



# Betting Her Curves

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**Category:** Erotic, Romance, Billionaire Romance

**Description:** It was high stakes poker ... and I lost my curves to an arrogant Irishman who intends to claim his prize.

Ashley:

I was desperate. I arrived in Vegas to dance as a ballerina, but the ballet company went kaput before I even unpacked my bags.

Whoops! Desperate for money, I began playing high stakes poker at casinos on the Strip.

But I've never met an opponent like Patrick O'Lachlan. The alpha male is tall and dominant, with a smirk on those mobile lips that make me want to kiss him and smack him at once. He's got broad shoulders that fill out a tux, a muscled chest, and thick thighs resembling tree trunks.

Most of all, he has a snake so long and powerful that my mouth went dry ...

Yes, I saw it.

Yes, I almost lost my concentration at the poker table.

Yes, I want to win ... as long as the game ends with me on my knees, panting and mewling as Mr. O'Lachlan feeds me the prize!

Patrick:

I've always had a thing for strong-willed beauties but when Ashley Finnegan sits down at the high rollers table, I almost laugh. The beautiful blonde can't be a day over eighteen. Yet I'm entranced by her intelligence, saucy smile and lush curves. She flaunts her body like it's an asset ...

... which of course it is.

Even worse, Ashley bet her curves in a high-stakes gamble, intending to win the hand ...

... but I won instead.

Like I warned you, sweet girl, don't bet against a billionaire because now, those curves belong to me...

...and I fully intend to claim what's MINE.

**Total Pages (Source):** 25

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

1

Patrick

“Patrick,pleeeeeease,” my little sister whines. “I really need your opinion!”

I barely look up from my phone.

“Ainsley, that shit doesn’t interest me, and you know it. I’ve never been interested in fashion, and especially not purses. That kind of fuckery is for society ladies. I’m not even sure why I’m at this boutique.”

My little sister rolls her eyes at my foul language, even if it doesn’t bother her. She’s exasperated at my behavior, and I can feel it rolling off her in waves.

“It’s because the salesladies are so much nicer when you’re in the store. When I’m here alone, they practically treat me like Julia Roberts fromPretty Woman. And that’sbeforeRichard Gere shows up. They look at me like I’m a whore who should be runout of town as quick as possible, and who’s leaving germs on their wares.”

That makes my head snap up.

“Are you serious? Is that actually happening?”

Ainsley rolls her eyes.

“Okay, so no. It’s not that bad. They don’t treat me like garbage because salespeople

are well-trained these days, especially if they work for high-end designers. But I do get better service if you're here, Paddy, and it's because you're so handsome and charming with the salesladies," she wheedles. "They practically faint when you're in the vicinity, and I wouldn't be surprised if one of them asks you out on a date by the time we're done shopping."

I shoot my younger sister an unamused look, but Ainsley grins right back, totally unashamed. This time, it's me who rolls my eyes because why do siblings have to be so fucking annoying? Then again, maybe we're not related because Ains looks nothing like me. Whereas I have dark hair, a bronzed complexion, and flashing black eyes, my younger sister has red hair, pale skin, and green irises. I suppose I could be classified as "Black Irish," whereas Ainsley has the fair complexion and ruddy tresses common to the Emerald Isle.

Still, we are related (as far as I know) and it's my job to take care of Ains. After our parents died, I became my sister's guardian and it wasn't too bad at first. She was a child and trusted me one hundred percent. But then, Ainsley hit her teenage years, and can I just say I deserve an award for the shit I've put up with? Don't get me wrong because I love my sister. But the combination of hormonal, boy-crazy behavior and an uncanny ability to push my buttons would make any man lose his shit. Again, I can hardly believe I'm in a women's boutique at this moment, waiting on my ass while she shops.

I take a deep breath before staring at my sister, eyes like daggers.

"You tell me if the salesladies are rude," I say in a terse tone. "I'll have a word with management about it."

Ainsley laughs merrily, her chubby cheeks still child-like.

"You're not going to have a word with management, Patrick. You're going to tear

this place apart! Figuratively, of course. You're going to buy every outpost in this chain, and then bankrupt them. Everyone here is going to lose their jobs, and all because they got on the wrong side of an angry Irishman."

I nod sardonically because it's true. I've been CEO of our family business, O'Lachlan Distillery, since I was twenty and I run the joint with an iron fist. My hard work put our lagers onto the map, and we've branched into a chain of microbreweries that have seen international success. People don't just drink Guinness anymore. They reach for O'Lachs, and we're currently in the process of getting our bottled beers into U.S. stores. Once we corner the American market, who knows what comes next? I have an itch for total world domination, and more than likely than not, I'll succeed.

But getting here wasn't easy. I was an untested boy when I took the reins at O'Lachs, and it was hell on Earth for the first couple years. Don't get me wrong because my parents, Marty and Luanne, left us with a thriving family business, and I had trusted advisors counseling me from the start. But I had to learn the ropes overnight, and the transformation from college boy into cunning businessman was rough.

But ultimately, the hard work paid off, and the company's experienced astonishing growth and unparalleled success in the last twenty years. People in the Emerald Isle have always been familiar with our shamrock logo, but now, all of Europe knows us. My first million was made at twenty-five, and I've never let up. In fact, I'm not even sure why I'm still grinding so fucking hard because I have good people working for me, and they're more than capable of handling our U.S. expansion. There's no need to bust my ass like a rookie who needs to prove his worth.

But I enjoy wheeling and dealing, and a solid work ethic is something that was passed down to me. My ancestors used to till the fields from dawn to dusk, trying to coax crops from the loamy Irish soil, and I've applied that same assiduousness to my work. Except now, my attention is directed towards closing deals and making money hand over fist. Hell, my bank account is bursting, and it's hard to know how to spend my

cash sometimes. Yet the siren song of deal-making still calls, and as a result, we're here in Vegas to further my business interests. I'll meet with distributors to discuss creative ways to get our product into consumers' hands, and there are a couple marketing activations scheduled too. Meanwhile, my sister's in town because she wants to explore the world of plus-size modeling. Evidently the industry is located here, in the City of Sin.

"Really?" I asked when my sister first broached the topic. "Vegas is where models hang out? I thought it was Paris, Milan, or New York. Or even Tokyo. Definitely not Las Vegas."

Ainsley frowned, her mouth turning down at the corners.

"Those cities are great for straight-size models, but I'm not straight-size, Pat. I'm not even mid-size. I would be in the curve division, which means that I need to be in Vegas."

I stared at my younger sister.

"Okay, so I have no idea what you just said. You look normal to me."

Ainsley sighed and tossed her red hair over one shoulder.

"All it means is that bigger girls don't necessarily end up in Paris, Milan, or the usual European capitals because we're not the "usual" product. We're extraordinary, not ordinary, and Vegas is the place where it happens. It is what it is," she shrugged. "So do you think you can swing it, big bro? Can you fit a trip to Vegas in your schedule?"

I nodded.

"Yeah, it dovetails with some of my business interests, so let's do it. I'll make it

happen. Does next month work?”

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

The trip was booked shortly, and now I find myself in a luxe designer boutique on the Strip. I'm not even sure what store we're in because I hate this shit. These retailers mark-up their wares for a ridiculous profit margin, and then sell them to materialistic ladies who crave bling like a real housewife on TV. My dear sister is included in that bunch, of course.

But I shrug because I can afford it. It's not a big deal and if my presence helps grease the wheels, then so be it. Meanwhile, Ainsley's predictions seem to be coming true because our saleslady returns with what looks to be a gleaming red animal-skin handbag clutched between her lacquered nails.

"Mrs. O'Lachlan, you're in luck! We do have one of these beauties left, and the crimson color is a perfect complement to your auburn locks. I hope you like it," she gushes while thrusting the bag into my sister's arms.

Ainsley corrects her immediately.

"Oh, I'm not Mrs. O'Lachlan, I'm Miss O'Lachlan. Patrick here is my older brother. He's just chaperoning me because he wants to make sure I don't get into trouble in the City of Sin. We're visiting, did I mention? We'll be here for a few weeks."

The woman's eyes brighten as she shoots me an appreciative smile, her red lips curving in a monstrous arc. I know what she sees because I'm a good-looking motherfucker, and women have been throwing themselves at me since I was fifteen and hit my growth spurt. My suit drapes over broad shoulders, emphasizing a wide chest, and my black hair is brushed back in a smooth wave. Her eyes drop from my square jaw, to my blindingly-white shirt, to the suede Italian loafers on my feet. Yep,

I hit the gym six times a week without fail, and the expensive clothes only emphasize the raw masculinity beneath. Corinne, as her name tag proclaims, practically licks her lips with anticipation.

“Welcome to Vegas!” she purrs. “You’ll have a fabulous trip because this is an amazing town, and of course, I’d be happy to show you around, Mr. O’Lachlan. You and your sister,” she adds hastily. “You’ll find that Vegas has so much to offer, and of course, it’s best seen with an experienced guide. I moved here five years ago, so I know this place inside out,” she adds with a coy smile.

Unfortunately, the woman’s not my type. Her hair is styled into long, loose Rapunzel curls, but there’s something fake about the look, and I can’t quite put my finger on it. Not only that, but she hardly fills out her clothing. A gauzy blouse hangs from her thin shoulders, the material fluttering in the air conditioning, and her wrists are so narrow that they appear frail and bird-like.

“Thank you, but I’m here to work,” I say in a polite tone. “I won’t have much free time.”

But the saleslady won’t be dissuaded.

“Oh, that’s okay!” Corinne exclaims, her face lighting up with a too-white smile. “I can make time for you, Mr. O’Lachlan. I can be available as early as 4 a.m. or as late as 3 a.m. for tours, talks, galleries, nightclubs, breakfast, lunch or dinner! I’m at your convenience.”

I shoot her a level look.

“So you’re available around the clock for practically any activity.”

“Yes, basically!” the saleslady chirps happily. “We pride ourselves on our



unparalleled customer service in Vegas, and I'm happy to say that I'm an all access kind of gal. Would you like to dine at a Michelin-starred restaurant, perhaps, or attend a celebrity-studded boxing match? Or perhaps you'd like to see one of our famed shows? Adele is out, but I hear Britney will be coming back any day now. She needs the money you know," the saleslady adds in a hushed tone, as if letting us in on a secret. "All those TikTok dance videos where Britney prances around in a bikini at age forty? I'm sorry, but no one pays to see that. What a chunky monkey!"

"Hey, what are you saying?" my sister protests, her cheeks going pink. "I love those dance videos! Britney may be forty, but she looks good. She's healthy, beautiful, and out from under her controlling family now. Free Britney!"

Corinne retreats immediately, sensing her misstep.

"Of course, I absolutely support Britney Spears' liberation," she says hastily. "Go female empowerment! Go suffragists! Together we'll break the chains of love!"

My sister and I shoot each other a look because this is getting fucking weird. Isn't Chains of Love a song by Erasure? I suppose Britney's conservatorship could be loosely described as "the chains of familial love," but it's still fucking weird. I smile tightly and turn to my sister.

"Ains, did you want to get that bag? Let's make a decision."

My sister purses her lips while stroking one hand up and down the red animal skin.

"How much did you say it is again?"

The saleslady smiles, her white teeth ghastly against her red lips.

"One hundred thousand even," she simpers. "And we have it in blue too."

To my horror, my sister perks up.

“Oooh, I love blue! Can I see that one too?”

“Certainly, Miss O’Lachlan,” Corinne simpers while shooting me a look. “The deep azure color will match Mr. O’Lachlan’s eyes so well. It’s in the back. I’ll just go get it. Give me a sec!”

That’s all I need to hear because I’m not sticking around this joint any longer. The overt flirting and desperate behavior gets under my skin, and I feel like I’m breaking out in hives.

“So yeah, get whatever you want,” I growl while standing. “Here’s my credit card. Treat yourself, Ains.”

My little sister smiles sweetly while palming the black Amex.

“Thanks Patrick,” she sings. “I’ll be sure to give your number to Corinne when she comes back.”

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

I shoot her a look before stalking to the door.

“You better not,” I growl. “Otherwise, you’re on a plane home, Ains. I mean it.”

To the sound of her peeling laughter, I let myself out, blinking in the bright Vegas sun. The Strip is packed with tourists this afternoon, and someone bumps me on the right as I begin walking down the street.

“Oooh sorry, didn’t mean to hit you,” a young girl giggles, her arm linked through a friend’s. Both girls are dressed in tight cocktail dresses and sparkly high heels despite the fact that it’s 2 p.m.

“Can we buy you a drink?” her brunette friend asks, batting her lashes at me. “Usually, we expect men to pay for us but we can make an exception for you, Mister.”

“The Diamond Lounge is right over there,” the first teenager hums merrily, flipping her blonde tresses over one shoulder. “I know the bartender, so we’ll get our drinks at a discount. Or maybe even free,” she adds with a coy smile.

I pause to contemplate their offer, but then shake my head because these girls are obviously jail bait. Beneath the spackled-on make-up, there’s acne on their foreheads and chins. In fact, when I look closely, the brunette has clear braces on her teeth. Fuck, they’re too young and I have too much at stake to go down this path.

“Thanks ladies, but I’m going to have to pass,” I growl before reaching into my billfold and handing them a hundred dollarbill. “Enjoy yourself though. Say hi to the

bartender and make sure to order mocktails.”

“Oh we will!” the blonde chips with a delighted smile before plucking the bill from my hand and pulling her friend away. “Thanks, Mister! You made our day. Come find us at the bar later if you change your mind!”

Then, the two girls scamper off to the Diamond Lounge, giggling and tossing their hair. I let out a disbelieving snort. Fuck, what has the world come to? Don’t get me wrong because I like my ladies young, but there’s a limit to how far I’ll go. Too young is a no-go, and I wonder if I’ve underestimated Vegas already. I’ve heard anything can happen in this town, but I wasn’t expecting to have my limits tested so early.

Goddamn. I stare down the Strip before me. The sidewalks glint in the afternoon light, palm trees waving their fronds. A classic car putters down the road, followed by a gleaming Ferrari; a Rolls driven by a chauffeur; and a lumbering RV. I let out a snort. Everyone and their mother is here to gamble, party, or do whatever floats their boat, and who am I to stop them? Hell, I might as well play some cards and join in the fun.

As I stroll down the sidewalk, a group of choreographed dancers catches my eye and I stop for a moment to watch. It’s enchanting, actually. There are a number of ballerinas dressed in flowy white costumes waving their arms and going onto tiptoe as they sway to classical music.

“Come on in,” an announcer blares into a microphone. “The Degas is the hotel of the moment, and you’ll find the best cards here. Blackjack, roulette, poker? We have it all! Enjoy live shows and strong drinks while relaxing in the utmost luxury!”

As if in reply, the dancers sway to the left in unison, and then to the right, resembling a rippling field of wheat. Suddenly, I get it. The hotel is the Degas, like the artist

Edgar Degas, who's famed for his paintings of ballerinas. It's said the artist was captivated by the grace and fluidity of dancers' movements. He sought to capture the dynamism of the human body in motion, and ballet provided a perfect subject for exploring these themes.

I shrug and begin moving towards the circular entrance. It's clever, so why the hell not? The hotel is a pink and white monstrosity, glittering in the harsh afternoon sun, but this is Vegas ... and I might as well make some money while I'm at it.

2

Ashley

I see him as soon as he walks into the room. He's tall, dark, and dominant with black hair, piercing blue eyes, and a commanding air. Everything about him practically screams money, from the perfectly-cut suit to the blindingly white shirt and chunky silver watch peeking out from beneath his sleeve.

Perfect.

After all, I'm here to hunt. I look like an innocent young girl, and in some ways, I still am. I'm all of eighteen and arrived in the City of Sin with stars in my eyes. I was invited by the Las Vegas National Ballet to be a founding member of their company, and my excitement was through the roof.

"Can you believe it?" I asked when I got my job offer in the mail. "They want me, Ashley Finnegan, to join the ballet corps! Oh my god, I never thought this would happen!"

Miss Lazarus, my old instructor, merely smiled as she gripped her cane.

“You were always going to make it, my dear,” she said in a voice cracked with age. “I knew you would.”

“Yes, but I’m big!” I said, still staring at the letter in my hands. “I mean, bigger,” I corrected hastily. “You know that ballerinas are so tiny and that many companies prefer a lean look, whereas I definitely have junk in the trunk.”

Miss Lazarus merely smiled kindly.

“Yes, but times change,” she intoned. “And in my opinion, the change has been long overdue in our discipline. Full-figured girls can be graceful, lithe, and enchanting, and it’s time for you to shine. I’m so excited for you, sweetheart.”

I smiled tremulously, tears on my lashes, because it was a fantasy come true. I’ve been dancing since I was a little girl, and it’s always been my dream to be a professional ballerina. But I never thought it would happen because as soon as I hit eleven or so, my body began to develop, and I lost the skinny weightlessness of a child. I became curvy and voluptuous with big breasts, thick thighs, and a round booty. Suddenly, my leotards were far too small, and I had to order the special kind with thick straps and a reinforced bust to hold my girls in. I could hardly button my tutus around my waist, and even my pointe shoes seemed to shrink overnight.

But now, the Las Vegas National Ballet has invited me, Ashley Finnegan, to join their new troupe, and I was beyond myself with joy. I dropped out of high school, packed my bags, and flew to Sin City within the next month, excited to start my new job. We curvy girls were going to rule the stage, and show the world that voluptuous women can dance with the best of them.

At first, it was even better than I expected because I moved into an apartment complex where a lot of the other ballerinas lived, and we were an exciting bunch. There were tall girls, short girls, thin girls, curvy ones, and even a girl with only one

leg. I immediately befriended Belinda, and we spent a couple nights chattering about choreographing an asymmetric routine to highlight her unique disability.

The male dancers were also wonderful additions, from countries as far flung as Thailand and Denmark, although of course, most of them were gay. Still, the group of us had fun together and there was palpable excitement in the air from embarking on a new venture together.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

But things went kaput almost immediately. Instead of a dedicated dance space like they'd promised, we had to commute to a puny rehearsal studio downtown that hardly had enough room for all of us at the barre. Even crazier, management didn't have a rehearsal schedule set up. Instead, we were getting together to do warm-ups to stay in shape, as opposed to working deliberately towards a specific routine. But the shit really hit the fan when management didn't make our first payroll. That's right. Thirty dancers showed up in Vegas, excited to join a new troupe, only to find out that the money wasn't there.

Predictably, everything went to hell in a handbasket. How were we going to afford rent? Food? Medicine? How were we going to pay for PT and routine check-ups when there was no health insurance? Immediately, the girls began looking for other jobs. A couple became costume designers, while two ladies left to try and get their old positions back. Marlene signed up to work for Delta Airlines, but that still left a bunch of us grasping at straws.

That's when Club Duality set in. It's a new gentleman's club in Vegas where billionaires do whatever they want. My understanding is they operate in a secret location, and that all sorts of debauchery goes on. Drugs, gambling, and drink are par for the course, but allegedly, their biggest vice is girls. Ladies from all over the world are auctioned to the highest bidder at Club Duality, and it's not as bad as it sounds, from what the other girls tell me. After all, the club isn't some humdrum strip joint with flickering neon lights. Instead, it's luxe, exclusive, and very hush-hush, with membership offered only to the most handsome, eligible billionaires. Yes, I said billionaires. Rumor is that you have to prove ten-figure net worth to join, and that the minimum reserve at auction is a cool million. It's crazy luxe and over the top.



But the club worked out for some of the ballerinas because they met wealthy and generous benefactors while performing at Duality. In fact, my friend Haley is now expecting twin boys as a result of a long-term arrangement. She was sold to a domineering alpha male at auction who paid for her live with him at his mansion, but then the unexpected happened: Haley also met his stepson, and began a menage with both stepfather and stepson. I know, it sounds so fucked up, right? But it works for Haley and her boyfriends, and all three are over the moon about the babies to come.

Unfortunately, I couldn't perform at Club Duality because I have a bum ankle. Ballet is rife with injuries, and unfortunately, I've had nagging ankle pain since like forever. Years of PT, rehab, icing, heat, and stretching sometimes take the edge off, but rehearsing in that tiny space downtown was asking for it. I hit my ankle against the mirror one day because we simply didn't have enough space, and the injury throbbed back to life. An MRI (which I couldn't afford) showed a hairline fracture, and my doctor ordered me to stay off it for six months. Walking is okay, but there'd be no ballet, no dance, and definitely no goin' en pointe. As a result, I couldn't partake in the billionaire auctions because the club wants the girls to dance in order to show off our lithe, flexible bodies. Ha! At this point, I'm practically limping around like an old lady.

But I've always been resourceful, and I took matters into my own hands. Bored one day, I wandered into one of the casinos off the Strip. They're fun, actually, because they may not have the glitz and glamor of the Bellagio or the Palms, but there are a lot of solid card games and some real money to be had. I saw a bunch of drunk frat boys at a table, and like a woman in a trance, I sat down. Sure enough, I took those boys for everything in their wallets and walked out with five hundred bucks burning a hole in my pocket.

That was the beginning. I graduated from the low ante tables to middling ones with geezers who were gambling their social security money away. Drunk frat boys became sober frat boys, which became gainfully employed corporate drones. Slowly,

I moved up, refining my technique while honing my game. My presentation became more seductive too because high-ante games don't exactly take place under fluorescent lights with country music twanging in the background. Instead, they're exclusive, invitation-only events in private backrooms with top shelf alcohol on free flow. The men are clad in tuxes, while select women swan about in evening gowns cut down to there and up to there. But I don't care about the clothes or the setting. All I care about are the chips on the table because there's money to be made, and I need that cash to survive.

But I'm not playing today. I'm merely surveilling the Degas because there's going to be a tournament here later in the week, and I want to get my bearings. Of course, I've been in the hotel before, but only at the public tables. The high-stakes poker I'll be engaging in later this week is in one of the private rooms, and I've made it my mission to steal to the back and surveil the space even if it's not open at the moment.

I look down and go over my outfit. Perfect. I'm dressed in a silky white blouse and a slim pencil skirt, with pantyhose and black high heels. A ladylike purse completes the outfit, and I've also put on some expensive earrings and my best gold necklace. The Degas is an upscale place, and it's of utmost important to blend in, seeing that I'm basically casing the joint. I pat my gleaming blonde hair and take a deep breath before putting a smile on my face. Then, I stride towards the entrance with a bouncy step, and sure enough, a doorman immediately opens the double glass doors.

"Mademoiselle," he greets while bowing slightly. "Bienvenue à l'Hôtel Degas."

"Bonjour," I lilt back with a smile. "Merci."

That's about the extent of my French but it's enough because I know the doorman doesn't care about what language I'm speaking. What he and all men care about are my elegantly sheathed curves; my long legs; and the plush pout of my pink lips. Oh, and the fact that I don't look like a criminal one bit.

“Bonjour,” I greet various staff as I stroll to the elevator bank. They smile in return because I appear as a beautiful, innocent young woman likely joining her man for an afternoon date at one of the elegant restaurants in the hotel. But then, I see him. There’s an elegantly appointed man is standing next to reception with one black brow raised in an amused arch. He seems to know what I’m up to despite the fact that I’ve done nothing to give myself away.

I turn my face, suddenly flustered. Is my plan already blown?

Stay calm, Ashley, the voice in my head whispers. He’s no one. Just a random stranger. Don’t lose your cool.

Reassured, I begin walking again without a backwards glance at the gorgeous alpha male. But I can feel him watching me. I can feel those crystal blue eyes sear my curves, and my insides go hot and wet in response.

Stay calm, the voice warns again. This is no time to lose your shit. There’s too much at stake.

Taking a deep breath, I resolve to continue on my path. Smiling sunnily, I step towards Le Café Fleur like it’s my final destination, but instead of entering the cute bistro, I swerve left at the last minute as if I’ve decided to go to the powder room. My blonde hair swishes as I disappear into a long, narrow hallway, and that’s when the intrigue begins.

Walking fast but not too fast, I make my way down the hall before pushing on an emergency exit door. As expected, the air stays silent because a lot of hotels don’t actually alarm the first floor exits. There’s too much traffic to have alarms going off every hour of every day, and it would disturb the folks gambling away their life savings in the casino.

Then, I make my way into the deserted hallway and steal down the narrow corridor. This is definitely reserved for staff only because there are no adornments. Fluorescent lights glare against bare cement walls, and to my dismay, there's a security camera at the approaching door, the black half-dome ominous and silent. Oh shit, what do I do?

But confidence can work wonders. I lift my chin and smile brightly, like I have every reason to be here. My hair bounces as my shoulders straighten, and with a smile, I stride with sure steps past the camera before pushing on the next door and exiting the corridor. Whew! That was a nerve-wracking experience, and who knows how many more security cameras I'm going to face? But determination puts a spring in my step because I'm going to take them one by one. Surely, no one will call the cops on a lone blonde walking through the service corridors of the hotel?

Smiling like Miss America, I make my way into another maze of hallways, which again, are bare and unadorned. They're almost eerie because they're so silent, but it's fine. According to blueprints I reviewed at the assessor's office, I'm just about at my destination because the high roller rooms are right next to the auxiliary kitchen, the better which to dispense food and drink. It makes sense. Rich men don't want to wait to be served; they want their appetites to be taken care of now.

Finally, I open a door leading to a small space with a heavy kitchen table in the middle and cabinets which look full of dish ware. To the right is said auxiliary kitchen, and to the left is another doorway. Ah ha, I must be in the butler's pantry, which is a room that a server uses to make final touches to the food and drink before it's presented. Perfect.

Gently, I pull open the door to the high rollers room, and there it is. It's a luxe space which is large, but not over-sized. It's double height with a second-floor gallery on top, where men go to relax when the game's not on. A huge chandelier hangs from the ceiling, throwing sparkles in the dim gloom. Luxe carpeting covers the floor, and of course, in the center is a table with a flocked red surface surrounded by high-top

chairs. But I know these aren't regular chairs. These are special ergonomic chairs designed to look as if they're made of wood, but in fact they're constructed from a special synthetic material to provide the utmost back support and leg relief. After all, the casino wants to make money, and keeping a billionaire at the table for as long as humanly possible ensures that the dough keeps rolling in.

Quickly, I steal into the room, my heels soundless on the plush carpeting. A smile comes over my face as I pull a laser measuring tool from my bag and begin taking the dimensions of the space. Most laser measurers look like a walkie-talkie, but this is a special one that's about the size of a large pen. It's handy and compact, and I nod with satisfaction as a red beam shoots out from the end to stop on the other side of the room. Perfect. The space is sixty-one and a half feet on this side, give or take a bit. The pointers are accurate to about an eighth of an inch, so I'm in good hands, although I'll have to circle a bit to get multiple measurements, seeing that the space is a bit oddly shaped.

But there's a reason for my detailed analysis, and it's because I like to get the lay of the land before sitting down for a serious game of cards. In poker, spatial awareness matters more than you think, and even something as innocuous as a mirror, or a particularly bright light, can throw a player off his game. For me, it's of the utmost important to get familiarized with my surroundings before the game starts. Like a golfer, I always try to know the terrain, and to understand the topography of where I'll be before actually placing any bets. It's a comfort thing, and as a professional, there's real money on the table. Losing isn't an option.

Quickly, I move about the room, taking multiple measurements while logging them into my phone. A particularly sparkly crystal chandelier located above a mini-bar catches my eye, and I frown. Again, unwanted light can get in a player's eye during the game, and distract him or her from the intensity of the situation. Hmm. Not great.

The chandelier isn't too far up and I reach up to ping one of the crystals with a finger.

To my surprise, it drops from its setting and rolls onto the ground.

“Oh shit!” I exclaim in a hushed whisper before getting to my knees to pick it up. But then, another sparkly gem drops onto my head before falling to the floor, and then another. What is going on? Is it raining crystals?

I look up with confusion and see that one of the wire chandelier’s arms has come loose, and as a result, the gems are literally slipping off the iron rod. Another crystal comes plinking down as I kneel on the carpeted floor, hitting me on the cheek this time, and I blink as it rolls on the ground, brilliant with internal fire.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

That's when an alarm goes off in my head. Crystals are beautiful, but they're generally a bit cloudy and often very white in color. But when I pick up the new gem and hold it up to my eye, the rock flashes and burns, as if lit from within. Could it be...? No way. I squint with confusion because I'm no gemologist but this doesn't look like crystal to me –it could be a diamond.

The thought makes me sit back on my heels. How is that even possible? Why would there be a diamond chandelier in the Degas? Who even makes diamond chandeliers to begin with? I can imagine Napoleon ordering a luxe chandelier to hang in the Palace of Versailles for his love Josephine, but I can't imagine that a Vegas hotel would be at the same level. What in the world is going on?

Quickly, I realize that I may have a fortune on my hands. I could sell these diamonds and stop playing poker! Hell, I could make so much from the proceeds that perhaps I could even help the other ladies of the Las Vegas National Ballet, seeing that some are still unemployed. I begin collecting the stones and stuffing them into my purse, but the problem is that my clutch is a small thing that only fits six or seven gems max. There are at least ten on the floor, and I want to get them out of here to be evaluated before anyone realizes how precious they are.

I look around again, hoping to see a velvet bag, or hell, even a plastic one. But there's nothing in sight because the space is luxe, not to mention immaculate. There are no garbage cans visible, and my guess is that any trash is transported immediately to the butler's pantry for disposal. What should I do?

Suddenly, inspiration strikes. This is so naughty, but I have to try. I might have millions at my fingertips, if I can just get the diamonds out of here to safety. With

wobbly knees, I get to my feet again and then reach up to hitch my skirt around my waist. Oh my god, this is so wrong! How can I even be contemplating the act?

But I bite my lip and gently pull down my sheer pantyhose to my knees, before slipping my panties down as well. This is an awkward situation, not to mention a bit embarrassing, and thank fuck there are no cameras in the room to capture my illicit act.

Then I lift one of the diamonds to my mouth and blow on it gently, warming it up. The facets mist with the moisture from my exhale, and I huff a bit more before trailing it down to rub against tiny pussy hole. Okay, here goes. I push the gem into my snatch, and it slips in easily. The rock is of a middling size, but it's fine. The question is: can I handle seven or eight of the precious jewels buried deep in my secret space?

I lean over to pick up another diamond, but when I shift around, a wince crosses my features because the rock inside is unexpectedly sharp. The facets cut into my tight channel and I grimace again. Ugh. What to do? Maybe use my pussy juices as lube?

The idea takes hold and I take a deep breath because frankly, I don't have many other options at this point. I need to walk out of here with a straight spine and confident posture, instead of wobbling with bow-legs and an oddly curved spine.

As a result, I pop the next diamond into my mouth to get it wet, but at the same time, I also unfasten my blouse and pull down the cups of my bra. My big tits come swinging out, the peaks already pink and stiff. With one hand, I begin to stimulate my nipples, pulling and tweaking the hard nubs while sucking hard on the diamond. Ahhh, that feels so good!

Then, I reach my other hand down to stimulate my clit. Oh shit, I'm wobbly in my high heels, and quickly I kick them off before discarding my skirt and hose too. Fuck



it. I might as well lose all of my clothes, and soon, my blouse and bra are on the floor as I take to all fours on the carpet, knees spread. My big breasts dangle as I eye the stash of diamonds before me, still sucking on one of the jewels. How many can I fit into my twat? I don't know, but I've always adored penetration, and this is no different from dabbling with ben-wa balls. In fact, it could be even better knowing that my secret stash is actually worth millions.

With that, I spit the second diamond out before trailing it down between my big breasts and gently nudging my little hole with it. My clit's stiff and throbbing and I pause to twiddle it a bit before gently pushing the second diamond into my clutching cunt. Oooh, that feels good! A slight moan vibrates from my throat as my eyes close with pleasure. My head tilts back as I insert the second stone in firmly to sit next to the first, and I squeeze my pussy muscles just to see how it feels. It's a delicious sensation, and I waggle my hips a bit, jiggling them to see if anything's loose or uncomfortable. Unfortunately, the facets of the stones still cut a bit into my channel, making things uncomfortable. The only solution is to get myself really aroused to manage the walk out of here.

With that, I fish the two stones out of my twat, letting them drop silently to the carpet. Then, I take my laser pointer and suck on the tip to get it good and wet. Yes, I'm really going there, and I only hope this works because things are getting a little crazy. Still, desperate times call for desperate measures, and with a small sigh, I remove the pointer from my lips before dragging it down to push at my pussy hole.

"Oooh, yes!" I moan as the stiff cylinder slips in. "Mmm, yeah stretch me out!"

I pause for a moment, trying to catch my breath as my body adjusts to the penetration, but then I begin moving again. Reaching between my legs, I push the pointer in all the way until it's completely buried in my swollen folds with just the red light peeping out. Then, I reach for the end again before pulling the pointer from my aching pussy and inserting it again.

“Oooh!” I moan deliriously, my eyes closed as hot ripples run through my body.  
“Mmm, mmm, mmm!”

I’m ashamed to say, but I’m beginning to drool, both front and back. I’m so horny now that saliva literally slips down my chin as my pussy weeps hot fluids. But that’s exactly my motive. I need to get myself so aroused that transporting diamonds in my snatch is no problem. With that, I begin fucking myself with the pointer in earnest, the red laser beam dancing wildly about the room as I strain and squeal on my hands and knees.

“Mmm!” I shriek, my spine bucking. “Oh oh oh! Unnnh, Daddy yesssss!”

With that it happens. Hot jolts surge through my cunt as my eyes roll up in the back of my head. My pussy clenches down hard on the stiff shaft within before dissolving into violent spasms. I scream and drool some more while fucking myself through the climax, my back arching so violently that I must resemble a contortionist.

“Ooooooh!” I scream once more. “Mmmm, mmm, mmm!”

Three more hard fucks gets me through the best of it. Hot ripples continue to flow through my snatch as I pant, my head dropping forwards like a flower too heavy for its stalk. But there’s work to be done and despite the fact that I’m a hot mess, I have to get these diamonds out of here stat. Quickly, I pull the slimy laser pointer out of my snatch before reaching for three glittering gems. Then, I pop them into my cunt one by one, easy-peasy. The slide is delicious and I moan with pleasure as my snatch is crammed full once more.

A few more diamonds, and I’m almost done. Hurriedly, I scramble to my feet while throwing the rest of the stones into my purse with scrabbling fingers. There must be a fortune here! I’ll be rich! But to my dismay, the clutch is just too small and there’s one stone left after everything’s said and done. I try to force it into the silk purse, but

the darned thing won't even close because it's literally bulging with diamonds now. Should I leave the lone stone? It's better not to be greedy, after all.

But then a little voice in my head whispers. You're poor, Ashley, it reminds me. Take it with you. In your mouth. In your snatch. In your rear end, if you have to.

Oh my god, is this for real? But a girl has to do what she has to do. I reach for the lone gem and eye it for a moment. It's not too big, not too small, just perfect. I lick it a bit, getting it lubed and warm, and then reach around myself to test my rear end. My back pucker immediately contracts, sensitive and tight, but I wet my hand and massage the pleats gently. My anus contracts and then relaxes, and I push the stone against my small opening.

Thankfully, it goes in and I breathe a sigh of mixed pleasure and relief. This is going to be a tiny bit awkward, seeing that I have precious rocks in both my front and back holes, but a lot of the girls in my ballet troupe are in desperate straits right now. I'm doing it not just to help myself, but to also help my friends.

With that, I quickly dress and pat my hair before slipping on my heels. To be sure, my cheeks are flushed and my breathing is elevated, but hopefully it's not obvious. Hurriedly, I glance about the room once more. Everything is silent and still, and I let out an exhale of relief. Even better, there are no cameras because management would never allow for video in a room reserved for high stakes poker. Still, an odd tingling feeling runs down my spine, as if someone's eyeing my curves at this very moment.

Stop it, the voice in my head scolds. You're just being paranoid. There's no one watching you.

Biting my lip, I duck my head and pick up my purse, even as the tingling intensifies. This time, it runs down my spine and all the way to my pussy, making me clench a bit with pleasure.

Stop, because it's all in your head, Ashley, the voice repeats scornfully. You're playing mind games that are serving no good purpose. Now, get out of here before someone comes in for real!

With that, I scurry towards the door before shooting one last backwards glance at the scene of the crime. Nothing looks amiss. The chandelier dangles, sparkling lights bouncing about because there are so many crystals dripping from the wire frame that the missing gems are undetectable. The table is still and unmoving with chairs placed in neatly spaced intervals around it. Otherwise, the room is silent and dark, with nothing amiss. Taking a deep breath, I exit the room before beginning a casual stroll out of the hotel. I just committed the perfect crime without anyone witnessing my misdeeds ... or at least, I think.

3

Patrick

What the fuck did I see yesterday? What the hell was that about?

Then again, the blonde goddess's private session in the high rollers room certainly piqued my interest. Fuck, my cock was as stiff as iron the entire time, watching her fuck her snatch with a laser pointer before stuffing her holes full of diamonds. I was aware that prisoners use their bodily passages as stowaway compartments for contraband, but I had no idea that beautiful young women with voluptuous curves did the same.

Still, I quickly intuited why the blonde was there. She tiptoed into the room, as silent as a mouse, before casing the joint. I know a competitive poker player when I see one, and the woman definitely fit the bill. No, she wasn't a hardened old man with black sunglasses and graying stubble. Instead, she was a voluptuous young filly with dainty features and an innocentsmile, but those are the ones that always get you. You think they're going left, but they're going right. You think you've locked down their tells, but then a rabbit's pulled out of a hat, and you're left with your dick on the chopping block. It's clear she has a game coming up at the Degas. The question is: how will I get in on that hand?

The problem was almost too easily solved, and yes, you guessed it. I made a call to Corinne at the designer boutique and the saleslady almost fell over herself to be accommodating.

“Oh yes, the Degas hosts invitation-only tables once a month,” she purred. “Minimum buy-in is a hundred thousand. Are you looking for a seat, Mr. O’Lachlan?”

“I am,” I confirmed. “Set it up. As soon as possible.”

Corinne practically meowed with anticipation.

“Of course, Mr. O’Lachlan. And can I say how lovely your sister was the other day? Miss O’Lachlan walked out with five of our latest handbags, and I know she can’t wait to show them off to her friends.”

I silently cursed Ainsley because who the fuck spends so much on purses when there are people dying of hunger on the streets? But I gritted my teeth because this was not the time.

“I’m sure my sister loves her purchases. My secretary will be in touch, and thank you again, Corinne,” I spoke in a courteous tone. “I appreciate your help.” I was just about to hang up when the saleslady hurriedly spoke once more. “Mr. O’Lachlan,” she rushed. “Can I offer some advice?”

No, you greedy bitch, you can’t, the voice in my head growled. But I grimaced and nodded.

“Yes, of course.”

The middle-aged woman practically shimmied with delight. I could sense it, even if I couldn’t see it over the phone.

“Some of the men bring dates to these events and let’s just say ... I, ah, would be more than happy to be your date. In fact, I would love it,” she simpered. “Working at

this boutique gives me access to the latest designer fashions and jewelry, so have no fear, Mr. O’Lachlan. I won’t embarrass you. In fact, I’d say with some certainty that you’ll be proud to have me on your arm.”

Internally, I cringed. Was this woman shitting me? With her stiff blonde helmet of hair, and the garish red lipstick? With her brittle nails disguised under gels, and clawed, veiny hands? But it wasn’t even the middle-aged woman’s looks per se. It was her grasping, rapacious ways, and her sheer desperation to find a rich man to provide her with a rich life. My stomach literally heaved with disgust.

Besides, I have plans up the sleeve for my event at the Degas, and they included a particularly beautiful young woman who has no idea I exist.

“No thanks,” I said in a cool tone. “But I’ll make sure you’re compensated handsomely for your trouble. Thank you again.”

With that, I hung up before Corinne could speak again, relieved to be off the phone. What the hell? Some women have no idea that appearing greedy and money-hungry only drives rich men away, and not towards them.

But now, I’m at the Degas for my rendezvous with the beautiful mystery blonde. It’s a balmy Saturday night, and when I step out of my black car, a warm evening breeze hits my features.

“Bonjour, Monsieur,” the valet nods. “Bienvenue a L’Hotel Degas.”

“Bonjour,” I reply in a curt tone.

Then I stride into the hotel with a confident step. Heads turn immediately because I cut a sharp figure. A dark suit emphasizes my broad shoulders, paired with a blindingly white shirt emphasizing my deep tan. Years-long dedication to a

combination of Hard 75, Crossfit, and Hyrox have ensured that my torso narrows into a vee and that my legs are thick, muscular, and athletic. Of course, there's also the fact that I'm six four and tower over your average male. Ladies appreciate my physique and as I step into the lobby, quite a few are eyeing my masculine form hungrily while literally licking their glossy lips.

But there's no time for hellos because as soon as I enter the Degas, a concierge steps forward.

"Mr. O'Lachlan," she greets formally, inclining her head. "Please, come with me. Your table awaits."

Then, with swift, sure strides, we enter an elevator to the far left of the lobby. It's incredibly discreet, and almost impossible to see because the ornate wallpaper of the Degas continues unmarred, covering the lift itself. But when the doors slide open, it's clear that an elevator is hidden in the wall, existing among the profusion of lilies and roses on the hand-painted wallpaper.

"After you, sir," the concierge gestures politely while inclining her head again. For a moment, I wonder if she gets a headache because her bun is so tight that it pulls painfully at her temples. But then I shrug and step into the gilded cage. It's not my place to critique the grooming of Degas employees, and in fact, I have half a mind to reveal to Christian Degas what happened in his high rollers room at some point. After I meet my lovely lady, of course.

The elevator carries us upwards before the doors slide open silently, and we step into a lush corridor.

"This way, Mr. O'Lachlan," the concierge gestures before striding down the hall towards a set of enormous white doors. Then, the doors open on their own, as if they knew I was coming. Of course they did. My experienced gaze spots a tiny camera



mounted in the corner of the hallway, pointing straight at my face.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

“As you know, Mr. O’Lachlan, any recording devices are strictly prohibited in the main room. If you’ll just allow me your phone?” the woman asks expectantly.

“Of course,” I growl before taking out my cell and slipping it into her outstretched palm. “The Degas would never tolerate cheaters.”

The woman nods before slipping the cell into a small silk bag, and then gestures to the room before us.

“Please, Mr. O’Lachlan. They’ve been waiting for you.”

I step into the double-height space from yesterday, my stride confident. Nothing has changed except now, there’s a small bar set up in one corner, with a bartender in shirt sleeves and a dark vest. A few tables with chairs are scattered here and there, but it’s the circular table in the center that draws the eye. Around the flocked green velvet surface, a few men and one woman perch on stools, waiting expectantly.

“Sir,” the dealer calls politely. “If you’ll join us?”

My eyes fly to the one woman in the room because it’s the gorgeous girl from yesterday. She’s even more ravishing now, clad in a red evening gown which highlights her enormous tits, narrow waist, and delectably wide hips. Her lips are painted crimson, and her big blue eyes blink at me like she’s trying to recall my face from memory. But therein lies the rub because she’s never met me ... while I’ve already gotten an eyeful of her voluptuous curves.

ASHLEY

Where do I know this man? I ask myself. I tend to be good with names and faces, and surely, I'd remember if I'd met a man so domineering in the past. After all, our new entrant isn't just tall and handsome. He exudes charisma in waves, from the slight smirk on his handsome features to the cut glass of his square jaw.

You know him, Ashley, the voice in my head encourages. Think, think!

My mind whirs because anything I can dredge up on a competitor can only help me, given the high stakes ahead. Have I seen him play before, perhaps at another casino? Have I glimpsed him at a poker tournament, that powerful build unmistakable in a sea of smaller, slighter men? Or maybe he's a celebrity out to gamble away his fortune, and I've seen him on TV.

But nothing pops to mind, despite the fact that the alpha male definitely knows me somehow. As he seats himself at the table across from me, those blue eyes slide appreciatively over my deep décolletage before coming up to my slightly parted red lips.

"Patrick O'Lachlan," he says with a slight Irish burr. "Pleasure to meet you."

The other men nod in acknowledgement, muttering greetings, but I continue to stare at the alpha male like a woman possessed. Then I snap back to the present. This is no time to act like a lovesick fool, and especially not when those blue eyes are dancing as they meet my gaze. The smirk at the corner of his lips deepens, like he can read my mind, and a dimple shows itself in his right cheek, making him even more handsome. OMG, if I could slap his face before kissing him, I'd do just that.

Are you insane? my conscience practically screams. Why are you even thinking about kissing a competitor? This is no time to lose your wits. You need them so that you

can win this game.

Unfortunately, the voice is right and I need to stay focused. I still don't know if the stash of diamonds sitting on my bureau is fake or real. Maybe the haul is worth millions, but I don't know. It could also be a bunch of cut glass valued at next to nothing, and my whole act yesterday was for naught. Swallowing, I fix my eyes resolutely on the dealer. The long and the short of it is that I'm desperate for cash, and I need to win tonight.

Fortunately, there's no time to waste. The dealer smiles formally, his expression polite.

"Thank you for joining us at the Degas tonight. Management appreciates your patronage, and as always, we are here for your comfort and enjoyment. Just before we begin, some basic house rules."

The dealer drones on for a bit, and I tune him out. At this point, I've played enough cards to be able to listen with one ear as he sets forth minimum standards of play, betting practices, and even an overview of Texas Hold'em. It's all good because Texas Hold'em is my specialty, and I can feel my confidence surging as he explains the basic contours of the game. I'm going to take these men to the cleaners tonight.

But then something catches my eye and I blink. Wait, is that...? Can't be. Patrick O'Lachlan is seated three to my left, so he's actually quite a distance, with an overweight fat cat in a tux and a slim Arab man in a velvet smoking jacket between us. Yet the angle of the table allows for me to see his lap, and that's when the air evaporates from my lungs. Literally, it disappears in a whoosh because the man is packing a huge club of iron. It snakes along his thigh almost all the way to his knee, the expensive fabric unable to conceal the massive length beneath it. Patrick glances at me quickly, and smirks when he sees my gaze.

My nipples harden as heat flushes through my pussy. Unconsciously, my thighs squeeze together and I can feel an embarrassing moisture pooling there. How can this man be affecting me so? Patrick smirks again, pulling his jacket even further from his thigh to show off that enormous monster. It twitches under my gaze, and I let out an involuntary gasp, my eyes wide. The dealer turns to me, his expression inquisitive.

“Is everything alright, Miss Finnegan? As the only lady present at the table tonight, your happiness is of our utmost concern. The Degas is more than ready to address any concerns or questions you might have.”

I tear my eyes away from Patrick O’Lachlan’s twitching anaconda, even as he smirks again. Get yourself together! the voice in my head screams. You’re here to make money!

Sadly, the prospect of winning is receding quickly, although I manage to speak in a near-normal voice.

“I’m fine, thank you, Alex. Just excited to play.”

The dealer nods his head respectfully.

“Then without any ado, let’s get started. Please place your bets.”

I take a deep breath, willing my pulse to slow even as my blood continues to boil. But then, I chance another look at Patrick O’Lachlan and that asshole has the temerity to smile at me! Not just a smile, but a mesmerizing, asshole-y smirk as he flashes those white teeth. With that, my resolve to win hardens ... because I’m going to make him pay.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

Patrick

I laugh to myself as the gorgeous blonde jerks her chin away from me so fast that her neck practically snaps. I know she saw my dick, and that she was shocked by its thickness and length. I saw how she immediately bloomed with arousal, pinkness lighting her cheeks as her big bust heaved. But it's all well and good because she's getting it. Before the night is over, my beautiful Miss Finnegan will be on her knees, slobbering on my tool as she looks up with me with adoration in her pretty eyes. Hell, she'll begratefulto be tasting my cock. A lot of dudes have small ones these days from a combination of HGH, steroids, and who-the-fuck-knows drugs from Mexico. That shit shrivels your dick, and I wouldn't be surprised if quite a few gorillas are Woody Woodpecker beneath their shorts.

Then again, their small dicks only make me look better. It's a selfish sentiment to voice, but I've never pretended to be anything but a selfish prick. In fact, I'd say it's my specialty. I've used plenty of female bodies during my time on this Earth, enjoying their curves while penetrating those hot, wet depths. But after I get off, it's usually sayonara, wham, bam, thank you ma'am. Love 'em and leave 'em has been my style for two decades and it works for me.

But I'm not a total asshole because I leave the ladies with a little something. Not my semen, fuck no. I always use condoms because the ladies know I'm a billionaire, and more than a few want to get knocked up so that they can live a lavish lifestyle for the rest of their years on earth. Instead, I usually send them off with a small gift, whether a necklace, bracelet, or some kind of bauble to ameliorate their disappointment at being dumped. I still remember my latest fling. Mary was flushed and panting, her curves heaving with pleasure after I pulled out.

“That was nice, Patrick,” she purred, pushing her red hair from her forehead. “I swear, I’ve never gotten it so hard before. You’re so big!”

I grunted before pulling the condom off, careful to knot it closed before tossing the rubber in a nearby trash can.

“Happy to do the honors, sweetheart. I live to satisfy female dreams.”

She giggled, although my comment was a bit rude.

“I’m looking forward to our dinner on Friday night too,” she mewled, going up on one elbow in the bed. “Who was it with again? The King of Saudi Arabia? Or Oman? I get them confused.”

I shook my head, already reaching for my button-down.

“It was Saudi Arabia, but not the King, sweetheart. Most Middle East countries don’t allow alcohol consumption within their borders, although quite a few are relaxing their laws in that area. No, it’s with the Saudi Arabian Minister of Tourism. He’s the one I’m meeting with.”

Mary shot me a befuddled look. “But I thought you just said that Saudi Arabia doesn’t allow alcohol consumption, so why would you need to meet with anyone? What would you discuss?”

I shrug, pulling on my jacket.

“Shit changes. Like I said, standards and mores are beginning to morph, even in the Middle East. The region is opening up, and part of that is relaxing alcohol laws in order to attract tourists and foreign nationals. It’s definitely good for O’Lachlans,” I smirk. “I’ll be pouring beers down their throats by the pint by year’s end.”

Mary nodded, her eyes wide.

“So you’ll be selling alcohol to expats then.”

I shrug again, pulling on my overcoat.

“Maybe. Obviously, just because alcohol is banned doesn’t mean that there isn’t a healthy black market for forbidden goods. Our shit is smuggled into the country, one bottle at a time. Granted, this isn’t akin to the large-scale rum-running that took place during the Prohibition, but it’s not nothing either. What can I say? People like their drink, and O’Lachs is part of it.”

Mary looked puzzled by my brief educational talk, and a wave of disgust ran through my chest because the redhead just didn’t get it. She couldn’t hold an intelligent conversation about my business, nor any of my interests, without becoming utterly confused. I resolved then to dump her.

“So anyways,” I continued, grabbing my briefcase. “No need for your presence at the event on Friday, and in fact, I’ve gotten really busy, sweetheart. I’m afraid I’m going to have to call this off.”

Unfortunately, Mary’s lack of intelligence stymied me again.

“Call what off?” she asked in a confused voice. “What do you mean, Patrick?”

“Call this, whatever it is,” I said in a smooth tone, gesturing with one finger between our bodies. “Me fucking you. You waiting for me in lingerie at a hotel room, those big boobies encased in a tiny bra and your pussy already sopping with desire. No more of that.”

Mary still looked confused though.



“You mean, we won’t meet at a hotel? We’ll meet somewhere else? But where? Tell me and I’ll be there!”

I snorted with exasperation because some women really have a bag of rocks for brains. But Mary was referring to my penchant for using hotels as my rendezvous points for whores. It’s not that the ladies I date are prostitutes per se, although I have gone there. No, most of the young women I wine and dine are relatively normal, with wide smiles and open legs. I just don’t like to mix pleasure with the personal, and as a result, I don’t bring them to where I live. My family home is literally a historic castle in Ireland laden with history. The structure is imbued to the rafters with the spirit of my ancestors and I won’t insult their memory with the presence of the vapid women I date.

“No, I mean we won’t be seeing each other again, Mary,” I finish in a low growl. “I know you’re disappointed, baby, but our relationship has run its course, and you’ll be better off with someone else. A kinder, gentler, more considerate man who will be a better partner to you.”

The redhead finally understood what I was saying, and she clutched the sheet to her bare breasts as her green eyes filled with tears.

“No, Patrick!” she begged. “Don’t leave me! I’ll do anything you want! What do you want? Just tell me! Are you craving a threesome with another woman? I’ll lick her pussy and suck on her tits while you penetrate us both! Or another man? I’ll happily suck both of your cocks at once if it that’s what makes you happy.”

A migraine began to bloom behind my eyes and I pinched the bridge of my nose with my thumb and forefinger because Mary was simply not getting it. I put my hand down and gave her a direct look.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

“Thanks for the thought, but it doesn’t matter what I want, or what you want. Our time’s up, sweetheart. There’s nothing you can do about it, and I certainly wouldn’t want someone as sweet and kind as you to change for a bastard like me. My admin will be in touch.”

Then, I strode out the door, my thumb hitting speed dial as I waited in the hall for the elevator.

“Yeah, hi Elena, can you pick out something for Mary?” I asked in a weary tone after my secretary picked up. “A bauble with rubies or emeralds. Or maybe sapphires. A necklace or ring. Thanks, Elena.”

With that, the relationship was over. Sure, Mary would cry a bit and maybe even bawl over a sappy movie with a college chum. But the minute the jewelry arrived, her eyes would alight on the precious stones while her pussy moistened. It’s pathetic, but a lot of ladies I know literally get turned on at the prospect of expensive jewelry. You show them a diamond, and their nipples harden as they begin to pant. Their heart-rates begin to accelerate and soon, they’ve forgotten my rude words altogether. All they want is a glimpse of their reflections in the mirror, draped in sparkling jewels.

But now, I have a beautiful blonde before me who seems smarter than your average bear. I don’t mean to insult the women I date because they’re notnotsmart. The ladies are clever and street-wise, even if they spent most of their academic careers on the Dean’s shit list. That fuckery doesn’t bother me though. Some people just aren’t the type for grades, degrees, nor any of that academic bullshit. As long as they’re curvy and luscious, then I don’t give a flying fuck.

But Miss Finnegan is different. The woman is ravishing, of course, with long golden locks, a plush pout, and the face of an angel. She's also voluptuous, her curves practically busting out of her red dress with the vee at the décolletage showing off the inner sides of those big tits. But something tells me that she's truly intelligent. It could be because she's the only female here, at the high rollers table at the Degas, because they don't just allow anyone to play at these tables. You have to be able to throw a significant amount of cash around. Then again, it could also be because she cased this joint yesterday afternoon, like a smart competitor determined to win.

Clearly, Miss Finnegan is not one to be underestimated, and I turn to my cards after they're dealt. Hmm, the three in my hand are good but not great. Let's see how the lady plays. She takes a peek at her cards, careful to lift only the corner, before putting them back down with a secret smile on those red lips.

"Anything good, darlin'?" the gruff Texan to her left asks. I have no idea why that fucker's wearing a ten-gallon hat indoors, much less one that's studded with gems at the brim, but to each their own. He's barrel-chested and at least sixty, so the young lady merely laughs while shaking her head, golden tresses rippling.

"That's for me to know, and you to find out," she says with a sassy smile. Then, the flop is revealed, and to my satisfaction, I have a pair of tens. The turn comes next, and then the river, and I finish with two pairs: tens and fives.

But the most intense psychological fuckery comes now because the serious betting begins. I've been observing each of the players as they ante up after successive rounds, and already have them figured out one hundred percent. These assholes have obvious tells, and should seriously consider filming themselves in order to improve their games. One dude has a twitchy left foot, whereas another's pupils tend to dilate when he lands something tasty. Another reflexively pats his belt in moments of concern, as if reaching for the heft of a firearm. Or maybe he's looking for his favorite pocket-protector. I don't know.

But as the night continues, Miss Finnegan's tells are the most obvious because the beautiful blonde tends to get aroused. It's not that weird. Everyone has different kinks, and this little filly gets turned on by the game itself. She loves living by her wits, and her blue eyes flash and shine as the cards are dealt. She banters with the other players, knowingly distracting them by shaking her tits in their direction and making them wobble. She toys with her blonde locks, winding it about a finger while licking her glossy lips, and one by one, the other men dropout. They're eliminated, and fuck, even I'm down to just a few hundred thousand. Shit, this woman has game and I never thought that I'd be bested at high stakes poker through sheer sex appeal alone.

But Miss Finnegan isn't doing so great either. The other players have taken a significant chunk of her chips and before I know it, it's just me, her and the dealer at the table. She smiles sweetly at me, licking her lips.

"Are you ready, Mr....?"

"O'Lachlan," I say in a smooth tone. "I'm visiting from Ireland."

"Oh Ireland, is it?" she smiles while palming her cards. "I've always wanted to visit the Emerald Isle."

I stay calm while pretending to look at my hand. The truth is that it doesn't matter what I have because accurately reading an opponent is a thousand times more useful than any cards you've actually been dealt. Sure, I lift the corner and flick my eyes downwards, but I don't actually see what I have. Instead, I'm playing this hand blind because whatever Miss Finnegan thinks she knows ... she actually knows nothing about.

Ashley

He's arrogant and sure of himself, certainly. The Irishman is straight out of a movie with a thick brogue, dark hair, and a cocky air that makes me want to scream his name while in bed.

But you're not in bed with this man, the voice in my head whispers. Focus, Ashley, focus. You could save your entire ballet company with this haul.

It's true because Mr. O'Lachlan and I are the last ones seated. The other men have since been eliminated, and they stand at the small bar, watching from a distance. The Degas won't let them come forward for fear of cheating. Then again, they don't know that I was actually here yesterday afternoon ... and that I snuck out with bits and pieces of their prize chandelier.

But that's neither here nor there. Right now, I just need to get through this damned hand in order to enjoy the fruits of my labor. The pile of chips in the center of the table is mountainous, with chips of all colors sliding off the edges. There are tens, twenties, fifties, and even discs denoting one hundred, five hundred, one thousand, and ten thousand dollars. Can you imagine that? Ten thousand dollars represented by an orange and black striped chip with the name "Degas" imprinted in script on it. It blows my mind.

But I have a strong hand, composed of two queens and a five of spades. The flop, turn and river reveal a two of hearts, a seven of clubs, a five of hearts, a queen and a king. Yay, full house! I highly doubt that Patrick O'Lachlan can beat my hand, and smirk while pushing the remainder of my chips into the center pile.

"I'm all in," I say sweetly while winking at him. "The ball's in your court, Irishman."

His expression doesn't change at my taunting tone, even if a muscle does slightly

flicker at the corner of his eyes. But he's suave to the end.

"Let's see," the man murmurs, talking to himself. "What do I want to do?" That piercing blue gaze is focused on the cards in his hand, but something tells me that he's not seeing anything. Is it the fact that he's so calm and cool despite the intense pressure? Is it the fact that he doesn't appear to sweat, even under the stress of the moment? I decide to see if I can bait the Ice Man, and hop off my stool, making sure that my boobies bounce enticingly with the movement.

"Take your time but not too long," I hum in a sing-song voice with another teasing smile his way. "The Degas has rules about continuous play, you know."

His blue eyes are fixed to the inner curves of my breasts, and I giggle internally. I know I've already won because what man can focus when faced with my Double Ds? They've served me well during my lifetime, and I giggle again while twisting my hips ever so slightly. My girls sway again, the fabric slipping so that the edge of my pink areola is almost revealed. Almost, but not quite, and I laugh internally again. Meanwhile, Patrick's blue gaze sharpens, but then he places his cards face down.

"I'll meet your wager, Miss Finnegan. Ashley, I think you said your name was? How much do I need to match her ante?"

The dealer responds immediately.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

“More than a million, sir. One point two million, to be precise.”

Patrick takes his time counting the number of chips, and then pushes them forwards to join the mountainous pile in the middle. But he doesn't stop there.

“In fact, I'll raise Miss Finnegan another cool mill. What do you say, Ashley? Are you ready to continue this party?”

I pause, shocked.

“You know I can't,” I sputter. “Everything I have is already in the circle. This is against the rules!”

Patrick shares a glance with the dealer before he shakes his head.

“No, it's not against the rules,” he speaks in a silky tone. “Weren't you listening at the beginning? This isn't classic Texas Hold'em. This is Degas Texas Hold'em, where anything can happen.”

I stare at him.

“What? What does that even mean?”

The alpha male shrugs, that smirk tugging at the corner of his mobile mouth again.

“It means that anything can happen, like I just said. So what will you bet, Miss Finnegan? Do you own property perhaps? A home in Hawaii? A condo in Florida?

Perhaps even a car, or some blue chips stocks?”

I stare at him in shock because I own nothing, and somehow, I think this man already knows it. I came to Vegas with little more than the clothes on my back, hoping to start a new life and maybe build my bank account in the process. How the hell did I get into this predicament?

I shoot my opponent a venomous glance. I swear, I could punch that handsome face right now, and then maybe tie his dick around a pole. Or fasten a brick to that monster cock and let it drag him down to the bottom of the ocean where he drowns and dies. Patrick O’Lachlan deserves it!

But the Irishman keeps smirking at me before tapping the face of his watch with an index finger.

“Tik tok, Miss Finnegan. Like you said earlier, the Degas enforces the rule of continuous play. Don’t make us wait.”

I sputter, incensed that my words have been turned against me. Then again, Patrick O’Lachlan is obviously intelligent, cunning, and devious. He’s on par with the devil himself because what the hell do I do now? How did this asshole corner me?

The dealer clears his throat, turning an expectant gaze to me.

“Miss Finnegan, if you will? Will you see Mr. O’Lachlan’s raise?”

My mind spins as I stare hatefully at the grinning Irishman. I swear, this man deserves to burn a fiery death in Hell because I don’t have anything worth close to a million dollars and he knows it. But then, inspiration strikes.

“You said I could bet anything of value, right?”



“Yes,” Patrick says in a soft tone, azure eyes gleaming. “Do you have access to sunken treasure perhaps? Gold coins found at the bottom of the Atlantic? Mark my words, but we won’t accept shitty heirlooms, Miss Finnegan. Sentimental value means nothing to me, and nothing to this casino either. So tell me, sweetheart: what do you have to offer?”

Red literally fills my vision as my fists clench at my sides. I could strangle this man. I’ll curve my bare hands around that bronzed neck and squeeze the life out of him with all my might as he chokes and gasps. It’ll be satisfying.

But then the voice in my head intervenes.

Stop, Ashley, it whispers. Don’t let this man get under your skin. Betraying emotion is the worst thing a poker player can do.

As a result, instead of committing homicide, I lift my chin and summon all of my dignity.

“I bet my curves,” I announce in a queenly voice, blue eyes bright. “I’m sure that’s worth a million right there.”

Patrick’s answering grin makes me shiver ... and with horror, I realize I’ve played right into the billionaire’s trap.

7

Patrick

The young blonde is sassy, I’ll give her that. I was expecting something magnificent from the curvy girl, and Ashley Finnegan more than delivered. I figured she’d try to fork over a stupid heirloom, arguing that an ivory comb from her great-great-

grandmother is worth a million dollars because it was carved before elephant hunting became illegal in Tanzania. Or maybe she owns an antique accordion that she bought at a flea market, and will swear up and down that when appraised, that shit will be worth a million dollars. You get the picture. I was expecting crap, but the curvy girl delivered the best gift of all...

... her curves.

Of course, I always meant to claim them. The moment she dropped to her hands and knees on the high rollers room, I knew that she was mine. Everything about her calls to me. The sheer tenacity of her spirit. The plush pout of those rosy lips. The fire in those blue eyes when she looks at me, simultaneously filled with loathing and yet undeniably attracted too.

After all, the woman literally plays poker aroused. Her nipples are tight, those hard buds pressing against the red silk. As the stakes increased, I could scent the aroma of aroused female in the air, and it was none other than my delicious, sassy blonde. Plus, I saw her shocked eyes when she caught sight of my massive cock. I didn't even try to hide it. In my fancy tux pants, the anaconda strains if it's lying in wait for its prey, and I made sure that the young blonde got an eyeful. After all, she'll be on her hands and knees soon enough, sucking me off.

But that's all for later. Right now, I want to chat with the young girl. A knock sounds on my suite door, and I call, "Come."

One of the concierges from downstairs enters politely, immaculate in a starched Degas uniform.

"Mr. O'Lachlan," she states. "Your guest is here."

"Yes, thank you. Let her in."

Then, the woman steps away and Ashley appears behind her. The young girl hasn't

changed since our filthy game earlier in the evening, and I raise a black brow at her without bothering to get up.

“Welcome, Miss Finnegan. You didn’t want to get into something more comfortable?”

Of course, I’m still dressed in my tux from earlier, although the tie and top buttons of my shirt have been pulled loose. My bronzed skin contrasts against the blinding white of my collar, and my black hair is ruffled casually. Of course, Ashley can see all this, her pupils dilating a bit as she takes in my brazen masculine form.

“I didn’t change because you didn’t give me time to,” she hisses as the door closes silently behind the hotel employee. “The game only ended twenty minutes ago and they made me come up straight away.”

I take a sip of my whiskey, never dropping eye contact with the incensed blonde.

“That’s right, I forgot,” I drawl. “The casino’s not going to let you off the premises without making good on your bet. And it was a particularly bold bet, Miss Finnegan. I could sense you’re a woman with fire in your sweet soul, but never did I think you’d actually put something so ... ah, intimate on the table.”

Ashley stares at me, venom in those blue eyes. Her small hands close into fists at her sides, and I almost laugh. This woman is a foot shorter than me, not to mention curvy and lush. I could probably fight her off with one hand tied behind my back, and a bucket covering my head. Hell, I could fight her off with both hands behind my back, and just my cock jutting straight out. The massive hose would find her little hole for sure, and she’d slip onto it, moaning and whining with pleasure.

But I’m getting ahead of myself because obviously, my beautiful victim doesn’t know that she’s already lost. Ashley’s aware that she’s been defeated at poker,

certainly, but she doesn't realize that my dominion extends over all aspects of her being: her lovely physical self, as well as the intriguing fire and ice of her personality.

Mine, mine, mine, the voice in my head chants.

I startle for a moment because it's not often that my conscience speaks. Like any ruthless billionaire, I've managed to quell any second thoughts that might alter my take-no-prisoners approach. Second thoughts? Never. The voice of reason? Only sometimes. But as I stare at the goddess before me, a wave of possession rises in my chest, making it expand with the male need to claim. This woman is mine alright ... and she's going to deliver what she promised.

8

Ashley

On the one hand, I'm pissed that I'm even here. What the hell? What was I thinking? Why did I bet my curves, and then lose to this godawful asshole?

It's my sassy nature that got away from me. I wasn't over-confident because a full house is a good hand, but it's obvious that it's not a perfect hand. There are better ones, and higher-scoring full houses at that. Still, three queens and two fives are nothing to sneeze at, and on a whim, I put my curves on the line. Now, I have to pay the price as this asshole billionaire grins at me.

Then again, I'm not even sure what I've lost. Patrick O'Lachlan wants something sordid, to be sure, but does it mean that he now has a right to gaze upon my naked curves? Touch them and stroke them, like they belong to them? Will he suckle at my teats, or kiss me between my legs? A shameful heat courses through my form, pooling in a telling wetness between my legs, and it's as if the billionaire knows. I haven't moved an inch, and yet his grin flashes again, a blinding white in the dim

light of his suite.

“Second thoughts?” Patrick drawls in a careless voice before taking another sip from his tumbler. “It’s too late, Ashley. You bet your curves, and they belong to me now.”

What a douche. He’s stating the obvious, and I don’t appreciate that. Hell, he didn’t even get up to welcome me into his suite! He didn’t offer me a drink, and merely sits there, casually handsome in his tux. Seriously, I want nothing more than to beat that handsome face in before strangling him with his bow tie.

But I manage to keep my dignity.

“I’m not having second thoughts,” I say in an arch tone, looking down my nose at him. “I’m perfectly fine, thanks. Not that you care.”

A black brow goes up at my snarky attitude.

“Quite the hellcat, aren’t you?” he purrs. “I like it. But I do care about you, sweetheart. Come, sit down,” he gestures. “Make yourself at home and we’ll talk.”

I take a few steps to the sofa next to him and manage to lower myself down somewhat gracefully. My red column dress is tight around my waist and hips, and the fabric seams strain when I sit. Not only that, but the red column dress has a deep vee at my décolletage, and as Patrick stares, the shadow between my breasts deepens and darkens with my movement. The man’s blue eyes gleam, and I get the distinct feel of a predator. He’s masculine, dangerous, and obviously, very, very hungry.

But Patrick comes back to his senses, his blue eyes flicking up to mine. A dimple deepens in his right cheek, and outrage fills my form again. OMG, he’s not even embarrassed to be caught ogling my curves! Most men would be ashamed but instead, he just grins, flashing those white teeth.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

“Where are my manners?” he asks, rising to a great height. “Let me get you a drink, sweetheart. What are you having?”

“An old-fashioned.”

He shoots me a look.

“It’s not my place to ask, baby girl, but I’m going to. Are you old enough for alcohol? I noticed that you didn’t have a cocktail earlier tonight.”

I swallow because this is so embarrassing.

“I’m old enough,” I grit through clenched teeth.

That black brow raises again, his hand poised in the air as he reaches for a decanter of some sort.

“Are you now? What year were you born?”

My mind spins furiously, but at this moment, I’m incapable of any math whatsoever, even basic addition.

“Fine,” I huff, spots of burning color on my cheeks. “I’m eighteen. Not old enough to drink, but I’ll take an old fashioned just the same.”

Patrick grins at me, his visage so handsome that it’s frankly unbelievable. This man could be a male model, and yet here he is, sparring with Ashley Finnegan as I stew

helplessly on the couch. He finishes mixing the cocktail and then slips the glass to me.

“You’re drinking under the supervision of an adult,” he winks. “Although I made your old fashioned with just a splash of bourbon. We don’t want you getting drunk, do we, on a night like this? But I did add two cherries because I know little girls adore cherries.”

I stare at him, an even hotter blush covering my cheeks now. OMG, I probably look like a fire engine because he makes me so mad! But I manage to keep my cool and merely smile in his direction.

“Thank you so much. I do love cherries, and I’m sure I’ll love your concoction.”

Then, I take a sip and true to his word, there’s practically no alcohol. I’m sipping on what tastes like sugar water mixed with orange juice, and Patrick grins again as he takes a seat on the couch next to me once more.

“So tell me how an eighteen year old came to be playing at the high ante table in the Degas,” he says in a silky tone. “Your presence tonight was unexpected.”

I take another sip to fortify myself and then look him in the eye.

“Well, I’m a high school dropout,” I say baldly. “I never got my degree, and would be considered uneducated by most standards.”

The dashing billionaire shrugs.

“Doesn’t bother me. Are you from Vegas originally?”

I shake my head slowly.



“No, I’m from Buffalo, New York. My hometown is about as far from Vegas as you can get, in both miles and style,” I say in a soft tone, my gaze going faraway for a moment. “Buffalo is in Upstate New York. It’s freezing cold in the winters, and has been in the throes of an economic downturn for oh, about five decades now.”

Patrick’s black brows rise.

“I can’t say I know Upstate New York very well. But I’ve heard it’s beautiful. That’s Westchester County, isn’t it? Sorry for my ignorance. I’m Irish, if you can’t tell,” he winks.

But I shake my head, blonde tresses swaying.

“No, Westchester is the area directly outside New York City. Buffalo is way on the west side of New York State, bordering Lake Erie. In fact, that’s part of the reason why we’ve been in an economic downturn for so long. Buffalo used to be a center of transportation linking trade between the Erie Canal and the Hudson River, but the rise of trucks and trains kind of obliterated the centrality of the Erie Canal. As a result, Buffalo went down with it.”

Patrick looks at me for a moment, pausing.

“I’m sorry to hear that,” he speaks in a low voice. “But you got out. You left Buffalo and came to Vegas.”

I take a deep breath and nod.

“Yes, and it’s not because I hate my hometown. I love my hometown, and Buffalo was good to me. There were a lot of arts and culture centers, and my mom signed me up for ballet when I was just a little girl. In fact, I fell in love with dance, and was serious about becoming a professional ballerina. That’s why I’m in Vegas. I came here

to dance with the Las Vegas National Ballet, but they went kaput,” I add in a wry tone. “They never got off the ground, so I turned to high stakes poker to pay my bills.”

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

Patrick starts on the sofa, his expression surprised.

“Holy fuck, I wouldn’t have guessed.”

I shoot him a wry smile.

“Yeah, most people wouldn’t. When people hear high school dropout, they think I’m a lazy, uneducated bum who smokes pot on the reg. But they couldn’t be further from the truth. Ballet is a demanding sport, and we practiced hours every day, in addition to going to classes. I only dropped out of high school because a ballerina’s best years are around this age. Most dancers don’t last past their thirties. It’s sad, but it’s the truth.”

Patrick is thoughtful as he takes another sip of his drink.

“Yeah, I can see why. A lot of demanding sports chew up an athlete’s body and then spit them out. Athletes don’t last much even beyond their teens sometimes.”

I nod, my shoulders slumping.

“Yes, so I took a chance while I had it. I’m young, eager, energetic, and ballet is what I live for. But again, LVNB collapsed and so I had to find another way to pay the bills.”

The billionaire nods thoughtfully.

“Have you thought about going back to Buffalo and getting your degree?”

His comment is innocuous enough, and yet to my horror, tears begin to fill my eyes.

“I have thought about it,” I say in a stilted voice. Then I smile through the sheen in my eyes, even as the lump in my throat thickens. “But I won’t do it. I’m too proud to go back with my tail between my legs and not a penny to my name. Everyone in my hometown knows that I left Buffalo for bigger, better things, and I don’t want to embarrass myself or my family. My mom was so excited that she threw me a goodbye party when I left, and it would be such a disappointment to turn tail and head home as a huge failure.”

“A failure for them, or for you?”

I swallow again thickly. How the hell did we even get onto this topic? Why am I so emotional too? I thought I was here for some dirty play, yet instead, I’m baring my heart and soul to a man I barely even know.

Yet somehow, I feel comfortable with Patrick O’Lachlan. Maybe it’s his stern yet gentle demeanor. Maybe it’s the way he’s asked probing questions about my life, when hardly anyone ever inquires about my well-being. Maybe it’s just that I’m lonely and depressed here in Vegas, and he’s the only person who seems to want to get to know me.

“I would be a disappointment to everyone I know,” I mumble, looking down at my clasped hands. My vision blurs because these damn tears are back, and I swallow again. “I just can’t face the shame.”

Suddenly, Patrick moves. He’s so fast that I don’t realize what’s happened for a moment, but in a blink of an eye, he’s on the couch beside me and has lifted my curvy form so that I’m nestled in his lap. Those strong arms support my waist as he gently strokes the hair back from my face.

“My guess is that no one would be disappointed, sweetheart. At least not your friends and family, and certainly not anyone who loves you.”

To my utter horror, I begin to cry for real. Liquid slips down my cheeks as my face crumples, and a sob erupts from my throat.

“No, they would,” I stammer through my tears. “I was the golden girl, ready to embark on a professional career as a ballerina. And now look at me! Wearing slutty dresses while playing cards with men who are double my age. Not only that, but I’m trying to swindle them. I’m trying to take their money while making them look at my breasts.”

Patrick merely continues to stroke my hair, tenderly brushing it back from my forehead.

“It’s not swindling, sweetheart. Sure, you’re sexy, but there’s nothing wrong with providing a little eye candy as we play cards. It adds pizzazz to the game.”

I shoot him a look through the tears.

“Pizzazz? You’re very kind, but I’m not sure they would put it that way.”

Patrick chuckles deep in his chest, a sexy, masculine sound.

“I’m sure every man in the room tonight was thinking the same thing I was, which is that we were lucky to have a breath of fresh air in the stale rooms of the Degas. You know that the casino shit gets old, sweetheart. It’s always the same dudes ready for a hand, the same garish show girls, the same old people from Florida with an oxygen tank next to them. It’s rare for someone as fresh and pretty as you to show up. Maybe you were there to win, but who isn’t? I wouldn’t respect a dilettante.”

I clutch his broad shoulders, leaning against the comforting bulk of the alpha male.

“But Patrick, it’s worse than that,” I confess in a sob. “I was trying to swindle you. I cased the room yesterday afternoon, looking for advantages. I even took the measurements of the room because I wanted to see if there was any way I could gain an advantage.”

The huge man is silent for a moment, his chest like granite. Oh shit, I think to myself. I’ve blown it. Patrick O’Lachlan is going to dump me on the floor and then report me to the Degas. Not only that, but all the casinos in Vegas know each other. I’ll be banned from every table in Sin City.

Yet the big hand on my back begins rubbing comforting circles again, warming to my core. I turn to the billionaire, still a teary mess.

## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

“Did you hear what I said?” I repeat in a whisper. “I basically cheated.”

The hand pauses for a moment, but then continues its circles.

“I know,” Patrick speaks in a low voice.

That gives me pause.

“Youknow?” I parrot dumbly. “What do you mean, you know? How could you know?”

“I was there,” he says, meeting my gaze with that piercing azure one. “In the room.”

His admission is so startling that I sit bolt upright in his lap.

“You were there?Where? When? What...?”

Even worse, suddenly I remember what I did with the laser pointer and the diamonds. My pussy was used to transport precious gems, and hot color floods my cheeks once more.

“Please say you didn’t see,” I murmur with a panicked look at his features. “You didn’t see, you didn’t see,” I chant hopefully.

But Patrick shakes his dark head.

“I saw everything, sweetheart.”

Suddenly, the floor drops out from beneath me and I'm in free fall. My head rushes as my vision blurs, and I realize that I'm up against an opponent who will smash me to smithereens ... while I say please and thank you.

9

Patrick

Ashley looks as if she's going to faint and I hold her curvy form closer.

"It's fine," I reassure in a deep voice. "I liked what I saw."

Her eyes are literally beginning to cross but then she closes them and takes a deep breath before opening those blue eyes again.

"So you saw," she states baldly. "Everything."

"Everything," I confirm in a low voice. "I saw the laser measuring device, and how you took the dimensions of the room. Then I saw you examine the crystal chandelier, and how you dropped to your hands and knees, and well ... you know what happened next. I saw everything," I confirm.

The beautiful blonde looks faint once more.

"Oh my god," she whispers. Then her eyes snap open. "Buthowdid you see? Were you spying on me from a video feed? They don't have cameras in the betting rooms, or at least I don't think so! Do you know someone at the hotel? Oh my god, are you linked to management?" she sputters with disbelief.

I shake my head.



“I was sitting in a corner of the room. It was dark, and I’d come to do the same thing as you. Actually, I’ve been to that particular suite before, but I figured I’d reacquaint myself with it, for much the same reason that you were there: to get the lay of the land. It’s not cheating. I just like to know where I’ll be, how the seats are positioned, where the dealer will be standing, and how the servers will approach. I don’t like to be startled, and especially not when I’m balls deep in a high stakes game of cards.”

The young blonde stares at me, licking her glossy lips unconsciously.

“So you were there the whole time,” she says in a shaky voice.

“I was,” I confirm. “I got there maybe twenty minutes before you arrived, and had already gotten my bearings. I was sitting in a dark corner, silent and motionless, just letting the atmosphere seep into my bones. Imagine my surprise when you showed up.”

“Oh my god,” Ashley moans, dropping her face into her hands. “I can’t believe you witnessed my dirty acts!”

I shrug, a smile playing about my lips.

“It was debauched, but I liked it,” I intone. “I figured out what you were doing pretty quick, and then when you added the scene with the diamonds at the end, I have to say I was intrigued. Infact, I was determined to meet you for real after witnessing that little act,” I add with a devious smile.

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

“Buthow?” Ashley cries, dropping her hands to gaze at me again. “How did you get into the room?”

I shrug.

“It’s easy. I know Christian Degas, the owner of the casino. It’s not like the layout of the hotel is a mystery either. Using one of the maps they provide guests, I figured out where the staff hallways and entrances are. You did the same thing, right? It’s not hard.”

Ashley shakes her head, biting her plush bottom lip.

“No, I didn’t use publicly available information. Or rather, I did,” she corrects. “I went to the county assessor’s office and asked to see the blueprints for the Degas. They don’t let you take them home, obviously, but anyone can ask to look. I committed the blueprints to memory, and figured out all the back passageways on my own.”

“And let me guess,” I add in a low growl, still rubbing soothing circles on her narrow back. “You’ve pieced together the layouts of all the casinos on the Strip.”

Ashley’s cheeks bloom with color again, and it’s the cutest thing. She’s young and innocent, and I love having her curvy weight in my lap as her big breasts tremble and heave mere inches from my chest. I love having that soft rump pressed against my hard tool, and at that moment, it twitches from the proximity of so much beautiful female. But Ashley’s too distracted to notice, and gazes into my eyes once more.

“I have scouted out all the casinos,” she admits in a low voice. “It’s just something that I feel is my professional responsibility. This isn’t a game, you know. This is real life.”

I can’t resist any longer. This woman is gorgeous, intelligent, and so damn clever that I have to kiss her. My head bends forward and I press my lips against the soft curvature of her cheek, worshipping her sweetness.

“Of course,” I breathe. “Our jobs are demanding.”

She nods, her pupils dilating as she stares back at me. Her nose is petite and dainty, and that plush pout sets off a small, but stubborn chin.

“It is the job,” she repeats. “Are you going to report me for my actions?”

I shake my head, pressing another heavenly kiss to her slender throat.

“No, not at all, sweetheart. Like I said, it’s not cheating to get the lay of the land, and besides, I was doing the very same thing. Not with the diamonds, of course, but getting a spatial feel for the premises. But I have to add that the gems aren’t worth as much as you think, baby girl. They’ll get you a handsome sum, but probably much less than you anticipate.”

Ashley shoots me a quick look.

“Are they diamonds though? I haven’t gotten them assessed, but I thought as much. They didn’t look like crystals when I held them up to the light because they flashed and sparkled much more than cut glass. But who would do that? Why would someone commission a chandelier made of precious jewels?”

I smile ironically.

“They’re diamonds because Christian Degas is a rich fuck who can do whatever he wants. It happens when you have too much money. But even he’s not so stupid as to use mined diamonds, honey. That chandelier would be worth millions, if not billions, and he’s got a ton of chandeliers hanging all over his hotel. No, the answer is lab created diamonds, sweetheart. I understand he owns a lab somewhere and grows this shit for fun, and then decorates his hotel with the fruits of his labor. Like I said, the rich fuck has too much money on his hands,” I shrug.

“Lab created?” Ashley asks in a slow voice. “I’ve heard of that before, but I’m a little confused as to what it means.”

I shrug.

“I looked into opening a lab myself a couple years back, so I happen to know the business. Basically, lab-grown diamonds are synthetic diamonds. Mined diamonds take billions of years to form within the Earth’s crust, as intense heat and pressure cause carbon to crystallize into a lustrous gem. But now, the process is mimicked in a laboratory, and you can “grow” a diamond in mere weeks. It’s remarkable what human ingenuity is capable of.”

Ashley blinks with surprise.

“But are lab-grown diamonds real?”

“Absolutely,” I affirm. “There are no physical differences between lab-created and mined diamonds. The internal structure is the same, and the lab gems shine and sparkle with fire, just like anything that comes out of the earth. The difference is in the supply, of course, and the price. Now, we can create diamonds just as brilliant as the originals within weeks. You can manufacture them, cut them, and sell them, and ninety-nine percent of the population wouldn’t know.”

Ashley looks blown away, her perfect pink lips parting in a glossy “O.”

“Wow,” she murmurs. “I’ve heard of synthetic diamonds before, but I’ve never seen one in real life. I had no idea.”

“They’re everywhere these days, and no one can tell the difference,” I quip. But then I correct myself. “Actually, scratch that. Scientists with special equipment can scan the rocks, and there will be some slight differences between lab-created and mined. But the naked eye definitely can’t detect any variance, and even a jeweler’s loupe is unreliable. From what I understand, natural stones carry trace amounts of nitrogen, whereas the lab grown stones have none.”

“Okay, yeah, I wouldn’t be able to detect nitrogen with my eye,” Ashley murmurs, an astonished expression on her pretty features. “I don’t even know what I’d look for.”

“That’s it exactly,” I chuckle, pressing another affectionate kiss to her cheek. “The stones can’t be differentiated because the chemical structure is the same. But yes, these new suckers are revolutionizing the industry because now, humans can make diamonds on demand. Suppliers can sell them at far lower prices, and that’s why the diamonds you snuck out of the Degas aren’t going to go for much. Have you tried pawning them yet?”

Ashley blushes again, shaking her head.

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

“No, because I haven’t had time. But I was only going to sell them to help the other girls in my ballet troupe,” she says quickly. “We’re all unemployed, and it’s been hell. Some of the girls have picked up work, but it’s fair to say that a hundredpercent of our dreams have been dashed. Quite a few of the ladies are receiving food stamps, not to mention unemployment assistance if possible.”

“I see,” I hum thoughtfully. “So it’s a fucked-up situation.”

“Veryfucked-up,” the curvy girl confirms, suddenly looking immeasurably sad. “I only took the diamonds to help my friends. They deserve better, and this Christian Degas person seems to have so much! He would never miss them. Besides, if he’s into ballet ...”

“We’ll see,” I growl, taking the hint. Then, I turn her chin so that I can kiss those tender lips. “Christian is an asshole, don’t get me wrong. But maybe even an asshole can be persuaded to help a troupe of beautiful young ballerinas. In the meantime, I want to claim my prize, sweetheart. You put your curves on the table, and now, it’s time to make good on that bet.”

With that, I dip my head to run my tongue in a tantalizing line along Ashley’s generous décolletage as she gasps and clutches my broad shoulders. But the curvy girl is now relaxed. Gone is the fiery, demanding, angry young sprite who showed up in my suite. She’s still fiery and demanding, don’t me wrong, but she’s also heated, soft, and willing ... and I intend to possess what rightfully belongs to me.

Ashley

“Patrick, what are you doing to me?” I moan breathily. My eyes snap open suddenly because did I just say that? It sounds like a line out of a bad romance movie, but then again, I really mean it. What is the billionaire doing to me, and how come I feel so hot, wet, and utterly aroused at once?

After all, I came to his suite expecting sex. It’s the grim reality of the situation, and a logical conclusion after my crushing loss at poker earlier this evening. My full house was edged out by Patrick’s four of a kind, and I could hardly breathe when all was said and done. It’s a bad memory, to be honest.

I’d shown my hand, a triumphant smile creeping over my lips. The handsome asshole was about to meet his maker, and the giant mountain of chips in the middle was practically screaming my name.

But the Irishman didn’t lose his cool upon seeing my full house. That was my first clue. Instead, those blue eyes gleamed as a small smile played at the corner of his mobile mouth.

“Is that all you have?” he drawled.

I sputtered with outrage.

“What do you mean, is that all I have? Of course that’s all I have. It’s my entire hand! In case you’re wondering I don’t have more cards up my sleeve because that would be called cheating. I don’t even have any sleeves on this dress!”

That white grin flashed as he chuckled with appreciative laughter.

“You’re a feisty one, aren’t you?”

“Well, you basically just called me a cheater!” I huffed.

“No, I didn’t,” he corrected, holding up one big hand as his handsome mien went utterly serious. “I would never accuse you of cheating, Miss Finnegan, in any way, shape, or form.”

Now, I blush remembering those words because evidently, the poker game wasn’t our first meeting. Instead, the huge man says that he witnessed my debauchery with the fake diamonds! He saw me case the joint while sitting silently in a corner of the darkened room, and that asshole never made a peep! Even worse, Patrick saw me nude on my hands and knees, moaning as my cunt was crammed full of sparkly jewels, and to top it all off, I slipped one in my ass too because I was such a greedy slut.

Heat runs through me but it’s not just cringey embarrassment. It’s sheer arousal because even with shame running through my veins, the man is working wonders on my curves. He presseshot kisses to my throat while murmuring my name against my scalding skin.

“You’re so sweet, Ashley. I’ve been waiting for a girl like you. Who knew I’d find you here?”

I let out a breathless laugh while running my fingers through the dark hair at the nape of his neck. The touch is sensual, and very intimate too, as my deepest womanhood vibrates with awareness.

“You mean, here in the City of Sin, known for its raunch and bad taste?” I quip breathlessly.

The huge man grins, holding me close.



“Vegas is known for being tacky and tasteless, but there are some good parts too. I found you, for one,” he growls, pressing another worshipful kiss to my neck. “You’re an intriguing mix of sassy and sweet, baby girl. Innocent and yet also a woman wise beyond her years.”

“Maybe it’s because I have to be,” I laugh breathlessly, as he pulls down the zip to the red column gown. The fabric parts slowly, revealing my giant Double D’s, full and sensitive. The pink tips are already stiff, and with a low growl, Patrick dips his head to suck one into his mouth.

“Oh!” I squeak, clutching his broad shoulders as hot jolts of sensation run straight from my nipple to my cunt. It feels so good, and my head tilts back as Patrick suckles hungrily.

“Shit baby, you taste amazing,” he rasps against my skin before switching to my other teat. “So fucking sexy.”

A hot jolt rips through my pussy and I squeeze my thighs together trying to relieve the tension.

“But Daddy, it’s so achy,” I pant. “Mmm!”

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

The Irishman lifts his head, those blue eyes searing and his lips wet.

“Achy where?” he rumbles while helping me out of my dress. Now, I’m clad only in the tiniest pair of lace panties, along with crimson stilettos emphasizing my long legs. The billionaire can’t stop staring at the wet spot at the vee of my panties, and I clench my legs together, suddenly embarrassed again.

But he’s relentless, one big hand pulling my leg open so that I have no choice but to reveal myself to that ravenous stare.

“You’re gorgeous, baby girl,” he rasps. “Don’t hide your arousal from me. If anything, it makes me fucking hard and gets me ready to rip your pussy in half. But I won’t,” he says when I let out a shocked gasp. “We’ll go slow if that’s what you need because you’re young, sweetheart, and likely tight and small.” Suddenly, a thought crosses Patrick’s mind and he fixes me with a direct look. “Have you been with a man before, Ashley? Tell me if this is your first time. I need to know.”

I blush because I was hoping not to have this conversation, and especially not while sitting nude and lush in Patrick’s lap. But I shake my head side to side while worrying at my lip with his teeth.

“No, I’ve never been with a man,” I whisper. “Is that bad?” I ask as tears spring to my eyes. “I know it’s not what you want to hear, but like I said, I was ballerina back when I was in Buffalo. All I did was practice, practice, practice, and it took up all my time when I wasn’t in school. I didn’t have time to talk to boys even because I was so focused on leaving my hometown. I’m sorry,” I say quietly as a tear slips silently down my cheek. “Do you hate me now?”

Patrick's silent, and for a moment, panic rushes through my veins. Oh my god, I've played my cards wrong again. Not only did I fuck up at poker, but I've now fucked up the intimate game that takes place between men and women. My soul is crushed. I knew I was in over my head the moment I laid eyes on the charismatic billionaire, and now he's going to ask me to leave.

Swallowing my tears, I turn my chin away, unable to meet his gaze.

"I know this isn't what you're looking for," I mutter while trying to scramble out of his lap. "I'm sorry, Mr. O'Lachlan. I'll make sure the Degas knows I left before consummating the bet, and if I can offer something else—"

But I'm pulled back against his hard form so fast that the air is knocked out of my lungs. I'm motionless for a moment, startled as my heart races because Patrick snarls then. The billionaire literally lets out a vicious growl as he slips a big hand between my legs, stroking the wetness there.

"You're going nowhere," he rasps. "You'll be making good on your bet, Ashley. No one walks away from me without paying their dues. But first," he rasps. "Let me show you how much I want you. I don't care that you're a virgin, sweetheart," he moans, blue eyes flashing. "If anything, it turns me on."

Then, he unsnaps his pants and the largest cock I've ever seen pops out, massive and pointing straight up towards the ceiling. I've seen cocks in porn before, and those Whitezilla clips have nothing on my man. He's a glorious, thick ten inches, with bulging veins running up the right and left sides of his shaft. His balls are already high and tight, and as I watch, a pearl of pre-come forms at the tip before slipping down the lengthy thickness, leaving a trail of moisture.

"Yessss," he hisses, taking my small wrist in an iron clasp. "Feel it, baby. That's how much Daddy wants you."

I'm scared at first, and my big breasts rise with a startled inhale. But then he forces my palm to brush against his heated skin, and to my surprise, my fingers curve automatically around that thick length. He's soft and velvety, and also rock hard at once, like a powerful baton wrapped in the softest casing.

"It's hot," I breathe, gently running my fist up and down his massive shaft before giving it a tentative squeeze. "It's growing too!"

Patrick lets out a low, tortured groan as he remains utterly still, letting me feel my first male cock.

"Yes, baby," he rasps. "You've got me so aroused that I'm beyond hard. I'm fucking iron at this point, and if you keep doing that, I'm going to ejaculate."

I stop for a moment, looking up at him with wide eyes.

"You will?"

Patrick groans again, nodding.

"Fuck yeah. Look how much semen is seeping out, baby. Your hand's soaked already, and that's because I'm ready to give you a baby right now."

I pause my movements because it's true. The pink helmet of the billionaire's cock is shiny with seed, lubricating the glide of my palm against his heated shaft. The veins seem to bulge even more than before, and my man has deep streaks against his cheekbones, his jaw clenched while enduring my intimate exploration of his body. With a low growl, Patrick knocks my hand away while gritting his teeth.

"Oh no," I gasp. "Did I do something wrong?"

“No, not at all,” he grunts, pushing me down on the couch before parting my thick thighs. “But we can’t keep doing that forever without something bad happening, sweetheart, and you’re not ready to take me yet. You’re still too tight and tiny, and I need to stretch your cunt out, not to mention your ass. Now show me where it aches, sweetheart. You were telling me that it hurts, remember?”

Oh my god, he’s so filthy! What does he mean by stretching out my cunt, and also my ass? Is that even legal? But I can’t think because while scary and intimidating, this is also a dream come true. I have a huge, handsome alpha male poised between my legs, his blue eyes roaming hungrily over my creamy form. His eyes graze over my breasts, pausing at my aching nipples, before sliding down my poochy tummy to stop at the drenched vee of my panties. “Tell me, Ashley,” he commands. “Show me where it hurts.”

Slowly, I nod as arousal blooms in my pelvis.

“Well, it’s right here,” I say, cheeks hot as I gesture vague to my pussy area. “It feels squishy and so tender, and I don’t know...”

Patrick doesn’t hesitate. He lifts the gusset of my panties away from my swollen folds before strapping the lace to one side. Then, the alpha male gently grazes his thumb over my sopping folds, testing my little hole for a moment.

“Here?” he grits out, his eyes flicking to my face for a moment. “Or here?”

The man slides his thumb further up until he’s caressing my clit, gently running circles around the sensitized flesh before stopping to massage the bottom of the hard nub.

## Page 18

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

“Oooh, yes there!” I cry out, my back arching as delicious sexy tingles run through my cunt. “Yes, that’s where my ache is, Daddy! It feels so good when you touch it like that!”

Patrick lets out another growl of appreciation, this time bending his head to run his tongue through my sopping folds as I let out another squeal of shock and delight.

“Does the ache feel better when I suck and kiss it, baby? Does that make it go away?”

Then, my man goes to town. He laps hungrily at my soaked snatch, even spreading my labia with two fingers to get deep into my glossy pink.

“So fucking creamy,” he mutters before thrusting his tongue inside. “So fucking tight too.”

By now, I’ve lost my ability to talk. My eyes are closed as I arch my back on the sofa, totally focused on the spell this man is casting over my curves. He sucks and kisses my clit, before fucking my little hole with his tongue, moaning with satisfaction when he comes upon a puny barrier.

“Fuck, you are a virgin,” he rasps, backing up for a moment to stare up at me, that cut-glass jaw glistening with my intimate fluids. “I licked your hymen, baby. It’s definitely there.”

Wait, how is that even possible? How can a man taste a woman’s innocence, the way Patrick just did? But I don’t have time to contemplate his claim because he gets right back to it. This time, he rips off my panties with one big hand, the fabric discarded

carelessly on the floor beside us. Then he pushes my knees up and out so that I'm bared before him like the tastiest feast.

"So beautiful," he moans against my heated flesh while lapping hungrily at the sopping folds. "So fucking gorgeous in every way, shape, and form." Then, to my surprise, Patrick drops his head even lower and begins licking my asshole.

"What are you doing?" I squeal, jolting my head up. "Oh my god, stop! I'm dirty down there!"

But the billionaire doesn't mind my words. Instead, he keeps going, running his tongue over my pleats while moaning deep in his throat.

"No part of you is dirty, baby," he rasps. "Besides, if I want you to come with Daddy's tongue up your butt, then that's what's going to happen. You do what I say, Ashley. Remember that. My word is your command."

His demand for obedience makes me go weak inside, and my pussy gushes with pleasure. Patrick grunts his approval, and returns to licking my asshole and pussy, alternating between the two. Then he edges a finger into my tight cunt, stroking it up and down a bit, before pushing a second one in with the first.

"Unnnnh," I whine deliriously. "Oh god, yes!"

Patrick's smile is almost sinister as he watches my heated reaction. The man then scissers his fingers inside, stretching me out for his possession.

"You're doing so well," he croons before biting my clit. "You're incredibly responsive, Ashley. A dream come true."

His words shoot me into the stratosphere, and suddenly, I'm erupting in his arms. My

eyes fly open as he continues to fuck me with his fingers, even edging another one into my ass as I twist and churn beneath his caresses.

“Ooooh!” I squeal. “Yes, fuck my pussy, fuck it, fuck it! Oooh, it feels so good, Daddy!”

Patrick watches with flashing eyes as I experience my first climax at the touch of a man. His penis seeps and throbs as my pussy clenches on his digits, milking them like the cock I’m so hungry for.

“Oooh!” I scream again. “Ahhhh, yesssss!”

This time, it’s his deep push into my rectum that makes me fragment into pieces again. The feel of his big finger plugging my anus shatters my awareness, and suddenly, I’m coming again as he fucks me in both holes.

“Yes, sweetheart,” he croons. “You look so good taking a man in your orifices. I knew you’d be just the slut for me.”

I’m so overcome with pleasure that I don’t mind the foul language. In fact, I build on it.

“Yes, Daddy!” I scream as my body snaps and ripples, clamping on the delicious penetration. “I’m your slut! My body belongs to you! Trash my cunt and ass and use them for your pleasure.”

The invitation is too much. Patrick pulls his fingers out of my holes, my curves still shaking beneath him. Then, he notches that massive cock at my pussy entrance and with one forceful shove, he’s balls deep and grunting with pleasure while penetrating my virgin twat.



“Oh fuuuuck,” he manages. “Shit, baby.”

Meanwhile, I’m cringing with pain.

“Ow,” is my small whisper as I try to adjust to his massive size. “It hurts.”

Patrick’s perfectly still above me, but drops his head to press a kiss to the tears on my cheeks.

“I know, baby girl, but it’ll get better. Just relax, and you’ll begin to enjoy it. I promise.”

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

Then, he slides back before pushing forwards again. It still hurts, but it's not so bad this time, and I let out a melodious moan of mixed pleasure and pain.

"Better?" he whispers while kissing my tears again.

"A little," I whisper. But Patrick can't stop. He tries his best, going slow and gentle, but the tight vise of my virgin pussy is too much for any man. He begins fucking me with abandon, his massive cock sheathing itself in my swollen cunt again and again. The pistoning is relentless, even as he looks down at me with apology in those blue eyes.

"I'm sorry, Ashley," he pants, sweat running down those sculpted pecs. "You're too fucking sexy, and—"

Patrick stops then, pulling out before holding his cock and ejaculating all over my pussy and asshole. Hot seed squirts onto my sweetest spots, and to my surprise, I come again as well. I'm not sure what does it – the filth of the situation, or the intimacy. After all, this man has literally licked my asshole, and sucked on my nipples. Now, he's giving me his most precious self, and I watch with satisfaction as he roars with release, spurting hot man milk on my swollen folds.

"Fuck!" he shouts. "Shit shit shit!"

"Yes," I moan, opening my legs wider to get as much of his precious seed into me as possible. "Mmmm, give it to me all."

His balls pulse and his cock pumps, gallons of sticky fluid emptying onto my snatch

and dripping down to smear over my asshole. There's so much that the sofa beneath me is ruined, with a giant wet spot from our mixed fluids. But I don't care because the only thing that matters is bringing this man pleasure, and being pleased in return. Patrick O'Lachlan has more than delivered, and I stare raptly at his handsome features as he slowly recovers from his massive climax.

"Shit," he finally pants, fisting his dick in one palm. "I really did a number on you, didn't i?"

I do a mental inventory of my curves and wince a little.

"Yeah, I guess my pussy is a little sore. But not in a bad way," I say quickly. "A good one."

He stares down at my nude curves, his gaze still hungry against all odds. But then, Patrick catches sight of the red smears on the inside of my thighs and his face pales. "I'll be right back," he mutters before levering himself off the couch.

Slowly, I lift myself to one elbow. Where is this man going? But he returns in moments from the half bath, a damp towel in one hand, before ministering to me gently.

"Oh my god, what are you doing?" I squeal as he gently pats my tender holes. "Oh my god, oh my god!"

Patrick doesn't stop despite my protests.

"Sweetheart, you gifted me your cherry, and I'm so grateful for it. I will never forget how sweet and innocent you were, and how you still are," he corrects. "A woman only has one first time, and you gave that to me. I'll treasure it forever."

I blush.

“But it was good for you too, right?” I ask, sudden panic lighting in my chest. “I mean, it wasn’t just so-so because you were trying to treat me right?”

Patrick chuckles before finishing with the wet cloth and pressing a kiss to my bulging clit. I startle at the sensation and he chuckles darkly again.

“Sweetheart, I just deposited gallons of come on your hungry cunt. It was better than so-so. It was fucking mind-blowing and we’ll be doing it again.”

“We will?” I gasp. But his masculine form is already telling me the answer because as I watch, his cock hardens and stiffens before my eyes, thickening with arousal. This time, I have a devious urge to press my mouth to the little hole at the top, and maybe even to lick up and down the length before seeing how much I can take down my throat. Eight inches? Nine? Maybe even all of it?

Evidently Patrick can read my mind because the Irishman’s blue eyes gleam as he pulls me up into a sitting positions.

“Ready to try?” he hums, tapping my cheek with his hardened rod. “I think you’ll like it, sweetheart.”

Then, my mouth opens ... and there’s no room for words.

11

Ashley

I can’t believe this is my life. Or rather, I can because when it comes to Patrick O’Lachlan, anything is possible. The alpha male has unlimited resources, including

money, planes, cars, and even a magnificent castle in Ireland.

That's where I am now. After our rendezvous in the Presidential Suite, I figured that the billionaire was done with me. He won our bet, fair and square, and I delivered for a night of incredible, mind-blowing sensuality. Even now, the memory makes me shiver with heat, thinking back to how the alpha male stroked and touched my most intimate spots, making me come again and again.

But the events of the morning-after were a surprise. I fished for my clothes in the darkness of the master bedroom, trying to keep silent. I couldn't find my panties, and remembered the red column dress was lying discarded in the sitting area. Trying not to make any sound, I tiptoed to the door, intent on escaping.

Unfortunately, it wasn't meant to be. I tripped over something in the darkness and landed flat on my face on the carpet, my boobs smashed against the soft pile and my ass high in the air.

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

“Oomph!” was my muffled groan. “Ow!”

Patrick was awake and up in an instant.

“Holy shit, sweetheart. Are you okay?” he asked while flipping on the light. I was utterly mortified because everything about me was ravaged from his intimate touch. My hair was a rat’s nest from Patrick’s thick fingers; my breasts were covered with love bites; and my pussy and ass were swollen and red from his repeated penetration. Yes, after the alpha male popped my pussy cherry, he proceeded to claim my ass cherry as well, and I’ve never felt so utterly taken before.

But real life returned with a thunk, and here I was, caught red-handed trying to steal away.

“Um,” I muttered sitting up while pushing my blonde locks out of my face. “I’m okay, thanks! Sorry about waking you! I just wanted to grab some of my stuff and get out of here before—”

“Before I woke up?” Patrick growled, one black brow quirked. I colored because he’s utterly gorgeous, even at this godawful hour of the morning. His thick thighs rippled, and that chest was broad and bronzed, showing off defined six pack abs. His dick, despite putting me through the wringer last night, began to stiffen and grow as I watched. In fact, a pearl of pre-come beaded at the tip, making my mouth water. Reading my mind, Patrick grinned while fisting his hard shaft.

“I have what you need, sweet girl,” he growled. “Now get back in bed before I tie you to the frame and make you scream.”

With that, it was on. I spent most of the next three days in the man's suite, moaning and creaming as he possessed my curves in every possible position. It's the only way to describe it. The man claimed my body as his, and worked it over like his favorite fucktoy.

"Goddamn," he gasped, rolling off me before gently patting my tender pussy. "Good kitty. You've made me very happy."

"Good kitty?" I squeaked. "What about here?" I asked, pointing to the love bites on my breasts. "What about here too?" I asked, flipping over onto my hands and knees before bouncing my ass in his face.

Patrick chuckled with amusement.

"Good doggy," he laughed, gently swatting my asshole with the flat of his hand. It was moist and wet still, ravaged from masculine penetration, but Patrick merely swatted it again before reaching for his phone.

"Yeah hi," he grunted into his cell, already talking to someone. "Tonight at seven, right? Harry Reid. Do you have a passport, honey?" he asked, looking at me with raised eyebrows while covering the receiver with one big hand.

I stared back.

"I mean, yes, I do, but what for?"

It was too late because Patrick was already barking orders into the phone. Then, he hung up before jumping out of bed and rising to his full height.

"Get dressed honey," he smirked with a smile. "We're going to pick up some of your stuff at your apartment. Passport included."

“What?” I gasped. “But wait, what do you mean?”

“Come on, it’ll be an adventure,” he called while sauntering to the bathroom, his bronzed rear end sculpted and muscled. Damn, this man is fine and I momentarily lost my train of thought.

“But where are we going?” I squeaked, trailing him to the bathroom as he jerked on the hot water. Steam immediately began pouring into the massive glass stall, and my man stepped in as I leaned against the doorframe watching that sculpted, gladiator-like form. But his smirk was loud and clear even as he began to lather shampoo into his black strands.

“Join me?” he asked, running blue eyes suggestively up and down my nude curves. Hot tingles coursed through my kitty even as I clutched my thighs together.

“Not before you tell me where we’re going.”

“You’ll find out,” is all he would reveal, and then with one swift motion, I was pulled into the stall with him. What the hell? How in the world did that happen, when Patrick was standing inside the shower while I was still leaning against the doorframe? But the alpha male is fast and athletic, and soon, the bathroom was filled with our gasps and pants as he deposited a creamy load into my sweetest spot once more.

Now, I’m living in Patrick’s Irish castle full time. Yes, he was true to his word and transported me all the way across the ocean before landing in the Emerald Isle.

“What do you mean, this castle belongs to you?” I whispered while trailing a butler into the massive, black stone building. “People don’t own castles anymore! They’re just historical relics that have been converted into museums.”



Patrick pulled me deeper into the interior, and my jaw dropped at the sheer luxury on display. The main hall was at least triple-height, and rustic yet luxurious at once. Massive wooden wheel chandeliers hung from the ceilings, with heavy oak furniture scattered about. Muted tapestries covered the walls, depicting knights in battle, as well as saints in brown frocks, ladies in pointed cone hats with no eyelashes, and mythical creatures peeping from behind every stone.

“Castle Droghaire has been in my family for centuries,” Patrick remarked casually as a footman offered him a glass of wine. One was offered to me as well, and I took it automatically, astonished that liveried footmen even exist. “My ancestors are vicious, don’t get me wrong,” my lover continued. “They’re cunning and conniving. But they happened to help the right king in the right battle at the right time, and were elevated to the Irish peerage during the fifteenth century. As a result, you’re looking at the Right Honorable Patrick Henrica Leavenworth O’Lachlan, 7th Viscount Ferrard.”

“I’m sorry?” I snorted. “What kind of name is that? You have titles?”

“It is a mouthful,” the huge man acknowledged with a grin. “But it’s my name, and don’t try to take it for yourself,” he winked. “Anyways, make yourself at home, sweetheart. The castle is at your disposal, as is all of the staff. You’re my guest, Ashley, and a very precious one at that.”

My heart thumped with those words because what did he mean by the word “precious”? What was I doing here, anyways? We only met because I lost a sordid game of cards to this man, and he was intent on claiming his prize. But now, we’re literally a world away as he introduces me to his life and lifestyle, not to mention showing off his ancestral home. Don’t people only do that when they’re in a serious relationship? Goodness, I never would have guessed that any of this would happen.

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

But Patrick had already stalked off to attend to various business matters, leaving me to my own devices. Taking advantage of my freedom, I decided to explore, and the Castle Droghaire took months for me to map out. Yes, bad habits stay with a person forever, and just as I cased the Vegas casinos, I began to “case” Castle Droghaire as well. With each day, each corridor, each hallway, and each bedroom that I entered, my mind began to build a mental map of the space. I noted dimensions, wall hangings, light fixtures, angles, shadows, and anything that might be helpful. I don’t know why I’m like this. Some people have a way with words or numbers, but others have a knack for spatial reasoning, and my strength is the latter.

In the meantime, I enjoy myself to the utmost. Patrick is away at work during the days, so I have quite a few hours of leisure time to myself. I wander the castle, swim in the pool, or amuse myself with the massive library of books available to me. Sometimes, I take a dip in a nearby loch or even hike the fens by myself, reveling in the unique aspects of the Irish landscape. The Emerald Isle is gorgeous, with a rocky coast, wind-whipped terrain, and also a beauty that’s haunting yet delicately magical.

Then once Patrick returns, we eat a delicious dinner prepared by his chef. He says he wants me to maintain my ballet form, but I know what he’s really saying. The alpha male adores my curves and wants me well-fed and energetic for our romps in the sack. After all, I’m basically his favorite sex toy now, and the man uses my curves like a rampaging warrior. Most nights, after dinner, we repair to the master suite for riotous lovemaking, and he keeps me up all night, moaning and gasping as I take that hardcock over and over again. I can hardly move some mornings, but Patrick always chuckles and pets my pussy when that happens, referring to it as “his favorite kitty.”

All in all, it’s been a couple months of lavish living coupled with mind-blowing

sensuality. I enjoy pleasing the billionaire, and it's been easy to settle in. In fact, I'm still not sure how the change happened so fast, but it certainly hasn't been difficult to adjust.

Then again, I didn't have much in Vegas when I left. I was living as a journeyman, trying to put food on the table by partaking in high stakes poker. Sure, I'd had some success, but my understanding is that casinos talk to each other, and will notice if a player wins too much. I'm sure I'd already been profiled, and they were on the lookout for my presence at future tournaments.

So when Patrick offered me a chance to get away, I took it. I packed a suitcase of my stuff, told my roomie I was going on temporary hiatus, and left her with an envelope of cash to cover my rent. All of the money was from Patrick, of course, because he's paid for everything since we've been together. My man is generous that way, and I boarded the billionaire's private plane with a light step and a sweet smile.

But what does the Irishman want from me? A companion? A lady friend? A normal friend? A horny sex fiend who takes his dick on command? It seems like all of the above, to be honest. We have steamy, sensual sex, but we also talk as if we've known each other for years on end. He tells me about his family history, and even mentioned that he has a sister.

"So Ainsley's in Vegas right now," I said one night, as we lay in bed together. "She came with you to the City of Sin."

"Yeah," he grunted. "She's spending my money like water too."

"But why did you leave her there?" I ask curiously. "She's only eighteen, right?"

The alpha male merely shrugged before shooting me a grin.

“Ainsley is a big girl, Ash. Trust me, my sister knows how to take care of herself, and besides, she’s there for her career. She wants to be a plus-size model, and apparently, Vegas is where it all happens.”

I nod slowly.

“Yeah, my ballet career was supposed to be the same,” I hum. “I was supposed to be a plus-size dancer, remember?”

Patrick reaches for me, his blue eyes going black with desire.

“You’ll always be a ballerina, Ashley. You’re lithe, emotive, and with an incredible way of commanding your body down to the tiniest muscle. You’re a prima ballerina, honey, and there’s no doubt about it.”

His words made me flush with pleasure because Patrick treats me so well. He comforts me when I’m afraid, and lifts me up when I have doubts. Yes, my artistic career is currently stalled, and to be honest, I don’t know if it will ever take off again. But Patrick makes me feel like I’m succeeding, even if I only dance for him in bed.

Unfortunately, my grace and flexibility will be leaving me soon, and I’m not sure what to do about it. After all, Patrick and I have a tacit understanding. The man is obviously virile, and when we discussed protection, he said no to condoms.

“Absolutely not,” he rasped, blue eyes flashing. “That shit feels like shit, not to mention being carcinogenic.”

I shot him a look.

“Latex isn’t carcinogenic! They use latex in lots of things, from plastic gloves to chewing gum to tennis shoes. Trust me, the latex in condoms is perfectly safe.”

The billionaire merely shrugged.

“Well, I need to be fully sheathed in your hot cunt, skin-to-skin. How about this? I’ll only come in your ass. See, I know how to compromise,” he winked.

This man is so infuriating, and I put my hands on my hips while fixing him with a look of mock fury.

“Patrick, you know that even a drop inside me can get me pregnant. I’m young and fertile, and maybe even half a drop will do the trick. I’m not getting on chemical birth control either because I’m a dancer and any change in weight will throw off my art. So condoms it is.”

But Patrick didn’t answer, merely pulling me into his strong arms before seizing my mouth with his own. Literally, he prevented me from speaking, and the topic dropped by the wayside.

But he was true to his word. The alpha male often ejaculates in my ass, and if he’s close to coming in my pussy, he pulls out at the last minute and will spray over my creamy curves. To be honest, I like it when he does that because I love watching my man come. Patrick is gorgeous, bronzed, and muscular, and there’s nothing sexier than seeing him come apart as he loses control.

But now, the proverbial drop in the bucket has changed my reality. I’m pregnant and it’s obvious how it happened. Patrick uses my curves every night, and he’s a virile alpha male, while I’m a fertile young woman. Pregnancy was pretty much a given if our only method of contraception was the rhythm method, and an imperfect rhythm, if I’m being honest.

So now, I’m having a baby, and while nothing shows yet, my hand steals to the curve of my stomach as a smile shadows my features. This baby is going to be loved even if

he or she is unexpected, and I have it all worked out already. After all, I've become friends with the staff here, and they're kind and wonderful. Stacks is the perfect butler, while Mrs. Sullivan cooks delicious lunches and dinners every day. There are also dozens of footmen, maids, and housekeepers who keep the massive castle spic and span, and they've come to see me as one of their own.

Even more, their cooperation is important because I'm planning the unspeakable. Castle Droghaire is enormous. It's literally a hulking, black fortress sitting on a large parcel of land, and it was designed for olden times when entire garrisons of warriors were stationed inside. As a result, I've discovered all sorts of nooks and crannies, including a secret set of rooms hidden away in the east wing. The space was a tiny bit decrepit, consisting of a sitting room in front, as well as a connected bedroom and small bathroom. But it's enough. The suite is well-lit and heated, and because of my extraordinary spatial awareness, I was able to detect a special passageway leading from the rooms to the outside of the castle. I plan on raising my baby here, in secret, as Patrick continues with his jet-setting lifestyle, none the wiser.

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

Of course it hurts because I'll have to tell him that I'm going back to the States. I'll make up some bullshit about a new balletcompany offering me a job, and I'll say that the new troupe is located somewhere remote and undesirable, like the middle of the New Mexican desert, or deep in Appalachia without the comforts of modern living. Then, I'll bid goodbye to the billionaire, but I'll never actually get on a plane. Instead, I'm going to hole up in my secret rooms and have the baby on my own, with the staff's help of course. My child will have a safe place to stay for a few years, and from there, we'll see. I'm not sure exactly what happens next, but I have to do this because I want to keep my child. There's no way Patrick would consent to being a father, so I'm not even going to put the question to him.

Quietly, I steal down the hall to my secret suite. The door swings open silently, and I look around. There's a crib by the wall that I was able to smuggle in with the help of one of the footmen, and Mrs. Sullivan gifted me a baby bassinet that stands by the window. A few of the maids have been sewing up a storm, and already, the white changing table has a few hand-made stuffed animals on it. Tears fill my eyes because these people were strangers only a few months ago, but now, I rely on them like family.

Slowly, I sink down into a rocking chair by the window. Sadness overwhelms my form as sunlight bathes my features because this is what I want, but not really. My ideal scenario would be to live life out in the open, with a burbling baby in my arms and a doting partner who adores being a father. Instead, I'm confined to the shadows while raising my child in secret. No one will know, not even my parents or my sister. Certainly, Patrick will never find out because I can't imagine the destruction if he does. He would go berserk and tear this castle to pieces if he found out.

A tear trails down my cheek.

What kind of woman does this? the voice in my head whispers. Are you crazy, Ashley? How can you live right under your babydaddy's nose, taking shelter in his house and eating his food, all the while raising his child? He's going to find out.

Perhaps so. There is a flower in the attic vibe to my plan, but at the same time, I don't have a choice. I don't have a job in the States, and there are zero troupes that I'm aware of looking for curvy ballerinas. I'm a high school dropout, and it's unclear whether I could even file for unemployment assistance, seeing that I've never technically been "employed." I suppose I could move back in with my parents, but they're nearing retirement, and looking forward to their golden years. Helping a struggling teen mom while tending to a newborn baby is definitely not in their future plans.

So here I am, getting ready to take the plunge into the scariest, most devastating chapter of my life. It will be filled with rewards, to be sure, because I already adore my unborn baby so much. A mother's love is fierce, so much that I'm willing to go down this lonely, unspeakable route.

But more than anything, I wish Patrick were here to walk with me. I wish I could live out in the open, and that we'd peer down into our baby's bassinet, two adoring parents already in love with our child. I wish that he'd rub my back when it aches with pregnancy, and accompany me to local Lamaze classes. I wish that he could see our child, and how the baby is sure to resemble him with his dark hair, blue eyes, and Irish features. I wish... I wish... I wish...

But wishing is for innocent young girls, whereas real life is for mothers. I'm in the latter category now ... and I've already made my choice.



Patrick

I push open the door and drink in the sight of my beautiful girl. Ashley's still and silent in a rocking chair, looking contemplatively out the window with her long blonde hair rippling over her shoulders. One hand curves protectively around her tummy, and her expression is serious but also serene. My girl is ready to be a mommy, and that's my baby in her belly.

The knowledge makes possession surge through my veins. A child. I've thought of having a family before, but always discarded the idea. I'm a jet-setting billionaire bachelor, and I've fucked women on all the continents, not to mention multiple cities. Ladies have always craved my money, my body, and my attention. I saw no reason to change.

But everything shifted once Ashley stepped into the picture. She's witty, charming, intelligent, with a laugh that sounds like the peal of bells. Her vivacious personality and ability to make me laugh are unparalleled, and I've found myself doing things that I never do on my own. Walking the fens. Savoring dinner, instead of bolting down my food. Taking the time to appreciate a sunset, instead of immersing myself in the details of the latest corporate takeover. She's made me into a better person, which is why her actions are so fucking puzzling.

After all, what the hell is the curvy girl thinking? Does she think she can hide while she's living under my roof? Does she think that she can be pregnant with my child, and that I wouldn't notice? Of course I noticed. I notice everything about my girl's body, and I saw how her color is often flushed. I see how her breasts have enlarged, and how her nipples are especially sensitive. I see how her pussy is hungrier and wetter, sucking me in as she raises her knees to deepen the penetration. Most of all, I see the sadness in her eyes because she wants this child, and thinks that I'll make her get rid of it.

Therefore, this fucking hare-brained plan. Ashley thinks she's going to live surreptitiously within the walls of Castle Droghaire. She's going to raise my baby in secret, relying on the discretion of my staff to bring her food, water, and supplies for the infant. She's going to spend years cloistered within these black walls, and my child will never meet his father. What the fuck? Nothing happens in my castle without my knowledge and assent. I am the Viscount, and this is my son.

"Ashley," I growl from my place by the door.

The golden girl startles and then turns to me, her blue eyes wide.

"Patrick," she stammers, hot circles appearing on her cheeks. "What are you doing here?"

I step into the room, shutting the door behind me. The suite has been outfitted as a nursery, but I can still feel a draft within these thick stone walls. The sunlight from the only window is thin and weak, and I grow incensed knowing that this shitty set-up is what she has planned for my child. Rage bubbles in my chest as I stare at her, a vein throbbing at my temple.

"What the fuck is this?" I hiss.

Both hands are on her belly now.

"What is what?"

"What is this?" I scream, gesturing to the crib, bureau, and cradle. "What the fuck?"

Ashley stands up, her face pale as both hands curve around her burgeoning tummy.

"I will not speak to you when you're in this state, Patrick. It's not good for me, and as

you can see, I'm expecting. Come back when you're calm."

I huff and take a few deep inhales, willing my blood pressure to go down.

"You're pregnant. And the baby's mine."

A hurt look comes over those beautiful features.

"Of course the child's yours. Who else's would it be?"

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

“I don’t know,” I snark. “Stacks? One of the footmen? Hell, a village man you’ve been fucking on the sly?”

Ashley turns her back to me then, refusing to engage.

“Leave, asshole,” she says in a tight voice. “I hate you.”

I lose it again.

“That child is mine!” I scream. “And if you think I’m letting you bring him up in this godforsaken setting—”

“This godforsaken setting is your home, Patrick! This is your castle! We’re just living here.”

“Yes, and you were going to raise my child under my roof without my knowledge. You’ve been sneaking furniture in here, and swearing my staff to secrecy about your pregnancy. Are you fucking kidding me? Nothing happens here without my knowledge. Nothing. Nada. Zip.”

Her jaw clenches as she purses her lips into a thin line.

“Okay, fine. I see your point. My plan was underhanded and devious, not to mention a little far-fetched, but I’m not giving up my baby, Patrick. I’m keeping this child no matter what. You can’t force me to have a termination—”

“Who said I’d force you? Who says I don’t want this baby? I’m excited to be a father,

and the only question is why you've been so afraid to tell me! I've been waiting for weeks for you to come forward, and instead I find out that you're planning to live like a fucking hermit within the walls of my own home! What. The. Fuck!?!?" I bellow, the rage overtaking me again.

Ashley's cheeks are scarlet, but she maintains her calm.

"I didn't know that. I thought for sure that you'd make me get rid of the baby. We've had conversations before, Patrick. You told me about your lifestyle, and how you'd fuck women all over the world. You told me that you hated how you were brought up, and how you resent your parents for dying early and saddling you with responsibility. You're so into your work, and your lifestyle, that a family would only be a hindrance. But the baby and I will be fine on our own, Patrick. You don't have to have a role in his life. We won't ask anything of you—"

This time, I stride forward to seize her narrow shoulders with both hands before glaring into her wide blue eyes.

"This child is mine," I hiss. "You are mine. The hell I won't have a role in your lives. Both of you belong to me."

That makes Ashley shut up for a moment, her lower lip trembling.

"Really?" she manages in a weepy tone.

"Really," I rasp. "Do you hear me, Ashley Finnegan? I love you. You complete me. Yes, I was an asshole, and I still am an asshole, but you've changed me. You made me feel things that I've never felt before. You made me see things that I've never seen, despite them being right under my nose. I want to start a family with you. I want to marry you, and raise our children together. I want you to be the viscountess, and to take my name as your own. Will you? Don't you dare say no, or I might strangle you

with my fucking hands,” I grind out.

She wipes her nose as tears roll down her cheeks.

“You don’t have to do this, Patrick,” she sobs. “You don’t have to—”

“No, I want to,” I repeat with urgency, still gripping her shoulders. “I love you, Ashley Finnegan. What’s so hard to understand about that?”

Then, the beautiful young woman breaks down altogether, a waterfall of tears coursing down her cheeks.

“I had no idea!” she wails. “I really thought that you wouldn’t be interested in a family. That you’d make me get rid of the baby, or banish us to the ends of the earth. I had no idea,” she sobs, collapsing against my massive bulk.

Unexpectedly, tears prick my eyes as I stroke the curve of her golden head. A lump forms in my throat when I think about how close we came to disaster – as if I was ever going to let disaster come to my child. But now, the time has come for forgiveness, and I press my lips to her hair, as understanding replaces my subsiding rage.

“It’s fine,” I growl low in my chest. “But never leave me, Ashley. Be mine, forever. Say you’ll be my wife.”

A heart-wrenching sob escapes her throat again, but this time, she lifts her delicate chin to look at me with blue eyes so innocent that I’m overcome with passion.

“Yes, I’ll be yours, Patrick. I look forward to becoming Mrs. O’Lachlan and starting our life together. I will be the Viscountess.”

With that, I claim her plush pout in a soul-devastating kiss because this is the woman I was always meant to be with. I met a young girl at a Vegas casino, who lost her most precious asset to my devious ways and blackened heart. But never underestimate a charming, intelligent young woman because Ashley Finnegan came out the winner in the end ... with my love as the ultimate prize.

## EPILOGUE

Ashley

Ille back on the settee as Patrick finishes a call with his sister.

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:44 am*

“Okay,” he says slowly. “That sounds fine. Yeah, just be careful Ains. You know billionaires. They don’t give a fuck and they’ll run you over if it suits them... okay, sure,” he finishes. Then he hangs up, his expression wry.

“Is your sister okay?” I ask, rubbing my belly. I’m in my first trimester still, but my tummy seems to have grown exponentially so that it looks like a mountain. “Is Ainsley coming back? I can’t wait to meet her.”

Patrick sighs and sits before running a hand through his black hair, ruffling it adorably.

“No,” he grunts. “Ains says her plus-size modeling career is going fine, and that she’s met some interesting people. She’s met a man,” he clarifies. “Evidently, she’s met a godforsakenbillionaire, and wants to see where her relationship with him can go. Goddamn it. Shit is going to get fucked. I can feel it.”

I shoot my handsome fiancé a look.

“Yes, butyou’rea godforsaken billionaire, my love. You used to toy with young girls all the time.”

Patrick grins at me, flashing that white smile.

“And look where it got me,” he groans, pulling my bulging form close to his massive bulk. “A beautiful fiancée, and a baby on the way. Oh, and by the way, sweetheart, it finally came.”



I go still as he reaches into his pocket. There's a blue velvet box in his hand and my heart begins to thump. "Ready?" he asks in a low voice. "A beautiful diamond for a beautiful girl."

After all, diamonds have a special place in our relationship. They're the way we "met" in a way because we both stole into the high rollers room at the Degas casino, and Patrick witnessed me making off with quite a few of the gems in an illicit way. But the handsome Irishman wasn't disgusted or put off. If anything, my dirty act only piqued his interest, and now, we're celebrating with a special kind of diamond.

Sure enough, he pops the lid and there's a massive seven carat stunner nestled on the silk bed. I gasp as it sparkles and shines, beautiful beyond compare.

"Oh wow. Your lab did a great job creating this gem because it's so brilliant," I murmur, picking up the heart-shaped stone and holding to the light. "I would never be able to tell the difference."

Patrick smiles knowingly.

"Of course not, sweetheart. It's a real diamond with the same chemical properties as anything mined from the Earth. But with a lot less environmental damage," he adds. "Besides, I bought Pure and Raw Diamonds for you, Ashley. The company is yours, and once you're done having my kids, you'll be the lady in charge at the business."

Tears fill my eyes as I smile at my handsome man who always looks out for me.

"I can't believe you bought me a diamond company," I breathe. "And that you trust me so much! I mean, I don't even have a high school degree so I'm not exactly qualified."

Patrick leans forward, seizing my plush pout with his own.

“Degrees mean nothing to me,” he growls. “You’ve demonstrated your intelligence and insight again and again, sweetheart. You’re the perfect match for a diamond company, not to mention the perfect mother for my children.” His large palm comes up to cup a big breast, and I moan sensuously as he fondles my nipple, making hot jolts lance down from my tit to my cunt. This man always pleases me, and now that I’m pregnant, I need it all the time too. Yet Patrick’s the man for the job because he’s virile and voracious. Our sex life has only reached new heights, and I can’t wait to see how the rest of my pregnancy plays out.

But then, a thought strikes and I pull back.

“So are we going to grow some diamonds for the Degas Hotel? I did steal their stuff,” I remind with a flirty pout.

Patrick grunts, still focused on my curvy form.

“Hell no. Christian Degas never noticed. He’s got multiple chandeliers strung with lab grown gems, so trust me, he’s got enough on his hands. Besides, those diamonds were in your cunt and ass, honey. No way I’m handing them over to another man.”

“Oh really,” I say in a coy tone. “And what do you plan on doing with our little stash then? Heck, we’ll have a lot more now that we literally own a diamond lab. We can spare a few.”

My man pulls me close, biting my neck lovingly.

“I’ll find a use for them,” he moans. “Don’t you worry about that, sweetheart. Besides, Degas is hiding out right now. There’s no way to reach him.”

“Hiding out?” I ask, wrinkling my nose. “But why?”

My handsome fiancé shrugs, his azure eyes glowing with appreciation as they take in my pregnant form.

“That fucker gets in moods sometimes. He has a cabin in the woods and will stay there for weeks at a time, like a fucking hermit. I have no idea what he does when he’s there. Probably drinks himself to death,” Patrick remarks. “His ex-wife was a fucking lunatic, and my understanding is that her daughter is the same. It’s a complete shitshow.”

I squint at my fiancé.

“Wait, so his ex and her daughter are at the cabin too?”

Patrick shrugs.

“Your guess is as good as mine, but their divorce was brutal and my understanding is that the ex tried to “claim” the cabin by staking out the place. With the help of her teenage daughter,” he adds. “Like it was the fucking wild west and she could “take possession” by her mere presence. But I don’t know,” he says. “It’s another man’s personal life and I don’t want to know.”

“Okay,” I say with wide eyes. I’m about to say more, but I decide not to because it sounds like Christian Degas has turned into a mountain man, with a vicious ex and a young woman underfoot. My only hope is that something untoward doesn’t happen, whether it’s homicide, violence, or sheer repressed sexual tension. You never know with these things.

But I’m happy in my castle in Ireland, with my handsome man, and his baby in my belly. I pull Patrick close again before whispering against his lips.

“Thank you, Mr. O’Lachlan. The Viscountess is very happy.”

His blue eyes gleam as he takes in pregnant form.

“Thank you, Mrs. O’Lachlan to be. The Viscount is very happy as well.”

Then, our lips join as our hearts meld because we’ve left Vegas behind, but I’m sure we’ll go back. After all, there’s too much excitement going on, given the mix of plus-size curvy girls, dashing billionaires, and even a mountain man and his precocious stepdaughter thrown in for good measure. But for now, I want to focus on my family

... and the gorgeous alpha male who made my dreams come true.

THE END