and we can go to the media room. I love the fact there is a mini kitchen in there. It really beats carrying everything across this big ass house.” He kisses my head, then puts the banana pudding in the fridge so I don’t end up dropping it like I did the first one.

“Don’t I freaking know it. I’m glad our suite is fairly central to everything. Hell, I still haven’t explored this whole place. It has fifty-three rooms. According to Maw-Maw, it had more at one time, but they joined some of them to make the suites and the room that’s now that playroom. I don’t understand who needs this much space.

“Maw-Maw hated living here alone for so long. She actually blocked most of the house off until we moved in. Pretty much all of the bottom floor is functional, and we use all but three or four of the rooms in our wing, but the other floors are basically all storage or just empty. I do want to go through the storage rooms for Saige’s and my old cradles for the twins. Maybe we can figure out how to use more of the rooms at some point.” I finish just as we are walking into the media room and of course the crazy eggnog-drunk woman hears me.

“Making plans to change my house already, Isla Claire? Who said I put you in my will?” She’s giggling and trying to act stern since she’s well past tipsy now, but thankfully, she is still a calm—although a lot sassier—person when she drinks. Plus, we hid the rest of the alcohol.

“Nope. Just telling Bodie I want to look for Saige’s and my old cradles. I also mentioned we should see about making use of a few of the empty rooms at some point,” I reply as I walk over to where I have the presents stashed and hand them out to everyone.

The guys insisted on filling my box as well so I don’t know what’s all in it. After everyone has theirs, I sit in between Callum and Silas. “Okay, everyone open your gift!” Everyone tears into their present and pulls out the matching pjs.

I got everyone green and red ones that have snowmen and Santa all over them. “Everyone go change into your new outfit real quick. Vivian, you come with Mommy, and I’ll help you change, then we can watch some movies and snack. Everyone, be back in five minutes so we can pick movies out of a bowl to decide.”

Five minutes later, everyone has changed. They each have different movies I know they all like, so I made sure that all the movies would be something they all tend to enjoy.

“Okie dokie, I have a die you three will roll, and whoever gets the lowest number gets first pick of the movie. Lochlan

you can roll first, baby.” I hand him the dice, and he rolls a five.

“A five. Okay, Vivian, you’re next. Roll it gently, sweetheart.” She still yeets it off the table so she has to try again. “You have a six. Arden your turn.” He rolls his confidently. “You got a two. So Arden will choose the first movie, then Lochlan, and Vivian you’re last, alright?”

Before I can even pass the cup towards Arden, Vivi throws herself down onto the floor, into a full fledged meltdown.

“No! I want to go first! It’s my turn! My movie first!” I’m staring down my tiny banshee, really thinking about the fact I’m going to have to deal with this shit again in two years.

“Momma, she can take my turn.” Lochlan tries to push the cup towards her.

“Absolutely not. She’s going to have to learn that not everything will be fair, and she won’t always be first. She starts pre-school soon and is going to have to learn to share. Thank you for being sweet to your sister though, baby.” I kiss him on the forehead, then kneel next to my child who is now acting like she is getting an exorcism.

“Vivian, look at me.” I lift her head up so I can look into her pretty brown eyes.

Her little sniffles break my heart, but I want her to learn healthy ways to deal with her emotions. “Baby, I know you’re upset, but you can’t always go first. It’s not fair to your brothers, or anyone else you play with. It’s okay for you to express the fact that you’re sad, but it’s not okay for you to scream and throw yourself down on the floor. How about next time you are sad, you use your words and we talk through your big feelings, how does that sound?” I pull her up into my lap, and after a couple seconds, she nods her sweet head, making her curly brown hair bounce.

“I’m sorry, mommy. I just wanted to go first,” she sniffles.

“I know, princess, and that’s okay. Maybe you’ll go first next time. How about we let bubbas pick their movies, then you can pick your movie, and we can start watching them?”

She nods her head again, then wiggles down to run to Ellen for snuggles.

In the end, we only wind up watching *Dr. Seuss's The Grinch* and half of *The Nightmare Before Christmas* before the kids pass out.

Now for my favorite part of Christmas, being Santa Claus.



### *Isla*

Let me tell you, trying to finish building everything, figuring out how to put together the indoor jungle gym, bringing all the guys' and the grandmothers' gifts to the family room, and assembling everything that needed to be built with six different people was pure fucking hell. I fully believe if you want to test a relationship, build shit or try to move furniture.

It was after well past one in the morning when we all finally fell into bed. We decided on putting air mattresses in our room and letting the kids sleep on them so we would hear them if they got up. I don't think any of us were even able to function anymore, when we hit the bed.

I feel like I've just closed my eyes when I'm woken up by my three silly monkeys jumping on the bed. One of them is plucked out of the air right before I'm about to get a knee to the kidney.

"Oh, no, we don't, little man. No jumping on Mommy. You'll smush the babies, but Daddy Odin would love for you to jump on him." Orin snickers as Arden goes to do a cannon ball right into Odin's balls.

"Uhhh. What the shit?!" Odin lets out a long groan. "Good morning, bud." He makes a painful grunt.

"Mommy! Daddies! Get up! Santa came! We have to go see it!" Lochlan is jumping on the bed again, and of course, the other two follow suit.

The best part is they would have never been comfortable, or felt safe enough, to wake their dad up or even come into our room at all. Corin would have started yelling or possibly worse if they did. I love seeing them blossom with their amazing personalities.

“Okay, my goofy geese, let us get up. Go brush your teeth real fast, and we will meet y’all at the door of the suite. Hop to it. After presents, Daddy B is making homemade cinnamon rolls,” I yawn out.

They all jump off the bed and go running and yelling down the hallway. “What time is it?” I whine, throwing myself back on the bed.

Silas chuckles as he checks his phone. “It’s six a.m. on the dot, Wildflower.”

“Are you fucking kidding me? They sleep in every other day, and I have to make bribes to get them out of bed for school, but the one day I don’t go to sleep until almost two, they are up at the ass crack of dawn. They better be glad they are so cute and I love them so much.”

“It’s adorable how much you hate mornings.” He leans over and snuggles, kissing my head. “But it’s time to get up so we can start Christmas. I think I’m just as excited as they are.” He pulls me up so I can get out of bed.

By the time I brush my teeth and wash my face, the kids are bouncing around, yelling for me to hurry up. Maw-Maw and Ellen are already waiting on us in the kitchen when we make it there. I stumble over to the coffee pot.

“Angel...” Bodie starts, but the look I shoot him shuts him right up. “Bodie, I love you, but if you even think about starting to bitch about my coffee when I’ve gotten not even four hours of sleep, I’ll stab you.”

I fix a massive cup of iced coffee, adding in Snickers cream and chocolate syrup, because I’m an adult with the palate of a child. After I chug the elixir of life, I follow the sounds of giggles coming from my children. We made sure to cover the unwrapped gifts with every blanket we could find so

we could be in here when they saw everything. Callum also set up a camera and had it ready to start recording so we could save every moment.

“Alrighty, kiddos, I want you three to close your eyes, so we can uncover your gifts.” We make sure their eyes are closed, and everything is where it should be.

We bought mostly things to put into the indoor jungle gym and got each of them their own recliners. Arden’s is Mario, Lochlan’s is Spider-Man, and Vivian’s is a unicorn. Those are pretty much the themes for all of their gifts, but if it’s what they like, then whatever makes them happy. They also got some kid-sized pop-up tents for ‘camping’ since they have been asking.

Arden also got a tee-ball set with a rebounding ball, an air hockey table, battle discs, Pokemon cards, and a ton of other different toys.

Lochlan got a soccer goal set, a couple of very large dinosaurs, and a really cool life-size Spider-Man, along with a bunch of little cars and toys.

Vivian got a bigger play kitchen that has a ‘working’ dishwasher, microwave, and an attached washer and dryer that also ‘works’, a rideable unicorn, and an absolutely insanely expensive Baby Alive. She also got a bunch more Barbies and doll accessories.

We have each of the kids’ gifts separated in different sections, Arden’s to the right, Vivian’s in the middle and Lochlan’s to the left. It should be easy for the boys to figure out whose is which since Arden doesn’t like dinosaurs.

That doesn’t include all of the stuff we bought for their indoor jungle gym room, which is equipped with a trampoline, ninja warrior course, a ball pit, and a huge climbing set-up. It’s like the metal domes schools have on their playgrounds. However, everything is super padded and safe for younger kids. We also of course have cameras and speakers installed everywhere.

“Y’all ready to see what all you got?” Silas calls out. A round of yeses echo in response. “Open your eyes!” All three start screaming and run to their sections.

“Mommy! Look a real baby!” Vivi comes running over to me, showing me her—in my opinion—creepy doll.

“It’s so pretty! Do you love it, princess?” I kiss her on the forehead.

“I love her so much! What’s her name?” she asks innocently.

I chuckle “You get to name her whatever you want, she’s your baby.”

She scrunches up her nose while she’s thinking. “I think I’m going to name her Honey.”

Callum comes over and sits next to Vivi who just melts into him. “That’s a beautiful name, Princess.” The look on her face makes me want to cry. She lights up every time someone compliments her.

“Thank you, Daddy.” She kisses his cheek, then runs back over to her gifts.

The boys are completely lost in their stuff. I look over at Arden, and he has a sad look on his face. I walk over to him and kneel next to him as he’s opening his battle disc set. “Baby, what’s wrong? Are you upset?” I ask quietly, so I don’t draw attention to the fact something is bothering him.

“I love everything, Mommy. That’s not what’s wrong. I don’t understand why our real daddy and grandparents didn’t love us and were so mean to us. Why couldn’t he love us when our other daddies and Maw-Maw and Nana love us so much and are so nice to us?” He looks so broken, and it absolutely rips at not only my heart but a part of my soul.

I’m honestly not sure what to say to any of that. Before I can think of anything, Ellen sits down beside us and pulls him into her lap. “My sweet boy. It had nothing to do with you, or your siblings, or mommy. Okay? Some parents spoil their children so much that they think that they can do whatever they want to whoever they want and no one can stop them.

“You know how if you do something you’re not supposed to, you get in trouble and your mommy or one of your daddies will punish you? That’s because she loves you; she’s teaching you how to be a nice person, how to treat others, and molding you into the type of grown up that will treat your wife and kids how they should be treated. Your real father wasn’t taught that, and neither were his parents. Some people are really mean and don’t think about how what they do affects others. Do you understand what I’m saying?”

“So they were mean and didn’t love us because they weren’t raised to be nice?” He turns his head like a cute puppy, trying to understand.

“I don’t think they didn’t love you, sweetie. I don’t think they knew how to show you properly.” She takes a pause for that to sink it.

“Mommy, our daddies, Maw-Maw, and you show us how much you love us, even when we’re in trouble? Well, I guess that makes sense. Can I finish opening my presents now?” he asks, completely back to his normal self.

“Of course, sweetheart.” She kisses his head, and he turns back to his gifts.

“Momma, come look at my dinosaurs!” Lochlan comes running over and ‘helps’ me up, then pulls me over to his presents.

“Look how cool, Mommy! They are almost as tall as me!” He’s jumping around so excitedly.

“Oh my goodness, how cool! Do you love it?” I nuzzle his head. “Yeah, Look how big my Spider-Man is too!” I can’t wait to see their faces when they see their jungle gym.

Maw-Maw stands up and claps her hand., “Kiddos, you ready for your next surprise?” Of course all three kids immediately jump up and start bouncing around.

“Silas, lead the way!” He takes off at a slow jog, and the kids run after him. The other guys, or man children as I’d call them, follow suit. Maw-Maw, Ellen, and I follow at a slower pace.

We catch up with them at the playroom. We put in a plexi-glass window that we have covered in wrapping paper.

Maw-Maw moves to where she can grab the handle. “Are you ready to see what Noni and I got y’all for Christmas?”

All three kids and the men holler, “yes.” *Told you. Man children.*

She pushes the door open, and all eight of their mouths drop. We wouldn’t let the guys see it until now either, because even though it’s made to be safe for younger kids, it will hold their weight as well.

All three kids go running to different areas. Vivian goes and jumps straight into the ball pit. Arden goes right to climbing on the jungle gym, and Loch goes to the ninja course.

This is probably a tad bit extensive, but my kids went without for so long. I feel like I have so much to make up for. I know we have to be careful to balance spoiling them and making sure they are humble and appreciate what they have in life. We make them clean up after themselves. They have to keep their rooms and their play-room clean. We make sure to hammer in manners, and I don’t really let them know we can buy them anything they could ever want.

They don’t get everything they want when we go to town, and I will never put them into any type of private school. I want to balance out making up for their rough start in life with raising good people, so hopefully we manage that.

Arden comes barreling over and throws himself at his grandmothers. “Thank you so much! This is so cool! Now when it’s raining or too cold, we can still jump and play!”

“We know, dear, that’s why we had this idea! That way you can always run around and play! Isn’t it so cool?” Ellen ruffles his hair, and he hauls ass right back to climb. Now the adults can go open their gifts and let the kids play.

We decided to get dinner in the oven before opening our gifts, since we are waiting on Will. While Bodie got that going, the guys started moving all the kids’ new toys to the room it goes in, and although they all have an absolutely

insane amount of crap, it being separated into so many different rooms helps a ton with clutter.

We pull the kids from their gym room and make them eat breakfast before they can go back to playing with their gifts. Since this house is so massive, we got the kids bracelets that have air tags in them. It's also helpful when they aren't with me, for my own piece of mind, since Stefanie has been hanging around. Now we always know where they are.

Maw-Maw being the extra bougie woman she is also had a digital map made of the house, and we all have an app on our phone we can pull up. We can pick whatever room we want to check the cameras in, access the speakers, and control the lights, TVs, and the security alarm. She has turned this place into Fort Knox to make sure the kids and I are always safe. I love her so much for it, too.

Right as we get the kids settled back where they all want to play, we have the cameras up on a split screen so we can watch the playroom where Vivian is in her kitchen and the gym room where the boys are playing. The doorbell rings, and my grandmother shoots off headed to answer it. A couple minutes later she comes back followed by Will.

“Merry Christmas. everyone. I'm sorry I'm late. I had a work emergency I had to deal with. It seems people can't even act right for the holidays,” he greets us.

All the guys stand up to go over and shake his hand. “It's all, good man. Glad you could make it!” Bodie grins at him. “You ready to get all the holiday shit started?”

“Of course. I haven't celebrated the holidays in years; all my kids are grown and moved all over the country. Once my wife died, they stopped coming back to town since it was too hard to be in the house, and I never want to ‘pick favorites’ by going to one and not the others. I send everyone gifts and see them during the summertime and on Facetime,” he explains sadly.

“Well, it seems you gained a huge family out of nowhere. Hope you can handle tons of chaos,” I joke as I walk up and hug him.

“It definitely does, so how about we get the gift opening started? I’m sad I missed the kids opening everything and seeing their new play area.” We all walk over back to the couches and make stacks of everyone’s gifts where we are all spread out so it’s easier.

“I think we all should just open everything, and then we can chat about it since there is a lot of stuff. Does that work for everyone?” Maw-Maw asks, sitting down next to Will and grabbing her first gift.

We all agree, so we get started opening all our presents. It takes a good twenty minutes for us all to open everything. When I’m done, I’m blown away by my stack. Silas bought me a polaroid camera, Odin got me a new pair of white Doc Martens, Orin bought me a beautiful picture of the stars from the day we met. Callum bought me a huge stack of pregnancy leggings and tank tops, and Bodie bought me an Easy Bake Oven because I told him how bad I always wanted one, and now Vivi and I can enjoy it together.

I also received a bunch of framed pictures of everyone and me since I’ve moved back from Maw-Maw, a gift card for a full spa day from Will, and a pregnancy pillow and a bunch of other things to help through pregnancy from the guys.

I honestly don’t think I’ve ever felt more loved than I do right now at how thoughtful everyone was. This was hands down the best Christmas of my life, but I can’t help thinking about next year when we have two more children to love and spoil.



### *Isla*

*W*e spent the next few days after Christmas relaxing and enjoying time with the kids. I'm sitting in the library in my overly fluffy egg chair working on my vows. The guys always make sure at least two of them are home at all times, which is unnecessary, but it's great having them close. Today, Odin and Callum are off, and they are somewhere playing with the kids. We decided we didn't want to try and take a honeymoon. Instead, we are planning on taking the kids to Walt Disney World in Florida the week of my birthday for a babymoon as a family instead.

We don't have to do anything for the wedding, which is fucking amazing since I hated planning my first wedding. All we had to do was find my dress and show up. The best way to do it in my opinion. However, even though the wedding is tomorrow, I'm actually really excited and zen about the whole thing. The days leading up to my wedding with Corin, I was a nervous wreck and could barely keep myself from getting sick every time I thought about it.

I guess it goes to show you how different it can be with people who actually love you. I never thought I'd ever find that type of love. Especially after all the trauma I went through with Corin. If it would have been anyone else, I don't think I would have been able to move on as quickly, or be able to trust anyone around my kids again.

However, these five men came into my life, and I fell so hard in love. I never thought you could find such a genuine,

caring, and loving partner, much less five of them. I can't fucking wait to be able to call these men my husbands.

Knocking brings me out of my daydream. Callum is standing at the door with a tray of goodies. "Hey, Kitten, I bought you some snacks. It's time to take your meds, and I know they make you sick on an empty stomach." He comes over with his offering, so it must be around lunchtime.

I've always had problems with my iron, even when I'm not pregnant, but being pregnant with not one but two babies and recovering from a gunshot wound has made it worse than normal. I'm having to take iron supplements that make me extremely nauseous, on top of the morning sickness, and it has been rough.

Bodie has been making me tons of soups and light salads that have been helping somewhat. The tray Callum brought me has a small selection of all my favorites. Pickles, string cheese, pretzels, and a little cup of potato soup. It makes my heart flutter a bit at how thoughtful they all are.

I take the two huge round pills of hell, swallowing them down with some water. "How're the vows going, Kitten?"

"Whose idea was it to write our own vows? Because I hate public speaking," I groan.

He chuckles and kisses my forehead. "It was yours, baby. Do you want to do the generic ones?"

I scrunch my nose. "Absolutely not, that's what I did with Corin. I don't want any of it being the same, and nothing I feel for y'all is generic. I want to do this, it just makes me nervous talking in front of crowds." I pull him down so I can kiss him. I nip at his lip, causing him to groan.

"Mmmm, is someone wanting some attention?" he growls against my neck.

"Yes, Daddy, I do." I let him pull me up. He turns me around so my ass is grinding onto his already hard dick, and he wraps his hand around my throat and squeezes softly.

"If I dip my hand into your panties, will you be wet for me? Is that pretty pussy throbbing to be filled?" He bites down

on my ear, making me let out a soft groan.

“No and yes, Daddy.” I grind my ass back on him, making him groan again as he pulls me closer.

“What do you mean no? Do I not make you wet anymore, Kitten?” He spins me back around to face him.

“Oh, you do. I’m just not wearing any panties.” I bat my eyelashes up at him, knowing that drives him crazy, and gets me what I want.

“Is someone looking to be punished? Is that what you need, Kitten? Do you want me to bend you over and make that pretty round ass of yours red?” he softly whispers in my ear, knowing how much I love it.

“Yes, Daddy, please. I need it. I need to clear my mind,” I moan out when he reaches up and tweaks my nipple.

He chuckles. “Turn around and bend over the couch with your eyes closed. I’m going to lock the door so we don’t traumatize our kids.”

“Yes, Daddy.” I do as I’m told, and I can hear him shutting the door, the lock engaging, and his soft footsteps back to me.

I jump, and my breath picks up as I feel his hands lifting my shirt over my head. I’m really glad I decided not to wear a bra. He kisses down my spine as he pushes down on my back so I’m bending over more.

I feel him pulling down my leggings, his breath hitting my bare core. I let out a strangled scream when he swipes his tongue down my folds.

“I want you to count for me, Kitten. Do you understand?” he asks, his voice deeper with lust.

“Yes,” I whimper as he pushes his finger inside of me.

He immediately pulls his finger out. “Yes, what?”

“Yes, Daddy, I understand,” I whimper.

“Good girl.”

*Swack.* “One.”

*Swack.* “Two,” I sob.

*Swack.* “Three.” Tears are streaming down my face.

*Swack.* “Four.”

*Swack.* “Five,” I scream out. I’m right at the edge.

“Such a good girl, Kitten. Now stand up for me, and you can open your eyes. I want you to ride me. I want to watch as your tight cunt strangles my cock.” He sits down on the couch, then helps me straddle him.

I lower myself down until he’s completely inside of me, and we both let out loud curses. “I feel so full. It feels so good,” I whimper.

“That’s it, baby, ride me. Your pussy feels so fucking good.” He squeezes my hips as he helps me move up and down.

The room is filled with grunts and the slapping of skin. My pace gets faster, and I’m slamming myself down as hard as I can, my movements becoming more frenzied.

“Oh god, Isla, yes, I love you. I love you so much,” Callum groans out. I can tell he’s getting close because his breathing is picking up. He pulls me in for a kiss, and I bite down on his lip.

In one quick motion, he flips me, so I’m laying on the couch with him hovering over me, still managing to be gentle. This new angle has him hitting all the right spots.

“Fuck, Callum! Harder! Please, fuck me harder.” I’m begging and sobbing at this point. He does just like I ask.

“I’m so close!” He reaches down and pinches my clit, and I cum hard after one more hard thrust. He follows a couple thrust later with a loud groan.

He softly lays down beside me and kisses my forehead. “That help clear your mind?”

“Oh yeah, I feel much more relaxed. Thank you, baby.” I kiss his shoulder since it’s all I can reach at this angle.

“Good, now let’s go wash up and then you can relax some more and work on your vows. We have nothing else to do today.” He helps me up, and after a nice long shower and a couple more rounds, I’m sitting on the couch, finishing up the vows and going over the couple of last minute details my grandmother wanted to run by me, when the front door opens. I can tell from the echo of all the footsteps the rest of my guys are home.

Orin and Silas come around the corner, carrying a whole bunch of take-out bags. “Wait, is that teriyaki chicken I smell? Is the great Bodie letting us eat junk food?” I gasp, holding my hand to my heart in shock.

The man in question comes around the corner, glaring at me half heartedly. “First off, brat, I do like junk sometimes. Second, you have been whining for days that you wanted real teriyaki chicken, not the overly healthy crap I cook, so we got what you wanted. Third, we have a whole bunch of stuff to do tomorrow so we figured it’d be nice to relax tonight. So I agreed that picking up dinner and a movie with the family would be just what we needed before a busy day.”

“I was just playing with you. You act like I don’t know you have a weakness for authentic tamales. Thank you for always making sure everyone is fed.” I walk over and wrap my arms around him, making sure to squeeze his delectable ass for good measure.

“Do y’all want to set up everything in the media room? I ordered dinner trays for us to use, and I got the kids a plastic picnic table since we seem to like eating there,” Maw-Maw offers walking into the room.

“Yeah, Maw-Maw, that’s fine, I’ll go get the kids. Why don’t y’all get everything set up?” I check the app showing where the kids are, and then head to the playroom to grab the tiny monsters.

I bribe them away from their game of hide and seek with the promise of something sweet after dinner, and we make it up to the media room. All of the food is set up and ready, and the live action *Lion King* movie is ready to play.

Dinner is fun and relaxing. A little while after we eat, I'm snuggled into the oversized chair with Vivian snuggled up to me when I start to feel my what was an amazing dinner coming back up. "Oh, shit." I push myself up and cover my mouth, hauling ass towards the hall bathroom.

I barely make it in time to hurl the contents of my stomach into the toilet. I feel hands pulling my hair back and a cold washcloth on my neck. When I'm finally dry heaving, a bottle of water is pressed into my hand.

"Are you okay, Babygirl?" Orin pushes the hair off my forehead.

"Ugh, no. Why is throwing our guts up something pregnant women have to deal with? I miss getting to enjoy food." I whine, rinsing my mouth with water before taking a cautious sip.

He helps pull me up off the floor and hands me a toothbrush and paste. We have taken to stocking necessities in every bathroom since it randomly hits me, and we don't want to have to run across the house everytime.

"I know. Hopefully, it'll stop soon. I still have a couple vials of the Zofran. I can do a shot or IV if you want?" he asks.

"No, love, not tonight, but I think I might get you to do it first thing in the morning. That way I can enjoy the food tomorrow." I brush my teeth and head back to meet everyone else in the media room to finish the movie.

"Okay, that's fine. Hopefully, we can keep on top of the morning sickness. I'll make sure you get plenty of small meals." He kisses my cheek and pulls me in for snuggles.

It's a great way to end the night and relax before what I'm sure will be a crazy day tomorrow. I'm thrilled to start this new chapter in my life.

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TODAY IS DECEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH. It was my grandparents' wedding anniversary, and now, it will be the day

I celebrate a new start to my life and marry the men of my dreams. Maw-Maw bursts into the room first thing in the morning, kicking all the guys other than Callum out. He was allowed to stay long enough to give me an IV and some anti-nausea medication to hopefully ward off the morning sickness. He shows her how to remove it before he's rushed off to eat breakfast.

I'm then ushered to her wing of the house where Chris and Nathan are waiting with my breakfast. We decided to let the kids sleep for as long as possible since they won't take long to get ready, and we don't want them to be whiny and tired.

By the time I finish eating, the hair stylist and make-up artist are walking in. It's a forty-five minute drive to where the wedding is, although my grandmother still hasn't told me where it's being held. She was kind enough to let me know how far away we would be going, so I wouldn't get anxious during the drive. I'm excited to see what she came up with.

Chris is standing next to me, holding my tumbler of sweet tea for me to get a sip. "You are going to look so beautiful. I'm so freaking happy for you. In the short amount of time I've known you, I've seen you open up. You are an amazing mother, a freaking bomb ass teacher, and you will be a wonderful wife. I'm so grateful to get to be on the journey with you."

I dab at my eyes, trying not to mess up the makeup that they had just started. "I'm so very thankful for you and Nathan coming into my life. I never really had friends before, but y'all have shown me true friendship, and I'm so excited for you to be on this journey as well."

He leans over and gently kisses my cheek. "Now let's stop with the mushy stuff so we don't ruin your make-up before it's even finished."

Nathan pulls his husband down beside him. "Yes, dear, let's not make the pregnant bride cry. Isla, has your grandmother told you anything about your wedding?"

"Ugh, no. She has asked me questions for small details, but I don't even know where it is. I gave her my pinterest dream

board and told her to have at it, which honestly is the best decision I made. I absolutely *hated* planning my first wedding. Most of that was due to my insane controlling mother-in-law, though. She made it miserable, so it's been great not having to worry about everything." Both of them give me a sympathetic look.

They know all about the crazy Stefanie bullshit, and I'm thrilled about the fact I don't have a monster-in-law this time.



### *Isla*

Once my hair and make-up are finished, I get Vivian dressed while Maw-Maw gets her hair and make-up done, then the guys help me into my dress, and I'm absolutely blown away when I look in the mirror.

"Oh my, Isla Claire, you look absolutely stunning. I can't believe you're the same itty bitty, six pound, black haired, baby girl I watched being born all those years ago. I'm so proud of the woman and mother you've grown up to be. I love you so much. Of course, I wish your parents could have been around to raise you and your sister, but I'm thankful I was given the opportunity to be in your life." She pulls me into a hug, and we are both fighting back tears.

She takes a step back, and I get a really good look at myself, and I'm honestly speechless. My hair is curled and pulled back in a viking inspired style, the sides are braided out of my face and there is an intricate braid going into the ponytail. She added dark green and orange flowers. My make-up is full face but elegantly done so you can't tell other than the eyes, where she has done a smoky eye with the same colors of the flowers. It really makes my eyes pop.

My tattoos look amazing in contrast to my black dress. I was not even going to try to wear heels, so I'm wearing forest green high tops instead. What really gets me is how much different I look, stronger, fuller. My skin is clear, my hair is shiny and thicker, and I don't think I've ever looked so healthy.

At three o'clock on the dot, we are herded into a limo. Chris and Nathan are wearing forest green tuxes, burnt orange vests with black bow ties, and burnt orange high tops. My grandmother's dress is maroon and looks stunning on her; it's a long sleeve, floor length, silk dress, and it's modestly cut in the front and gathers right under the bodice with a beautiful gold accent. Vivian's dress is the mini version of my dress, and it looks so adorable on her.

After a very antsy forty-five minute drive, we pull up to a heavily wooded area; there are a ton of cars parked along the gravel road, and I can barely see the top of a building off in the distance. I glance over at my grandmother. "I hope we didn't all get dressed up for you to try and off us in the woods."

"Isla, hush and get out." She rolls her eyes and opens the door, stepping out of the limo. The guys follow and help Vivian out of the back. Chris holds his hand out to help me out.

"Are you ready, darling?" Maw-Maw asks as she fixes everyone's clothes.

The wedding planner walks out of a trail head I didn't see until now. "Hey, there! You are absolutely stunning!" she gushes.

"Ida, these are my bridesmen, Chris and Nathan. Guys, this is my wonderful wedding planner, Ida." They all shake hands. Ida reminds me of a young Betty White; she has the funniest personality and has been great to work with.

"Okay, peeps, this is the plan. Guys, y'all will escort Emma down the aisle, then go stand in y'all's spots. Vivian, sweetie, here is your basket; you'll walk in front of mommy and toss the wildflowers out when I tell you to go, okay? Isla, here is your bouquet. When you hear the start of 'I'll follow you into the dark,' you'll head down the aisle. That sound good to everyone?" We all nod our heads, and she gets everyone in position.

I can't see the end from the start of the trail, but the photographer and videographer have been following me

around so I won't be alone. I can hear talking, so I know there are people around.

Chris, Nathan, and Maw-Maw start down the path. About two minutes later, Ida ushers Vivian down and walks parallel to her to make sure she makes it to the end. My hands are getting sweaty, and I'm suddenly nervous. I'm trying not to mess up my beautiful bouquet. It's an assortment of black, maroon, forest green, and orange flowers, wrapped in tan lace.

I hear the music start up, take a deep breath, and walk towards my future. The pathway is lined with black cloth that the flowers pop against and there are medieval looking lanterns lining the side with battery operated tea lights. There are also fairy lights strung up in the trees. It looks perfect and I'm blown away.

When I round a small curve, I'm rendered speechless. There is a circular wooden arch that has black, cream, and maroon flowers, resting on either side diagonally from each other with a black drape filling in the space.

Lanterns and candles are spread out in the whole area, lighting it up. It may only be four-thirty in the afternoon, but the sun sets in an hour, so the lowering of the sun in the sky and the contrast of the lights has everything glowing beautifully. There are around forty white fold up chairs draped in either black or maroon blankets that the guests seem to be enjoying.

Thankfully, it got up to fifty degrees today, so it's not unbearably chilly to me right now.

The trees seem to bend in just the right way to make it look like I'm walking down a tunnel, and there are string lights hanging down. It looks like my dream gothic fairy tale.

Now the part I've been avoiding. I look up and lock eyes with each of my men.

I'm desperately trying not to cry; my whole heart is standing in front of me. My three beautiful kids are standing on either side of the aisle, looking absolutely adorable. Then waiting for me at the end, the five men I plan to spend the rest

of my life with. They are all in black suits, but their vest and bow tie colors are different.

Bodie, as the official groom, is first in an emerald green vest that brings out his red hair perfectly; Silas's vest is burnt orange, making his blue eyes pop; Callum looks jaw dropping with a maroon vest, and then there are the twins.

Orin looks like a gothic god with his black hair and piercing green eyes, popping against his cream vest. Odin's only color is his white hair. His tux, vest, and bow tie are black. They all completely take my breath away.

Bodie locks eyes with me, and it doesn't look like he's holding it together well. All the guests are standing now, waiting on me to finish making my way down the aisle. I can't believe this is it; I take my first step towards my future. I'm barely keeping myself from bawling my eyes out.

My grandmother is standing in the middle of the arch. She steps out, meeting me, and grabs my hand after I pass my flowers to Chris.

"Everyone, you can be seated. Isla, I thought it would mean more to you if I officiated than if it was some stranger, if that's okay with you?" she softly asks, walking me the rest the way down the aisle.

"Oh, Maw-Maw, I'd love that." I lean over and kiss her cheek.

As we make it to the end, she turns to face the crowd, and I walk up to face the next step in my forever.

Maw-Maw turns her mic on and addresses the group of our friends we have gathered. "Welcome, everyone, I want to thank you all for coming to celebrate my beautiful granddaughter's wedding to these five wonderful men. Their relationship may not be what most consider normal, but seeing the pure amount of love they have for each other, it shows how even things that don't make sense to most can be something amazing.

"A lot of y'all aren't aware, but I had the privilege of raising Isla and her sister. I know we wish more than anything

that her parents could be here to see the woman and mother she has become, but in dark times comes the light. Saige and Isla were definitely the light in mine. Bodie, Silas, Callum, Orin, and Odin; I can't tell you how eternally thankful I am that y'all came into Isla's life and have not only shown her what real love is supposed to be, but also made sure my great grandbabies know what a real dad looks like.

"I will forever be in y'all's debt for giving them such an amazing family. Now let's get y'all married!" She grabs the planner Nathan was holding for her and turns to face us again as the crowd claps.

I take a deep breath as she starts speaking. "Our lovely bride and grooms decided to write their own vows. Isla, go ahead dear." She smiles at me with tears in her eyes.

"It took me days to decide how I was going to say what I wanted. It's hard to fit everything I feel about the five of you into one short speech, but hopefully, I'll accomplish that task." I look up and make eye contact with each of my men, all who have tears in their eyes. "When I moved back home, I was running from a past full of trauma and regrets, all I wanted was to be back with my grandmother and hopefully start the process of the kids and I healing and starting over. Then, one by one, each of you popped up into our lives, and I was so scared at first, but there was just something about each of you."

I pause for a second, taking another breath and trying to hold in my tears. "I had never felt so safe before. Maybe it was the very extensive therapy, or the fact my soul just knew none of you would ever hurt the kids or me. I couldn't understand why five gorgeous men would want a single mom that had more baggage than an airport, but you all took the time to show me what real love is supposed to be. You took every single scar and fear I had and made me stronger. I will forever be grateful for y'all coming into my life when you did. I think the universe knew I would need each of you."

Now the hard part is to get through without ugly crying and looking like a raccoon. "Odin, you have shown me what a real protector looks like. You're always the first one to make

sure everyone is safe, not just physically, but you make sure I'm safe mentally and emotionally as well. You always make time to check in and give me a couple minutes to vent and talk through things, even when you've had a long day at work. The way you immediately jumped into dad mode with the kids blew me away." I have to stop and wipe a tear from my face, but Bodie holds out tissue and softly dabs it away for me, being mindful of my make-up.

"Orin, my sweet sweet man, you're my gentle one. My soft spot to land, you are the one who will hide away with me when the day gets too hard to face., my voice of reason. You remind me that it's okay to not always be okay. You have helped me drop the wall I had around my heart, showing me for the first time that a man can communicate with more than anger and harsh words. That being gentle isn't a weakness but a strength. Thank you for showing our kids how to deal with their emotions in healthy ways." The man in question is now sobbing, and I'm not doing much better. Speaking is becoming more difficult being choked up.

"Callum, you refuse to let me forget the woman I can be. You push me to be better and stronger, and remind me that I can stand on my own two feet. You never back down when things are getting heated, but instead you show me how to have healthy disagreements. You teach me it's okay for me to speak my mind. You've given me my voice back and ensured our kids will never lose theirs."

"Silas, you remind me it's okay for me to let go sometimes. It's okay to let my childish side out. That I'm still allowed to have fun and be more than a mother. You have brought laughter and joking back into our lives. You've given our kids back their childhood full of fun and joy. You show them it's okay for them to be silly and just be kids." The tears are streaming down all of our faces now, and trying to keep from ugly crying.

"And Bodie, you are the epitome of a mother hen. You show more care and consideration than anyone I've ever met. You're always the first one up to make sure your family has a good breakfast to start the day, you go out of your way to

make homemade snacks so our kids always have something healthy to eat, and you're the first one to help when someone is sick. You're the glue that holds us all together. I love you all so much and I just want to thank you for loving the kids and me."

I'm sure by this point my make-up is running down my face. "The guys decided to write their vows together and let Bodie read it, so it doesn't take ten years. So, Bodie, go ahead." Maw-Maw turns toward the guys.

"Isla, we wanted to do this together to show our combined commitment to you. We had always said we wanted to be single instead of finding five separate women, since most people don't understand our relationship with each other, and it's always been an issue, so we had all given up. Then this beautiful, blue-haired, tattooed woman came barreling into our lives and showed us what we were missing. You have been the light in a dark tunnel, showing us how we were just going through the motions each day. You brought us three amazing kids, and they have shown us what unconditional love really is.

"You have brought out the best parts of each of us and balanced us out. We are so thrilled for you to be carrying our daughters and adding two more beautiful babies to our family. Watching you walk down the aisle looking so breathtaking will forever be one of the best memories of our lives. We never thought we would have families, much less getting to have one together. Our love for you and our kids is unlike anything we have ever experienced. Thank you for giving us the chance to show you how you and the kids should be loved. Thank you for coming into our lives and allowing us to step up in the role of dad to the kids."

"Isla, you may place their rings now," Maw-Maw says as she motions for Chris to hand them to me. Each ring is black with a different color band in the middle. Bodie's is forest green, Silas's is blue, Odin's is all black, Orin's is white, and Callum's is red. The colors match their personalities perfectly.

"Bodie, you can now place Isla's ring on her finger." He takes the ring from Silas and slides it on. We chose a band to

match my engagement ring, specially made so the stones that represent us on each ring sit comfortably together.

“Okay.” Maw-Maw has to take a minute to clear her throat since we all are crying tears of joy now. “It is with great honor that I now pronounce y’all... husbands and wife! You may kiss the bride!”

Bodie dives in immediately and pulls me in for a deep kiss, then Silas pulls me away and makes sure to nip my lip as well. Callum runs his hands into my hair at the back of my neck, so he doesn’t ruin the style as he pulls me in as close as possible. Orin makes it short, sweet, and romantic, making sure to tell me how beautiful I look, and Odin—not to be outdone by the others—spins me and makes a show of dipping me for his kiss.

“Alright, alright, lovebirds. Save it for tonight. Ladies and gentlemen, it is my great pleasure to introduce you to the Aarons!”

*Here goes the first step into my happily ever after.*



### *Isla*

Ida takes the microphone from my grandmother and steps up to address the crowd. “Alright, everyone, if you would like to follow the path back to the cars and head down the road to the lodge for cocktail hour, our lovely family will be up shortly after pictures.”

Odin grabs my hand and pulls me in for another kiss. “Babygirl, you look absolutely stunning. This dress looks amazing on you.”

I’m spun away again into a waiting Silas’s arms. “You look good enough to eat, Wildflower.”

Callum gently smacks him in the back of the head. “Not in front of our kids, babe.” He pulls our man in for a kiss as well.

I love how their relationship has progressed over the last couple of months. It’s amazing seeing them finally give into their feelings and not hide from it like they used to.

Ida and my grandmother walk over with the photographer, and we spend the next forty-five minutes taking a bunch of pictures, then Bodie and I have to sign the wedding certificates. The kids are so excited; they each want a picture with all the guys together and separately. Will and Ellenare also included in pictures, and I’m thrilled to have some of the whole family.

I’m finally sitting down for a moment resting my feet, when Bodie comes to join me, and it’s like my body knows the

one who normally feeds me is close. The moment he sits down, my stomach starts growling.

He stands back up with a shake of his head and gently pulls me with him. “Okay, are y’all ready to head over? The monster in Isla’s stomach is growling.”

Everyone starts chuckling and gathering everything so we can head to the reception. Arden and Lochlan elbow their way next to me to hold my hands. “Mommy, you look so pretty.” Arden smiles up at me.

“Yeah, you look like a princess!” Lochlan says as he swings our hands.

Vivian squeals, “A princess! That makes daddies the princes.”

“Nope, kiddos. Mommy is the queen, we are the kings, and y’all are the princes and the princess,” Orin replies, walking up and booping Vivi on the nose.

“Well, what does that make Maw-Maw?” Arden asks, confused.

I glance over my shoulder to make sure she can hear me. “She’s the fairy godmother, like from Shrek.”

*Swat.* “Ow, did you just toss flowers at me?” I glare back at her. That woman gets feistier the older she gets.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, dear,” she deadpans as she grins at me.

When we get to the lodge, Maw-Maw and Ida go in first to lead everyone else from the waiting room to the reception-slash-dining area so we can make our entrance through another door. About five minutes later we hear, “Please welcome, the Aarons!” All the guests cheer as we walk in. We wanted to wait and do the dances after we were able to get some food, since we knew we would be starving.

Since Maw-Maw used my Pinterest board for inspiration, there is one large circular table in the middle for us and the kids, and everyone else can sit where they please at tables around the room. I am dragged to our table as soon as we walk

in, where Bodie has food waiting for the kids and me. Thankfully, he made sure I had something fairly plain; a Caesar salad with ranch, of course, and potato soup. Both are safe foods for me right now, so hopefully I won't end up with my head in the toilet on my wedding day.

I'm finishing up the last of my food when guests start making the rounds to congratulate us. We didn't have a ton of people; mostly the guy's co-workers, and a few friends, since my only family are the kids, the guys, my sister, and grandmother. Callum is the only one of the guys who speaks to his mother, so there's no other extended family or in-laws. However, between the guys' guests and the couple teachers I made friends with, we have around fifty people.

I love it being smaller and intimate. We actually have the chance to greet everyone and spend a couple moments making small talk. Silas eventually drags me to the dance floor, and we start our first dance. We decided to do a mashup of a few of our favorite songs. They each got to dance part of the song so I wouldn't be on my feet too long. I also had to dance with the boys, and each one of the guys took turns dancing with Vivian, my grandmother, and Ellen.

When it's time to cut the cake, we have Bodie do it, but he sneaks me a piece to shove in Silas's face. The look he gives me when he realizes what is happening is priceless. The whole night goes off without a hitch. Jose and Joe danced around with the kids, and Chris and Nathan both asked me for a dance.

Ida has the few unmarried women that attended gather around so we can do the bouquet toss, and Silas practically shoves my grandmother out with the rest of them, earning a glare—and from the harsh whispering—a death threat.

“Alright, you ladies ready?” I call out. A round of cheers go up as I turn away from the group so I can toss over my head.

“One.Two.Three!” I let the bouquet go and as soon as it leaves my hands I turn to watch.

The look of complete terror on my grandmother's face when it comes flying at her, and literally smacks her, is priceless.

She catches it before it falls to the ground, though, looking over at Will before turning back at me. "Well, shit. Looks like we gotta get married now, huh?" she asks, batting her eyelashes at him.

The whole room bursts out into laughter.

It was an amazing end to a wonderful day.

When it is finally time to call it a night, the guests line up outside on the walkway with sparklers, and we make our way down to the car that will take us home. The kids and I fall asleep on the ride, and I wake up to being carried into the house. Callum, who had the pleasure of carrying me, sets me down in the bathroom and helps me take my hair down and get the dress off.

"I'm sorry, I don't think I'm up for sexy time tonight," I tell him sadly.

"Babygirl, you know we never expect that from you. It's been a long day. How about we take a quick shower to wash all the junk out of your hair, and then pile up in bed and watch a movie?" he asks, kissing my head.

"That sounds great. Thank you."

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## SILAS

Waking up to sixty-eight pounds smashing down right on my junk is not how I pictured the day after my wedding going, but alas, here we are. I roll over, groaning.

“Daddies, Mommy, get up! Maw-Maw made breakfast, and we are going ice skating today!” Arden launches himself towards one of the others, and I hear a grunt and a curse, so I’m guessing I’m not the only one who’s nuts got hit.

“Arden Cole, why are you so hyper already? What time is it?” Isla mumbles, trying to untangle herself from the pile of limbs. She climbs over Bodie and grabs her phone off the bedside table. “It’s only seven in the morning. Why are we getting up so early on a Sunday? You normally sleep until at least eight.” She snuggles back down in bed, pulling Arden with her for cuddles.

He nuzzles into his mom. “Maw-Maw said we can go ice skating, and she made breakfast. We are having a family day. She said to tell y’all to get your lazy butts up and come eat or she’s coming with water.” He hops up, kisses his mom on the cheek, and jumps off the bed. “I’m telling her to bring the water!” He goes tearing out of the room like his ass is on fire.

“That woman drives me mad. Ice skating will be after lunch, so why did she have to sick the tiny demon on us so early?” my beautiful wife whines. God, I can’t believe I can actually call her my wife now. I’m so thrilled to finally have a family and kids. It makes it even better having my best friends by my side.

It’s been an amazing couple of months, not only having my relationship with Isla grow, but also getting to explore things with Callum. I never thought he would feel the same. I spent so many years feeling ashamed of the fact I found my best friend attractive. I thought if they knew it would ruin our friendship. None of them have batted an eye at Callum and I showing each other affection.

Bodie and Orin have even shown some type of interest when they see us together. Maybe one day everyone will be comfortable enough to explore more. *I really need to get my head out of the gutter.* My dick is throbbing as I'm picturing Isla's stunning naked body spread out in front of me; Bodie feasting on her pretty cunt while she chokes down Odin's cock, Callum sucking on her nipple as Orin sucks him, and I'm gagging myself on Bodie's dick.

I'm very rudely snapped out of my very dirty daydream when we are all splashed with ice cold water. All six of us go scrambling out of the bed, sputtering. I'm pretty sure the others fell back asleep, so they are all confused, and Isla looks like she's ready to murder someone.

"Emmalynn Claire Aaron, what the fuck is wrong with you?" she screeches. "It's not even eight yet, and let's not forget I'm fucking twenty-six not sixteen. Don't you think that's a bit much for a wake up call?" She grabs a towel that was sitting on the chair by the bed and wipes her face as she starts glaring at her grandmother, who doesn't look the least bit apologetic.

"Nope, that's payback for the damn pranks that one or all of you keep playing. For example, putting salt in the sugar bowl, whoopie cushions everywhere, the speakers someone keeps planting to scare the shit out of me. Revenge is a dish best served cold, dear, and unfortunately for whoever was innocent, I'm a bigger bitch than karma. Now get up, get ready, and come for breakfast. We are having a family day." Emma cackles as she's leaving, enjoying the looks we are all giving her.

I jump up and bolt to the bathroom because I know what's coming. Before I can make it to the door, I'm tackled to the floor and flipped over to my back to find Bodie sitting on my waist and each of the twins holding my arms down.

"What did I do?" I whimper, trying to keep myself from laughing.

"Oh, can it. We know you're the one pulling all the pranks we just got in trouble for. So I think it's only fair that you

should be punished more severely. Don't y'all think?" Isla asks, as she saunters her way to stand next to my head.

"I agree, Babygirl. I think he should have to make it up to us for our rude wake up call. What do you think, Bodie?" Odin asks, grinning down at me. The assholes are really enjoying having me pinned.

"I think he should have to stay where he is while Isla stands over him, and he has to watch us make her cum over and over while he doesn't get to touch or taste." Bodie looks around at the others who are all nodding in agreement. Callum walks over and pushes the door shut, engaging all three locks we added, so no one else can walk in. He makes his way to Isla who is now standing to my left next to Orin, who is sitting on my hand while Odin matches his position on my right. Bodie is still sitting right across my hips.

I know he can feel my dick growing in anticipation, and he gives me a knowing smirk. Callum has Isla facing me, as he kisses and nips at her neck. He slowly pulls her shirt over her head, as Bodie works her sleep shorts down her gorgeous legs, leaving her bare. Bodie pulls her forward gently so her core is level with his face, and he makes a swipe with his tongue that has her letting out a loud moan.

Callum reaches around her and holds his fingers out to Bodie. "Can I get a hand with some lube, please?" Bodie looks slightly nervous for a moment before he sucks Callum's fingers into his mouth. I can see his jaw flex as he twirls his tongue around them. I'm surprised no one spontaneously combusts from the heat in not only Isla's eyes but Bodie's, Callum's, and even Orin's. Callum withdraws his fingers and rubs Isla's clit before slowly inserting them into her dripping core from behind. As he pumps them in and out, Bodie brutally attacks her clit. I'm panting as I watch her squirm and mewl. My dick is barely being contained by my boxers, and is now flush against Bodie's ass.

"Now, Babygirl, cum all over my fingers and let Bodie drink down your sweet treat," Callum growls. After just a few more strokes of Bodie's tongue, she explodes. You can see her juices dripping down her legs and all over Bodie's face.

“Callum, come hold his arm down. I need to have my dick buried in her sweet cunt.” Odin shifts, as Callum pulls his fingers free and pops them into his mouth. “Yum, my favorite snack,” he grins as he takes Odin’s place.

Odin stands up, walking toward my feet behind Bodie to lead Isla to stand over my head. Before he can pass Orin, his twin reaches out and pulls her to him so now he is eye level with her core, diving in and causing her knees to buckle. Odin holds her up while his twin feasts on her, and it doesn’t take long before she cums again, shaking and panting over me.

“You’re right, Callum, she is the best treat. Bodie, you have some right... there.” Instead of wiping it away with his hands, Orin leans over and licks it off the side of Bodie’s face, leaving him stunned. When he blinks away the shock, he is forced to adjust his very hard cock. The shifting motion makes him grind down on my throbbing shaft, and I lift my hips to find the friction I’m desperately craving.

Odin pushes Isla to kneel, putting her dripping core right over my face. I hear shuffling towards Bodie and look down to see Isla has taken out his cock and is licking her way down his length. Right as she reaches the base, Odin pushes himself into her core, and she moans around Bodie’s dick, making him let out a curse.

“That’s a good girl, taking my dick so nicely while you work Bodie’s cock. You like being our little toy, don’t you?” Odin growls out while smacking her on the ass. I can feel her wetness dripping all over my face. Bodie is thrusting into her mouth causing his ass to rub against my dick. Callum and Orin both have their dicks out, stroking them while keeping me pinned down.

“Please let me touch someone,” I beg, my body moving involuntarily trying to seek the attention I’ve been denied.

From under her perfect body, I see Bodie glance at each of the others before nodding once. “I guess he’s been enough of a good boy.”

Callum and Orin give each other a pointed look, seeming to have a conversation before they shuffle back off my hands,

and I immediately wrap my hands around their throbbing cocks. Odin pushes Isla's hips down closer to my face, and I dive in, licking and sucking her sweet cunt. I move down to her entrance and push my tongue into her core as deep as I can while licking around Odin's dick. I suck one of his balls into my mouth, causing his pace to falter as he lets out a guttural moan.

"I'm so close. Please, don't stop," Isla moans out. I feel Bodie shift and then hands pulling out my dick. I can feel Isla's small hands gripping mine and Bodie's dicks together, and she sinks her mouth down around both of them. I groan at the friction of them rubbing against each other in the heat of Isla's mouth. All you can hear are moans and the slapping of skin. I'm attacking her clit with vigor, while stroking Callum and Orin. She's so close I can feel the minute she's ready to detonate, and I bite down on her clit

She lets out a muffled scream while she swallows Bodie and I deeper. Her orgasm causes a train reaction. I cum deep down her throat, and I can feel Bodie filling her up along with me. Ropes of hot cum coat Isla's and my sides as Callum and Orin grunt out their release. Odin thrusts into her two more times above me, so I suck his balls into my mouth again, and he comes with a shout.

After he catches his breath, he gently pulls out of Isla's swollen cunt. I suck his dick down my throat before he pulls it back, licking it clean before I pull Isla up to a sitting position right on my face. I spear my tongue as deep as I can, cleaning out every bit of their mixed juices.

She cums one more time on my tongue, quivering with the aftershocks of so many orgasms, before she is picked up and carried into the bath by Callum.

I wasn't expecting for my daydream to happen so soon, but fuck, that was hot.



### *Isla*

*A*fter our impromptu fuck fest, we all quickly shower and get dressed. Of course, I have to spend ten minutes with my face in the toilet. When we finally make it down to the kitchen, the boys are nowhere to be found but Vivian is sitting on the island eating a banana. She's already dressed in a cute long sleeve purple dress that has a fluffy tutu, white leggings, and her furry boots. Maw-Maw has pulled her hair up into little space buns.

I walk up to my sweet girl and start kissing all over her face. "Mommy, stop it! I'm eating my 'nana.'" She giggles as she pushes me away.

"Are you ready to go ice skating, princess?" Callum asks, nuzzling her head.

"Yes! I'm going to be an ice princess just like Elsa, daddy!" she tells him cheerfully.

"Oh, you are, huh? You're already a princess; you're our princess," Bodie tells her as he walks up and kisses the top of her head.

"Where are the boys?" I ask my grandmother as I sit down at the table. Bodie hands me my plate of food, and Silas sets down my glass of sweet tea.

"They are in the playroom, waiting on y'all. The Mudbugs hockey team came out a couple days ago and the civic center decided to leave the rink open for a couple weeks so people could skate. I know you used to love to go, so I figured we'd

make a day out of it,” she replies while stacking the dishwasher.

“But you can’t ice skate, can you?” Odin asks with concern.

“If I was new at it, no, it wouldn’t be safe. However, I used to skate all the time, and I’m only fourteen weeks. The babies are very protected in the womb. Women can keep up with ninety percent of their normal activities when pregnant. I’ll stay on the wall though, so I’m not in the middle and have less risk of being run into, if that will make you feel better,” I offer, looking between the guys.

“Yeah, Babygirl, it would. We trust that you know what you’re doing, so if you say it’s safe, we believe you. Now let’s all hurry and eat so we can go.” Odin kisses my head, grabs his own plate, and follows the others to the dining nook to eat.

“Maw-Maw, do you think we’d still have my old skates?” I turn to her and ask. “I really hate using rentals.”

“Actually, when I heard about the rink being opened up, I went and found them in the storage room. They are in that box over there, along with some other things I thought you’d want to see.” I hop up and grab the box before returning to my seat.

“We really need to go through the storage room and clean stuff out. It’s getting to be a jungle of shit,” she tells us. I open the box as she’s talking and pull out my beautiful white Jackson Mystique skates. Under them are a handful of pictures.

As I pull out the first picture I immediately start crying. The first picture is Saige and I with our parents, sitting on an old porch swing. I’m in our dad’s lap, and Saige is in mom’s. We look so happy. The next picture is me curled up on the couch asleep with my Paw-Paw when I was probably around ten. Those were my favorite times; I loved curling up on the couch and taking a nap with him.

The other pictures are from birthday parties and other events throughout my life. My parents have been gone for so long I don’t even remember what it’s like to have a mom and

dad. It was just life being raised by my grandparents. Corin threw away all the pictures I had of my family as soon as we moved in together. Thankfully, I didn't bring any of my parents' or Paw-Paw's things, so it all should be in storage here.

I feel a hand on my back and look up to meet Orin's eyes. "Can we see them, Darling?" I nod and hand him the pictures. He and the others gather around and go through them.

"Wow, Wildflower, you look just like your mom. She was beautiful," Silas says softly, looking at me with a small smile.

"You know, I don't think it ever crossed my mind to ask what color your hair is naturally," Orin says thoughtfully.

"Ha, it's a dark brown, like Vivian's. It was jet black when I was born and so was hers," I tell him before looking back to my grandmother. "Thank you for the pictures, Maw-Maw. Let's get the kids and head to the rink." I pull her in for a hug and give her a kiss on the cheek.

Around ten a.m, we finally get the kids loaded up; since we have to take two cars to fit everyone, I'm in my car with the kids, Silas, and Callum driving. Maw-Maw, Bodie, and the twins are in her car ahead of us.

"We need a big van," Silas informs us randomly.

"Absolutely not. I refuse to drive a van like one of those religious cults with twenty kids. We can take two cars. I know this car is new, but I will need to upgrade to an eight seater at some point soon to fit five car seats better." I pull out my phone to look up cars that'll work.

"I'm a big boy. I don't need a car seat anymore," Arden grumbles.

"Nice try, bud. You have another five-ish years before you're tall enough to not need any type of seat," Callum tells the pouting preschooler.

"We also need to figure out what car seats will work best since we are going to have so many." I start to rub my temples. I can feel a migraine coming the more I think about everything we will need.

“We have plenty of time to figure things out, okay? You’re not doing it alone, so we will look up all the options later and decide together.” Callum squeezes my hand.

I let out a breath and grab my bottle of water. “You’re right. We have time.” I take a big sip, and we sit in silence for about five minutes before my stomach starts to protest the breakfast I just had.

“Callum, pull over.” I’m starting to dry heave and gag.

“What? Why?” he asks, confused.

“Just pull over!” I beg.

He whips the car into the next parking lot, which happens to be Checker’s. I throw open the door the second he parks and start throwing up as soon as I’m out. Thankfully, there is a huge hedge bush in front of the car so I’m semi shielded. Both guys jump out and run to my side.

Silas pulls my hair back out of my face, and rubs my back. Callum is on the phone, telling the others we had to stop. When I’m finally done, I find Callum has drawn up a dose of Zofran to give me a shot. I’m reminded once again that having a medic as a husband is great for times like this.

I get back in the car after rinsing my mouth out with a bottle of water, and we stay parked for a moment to let the medication take effect.

“How are you feeling, Wildflower?” Silas asks, standing in the open door to rub my shoulder.

“Much better, actually.” I glance at Callum. “Can you pull through the drive through? I want a spicy chicken sandwich.” I’m already excited about getting some junk food.

Both guys are looking at me like I have two heads. Silas breaks the quiet stare down first. “You just threw your guts up and now you want a spicy chicken sandwich?” he asks like he can’t believe what he’s hearing.

“Yup. I want it with cheese, pickles, lettuce, and make sure we get plenty of ranch. Oh, and they have cheese fries.” I turn

to look at the kids. “Would y’all like some french fries?” They all nod their heads.

Silas and Callum are still looking at me like I’ve lost my mind. “Look, y’all are going to have to learn to deal with the crazy pregnancy shit that’s going to happen. My stomach is empty now. If my stomach stays empty, I’ll end up dry heaving and throwing up bile, so stop looking at me like I’m crazy and feed me.” I kinda want to stomp my foot like a child since I know I’m acting like one.

“Look, I’m sorry for being bitchy. I just hate being looked at like that,” I tell them sadly.

“Babygirl, we weren’t trying to make you feel bad about it. We just don’t want you to get sick again. Plus that was a quick bounce back from throwing up to wanting a spicy chicken sandwich,” Callum explains.

“Yeah, well, it seems the mood swings and cravings are going to start sooner. Sooooo. Can I have food now?” I bat my eyelashes at him, which causes him and Silas to laugh.

“Yeah, Babygirl. Let’s get you some food.” He places his hand on my leg and gently squeezes before they both get back in.

After we obtain my treats, we are on the road again. The civic center is about a forty-five minute drive so I’m able to finish all my food before we pull in. The others are standing by Maw-Maw’s car, laughing at something. I love seeing my grandmother getting along with my men. She and Corin couldn’t even be alone in the same room. I love having everyone around and being able to have fun days as a family.

When Callum parks next to them, Bodie comes to open my door while the others get the kids out of the car. He notices the trash from my bounty, which is now nothing but crumbs. However, he doesn’t say anything, just raises his brow and grabs the bag to walk it over to the trash.

“How are you feeling, dear?” Maw-Maw asks, walking over to my door and carrying Vivian.

“I feel way better. I don’t think the eggs agreed with me, but that spicy chicken sandwich hit the spot,” I reply cheerfully.

“I’m glad. Are you excited to get the kids on the ice? I remember how much you used to love it.” She pats my knee, then heads to the entrance. Silas grabs my hand to hold while we follow her in, and he takes my skates from me so I don’t have to carry them.

As I step into the building, it looks like walking into a winter wonderland. It’s beautiful; everything is made to look like it’s covered in snow. They have pine trees scattered sporadically and twinkling lights are hung almost everywhere you look. The smells of cinnamon and mocha add to the effect. It’s so breathtaking.

“Wow, Mommy! It’s so pretty!” Lochlan is bouncing around.

“Yes it is, baby! Are you ready to go skate?” I ask, grabbing his hand to follow everyone to the ticket booth.

Maw-Maw already paid since she somehow moves faster than I do pregnant. She waves the tickets to show she also paid for rental skates.

I take the little ones up to the kids’ counter to get their skates, and I help put them on, making sure they fit properly, and are on tight enough. Thankfully, I’m not showing yet, so I can still put on my own skates.

“Hey, guys, will one of y’all go grab three of the walkers, please?” I ask, looking over at the guys who are sitting on the bench across from us.

“Yeah, Darling, I’ll go grab some. Hopefully, I don’t need to borrow one as well.” Orin walks off, mumbling the last part. He’s walking like a newborn baby deer on his skates. I cover my mouth, trying not to laugh, but Callum is nodding in agreement.

“I never thought to ask, have any of y’all ever skated before?” I inquire as I finish tying up my laces.

“I played hockey when they had the permanent ice rink here. I tried getting them to learn and play with me, but Orin was the only one who could stay on his feet. Hopefully, they will do better now than when we were ten,” Callum chuckles.

The others all glare at him while I burst out laughing. “Oh, this is going to be hilarious, isn’t it?” I snicker as they all try to stand up on wobbly legs. This is going to be a great day.

I help the kids stand up once Orin comes back with the walkers. Once they each have a good grip on one, Orin, Callum, and I each help them get on the ice. They actually are holding up pretty well, and surprisingly even Vivian isn’t having as much trouble.

I’m holding on to Arden’s walker, while Callum has Lochlan’s, and Orin has Vivian’s. The other three are walking, clutching their way along the wall. Going by the cursing and bitching I hear, it’s not going well. A sudden shout causes me to look back, and I see Odin on his ass, glaring at my grandmother.

“Why did we have to go ice skating? Why not regular skating?” he grumbles.

“Stop whining and get off your ass. You’ll get the hang of it. Well, maybe. However, I’ll never let you live it down if the kids can do it and you can’t.” She winks and cackles as she skates off.

She really is going to pick on them until the day she dies. Hell, I still get teased for getting lost all the time. The kids, however, are loving this, and I’m impressed they are catching on so quickly. After about twenty-five minutes of skating, I’m confident that Arden has a good grasp on how to skate so I push his walker to Odin, who flashes me the finger to show his gratitude.

I hold Arden’s hand for another ten minutes. “Mom, you can let go. I want to try by myself,” he says as he pulls away from me cautiously.

“Okay, baby. Just remember, to stop you have to point your foot, or turn to the side like I showed you.” I let go of his hand

and skate beside him for a minute. He's doing amazing, so I pick up speed and decide to show off a little bit. I do a couple spins and small jumps. Nothing too crazy since I'm a tad rusty and I don't want to risk falling. In between, I make sure to keep checking on the kids. They are easy to find because the rink isn't crazy busy, since ice skating isn't super popular here anymore.

On my next pass, I skate to a stop in front of Odin. He seems to be the only one still struggling. "Here, sir, give me your hands." I hold my hands out to him and watch as his eyes become full of heat. I start skating backwards, pulling him along.

We unfortunately haven't been able to explore the sub and dom stuff as much anymore since the gun shot because of him being overly cautious of hurting me, but I miss having that with him. We also need to have everyone sit down and talk about the fuck fest we had this morning. I know obviously Silas and Callum have always been attracted to men, and Bodie has had conflicting feelings due to his childhood abuse. However, I don't want anyone to be uncomfortable or feel like they are being forced into something.

Hopefully, this new development won't cause issues.



### *Odin*

I can tell the moment Isla gets lost in her head, so I lean in and kiss her, making sure to softly bite her lip, since I know that drives her crazy. She shakes her head, seeming like she's trying to clear it, then gives me a blinding smile.

“What’s on your mind, Babygirl?” I ask, trying to keep my feet under me. I really hate ice skating.

“Was this morning too much? I mean, neither you nor Orin have really shown any interest in being with the other three. I don’t want anyone to be uncomfortable, have any regrets, or feel like they are being pushed into anything. Plus, I’ve missed the different dynamics we all had and everything kind of just stopped after the shooting and finding out I was pregnant. I miss it.” She finishes with a sad look on her face. I feel like shit for not realizing she felt this way. I grab the wall to pull myself to a stop, She stops next to me looking confused as to why we are stopping.

“To answer the first bit, I don’t really think I’m bi. However, I have never been in a position to try it. I’ve always said I’d try anything once, so as long as it’s not my twin touching me, I’m fine with things being a free-for-all in the bedroom.” I stop to think about it for a second. “Well, I don’t think I want a dick in my ass, but I’m willing to let you try anal play with me and see if it’s something I’d like.”

She seems thoughtful for a moment. “I’m always willing to try new things with y’all. Duh you and Orin wouldn’t have

to touch each other; incest isn't a thing I think I'd ever be into." She shudders at the thought.

I clear my throat and pull her in so I can whisper in her ear. "Now for the other part, I'd love nothing more than to have you butt naked and tied up all pretty for me to have my way with. I'll have to make that happen soon, won't I, Babygirl?" I suck her earlobe into my mouth and bite down hard enough to hear a soft moan leave her lips.

"That's not very nice, Sir. Teasing me when it'll be hours before I can scratch this itch," she pouts.

Callum comes skating up beside us and notices her face. "Aww, Kitten, why are you sulking?"

I turn and give him a smirk. "It seems our beautiful wife has been feeling neglected and misses all the dirty things we were doing to her."

He gives her a look full of pure heat. "Well, I think we will have to rectify that, soon hopefully. Now give her to me. It's my turn to skate with her." He pulls Isla from my arms and takes off with her. I can hear her laughing as they skate around the rink.

Silas skates up next to me when they are out of earshot, and I notice he looks nervous. "So, uh, I kind of overheard what Isla said, and I feel like I need to apologize. I didn't have consent to touch anyone but Isla and Callum, so I should have checked that it was okay with y'all before I took it that far."

I pull him to a stop and move to the wall so we are out of the way and I don't have to worry about falling. "No, you don't need to do that. If you heard her, then you heard what I had to say, too. I know things got really heated and intense, and I'm not mad or upset with you. It was stuff that happened in the moment. I don't care who touches me, or who I touch as long as Isla is around and involved too, so don't beat yourself up. We never actually set up rules or boundaries for our whole group when it comes to the bedroom."

"Do you think I should talk to Bodie and Orin too, and make sure I didn't overstep with them?" he asks, looking over

to where they are skating next to each other.

“How about on the drive home? We can get Emma to ride with Isla and the kids, then we all will take Emma’s car, so we can discuss our boundaries. Will that make you feel better?” I ask, cuffing a hand around his neck and pulling him in closer.

“Yeah, I think it would. I just want everyone to be happy and for this to not cause problems for anyone.” He sighs.

“Okay, I’ll go ask Emma if we can take her car. Why don’t you go play with the kids?” I suggest as I make my way very wobbly to Emma’s side.

“Look at you, it seems you’re figuring it out now.” She smiles when I get next to her and miraculously manage to stay upright.

“Yeah, ice skating has never been my thing. I can rollerblade perfectly, so I don’t know what it is about the ice that I can’t make work,” I grumble.

“You can’t be good at everything. It wouldn’t be fair to everyone else if you were handsome, smart, accomplished, and perfect at everything you do,” she tells me softly.

“Well, I’m none of those, but anyway, I was wondering if you wouldn’t mind riding with Isla and letting the guys and I take your car so we can talk about something?” I ask, having to catch myself from falling on my ass.

Emma starts laughing at my cartoon-like, running-in-place, which unfortunately ends up in a slow falling motion despite my best efforts. It takes her a couple seconds to compose herself enough to reply to me. “Yeah, dear, that’s fine. Is everything okay?” she asks through her laughter.

“I’m glad this is amusing to you, and everything is fine. However, to make a relationship like this work, it takes communication and making sure everyone is on the same page,” I answer, looking up at her from the ground.

Before she has a chance to answer, Vivian comes skating up beside me with Orin holding her hand. “Daddy, you’re supposed to skate on your feet, not your butt,” she giggles.

I grab her by the waist, pulling her into my lap to tickle her. “Is that so?”

She’s squealing. “Daddy, stop that tickles! Want to hold my hand, and I’ll help you?”

The fact that my toddler is offering to hold my hand to help me skate shows how bad at this I am.

“That would be great, sweetheart.” I pull myself up on the wall and hold my hand out, and she takes it and starts skating slowly beside me.

I smile down at my sweet baby girl as she starts explaining how I’m supposed to move my feet and how you stop. I look around to check on the others. Isla is still skating around with Callum and Silas.

Orin and Bodie are skating around with the boys, and it seems Emma has made her way to the bench. This has been a really good day. Even though I can’t skate to save my life, I’ve loved spending time with everyone.

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### *Silas*

WE ALL SKATE around for about two hours before the kids are too tired to keep going. I meet everyone at the bench where Isla is already taking off her and Vivian’s skates, so I kneel down in front of Arden and help him with removing his.

Emma walks over to where we are sitting after turning her skates in. “Are y’all hungry? I was thinking about getting pizza before we head home.”

“Yay, pizza! It’s my favorite!” Lochlan starts dancing around since Bodie has already taken his skates off him.

“Yeah, pizza sounds great. How about we go to Cici’s since they have the buffet and I love the little cinnamon bites?” Isla suggests, batting her lashes at Bodie, who sighs and agrees. It seems our control freak viking is finally

understanding that you don't get between a pregnant woman and her food.

Odin walks up to whisper in her ear. She looks concerned for a second and glances over at me. I'm guessing he's telling her that he and I need to talk to the guys alone about what happened.

She nods her head and whispers something back that makes him smile. He stands up and claps to get everyone's attention. "Alright, Isla and Emma are taking Isla's car, and the rest of us are going to take Emma's. If everyone is ready, let's go get some pizza!"

The kids take off running towards the door. "Kids! Stop, and wait. You know better than to run off while we are in public," Isla scolds gently.

"Sorry, Mommy," Arden mumbles as each one walks back toward us and grabs one of our hands. We help the women get the kids in the car, then we all pile in Emma's car. Unfortunately, it is a little smaller than Isla's. It still has a third row, but there is no room for an adult male back there.

Bodie and Callum are up front since they are the tallest, while the twins and I are in the second row. Callum glances in the rearview at the three of us and then over at Bodie. "So Odin, are you going to tell us why we needed to ride together? I'm assuming we need to discuss something."

"Yep. We want to talk about what happened this morning and find out everyone's comfort level when it comes to swords getting crossed in the bedroom. Silas was concerned he overstepped, so I figured we all need to talk about boundaries," Odin replies.

"Ah, okay. That makes sense. Babe, why didn't you say anything to me this morning about being worried?" Callum asks and looks at me with hurt in his eyes.

"Well, I didn't really think about it until I overheard Isla and Odin talking. I guess she was stressed about it, then I realized I might have overstepped or made y'all uncomfortable. It wasn't okay for me to touch any of you

without permission.” I look down at my hands. “I’m ashamed of myself for not making sure I had consent before touching you three in a sexual way, and that I didn’t make sure Callum would be okay with it.”

They all start to talk over each other at once. “Shut up!” Bodie snaps. “Silas, no one is mad at you. It was the heat of the moment in a very intense situation. Things happen and that’s okay. I agree we need to talk about everyone’s limits. You all know about the sexual abuse I dealt with as a child. I’ve had attraction to men as an adult, but I’ve never wanted to act on it for fear it was just lingering from my trauma. However, all of us having sex with Isla at once, I obviously see all of you naked while in a sexual setting. Not to mention, when I walked in on you and Callum, I can’t say I didn’t find it hot.” He stops, his face turning as red as his hair.

He clears his throat. “With that being said, I’m fine exploring things in the bedroom when Isla is involved as long as it’s taken slowly. I don’t think I would want something like you and Callum have, but I’m fine with things when we are in a group with Isla. Odin, what are your thoughts?”

Odin looks over at me, then his twin, then back at me. “Well, I can’t say I ever really considered messing around with another man. Like Bodie said, as long as it’s in a setting where Isla is included, I’m fine with it. It goes without saying Orin and I will not be touching each other at all. I don’t even want to accidentally touch dicks with my brother, and I also don’t want anyone’s dick going in my ass. I did tell Isla I was fine with exploring anal play with her at first, just to see if it’s something I’d even like.”

Orin clears his throat. “I’m fine with whatever; I’ve always been willing to try almost anything. It doesn’t bother me who touches what. I fooled around with guys in college, and I one hundred percent agree that Odin and I don’t even need to accidentally touch. We did plenty of touching

bare ass while we were in the womb. That’s just gross.”

“I’m open to anything; it doesn’t feel like cheating when it’s our family. So whatever happens, happens.” Callum says,

straight to the point as ever.

I feel so much lighter knowing everyone's boundaries and limits.

"There is one more thing we need to discuss," Odin points out.

"What's that?" Bodie asks, turning to look at him.

"Isla informed me that she is missing all the different dynamics we were exploring. I know Callum and I have similar interests, and Orin, I know y'all have your thing. Her being shot and being pregnant kinda put a pause on everything, but I think we need to try and get everything back to normal," he informs us.

Orin nods his head. "She's healing well enough, and the babies are healthy. Obviously, sex is perfectly safe while pregnant, and she's been cleared by her doctor from the gunshot wound. So if she's feeling ready to start exploring things again, I don't see why we shouldn't."

"Alright, I'm glad we are all on the same page. Perfect timing, too, because we're here," Callum says as we pull into the parking spot next to Isla.



### *Isla*

*T*his pregnancy has flown by. I'm now twenty-one weeks pregnant, tomorrow is Valentine's day, and Lochlan's birthday is in five days. I'm starting to get huge, since they're twins, and I couldn't sleep. I snuck out of the bed at one a.m., which was a pain in my massive ass, and now I'm curled up in the library, working on finishing the plans for Lochlan's party. He wanted to do a swim party, and since we easily can accommodate his class with our indoor pool, we agreed.

Amazon two-day delivery is truly a godsend for the last minute things I couldn't find at Hobby Lobby. After I have my digital cart filled with dinosaur decorations, pool toys, gift bag stuffers, and a ridiculous amount of clothes for not only the babies but the other three, I've spent well over six hundred dollars.

It's been such a huge adjustment; going from being financially controlled to the point I couldn't spend five dollars without being questioned—or worse—to having millions. Funnily enough, my bank account is still growing even though I'm not working. However, any time I ask my grandmother about it, she says she doesn't know what I'm talking about.

By the time Orin finds me, I've made a huge grocery pick up order for tomorrow, made a list of everything we'll need for the twins, and even found a couple of contractors to call about tearing a wall down to make our suite bigger and take out the kitchenette we never use. We will add a mini fridge and bottle

warmer to heat up breast milk when needed, so we are going to make that area a play space for the babies.

“What are you doing up, Darling? Are you feeling okay?” He comes over and picks me up to set me in his lap.

“Yeah, baby, I’m fine. I just couldn’t sleep. The girls are dancing on my bladder constantly, I have heartburn, and three of you snore like freaking chainsaws.” I lean over to kiss his chin.

“I’m sorry you’re having issues sleeping. We can start taking turns sleeping with you, if you’d prefer. There are plenty of beds around here to choose from.” He rubs his nose against mine

“No, I love snuggling with all of you, but I think I’m going to have to start sleeping on the edge or wearing a freaking diaper to bed.” Both babies start kicking pretty hard every time they hear one of their daddies. The guys haven’t been able to feel anything yet so I grab Orin’s hand and place it over where one of the girls is currently acting like she’s the kicker for the Saints. I’m pretty sure it’s Iris, due to her position.

She does another strong kick under his hand, and he gives me a blinding smile. “Is that what I think it was?”

“Yeah, I think it was Iris since she has been on top during all the ultrasounds. Willow likes to kick right here.” I place his other hand right at my pants line.

“During the last scan I had at the maternal-fetal medicine specialist, Iris was sitting head down with her feet just below my ribs. Willow was laying diagonal with her head towards my ribs on the opposite side,” I explain to him. Bodie went to that appointment so the others missed it, and even though I brought the pictures home, they don’t really understand how they are positioned in there.

“You have another scan coming up this week, don’t you?” he asks distractedly, still enjoying feeling all the little baby kicks,

“My anatomy scan is Wednesday. They are doing ultrasounds every three weeks so it lined up perfectly when I’d

be due for this one. It's where they do a more in depth scan and check everything on both girls. I'm hoping they are both head down by the time I'm due. My regular OB and the high risk doctor agreed to let me try natural birth, as long as the girls are healthy and both in the correct position." I smile at the happy look on his face.

"That's right. We all took off so we could be there. My brain isn't braining right now, since it's two-thirty in the morning," he replies, checking his phone with a pointed look at me.

"What woke you up? I've been down here awhile." *Shit, I'm going to be so tired tomorrow... well, today.*

"Ah, well, actually, we all woke up. We set an alarm for two since you're normally asleep and we had to set up the surprises for you and the kids. I was volunteered to come find you and to make sure you couldn't see anything when you came back to bed. I'm less grumpy on no sleep than the others." We both chuckle at that. The others really are not morning people, no matter what hour of the morning it happens to be. Silas is the absolute worst in the mornings. He's whinier than the kids, and that says a lot.

I let out a big yawn. "I guess you should sneak me back to bed then. Might as well try and get a couple hours of sleep while I can."

He sets me on the couch so he can stand up, then picks me up. "You know I'll be too big for y'all to carry around soon."

He gives me an unimpressed look. "Darling, did you forget you have five larger-than-average men? We didn't get this big from not working out. I, for one, am excited to see your belly round from growing our babies. Now close your eyes and no peeking." He kisses the side of my head and carries me to the bedroom.

I'm not allowed to open them until I'm tucked in the middle of the guys where I can't see the room, and I'm lulled to sleep by the sound of my guys breathing.

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“ANGEL, WAKE UP.” I feel Bodie placing kisses all over my face. “Come on, sweetheart, we have a fun day planned for you and the kids. I promise you can take a nap later.”

“Is there food involved?” I ask, peeking through one barely open eye.

“I’m offended. Do you really think we would wake you up without making sure we have an offering of food?” He scoffs.

“Such a good boy.” I reach out and pat his head.

“Okay, brat, get your ass up before I spank you,” he says, gently smacking my ass.

I let out a huge stretch and groan, and when I raise up, I am completely blown away at the sheer amount of pink and red that has thrown up in my room.

There are balloons, streamers, cut-out hearts, and confetti everywhere.

“Holy fucking cupid. This is what y’all were doing last night?” I asked, stunned.

“Sure was. We decorated the kids’ rooms too. They lost their minds when they saw it. We made sure to record it for you. Now get up and put some pants on. The guys are dying to give you your presents.”

I throw on a pair of the guys’ basketball shorts that were laying next to the bed, and hurriedly make my way to the living area that’s in our suite. We don’t really use this space or the kitchenette very much since we would rather spend time in the main rooms with my grandmother. She doesn’t know yet, but when we start the demo to make room for the babies, we are knocking out the exterior doors and leaving it an open space. That way she’ll never feel like we don’t want her around.

I find the guys sitting on the sectional with the kids on the floor going through three huge baskets full of little gifts. They

all have a cute stuffed animal, a Valentine's shirt that they are all wearing, a crap ton of candies and cookies, slime and play doh, and some cute little toys.

There is an even larger container that has to weigh a good twenty pounds still sitting on the table. Silas jumps and runs over to greet me. "Hey, Wildflower, come sit and take a look in your basket."

"Wait, we agreed to not spend too much. That is definitely over the agreed-upon amount," I huff out. "Let me grab y'all's gifts really quick."

I go towards the kitchen, but Silas grabs my hand. "Tell me where they are, and I'll get them, sweetheart."

"They are in the cabinets above the microwave. The kids' gifts are in there too, so you might need help grabbing everything," I tell him, walking over to kneel next to the kids. They were excited to show me everything they got.

"Oh my goodness, daddies got y'all such cool stuff! Do y'all love it?" They all nod their heads distractedly, playing with all their stuff.

"Hey, kiddos, y'all have one more to open." I hand them the gift bags from me, as Silas passes them down.

They tear into them, pulling out t-shirts that have Buzz Lightyear, Elsa, and Lightning McQueen on them, and they each have the same letter. "Here, let Mommy read it to you. It says, "Happy Valentine's day, Arden, Lochlan, and Vivian. You were and will always be Mommy's and Daddys' first loves. For Valentine's Day this year, we decided to take you on your very first vacation. We are going to—drum, roll please!" The guys all start drumming on their legs. "Disney World!"

Once it clicks what I said, they all jump up and start screaming and laughing. "Are you excited?" I ask after Arden almost knocks me down with a hug.

"Yes! When are we going?" he asks happily.

"We are going the week of my birthday, since it's when you have spring break," I answer.

“Yes! Let’s go tell Maw-Maw!” Lochlan suggests, and all three haul ass out the door.

“Seriously, it was my surprise, and they still love her more. I guess this is how my parents felt when I always wanted my grandparents over them,” I grumble.

“Aw, I’m sorry, Babygirl, how about you open our gift now? It’ll cheer you up.” Callum pulls me over to the couch and helps me lower down.

I lean up so I can reach the basket. Once again, I’m absolutely blown away. They got me the cutest silk pjs, a pack of fuzzy socks, a couple bath bombs, a face mask, a gift certificate for a massage, facial, manicure and pedicure, a gift certificate for a full car detail, all my favorite candies, and a couple books that I’ve read recently that I wanted in paperback.

“I can’t believe y’all did all this. It’s too much.” I don’t think I’ll ever get used to the amount of love and support they show me. It’s such a culture shock every day.

“Darling, this is our first Valentine’s Day to celebrate together. Plus, it’s the first one being married and you’re carrying our babies. We wanted to make it as special as possible.” Orin leans over and kisses the side of my head.

“I know. I love all of you so much. Now open y’all’s.” I stand up, handing out the bags with their gifts. They have clothing boxes full of specific individual things I know they will love, plus a photobook with boudoir photos in the bottom they are going to absolutely love.

Once they each have their box, they start pulling everything out one at a time. I got them each custom wallets with personalized notes in them, the candies they love, and cards that the kids made for all of them.

Silas got new rings for his tongue piercing and snake bites since he mentioned he wanted more, as well as new sunglasses and some pop-its because he loves them.

He goes to grab the book and I immediately shout, “Wait! You have to wait until everyone else finishes.” He drops it and

holds his hands up with a shocked look.

Bodie got some new small kitchen gadgets he had on his Amazon list, some seasonings from Italy and Mexico, and this really rare organic oil he mentioned would be cool to have.

Odin had mentioned his old pocket knife broke, and he wanted a new one, so I had it engraved with his name. I also bought him some really cool throwing stars since he loves stuff like that, as well as the set-up for multiple targets.

Orin has been wanting to see his favorite band, Black Veil Brides, in concert, and they will be only an hour away in September. I got him and I tickets since no one else likes them, and I'm excited for our future date. I also got him a t-shirt for the concert along with their new CD.

Callum has been wanting some heated socks and gloves since he spends a lot of time outside, and he hates being cold. I also got him a matching Carhartt beanie and a firefighters cross to hang up on the wall that looked really cool.

Once they each look at their smaller things, they all take out the book. They are simple on the outside; black with just their names on them. "Okay, y'all can open them. However, these have to be put up where the kids can't accidentally find them. I don't need a country song written about photos of their mother."

Most of the pictures are the same, but I also took some in each one of their shirts.

As they flip through, I can see them adjusting themselves. They glance over at me when they finish flipping through the pictures.

"Well? Did y'all like them?" I smirk at the dry looks they are giving me.

"You know very damn well we love them. These are absolutely amazing. You are fucking stunning," Callum replies.

"Who took these though? This is our room, but I have never seen a photographer here," Bodie asks.

“I used my tripod and my phone. I watched a tutorial on poses and things. Chris offered to take them when I had mentioned wanting to do this, but I didn’t think y’all would be okay with it.”

Silas sighs. “Wildflower, why would we be upset? Chris is firmly into dick—” his inappropriate words are cut off when Callum smacks the back of his head as our kids come running back into the room.

“Right, sausage. Chris likes sausage, and even if he didn’t, we trust you. You are the only one who has a right to say who can and can’t see your body. If you ever want to do photoshoots or anything like that, you never need to be worried. We will never be mad at you for something like that.” Silas comes to kneel in front of me. “We love every single part of you, we will always support you, and we will remind you of what you mean to us and that you’re safe as many times as it takes for you to believe us.” He pulls me in for a sweet kiss.

Silas takes a step back when Callum claps his hands to get everyone’s attention. “Okay let’s go get the rest of the day started.”

*I’m so excited to see what else they have planned for us.*



### *Isla*

*T* rue to the guys' word, they made the kids' and my Valentine's Day extremely special. After gifts, they took us to the aquarium, then the zoo, two of the kids' favorite places on earth, then Vivian, Silas, and I got dropped off at a nail salon for some pampering. Having my feet rubbed felt amazing. Trying to carry around two babies, I've already gained fifteen pounds, and my feet are almost always killing me. Feeling refreshed, we met back up with the others to head to Dave & Buster's for an early dinner.

After a full day of activities, we dropped the kids off with Maw-Maw and Will. They had their date while we were out so we could have ours tonight. We got all dressed up and went to an extremely high end steak and seafood restaurant. It was fucking amazing. After dinner, we went to play laser tag, and it was honestly the best date I'd ever had.

Valentine's Day fell on a Sunday, Lochlan's birthday is Friday, so his party will be on Saturday. I have three days to finish everything I need to get ready for his party. Luckily, I remembered to send out his invitations last week, and it seems like most of the kids are coming, including Katie. It wouldn't be awful if it wasn't for her mother.

Thankfully, I haven't had very many run-ins with Victoria since the diner, but I'm sure she will try to start her normal bullshit. She loves to make rude backhanded comments everytime she sees me, and she still loves to flirt with Bodie even though we're married now. I'm hoping she can act like

an adult and behave for a birthday party, but I don't have high hopes.

I've been sequestered in the library where I pretty much spend all my free time when my family isn't around. For the last thirty minutes, I've been making gift bags for all the guests. We should have about twenty kids all together. Lochlan's so excited to have his first birthday party where he is allowed to have friends from school.

Bodie suddenly comes walking into the room with his notebook. "Hey, Angel, I wanted to double check what foods you wanted to serve at the party. You wanted to do a dinosaur theme, right?"

I give him a sweet smile. "Yeah, love, let me grab my phone. I pinned what ideas I found on Pinterest." He comes over and sits down next to me while I pull up my board.

I nuzzle into him while I show him what I thought were cute. "I was thinking white chocolate covered pretzels for dino bones, watermelon cut into triangles for stegosaurus spikes, a meat and cheese tray for 'carnivores', pudding cups with crushed oreos that have candy eggs and bones, grapes for dino eggs, a fruit and veggie tray for the 'herbivores', and he really likes dino nuggets if you can make some. Or get over your snobbiness toward anything not homemade." I elbow him in the side gently, giving him a big smile.

"I think I can get past my preference for healthier food for one day so our son can have a good birthday. I was about to go to the grocery store to buy everything... Would you like to go with me? We can spend some alone time together." He looks so excited at the prospect of us getting time away from everyone, and I don't have it in me to let him down.

"That sounds amazing, baby. Let me text Maw-Maw so she knows to watch Vivian. I swear she has become so independent since moving here, she never wants to leave the playroom. I'm just going to tell her bye, then we can leave." He follows me down the hall towards the playroom. The new tablet system we have that helps track the kids' movements is

amazing. It tells us when they leave a room and where they go. In a huge house like this, it is a must.

She's not in her playhouse like I thought she would be, so I turn to check the treehouse. Bodie walks over from looking in the theater chairs and goes to speak.

I slap my hand over his mouth. "Shhh, look." I nod over to where our sweet little girl is curled up in a bean bag chair with her tablet, passed smooth out. Her curly brown hair is fanned over her sweet face, and she's letting out tiny snores. It's freaking adorable.

Bodie leans over to whisper in my ear. "I think that's the cutest thing I've ever seen. She looks just like you. Now let's sneak out before she wakes up."

We are walking through the foyer when Maw-Maw calls my name. "Hey, I'm glad I caught you. Can you grab me a couple things while you're at the store?" she asks, holding up a list with a huge wad of cash.

I grab it from her, ignoring the cash. "Of course. Vivian is napping in the treehouse. We shouldn't be gone too long. Callum and Silas are picking the boys up from school when they get off work."

She holds out the money again. "Here, take this and use it to get Lochlan's birthday stuff as well."

"Nope. Not happening." I nudge Bodie towards the door, hoping he gets the hint. "Run, Bodie."

I jet toward the front door, not really running since I'm pregnant and huge. It's more of a waddled jog. Honestly, for me to be this big at only twenty-one weeks fucking sucks. I can't even fathom how big I'll be when I have the girls.

We make it to Bodie's truck with my grandmother yelling from behind us. "Isla Claire! Get your ass back here and take this money!"

"Sorry, I can't hear you!" I cackle and slam the truck door.

Bodie and I burst out laughing as soon as we get the doors closed. "Oh, she's going to murder me for that, but it was

great.”

“Oh, she’s definitely going to be pissed, but I think she secretly loves all the shit we give her. I think she was lonely before you and the kids moved back, and now between all of us and Will, she seems happier than she did when I used to see her around town,” Bodie admits, reaching to hold my hand like he does every time we’re in the car.

“I think you’re right. I hate that I was away from her for so long and she missed out on so much of the kids’ lives, but I’m thrilled she’ll be here to watch them grow from now on, and she’ll get to watch the twins grow from the moment they are born.” My phone dings, letting me know I have a notification.

“Hmm, that’s weird.” I muse out loud, wondering why I have a notice from my banking app as I open it.

“Oh, no, she didn’t,” I growl out, dialing my grandmother’s number, which goes straight to voicemail.

“What did she do?” Bodie asks, trying not to laugh but knowing it’s going to be something funny.

“She just deposited seven hundred dollars into my account. I don’t understand her. When I moved back, she gave me a bank account with literal millions in it. The value is constantly going up due to investments and whatever else she has going on, then there’s the fact she is constantly putting more money into mine and the kids’ accounts.” I take a deep breath. “I’m extremely grateful, but I don’t want her to feel like she has to constantly give us money, and it’s very overwhelming.” I look over to see a stunned Bodie.

Apparently, I never told the guys how much I’m actually worth. “So, uh, I guess that’s something we should talk about, huh?”

Bodie glances over at me. “Not if you don’t want to, Angel. We can keep our finances separate if that’s what you want. If you want us to all sit down and discuss it, we will when everyone is home. Now, let’s go spend your grandmother’s money.” I choke back a laugh at the last bit. I’m going to get her back for that.

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DOING the normal grocery runs with Bodie at the supermarkets aren't that great. However, since we needed party supplies and had some other household things to get this time, we decided on Walmart. If there is one place I love to go, it's Walmart; it has everything all in one store so I don't have to drive to a million places.

We figured the best option was to get all the non-perishable items first, so we started with household things. Everyone needed toothpaste, soap, socks, deodorant, and more vitamins. Maw-Maw's list was her diet cokes, protein bars, and body wash. We walked down every aisle and got way more stuff than we needed-including new clothes for all five kids, and more maternity clothes for me. By the time we made it around to the food, we had already filled up two buggies, so Bodie had to grab another.

We made sure to squeeze a full grocery haul into this trip as well, so all three buggies were slap full when we made it to the checkout line.

The cashier looked less than amused when we started putting things on the belt. "Did y'all find everything okay?" she asks, raising an eyebrow.

"Yes, ma'am. I think we found plenty." I chuckle as I organize everything on the belt the way I like it.

I am very picky about a few things and how my groceries are bagged is one of them. Since he knows how particular I am about it, Bodie is bagging while I load the belt. Because there's so much, he runs to go get another buggy to start putting the bags in, and takes the empty ones from me to fill as well. It takes twenty-five minutes, two separate transactions due to the item limitations, and over a thousand dollars, but we finally get everything loaded and back to the truck.

My stomach lets out a loud growl when we get back into the truck. "How much do you love me?" I bat my eyes up at Bodie.

“Let me guess, you’re hungry for something unhealthy?” he grins wryly.

“Oh, definitely after all that walking. I want a taco burger with cheese from Taco Bandido, pickle fries with ranch and a Dr. Pepper with cherries from Sonic, and a deluxe chicken sandwich from Chick-fil-A” I chirp happily, already dreaming of my snacks.

“You’re killing me, babe, but let’s go feed the beast,” Bodie jokes, headed toward our first stop.

“Oh yeah, tomorrow is my anatomy scan. You’re coming, right?” I ask when I see the reminder on my phone as we pull in to the drive through

“Of course, Angel. I wouldn’t miss it. The appointment is at ten-thirty, right?” He asks before pulling up to the speaker to order. He also grabs a snack for himself which isn’t all that surprising since he secretly loves junk food.

“Yeah. I think Odin is the only one off all day, so he and I will meet the rest of y’all up there.” I do a happy food dance when Bodie hands over the bag a few moments later.

“Wait!” I screech when he goes to pull off, causing him to slam on his brakes. “I need hot sauce.”

He glares over at me, then gets the attention of the guy at the window to grab my hot sauce. “Don’t scare me like that again, brat. You nearly gave me a heart attack. As for tomorrow, yes, I will definitely be meeting y’all there. I have a catering order to do first thing and I’ll be leaving the house around five in the morning so I can get everything done in time.”

I take a huge bite of my taco burger and let out a breathy moan. “Okay, baby,” I mumble around a mouthful, not caring about manners.

It’s been so great getting some much needed alone time with one of my men. Sometimes just running errands and spending quality time together means more than fancy dates.

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THE NEXT DAY is busier than expected. After getting the boys up for school and dropping them off, my grandmother asked me to run some papers to the lawyer's office for her since she and Vivian are going to the mall to watch the new Barbie movie that came out.

After driving across town, then back to the doctor's office, I'm two point five seconds from pissing my pants. Thankfully, when we pull into the doctor's office parking lot, a car is pulling out of the first 'Expecting Mothers' parking spot. I can see the other guys waiting by the door for us as Odin pulls into the space. As soon as he stops the SUV, I jump out and waddle as fast as I can past the guys, ignoring them completely right into the waiting room.

I rush up to the counter to the receptionist. "Hi, I'm Isla Aaron. Can I go ahead and do the urine sample? I need to pee," I rush out.

Chuckling, she points me towards the bathroom, letting me know the sample cups are inside with a marker as I hurry off. After finally getting to empty my very full bladder, I'm sitting with the guys in the waiting room reading *Crush and Confessions* by Jarica James and *Chloe Gunter* on my Kindle app, while they talk about football.

It only takes about twenty minutes until the nurse calls my name. She checks all my vitals and leads me to the ultrasound room. I no longer have to get half-naked for scans, thank god, so I go right back to my book while we wait. The guys have gotten used to me reading while we are waiting for any reason since it's my favorite way to pass the time.

I've finished two more chapters by the time the doctor walks in. "Good afternoon, Isla. Gentlemen," he greets as he comes over to sit at the machine. "How has everything been going?" he asks while getting everything set up.

"Honestly, it's been going pretty well. Morning sickness is gone. The babies move around a bunch. I feel great. I'm trying

to enjoy it while it lasts,” I reply, leaning back and raising my shirt.

He squirts some of the warm jelly on my belly. “That’s great. I’m glad you’re feeling better. Let’s take a look at these girls, shall we?”

He takes measurements and pictures of each girl’s brain, kidneys, lungs, and placentas, before starting on my cervix, uterus. “Alright, everything with both girls looks amazing. Twin A is measuring eleven and a half ounces and Twin B has caught up and is right at eleven ounces. I don’t see any cause for concern with either. Both are head down. Would y’all like to try to see if they will let us get a look at their faces?” he asks, smiling at me.

“Yes, please, and we have decided on names as well. Twin A is Willow and Twin B is Iris,” I inform him while staring at the screen as he switches to the HD setting.

“Beautiful names for what will be beautiful girls. Here is Willow,” he pauses the scan so we can get a good look at her.

It’s amazing at how perfect these images are. We can see her face so clearly. It takes my breath away. I’m tearing up from the pure emotion of seeing their faces for the first time.

“Wow, that’s so detailed, it’s almost like a picture. She’s so beautiful,” Odin says in awe, slack jawed as he stares at the screen.

The doctor prints a couple pictures before moving on. “Okay, and here is Iris.”

“They are being very cooperative today. This is the first time we’ve gotten to see their faces,” I tell him. At the maternal-fetal medicine visits, they would never turn where we could see them. You can already tell the girls won’t be identical by the subtle differences like the shapes of their noses and lips. We can actually see Iris stick her tongue out, then do a pouty face.

“I think you offended her already, Momma,” Orin chuckles.

I glance over at the guys, who all have tears running down their faces and look so fucking happy.

*I cannot wait to see them with tiny little babies.*



### *Isla*

“Lochlan, baby, come get your dinosaur shirt and swim trunks on. Everyone will be here soon for your party,” I call out exasperatedly, trying to corral a very hyper five year old who seems content to run around his room.

“Fine!” he sasses, shuffling his way over to me. “Are my friends really coming?” he asks, worriedly stepping into his swim trunks and letting me help get him dressed.

I kiss his forehead. “Of course sweetheart, most of your classmates are coming. Why don’t we go make sure everything is perfect for the party?” I suggest, leading him toward the pool house.

He takes off running when we make it to the door. Maw-Maw, my guys, and my other kids are there waiting on us. All of the guys except Silas and Bodie are in the pool already with Arden and Vivi.

Silas jogs over to grab Lochlan and tosses him into the air, “Are you ready to party, bud?”

Lochlan squeals and starts laughing. “Yes, daddy! Put me down, please! I wanna swim!”

Silas lowers him, and he shoots off to jump into the shallow end of the pool.

Odin snatches him out of the air before he can touch the water, and the guys start playing monkey in the middle, with Loch being the monkey.

“Wow, the room looks great!” I look at all the work Maw-Maw and the others did while I got the kids ready and kept the birthday boy busy so we could surprise him.

They have decorated the room to look like a jungle with cut out trees and vines. There are dinosaur cut outs of all his favorites and dino tracks leading to all the different tables for food, gifts, and crafts we have set up. There are a ridiculous amount of balloons everywhere, including a massive balloon arch at the door.

“Thanks, dear, I’m glad you like it! Everything should be set up and ready—” The doorbell rings and cuts off what she was saying. “I’ll go let the guests in!” She says, heading toward the front door.

Bodie walks over and wraps an arm around my waist. “How are you feeling, Angel?”

“I feel great! The second trimester has been going so well. I never got to enjoy a pregnancy before, so it’s been amazing.” I kiss his cheek as a handful of kids run in.

“Hey, guys! Thank you for coming! There are drinks and snacks on those tables there. You can’t get into the pool until your parents are in here. If you aren’t sure how to swim, you have to stay in the shallow end where you can touch the bottom or wear floaties, okay?” I ask the group.

I get some murmured ‘yes, ma’am’s’ as the parents make it to the pool room. “Hey! Thanks for bringing them! Food is on those tables, and the gifts can go on that table there. We have floaties for the kids that need them. If your child can’t swim, we ask that they stay in the shallow end or wear them at all times,” I repeat now that the parents are here.

Bodie walks over to show them where the floaties are. As more kids and parents filter in, I repeat the same thing, making sure all the parents know where the floaties are. We locked all the doors to separate wings of the house and roped off all the hallways with signs pointing to where the party is.

Callum has made his way out of the pool over to where I’m sitting with Maw-Maw and a couple other parents. We are

making small talk when Katie comes shuffling in. Everyone within earshot lets out a small groan when Victoria follows moments later. She is dressed in Daisy Dukes that barely cover her ass, a hot pink halter top that's two sizes too small, and hot pink hooker heels. Her long blonde hair is pulled back into a long ponytail.

Bodie notices she has walked in and immediately makes a beeline right for me, picks me up, and sets me in his lap.

“Are you seriously using your pregnant wife as a shield?” I harshly whisper.

“Yes, I am, and I don't even feel a little bad for it,” he whispers back. Maw-Maw stands up to go greet the very unwelcome guest. I hate that that sweet little girl has such a shitty mother.

Odin has Katie sitting by the pool, helping get her floaties on, since we all know her mother is utterly useless.

It seems we won't get lucky enough for her to act like an adult. As soon as she sees Bodie, she gives him what I assume is supposed to be a sexy grin, but she looks like she needs to take a shit.

“Hey, Bodie, how have you been?” she asks, leaning over the table so we get a great shot at her very fake boobs. Thankfully, we are sitting at the back of the table so she is a good two feet away from us.

Before Bodie can answer her, Lochlan calls out for me. “Ha. Good luck, sucker,” I whisper out the side of my mouth as I stand up and move as fast as my belly will let me toward where Lochlan is in the pool.

I forgot that I haven't been in the school for weeks now, and the guys always do car pick up and drop off, so she didn't know that I'm pregnant, and her face says it all. I'm peeking over towards the drama queen out of the corner of my eye.

She turns a lovely shade of red and whips her head at Bodie. “She's pregnant? Is it yours?”

Bodie sighs and stands up to face her. “Yes, she's pregnant, with twins actually; and yes, they are mine as she is my wife.

You need to get over yourself, Victoria. We dated close to two years ago. We broke up because you cheated. Find someone else to obsess over and leave me and my family alone.”

She lets out an aggravated screech and stomps out of the pool room toward the front door. I jump as glass shatters, and we hear the door slam. It’s so loud we can hear it echo around the house.

Maw-Maw walks over since the guys, other than Bodie, are helping the other parents keep the kids focused on the craft table. “I’ll go see what she broke and make sure she’s gone. Not sure what we will do about her daughter though.”

Sighing, I walk over to where the guys have all the kids sitting on the ground painting dinosaur themed watercolor paintings. It seems everyone is just about done, since kids are getting up and putting their artwork on the table to dry. “Hey, kiddos, when you’re done, why don’t y’all make a line by the food table, and we can eat some food, then do cake and presents. Afterwards, everyone can swim again.”

“Cake!” One little boy, I think his name is Rhett, screeches like a pterodactyl, running over to the food table.

I chuckle at all the kids bouncing around. Bodie and I help fix all the kids’ plates, and they all go sit at the cute child sized picnic tables we bought. They are long like normal ones but way lower to the ground.

“Angel, I’m going to run and get the cake out of the kitchen. I’ll be right back,” Bodie tells me after we make sure all the kids have plates. He passes my grandmother on the way out, and she looks pissed.

I rush over to where she stopped to talk to the other guys. “What happened?”

My grandmother is red faced and looks like she’s about to commit murder. “Well that psycho bitch knocked over the big vase in the foyer, for one,” she pauses, looking at me worriedly.

“What? What else did she do?” I ask nervously.

“She beat the hell out of your car. All the windows are smashed, and it’s dented up pretty good. She was peeling out in her car when I made it to the front door.” She sighs sadly. “I already called the police and Will. They are headed over. I’m going to wait for them out front, so they don’t interrupt the party.” She kisses my cheek and walks out.

“Ugh, well, I guess it’s good I needed a bigger car anyway. Since she’s most likely going to jail, what are we going to do with Katie? Do y’all know who her dad is?” I ask, looking over at the sweet little girl. You can tell she’s so much happier when her mom isn’t around. Some people just shouldn’t be parents.

“From what Bodie told us, he’s no longer in the picture; took off as soon as he found out she was pregnant. I’m pretty sure she was sleeping with a married man,” Odin tells me, pulling out his phone. “I’ll call the station and see if they can find next of kin. If not, she can stay here for the night until we figure something out.”

The rest of the party went off without a hitch, and all the kids had a great time. Lochlan said it was the best party of his life; he was so happy that most of this class showed up. None of the kids knew there was ever any drama to begin with, so that was wonderful.

By the time it was over, we still didn’t know what we were going to do about Katie. Surprisingly, her mother actually packed her extra clothes so we were able to get her in something dry. We let the kids run off to the playroom while we worked on getting everything figured out and all of Lochlan’s toys out of boxes and taken to the playroom.

Three hours later the guys and I finally collapse onto the couch, as soon as we are settled; Will and Maw-Maw walk into the room. They both sit down across from us on the recliners.

Will lets out a sigh. “So we have good news and bad news. First, Victoria was arrested. Turns out she had multiple warrants out on her for stalking, battery, and a slew of other charges all in the surrounding towns. She’s looking at a

minimum of five years just for those charges. When they searched her house, what they found there... Well, she won't be out for a long time."

He looks over at us with sad eyes. "Katie had no bed or toys. It seems she has been sleeping on the floor with a sheet. She had almost no clothes, and all the cabinets and the fridge had locks on them so she couldn't get food. Plus there were pipes and other drug paraphernalia everywhere along with tons of empty alcohol bottles."

"Oh my god, that poor baby." I gasp. I will never understand how a parent, especially a mother, could treat their child like that.

"Unfortunately, that's not all," Maw-Maw speaks up, placing a hand on Will's knee.

"Victoria's parents have been dead for years, and she either doesn't know or refuses to say who Katie's dad is. I have requested a court ordered DNA test, but until then, Katie will most likely end up in a group home as there are no open foster homes," Will continues.

I look around at the guys, and they all catch my eye and nod. "No, she won't. What do we have to do to get certified as a foster family?" I ask.

"Isla Claire, you have three kids and two on the way. We don't know how long it would be, and it could be permanent. That will be too much." My grandmother stands up and starts to pace.

"I know it'll be a lot, but that little girl deserves to know what it's like to be loved for once in her life, and hell, we are already going to have five kids, what's one more? It'll make it an even number. She's going to need more help than what the state can provide. We can make it work, but Will," I turn to look at the man in question. "Can we do it, legally?"

He looks off to the distance for a moment. "Yeah, I should be able to get it set up where you and Bodie are her legal guardians since you two are legally married. Let me step out

and make a call really quick.” He grabs his phone off the table and walks out the patio door.

I stand and turn to face the guys. “Are you all sure you want to do this? We could always find a different arrangement.”

Bodie stands up and walks over, pulling me into his arms. “Angel, like you said, what’s one more kid to add to this chaos? I wasn’t with Victoria long, but when she brought Katie around, she was always a really sweet little girl. I would hate for her to end up somewhere just as bad or worse than living with her mother.”

“He’s right, Wildflower. We have the room, money, time, and hands to take on one, or even five, more. We can do this,” Silas agrees just as Will walks back into the room.

“Okay, I made a couple calls, and the judge agreed it would be best for Katie to stay where we know she would be safe and would get any help she needs. So Monday morning, we will go down to the courthouse and sign the papers for y’all to be her legal guardians. Now normally this would not be approved, but since your grandmother and I are well known, it was. However—”

“Is my mommy coming to get me?” a small voice interrupts from the hallway.

We all turn and look towards the hall, and all four kids are standing there. I glance back at the others. “Kids, why don’t y’all come have a seat?”

They all shuffle over to the couch and sit down, and I take a seat on the table in front of Katie. “Sweetheart, your mommy is really sick. She’s going to be away for a while to get some help. If you would like to, you can stay here. If you don’t, we could try and find you somewhere else to stay if you would be more comfortable.”

She looks so confused for a moment. “She’s not coming back?”

“Not for a while, sweet girl. Do you want to take a little bit of time and think about it, and then you can tell us what you

want to do?" I ask softly.

She nods sadly. I push her blonde hair out of her face. "Do you want me to show you where you'll sleep tonight?"

Lochlan jumps up. "Is she sleeping in my room?" he asks excitedly.

"No, bud, she will be sleeping in Vivian's room on the pull-out bed, so why don't we go show her to your room Vivian?" I reach out and take both girls' hands.

As we walk towards our wing, I make sure to point out the bathrooms and where the kitchen is and everything she might need to know.

When we make it to our rooms, the boys go running ahead excitedly to show Katie her new room. Vivian lets go of my hand to grab the other little girl's hand, opening the door to her room.

Katie gasps. Bodie went ahead and pulled out the trundle bed. Thankfully, I keep it made up. "I get my own bed with covers?" she asks in shock.

Odin kneels in front of her. "Sweet girl, you will never have to sleep on the floor, go hungry, or be hurt again. We promise you." She throws her arms around his neck and starts crying. Silas ushers the others out of the room to give her a minute.

*I never would have expected to end up with another little girl at my son's birthday, but I hope we can keep our promise and keep her safe.*



### *Isla*

The last couple months have flown by, and we were able to finalize everything for Katie. We went on a massive shopping trip and let her buy anything she wanted. I've never seen a child so happy about getting her own stuff. Victoria's case is looking a lot worse than we thought as new information keeps coming to light. It's been almost eight weeks, and Katie has been doing wonderfully.

We have her in therapy, and it's helped her come out of her shell a lot. Unfortunately, the abuse was a lot worse than we originally thought. I took her for a checkup the same day we signed court papers, and it showed years of improperly healed breaks and fractures. Her awful eczema is due to a really severe dairy allergy that has gone ignored for god knows how long. Poor thing took a good couple of weeks to get used to being around my grandmother and me. Since her mother was her abuser, she was wary of us.

She did amazing with the guys, and with their help and therapy multiple times a week, she has made substantial progress. We haven't told her, or reminded the other kids, about the Disney World trip, so I'm currently working on packing their bags and getting everything ready to fly out first thing in the morning.

It's Friday, and next week is the kids' spring break so we will be in Florida from Saturday to Friday. We plan on trying to spread everything out to make it easier on not only the kids but me as well since I'm twenty-seven weeks pregnant.

Luckily, my doctor signed off on me being able to travel. Plus, I'm no longer seeing the maternal-fetal medicine since he felt no need for it anymore. The girls and I have been perfectly healthy the whole time.

All of the guys and my grandmother are out and about either finishing up at their jobs or getting last minute things we need for the trip. Vivian wanted to go with Maw-Maw, so I have the house to myself, which is wonderful while trying to make sure we have everything for all the kids.

Flying with four kids is going to be a lot, even for all the adults. I found a harness type seat that works just like a carseat, but is approved for planes and also car seat technician approved, so that makes things easier. It helps that my grandmother hired a Hummer limo to pick us up from the airport and bought the car seats for each kid, making sure they would be delivered to the car service company.

To surprise the kids with the fact we are leaving in the morning. When the older three get home from school, I have their suitcases packed and waiting on them. We had custom shirts made with their favorite Disney characters that say, 'See you tomorrow!' as well as stuffed animals and Mickey ears to match the shirts and the magic bands for everyone. I, of course, got shirts for all eight adults since Will is also coming on the trip. I am so freaking excited since I've never been to Disney, and I know this will be so much fun for the kids and something they will always remember.

We want to make as many good memories with Katie as we can since they are still looking for her biological father. They haven't had any luck yet, and we truly hope he doesn't turn up. We have all fallen in love with her sweet self, and she fits in so perfectly with our family.

I hear my phone start ringing under the pile of shit I was packing into Arden's suitcase. When I finally find it and get it answered, I'm out of breath and I have to pee for the billionth time today.

"Hello?" I huff, doing my waddle-run to the bathroom.

“Hey, Babygirl, we are about to pick the kids up and grab dinner. We’ll be home in about forty-five minutes. Were you still wanting teriyaki chicken and a california roll?” Odin asks.

“Yeah, that’s—” *Achoo*. “Aw, fuck. That’s fine. I gotta go.” I try to end the call.

“What’s wrong? Are you okay?” he asks worriedly.

“Uh, I’m fine. I was trying to hurry to the bathroom when I sneezed. Let’s just say three full term births, six total pregnancies, and having twins on my bladder means I don’t have the best control. I need to change,” I grumble, pulling my leggings off when I make it to my bathroom.

I hear a strangled chuckle. “You peed yourself?” he asks, and I can hear the smile in his voice.

“Nope, I sneezed and shot the twins out,” I deadpan. “Yes, I peed myself. Now, bye, I need to jump in the shower and clean off,” I snap and hang up the phone.

By the time I get cleaned up, dressed, and mop up my mess from the floor, I barely have enough time to get the rest of the kids’ stuff packed when they come walking through the door.

Everything is set up to surprise them in the dining room so they will see it before dinner. Odin walks in with a half smirk on his face, and I roll my eyes, trying to force the smile from my lips

He comes over, pulling me into a hug, “I love you even when you pee on yourself.”

“Oh? Not especially when I pee myself?” I pout, which makes him burst into a fit of laughter and the others look at me like I’ve completely lost my marbles.

When I catch Callum’s eye, there’s a glimmer there and I know the cogs are spinning, realizing he’s missing something and trying to figure out what.

I turn to face the kids who are busy taking their shoes off so they can walk on the carpet.

“Hey, kiddos, we have a big surprise for y’all. I want all of you to cover your eyes, and we will walk you to where it is, alright?” I let out a small laugh at the excited squeals.

After they put their hands over their eyes and we make sure none of them are peeking, we each take one of the kids by their shoulders and lead them into the dinning room. “So, we are going to count down from five. When we get to one, you can open your eyes.”

“Yes, ma’am!” Arden all but yells, and the others follow suit.

The guys, Maw-Maw, and I go to stand behind the suitcases so we can see their faces. Odin is also recording so we have this memory on camera.

Once we are all in position, we start the countdown. “Five! Four! Three! Two! One! Open your eyes!”

Their eyes pop open, and they all stand there, taking in what they are seeing for a moment before Lochlan looks up at us. “We are going to Disney?”

“Yeah, bud, go to whichever bag has your favorite character on it,” Silas tells them, beckoning Vivi over with his finger since he’s behind her bag.

“Now, Arden, can you read what the shirt says? Sound out the words,” I encourage.

He looks at the shirt for a moment and starts sounding the words out. I kneel down next to him so I can help him easier. “Sssee yoouu tu-mah-row,” he sounds out slowly.

“Okay, now what does it say?” I probe.

“See you tomorrow?” he asks, looking between the shirt and me.

“I’m going to see Buzz Lightyear tomorrow?” he asks excitedly.

“That’s right, bud! Tomorrow we will see Buzz, Mickey, Elsa, and Belle! We’re going to Disney!” I exclaim.

Arden, Lochlan, and Vivian all start screaming and jumping around, but Katie looks absolutely devastated and starts crying. She runs out of the dining room and throws herself on the couch, burying her face in the cushion.

Bodie and I are right behind her. When I make it to the couch, I pick her up so she's sitting across my lap. "Sweetheart, what's wrong?"

"I don't want to stay here alone. It'll be scary!" She sobs on my shoulder.

I look up at an equally confused Bodie. "Katie, baby, why do you think we would leave you here?"

She wipes her face and looks down at her hands. "When mommy would go on fun trips, I had to stay at home. I was always alone. She said I had school and I had been bad so I couldn't go to fun places. I promise I'll be good, please don't leave me!" She's crying so hard at this point.

I pull her in for a tight hug and kiss the top of her head. "Katie, look at me, sweet girl."

I softly place my hand under her chin to lift her face to mine. "We will never, ever leave you home alone. It doesn't matter where we go. If we take trips, you will be with us. We love you and would never leave you behind. I promise you." Every time we find out something new, I end up hating that bitch even more. *Who the fuck leaves a fucking five year old at home alone for god knows long?*

She sniffles softly. "I get to go, too? Really?"

"Yes, sweetie. You're coming too. Do you want to come see your shirt and stuff?" Bodie asks, reaching for her hand.

She gently takes his hand and follows him back to the dining room. As soon as she's out of ear shot, I dial Will's number on my phone. He will be here later tonight, but I'm fucking livid and don't want to wait.

He answers by the third ring. "Hello? Everything okay, Isla?"

“Nope, not at all. Katie had a breakdown when we told the kids about the Disney trip. Want to know why?” I ask.

I can hear him sigh. “I don’t think I really do, but let’s hear it.”

“That bitch of a mother would leave her young child at home alone when she would go on trips. She would tell her daughter that she was bad and didn’t deserve to go do fun things. Who knows how many times this happened, or for how long Katie was left alone each time?” I’m seething and pacing around the living room by this point.

“God, I don’t understand how CPS wasn’t called sooner. How did so many people miss these red flags? I’m going to have the firm’s private investigator dig around and see if we can find any information about these trips and see if we can prove she was leaving Katie at home alone. I’ll call him as soon as we get off the phone so he can start right away.” I can hear him rustling through papers, I’m guessing looking for the number.

“Have we located any family for her?” I honestly don’t want to know the answer. I don’t think I want to give her up. That little girl has wormed her way into our hearts so fast.

“No, all the leads we have found point to dead ends, literally. We’ve had a couple genetic hits, but everyone so far is deceased.” He doesn’t sound sad about that either.

“Good. I’m going to get back to the others. I’ll see you later. Thanks, Will.”

“Bye, Isla, you’re welcome. See you later! ”

I hang up the phone and head back to the dining room. Someone has my food laid out for me, and I dive right in since it’s been a whole two hours since I’ve eaten which means the twins think they are starving to death. Or at least, I’m going to blame the fact I’m eating constantly on the need to feed three.

Dinner is a rowdy affair since the kids are all hyped up and excited. Katie seems to be doing a lot better and happy now that she knows she’s not being left behind. After we get the kids fed and bathed, we get them settled down and asleep.

The guys get all of the bags loaded up in the back of Bodie's truck and my new car, a Chevy Tahoe. It seats eight and all the car seats fit perfectly. Did I take six car seats to the dealership and try every single one? Yes, I did. It is fully loaded and is a stunning gunmetal gray. My other car is still in the shop and we plan on keeping it as a backup for the guys to drive since we can fit most of the kids in it too.

I decided to get my shower out of the way tonight so I can get a couple extra minutes of sleep in the morning. I've zoned out while enjoying the sting of the hot water on my sore body when I feel hands running up my legs.

I lean back into the body behind me. I know it's Orin by the tattoos on his arm. He spins me to face him and leans over to the shelf to squirt some of my body wash in his hands.

He starts rubbing it all over my body, starting at my shoulders and slowly working his way down to my boobs. He pinches my nipples, knowing how sensitive they are now. "I've missed you, Mistress."

I hum softly, watching him slowly wash his way down my body, kneeling as he goes lower. "I've missed touching and tasting you. I've missed feeling that amazing pussy strangling my cock and filling you up with my cum." He lets out a groan as he leans in and licks up my folds.

My knees nearly buckle at the sensation. I grab a handful of his hair and hold him right where I want him. "I've missed you too, Pet. I've missed seeing you on your knees in front of me. How about if you're a good boy for me and make me cum on that wicked tongue of yours, I'll let you fuck me and fill me up?"

He wastes no time diving in. He pulls back and stands up to lead me over to the shower bench. "Mistress, will you please bend over so I have better access?"

I lean in and pull him in for a kiss, wrapping my hands around his throbbing cock. I nip his lip when I pull away and leave him panting. I turn and bend over, placing my hands on the bench.

I feel the sting of his teeth sinking into the soft flesh of my ass and let out a soft moan that drags out when he swipes his tongue from my core all the way to my ass. He's buried in between my legs, licking every inch of me. I feel him start to fuck me with his tongue, taking turns plunging it into my soaking wet pussy and sucking my clit. He slowly works a finger into both my holes, sucking and licking up every drop of my wetness. I'm shaking and moaning and barely keeping myself from screaming.

"Do you like that, Mistress? Am I pleasing you enough to your liking," Orin asks around my cunt. I can feel his breath as he speaks.

"Oh, yes, Pet. I'm so close, make me cum, then bury your dick inside of me," I order.

He bites down on my clit, finally pushing me over the edge. "You've been such a good boy for me, Pet. Now fuck me," I demand.

I let out a strangled scream, as he does what he's told. His hands are on my hips, pulling me to him as he pounds into me. I'm not even a little shocked when Silas joins us, sliding down between my legs and giving me a feral grin as he latches on my clit. I give him a couple seconds before I pull him up and push him to sit on the bench. I take his cock to the back of my throat.

"Fuck, Wildflower. Your mouth feels so fucking good." I swallow him down again and again.

"How does that cunt feel, Orin? Is she strangling that thick cock of yours?" Silas and his filthy mouth is making me wetter and wetter, and I didn't think it was possible.

"Fuck, yes, she feels like heaven. She likes when you talk dirty. Her pussy clamps down everytime," Orin growls out.

I use my finger to gather up some spit that's running down Silas's dick, then gently press my finger into his ass. He lets out a loud moan as I swallow around his cock again.

He's getting so close. I can feel him starting to swell in my mouth. Orin reaches around and pinches my clit at the same

time Silas pinches my nipples.

I come with a gurgled shout around Silas's dick and pump my finger a couple more times.

"Fuck!" he shouts, shooting his salty cum down my throat. Orin slams into me one more time, then he comes with a strangled moan.

Silas pulls me up so my core, dripping with Orin and my releases, is in his face. He buries his tongue between my legs and licks up every single drop. He doesn't stop until I'm coming again.

I can't hold myself up anymore, so Silas pulls me into his lap as Orin quickly washes my hair.

They help me dry off and pull on a t-shirt and panties. I fall into bed with a smile on my face, dreaming about the lifetime of good dick I get to enjoy.



### *Isla*

The sheer amount of chaos of flying with four kids six and under, was traumatic. All four had fall down, drag out tantrums since we had to get up at four-thirty to make it to the airport by five thirty. All of their crying and screaming had me having panic attacks, and all of that was just at the airport. I was two seconds away from saying fuck Disney and taking my ass home. However, the guys managed to calm the kids and me down. By the time we boarded the plane, everyone was in much better moods.

We bought each kid a little back pack to keep their switches, games, and snacks in for easy access during the flight. Odin and I sat in one row with Vivian between us, Orin and Bodie had Katie, Arden wanted Maw-Maw, so Lochlan was with Silas and Callum. It definitely made it easier having two adults per kid. When we have the twins, it'll be one adult with each kid and Maw-Maw and Will will be extra hands.

Thank every deity in existence the flight is only two hours from Louisiana to Florida instead of a twelve hour drive with no stops. That would not have been feasible with four kids and a heavily pregnant woman.

Our flight took off at seven am and we made it to Orlando by nine. By the time we got our bags, found our ridiculous limo, grabbed food, and finally made it to the resort, it was almost noon, so we checked into the beautiful Grand Flordian and decided to make it a pool day. Will sat with Maw-Maw under the cabana as she made park reservations for everyone

while we swam with the kids. For dinner, we ate at Victoria and Albert's at the chef's table. That was hands down one of the best dinners I've ever eaten, and that's saying a lot since I'm married to a chef. Even Bodie had no complaints, which is rare when we go eat at fancier places.

As soon as we made it back to the suite after dinner, we all passed out, so it's absolutely no surprise that it's eight am and the kids are busting through the door. I've been up since about five, then Maw-Maw texted at seven, telling me she was going to buy the Genie+ passes for everyone so it was one less thing we would have to do with the kids. She also mentioned she and Will wanted to have some breakfast alone.

"It's time to get up! We gotta go ride all the rides!" Arden is bouncing around like he's had five pots of coffee already, and I can already tell today is going to be crazy.

"Where are your brother and sisters?" Silas grumbles from beside me, still half asleep.

The kids have started referring to Katie as their sister, and the counselor she is seeing said to take it at her pace, and that we could correct her if we wanted, but we are planning on officially adopting her. After seeing her so much when I worked at the school, all the school events, then seeing how much she has blossomed since being with us, we don't want her to lose another family. Regardless of how shitty her mom was, she loved Victoria.

"What time is it?" Callum asks in between yawns.

"It's eight. We slept later than I thought." Silas replies, groaning.

Arden climbs on the bed to snuggle up next to me, since he's always been the one who loved getting cuddles the most. "Maw-Maw had breakfast delivered. They are all eating and getting dressed. She sent me in to get y'all. We are going to the Magic Kingdom!" He kisses my cheek, then jumps up and runs back into the living room.

"Ugh, come on, let's get up. I'm sure my grandmother sent the kids after the others too." I roll around like an upside down

turtle until Silas takes pity on me and gently pushes me out of the bed. The beds here aren't big enough for everyone like we are used to. I have the room with the only king bed. Bodie and Orin took one queen bed, Odin took one for himself because we wanted to stretch out, and we will of course rotate who stays with me. Last night it was Silas and Callum. Maw-Maw and Will have a bedroom, and the boys took the pull out couch so the girls could take the last bedroom. Thank god they had a big enough villa to accommodate our large group.

After everyone is fed, dressed, and packed up, we head to the first park of the trip. I think this is the one I'm most looking forward to. We decided to take the ferry boat, which makes me nervous with kids, but we manage keep hold of all of them. We are all speechless when we walk into the park. It's so stunning.

Katie is holding my hand as we walk over to the Jungle Cruise ride. "Can we live here?" she asks seriously.

I start laughing, causing the others to glance back at me. "That would be so cool, wouldn't it? However, If we lived here, we wouldn't get to stay in the super cool hotel, ride all the buses, and eat at all the awesome places. Since we would live here we would have a house, our own car and Bodie would cook most of the time just like at home. It wouldn't be as magical without all the extra bits." I boop her on the nose, and she gives me a big smile.

Thankfully there are a good amount of rides I can go on while pregnant at each park, and the kids won't go on anything too high so I get to do most of it with them.

The ride was so fun and the kids loved seeing all of the animatronic animals. I've never been a big fan of Six Flags or any other amusement parks since I don't like being upside down or going super fast, but the kids really enjoyed it. I love hearing their laughter and seeing their faces light up. We hit the Haunted Mansion, It's a Small World, Peter Pan's Flight, and Dumbo before we decided it was time for a late lunch.

My feet are killing me, and my back feels like I'm carrying a thousand pounds. We are headed to Be Our Guest since my

favorite princess is Belle and I'm trying to make it there before I pee everywhere because my bladder is screaming. If one of the twins kicks, it's all over. Thankfully, Maw-Maw made sure to make reservations, so we are seated almost immediately. The guys get a kick out of me dragging the girls to the bathroom with me.

When we make it back to the table, I feel so much better, and I realize how hungry I am. I'm seated with Vivian on my right, Odin to my left, with Lochlan next to him, followed by Bodie, Arden, Orin, Katie, Silas, Maw-Maw, then Will, and ending with Callum on the other side of Vivian.

"Angel, I ordered drinks and appetizers while you were in the bathroom and I checked about allergies as well," Bodie says as he picks up bread from the table to butter for Arden.

We all take a second to look at the menus while the kids are snacking on bread. When the waitress comes back, I order the kids' chicken breast, the 'Beast Casserole', which is just mac and cheese, and grilled tenderloin. For their sides, we picked sauteed zucchini, fries, and sweet potatoes. We've found that getting different dishes and giving all four of them some of each helps with arguing. I'm never letting my grandmother pick where we eat again because nothing on the adult menu looks good, but I figured the safest option is the steak without the weird sauce. I've already decided I'm finding something else to eat after this. I can tell most of the guys aren't amused by the choices, either. We are too country and small-town for fancy food like this. Bodie and Odin look like they are on cloud nine though.

I take a minute to actually take in the room, and holy shit, it's stunning. It looks just like Beast and Belle's castle. We were seated in the West Wing room. Along the far wall rests a replica of the rose from the movie. Every 10 minutes or so a petal falls from the rose as lightning streaks along the window behind the flower display. The torn tapestries and destroyed portrait add to the overall forbidding feeling of being in the forbidden West Wing from the movie.

It doesn't take long at all for our food to be brought out, and after passing around the kids' dishes to separate

everything, I'm so hungry I have to remind myself to slow down and take my time so I can actually taste the food. It isn't awful, but I'm way too picky for fine dining. It's food, though, and I am starving.

The kids absolutely devour their food, which is great. I'm glad they are getting full. Silas is the only other one that doesn't look like he's going to eat much either.

"Isla Claire, do you not like your meal?" my grandmother asks when she notices I'm just pushing around the veggies on my plate.

"Uh, not really. You know I'm kinda picky when it comes to food, and nothing on the menu looked even a little bit edible to me. I'm getting a corn dog when we leave," I reply, taking a small bite of the potato puree.

"I completely agree. It's okay but not quite my style," Silas agrees, grabbing the bread basket to grab a piece before passing it to me. I have to admit the bread is amazing.

As soon as we finish eating and pay, Silas and I haul ass to Casey's Corner to get a corn dog while the others take the kids for ice cream.

Once we all have a full belly, we do character meet and greets. The kids got to meet Cinderella, Belle, Jasmine, then Mickey and his crew. After our food settles, we ride Dumbo and the Flying Elephant, Buzz Lightyear's Space Ranger Spin, and Monsters, Inc Laugh Floor. We decided on a late dinner, so we could watch the fireworks. Since it's only the end of March, it's a bit chilly. Thankfully, we all packed light jackets. We walk around for a few minutes until we find somewhere to sit and watch the show.

The look of wonder on my kids' faces makes every moment in my life that brought me to where I am worth everything we've all been through.

Lochlan crawls in my lap and wraps his arms around me. "Thank you for being the best mommy ever. I love you bunches."

“You don’t have to thank me, baby, it’s my job. I love you bunches too.” I kiss his nose, and he turns to face the firework show again.

The next couple days both fly by and drag on. Day three, we hit Hollywood Studios; we took our rental car instead of trying to put all thirteen of us on a bus. I was in absolute heaven since I love Star Wars, and the boys love Toy Story, so it was their favorite. We ate a quick breakfast at the hotel, planning to have a sit down lunch. We rode the Mickey and Minnie’s Runway Railroad, Toy Story Midway Mania, and the guys took the kids on the Slinky Dog Dash and Rise of the Resistance since I couldn’t go on those. Lunch was Hollywood and Vine. You can never go wrong with a buffet, plus Mickey and Minnie visited the tables so that was a lot of fun.

I don’t think I’ve ever seen any of the kids so carefree and happy, and it’s the best feeling in the world. Being twenty-seven weeks pregnant, all the walking isn’t great on my body—especially my ankles and feet—and Braxton Hicks are already kicking my ass, but it’s worth every second, seeing them so excited.

Day four was Epcot. This time we took the bus because the kids asked if we could. While Maw-Maw and Will head off separately to enjoy the World Showcase, the guys and kids went on Mission Space and Test Track. We all went on Frozen Ever After, Soarin’, and then Nemo and Friends. The aquarium was absolutely stunning, and it was amazing getting to show the kids all the sea creatures. For lunch, we ate at the Coral Reef restaurant.

After meeting up with Will and Maw-Maw for dinner, we decided to turn in early so we would have more energy for our last full day. All four kids needed to be carried to bed because they passed out on the ride back to the villa.

Day five was Animal Kingdom. We took the bus again and enjoyed seeing all the wild animals. The kids love going to the zoo at home so getting to see everything up close was a lot of fun. We rode World of Avatar and took a train ride to the petting zoo and conservation area where we got to see vets

work on the animals, which was actually super cool. We had lunch at Tusker House and got to eat with more characters.

After leaving Animal Kingdom we decided to head over to Disney Springs for some late afternoon shopping and dinner. After buying way too many souvenirs at World of Disney we had dinner at T-Rex. The entire restaurant is filled with animatronic dinosaurs, which all of the kids absolutely loved, especially Lochlan.

Day six was another day we spent lounging around the pool, we decided that we all needed a day of rest, so we just let the kids play in the pool and take it easy.

The day for the flight home, we booked a later flight for one pm so we didn't have to rush and stress about packing. Maw-Maw had all of the stuff we bought shipped back home so we didn't have to travel with more suitcases.

This was hands down the best trip and experience of my life, and I'm so grateful the kids got to make such amazing core memories. Other than the occasional tantrum, the kids did amazingly. We took an absolutely ridiculous amount of pictures, and we ate so much junk I'm sure Bodie is going to be force feeding us veggies for a month.

Even the time in the airport this time was smooth. The kids and I napped on the quick flight home. It was five pm when we finally made it to the house, so while Bodie warmed up an easy dinner of lasagna that he had pre-cooked and frozen, and made a salad, the others unloaded the cars and I bathed the kids. I'm so glad we came home on a Saturday so we have Sunday for the kids to unwind. It's also my birthday so we are going to dinner with Chris, Nathan, Ellen, Jose, and Joe. We are going to Bodie's restaurant since Cajun food is my favorite.

We just have ten more weeks until the twins are here to complete the madness, and I can't wait.



### *Isla*

Our Disney trip was a month ago, and the kids are still living off the high from all the spectacular adventures. I'm currently thirty-two weeks pregnant. It's finally the Saturday of my baby shower. We aren't doing anything big since we have already bought everything we needed, but we wanted to get to celebrate the girls. We are going to one of the nicer Mexican restaurants with our close friends and having a nice meal.

I've been having more and more Braxton Hicks lately, and I'm worried the twins will be coming sooner than we had hoped. I've spent the last week obsessively organizing every inch of the house, as much as the guys and my grandmother would let me. The upgrades to the wing have been made, and we finally got the nursery done.

It's so beautiful, painted a mid-tone purplish-pink called Cherry Juice. We have navy, baby blue, cream, and dark purple flowers on the walls. Willow's bedding is a light blue with floral sheets to match, and Iris's is light pink with the same sheets.

I found an amazing creator on Etsy that made a custom door hanger and the decals for their names to be put on the wall. I'm so in love with how it turned out. We ended up doing a lot more moving and rearranging to the rooms than we thought. We had to make Vivian's and Katie's room bigger, plus we added loft beds for each of them so they have their own space. The room we made the nursery into was originally

an office that was on the other side of our bedroom, so now we have two entrances, which will be easier when they are older.

Luckily, Will knows an amazing contractor, and it only took them five weeks to finish everything. Chris and Nathan let them in to start work when we were at Disney. I am still impressed with how amazing their work was in such a short amount of time. We all had to sleep in a guest wing when we got back from vacation, but it was worth it since ours is now perfect for our growing family.

I'm stepping out of the shower when Odin comes in, carrying a garment bag. "Hey, Babygirl, we got something for you." He's staring at me through the mirror. His eyes fill with heat when he sees I'm naked.

"Hmm, and what would that be, Sir?" I bat my eyes at him.

"Is someone feeling needy?" He hangs the bag up on the towel rack and wraps his arms around my massive belly.

"Please, Sir," I whisper, grinding my ass against his growing bulge. "I need you. Who knows when I'll have the girls, and I'll be out of commission for at least six weeks. I need you to touch me." I turn my head and start kissing his neck, and when I hear his breath hitch, I bite down.

"Feeling bratty, are we? Okay then, Babygirl, I'll give you what you want. I'm going to put you on the counter and place your hands on the mirror behind you. Don't move unless I tell you to. Do you understand?" he asks, unbuckling his jeans and kicking them off.

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Odin

"YES, SIR," she whispers.

I pick her up and set her on the counter. She opens her legs nice and wide so I have perfect access to her pretty, dripping wet cunt. I kneel down to bury my tongue deep in her core. She lets out a low groan as I lick from her pussy all the way to her puckered hole. I lick and suck her clit until she's a shaking

mess. She screams as she cums on my tongue. I don't give her a chance to recover, slamming my throbbing cock into her, and we both let out loud moans. I reach up and wrap my hand around her throat and gently squeeze. I can feel her cunt flutter around me.

"I'm so close, Sir... please, fuck me harder," she sobs.

I oblige by grabbing her hips and slamming into her. "Play with yourself, Isla, cum on my cock like a good girl," I growl, and I can feel the tingles shooting up my spine, letting me know how close I am.

"Odin!" she screams, I can feel her release running down my cock, leaving a puddle on the counter. Two more hard thrusts and I cum with a shout.

I slowly pull out of her, set her down on the floor, and lead her back to the shower to get cleaned up.

"Thank you for that." She wraps her arms around me and nuzzles into my neck as we rinse off.

"You don't have to thank me for giving you what you need, baby. I love you." I kiss her head.

"I love you too. Now let's finish washing up and get going," she sasses, cleaning herself faster than I've ever seen. "I want some tamales," she chirps, stepping out to dry off again. She finally gets a chance to see the beautiful emerald green wrap dress we bought her.

"Oh my god, this is beautiful. Thank you, I love it so much!" She pulls me in for a quick kiss so we don't get distracted.

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WE FINALLY ALL make it to the restaurant, surprisingly only ten minutes late. I'm sure we will be late for things until all six of the kids are grown, since trying to get four dressed and out the door is absolutely chaotic.

When we make it to our table, Jose, Joe, Ellen, Chris, and Nathan are already seated. There are balloons, cake and gifts. It seems Isla's best friend decided she needed a little bit of an actual party anyway.

"Chris! I told you it was just going to be dinner." Isla tries to sound stern, but she has a huge smile on her face.

He stands up so he can pull her in for a hug. "Now what kind of BFFL would I be if I didn't spoil you just a little?"

"BFFL?" Bodie asks, confused.

"Best friend for life, duh!" Chris and Isla parrot simultaneously before busting out laughing.

"Okay now, children, sit down so we can eat," Emma teases, sitting down to look over the menu.

Bodie and Silas take over figuring out what the kids want so Isla can spend some time with her friends. She and Jose have also become close, and she adores him. I enjoy watching her circle of friends grow.

Isla is sitting to my right with Chris to her left. I'm turned towards Orin, talking about a new training they have coming up in a couple weeks when I hear Isla suck in a breath from behind me.

"Oww!" she whines.

The others and I whip our heads around so fast I'm shocked we don't break our necks. Before we can bombard her with questions, she holds up a hand to stop us.

"I'm fine. It was a mix of strong Braxton Hicks and a perfectly timed kick to the cervix." She doesn't give us a chance to comment before she turns back to her conversation with Chris.

Our waitress comes and takes our order, bringing Isla her queso which she damn near ends up drinking. Mexican food has been her biggest craving the last few weeks. I actually watched her drink some queso a couple days ago. It's quite the sight honestly.

Before we get the chance for her to start opening presents, we see Stefanie come stomping through the restaurant towards us. Isla's face becomes hard when she sees her.

"Maw-Maw, will you, Jose, and Joe take the kids outside? Now please," she asks. They all grab the kids and head out the side door right as the bitch makes it to our table. Isla stands to face her. I make sure my body is blocking her as much as possible, just in case this crazy ass woman tries something.

"What the fuck do you want, Stafanie? How did you know where we were? Are you stalking me now?" Isla demands, looking angrier than I've ever seen her.

"Why would I stalk you when I can pay someone else to do it, you stupid whore? Give me my grandsons now. You have two more worthless kids coming, plus the mistake you call a daughter, and the little junkie kid you stole. They don't need to be raised in your fucking whore house. You're going to ruin them like you did my son!"

"No, that's where you're wrong. You and your piece of shit husband ruined your son. You raised him to be an abusive, lying, cheating, all around awful human. You knew he was beating and raping me and yet you did nothing. It's your fault he's dead. If you would have gotten him help he might still be alive. It's not my fault Mark's only way to save my daughter and I was to take him out. I don't feel even a tiny amount of guilt. My kids are safe, and that's all that matters." Her voice is so calm and cold it sends a shiver down my spine.

"Nothing is going to stop me. I'll have my grandsons even if I have to burn that house down with your fucked up family in it and take them myself." *Did this bitch really just threaten a multiple homicide in the middle of a restaurant? She's out of her damn mind!*

"I guess your son really did get his brains from you. I'm a cop, dumbass. You broke a restraining order, and made threats of kidnapping, murder, and arson. Did you not think Emma was calling our lawyer and the cops as soon as she took the kids out? You're going to jail and this time you won't be getting out." I chuckle darkly at the look on her face.

Before she has the chance to respond, officers are next to her, grabbing and putting her in cuffs. They haul her off, kicking and screaming.

“God, I hope that’s the last time I have to see that bitch—” Her words are cut off when she gasps and grabs her stomach.

She looks up at me with tears in her eyes. “Something is wrong. Something is wrong with the babies!” She’s crying now, and I can’t tell if it’s from the pain or the fear.

“Oh, fuck, Isla.” Chris barely pulls up the front of her dress where we can see her legs.

Blood. There is so much blood.

“Odin...” She doesn’t finish her sentence. Her eyes roll back, and she passes out. Chris and I grab her at the same time, lowering her to the floor.

I pull out my phone, dialing 911. “Yes, I need an ambulance. My wife’s pregnant, and she started bleeding and passed out. Please, hurry.”

As I hold her in my arms and stare down at her motionless body, the worst scenarios run through my mind and a tear slips from my eye.

*Please... If there’s anyone there to listen... Please, don’t let us lose them...*

The End...until next time.

## WHAT'S NEXT?

Want to find out what happens next? New Beginnings book three, Forever Found, comes out 2023

Death and Love Book One coming 2024

Thank you for following Isla's story! Keep an eye out for the blurbs for Forever Found and my next series.

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