



Lucky Girl

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Category: Erotic, Romance, Adult, New Adult

Description: Eamon: I sought companionship and thought a wife auction was the best place to get it. I didn't expect much but I found the greatest happiness I've ever known in Fiadh.

Fiadh: I did what I thought I had to do. Desperate times call for desperate measures. I thought finding a husband this way would just be something I had to endure. Lucky in love is just the beginning of this tale.

Join KL & M.K. as they bring you Lucky Girl. This is a safe, over-the-top, insta-instalove with some steam.

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ChapterOne

Eamon Keegan

My flight from Chattanooga was uneventful, as expected. Tennessee is where I call home despite owning many properties all over the country. I was born and raised within five minutes of where I currently reside. The only time I ever lived outside Chattanooga was when I lived in California for college. In fact, my entire family has lived in Chattanooga since my grandparents emigrated to America in 1949. Chattanooga was the perfect place to settle down for them. It has a city vibe while still being nestled in the mountains, which is perfect for me. We have since modernized the business, changing with the times. It is also the base of operations for my own company, Keegan Technologies. I still sit on the board of my family's company, which primarily deals with textiles. Located downtown, my building is among the tallest, situated on the corner of Market Street and MLK, directly across from the electric company's compound of buildings. Because of my success, the empire I've amassed attracts the wrong kind of attention. Exactly the type of attention I don't want from my wife. As one of the richest men in America, I can no longer tolerate the games. Women throw themselves at me on a daily basis, ones I have absolutely no interest in. I am looking for a woman who knows the score from the very first. This wouldn't be about love. I don't think it exists. At worst, this would be a business arrangement and a tolerable companionship at best. I will remain faithful to my wife and expect the same in return. All in all, I don't think that I am asking too much.

Knowing exactly why I am here, Reno, Nevada isn't exactly a hotspot on my list of places to visit, but a wife auction is just about the only thing that would get me to this

desert tourist trap. My friend Kiernan from Atlanta met his wife Helena through this auction several Christmases ago. Last month, I went down to Atlanta for a meeting and met up with him for drinks. I was surprised when he had a wife in tow. I hadn't seen him for a while, but it was still shocking. They were eager to tell me all about where they met. Then he suggested that he use his influence to get me in. What is it with married couples always trying to pair people off? At the time, I declined. Then I thought more and more about it, eventually thinking it would solve all my problems. I called him last week and asked him to do it, and now here I am.

A verifiable parade of women strut across the stage, all in various stages of dress. None of them capture my attention other than a passing glance, just as I suspected, but their biographies are being read out by a man dressed as a circus performer. It makes me want to laugh. The auctioneer is not giving this a level of credibility that I am comfortable with. How can I be expected to choose a wife from a place like this? I am about to throw in the towel as an audible hush comes over the crowd. I bring my now warm whiskey to my lips; another woman comes out and promptly almost choke on the amber liquid. The woman is straight out of my dreams.

At first, all I can see is her shiny, possibly glittery green heels. Then I look up. A mistake to be sure. Her long, thick legs are mouth-watering. She is just wearing a black bra and panty set, with a sheer black cover-up. Her body language completely conveys her discomfort. I can tell she's never been this exposed before, and that excites me like nothing ever has. Her tits are huge, and she has a soft belly. I have a fierce need to run my fingers over the smooth expanse and grip her hips while I fuck her hard and fast. I've never been with a woman, but I know what to do. For the first time, I have a primal need to wed, bed, and breed her. All from a look. A single fucking look, and I am hooked on 317. I chance a quick glance down at the, I don't know, dossier or menu of those on the auction block. 317 is gorgeous, young, and about to be all mine. I'd feel like a dirty old man, but I want her so fucking bad, I don't care.

I drop the packet onto the floor and scan her body, starting with those crazy Saint Patrick's Day shoes. When I get to her face, I gasp. The picture in the packet doesn't do her any justice. Her chocolate-colored eyes are expressive, and they are staring right at me. I watch as she takes a deep, calming type of breath, and I mirror her action. Her long brown hair is a riot of curls. I can imagine the ends of those curls tickling my thighs as she rides my cock. Speaking of, I shift in my seat to adjust my erection. Today is my thirty-fourth birthday. A thirty-four-year-old man shouldn't get erections just from looking at a gorgeous girl, but here I am with my dick uncomfortably hard and getting harder.

"Item 317 is from Howth, County Dublin, Ireland. She is eighteen years old, with dual citizenship. She is determined to be the wife you need. I am also told she's been certified a virgin. Damn. The second one in years, gents. Very rare in this day and age. Shall we start the bidding at ten thousand dollars?" I raise my paddle, as do several other men.

Fuck that. She's mine. I could kill all these motherfuckers and take her for myself, but then I'd be in prison and unable to enjoy the spoils of victory. Better to just bid on her until I possess her unique beauty.

Back and forth we go until it's six million and the same number of people are still bidding. Fuck this. I stand, paddle still raised.

"Yes, sir?" The ringmaster asks.

"Ten million dollars." My girl gasps loudly. Our eyes meet again and what I thought I wanted is out the fucking window. She'll be mine, heart and fucking soul.

"Ten point five," another man says, also standing. The other bidders drop their paddles. I grin.

"Eleven," I counter.

"Eleven point five,"

"Fifteen million dollars," I say to a now silent room.

"Sir?" The ringmaster asks the other man, who shakes his head and sits down.

"Going once, going twice, sold to paddle number 69 for fifteen million dollars. Our highest bride price to date." He bangs his gavel on the podium, sealing my fate. A drop in the bucket, I would have given my very last dime if it meant she was mine.

An older woman wearing an austere black dress comes up to me, different than the butler-type who brought me my drink when I first arrived.

"Congratulations on your prize. Come this way, sir," she says, leading me from the stage area to a private room. "You will have some time to go over the contract, and as soon as you initiate the money transfer, you will be brought to your bride."

"Very well. Thank you," I say as she hands me a folder. She leaves, and I take a seat in the leather chair in the room. Opening the folder, I find two identical pieces of paper. As a man who reads numerous contracts a day, this seems pretty standard, except for the addendum written in swirling cursive and hot pink ink. Fiadh Mulligan, as I learned her name from the contract, would like her immediately available percentage sent to a specific bank account that does not belong to her, taking nothing for herself. I can't help but wonder how her name is pronounced; despite my Irish heritage, I've never heard it before, but I set that aside for now. I am sure that I will learn it shortly. Continuing down the contract, the rest of the money is available to her once we've been married for five years, minus the auction house's fee. All pretty standard for something that I think might be illegal. I am not even sure this contract would hold up in a court of law, but I digress. I'm here now, committed to this. I sign

both copies, right next to Fiadh's name. I will make sure she wants for nothing. I transfer the money into the two accounts listed on the folder and wait impatiently. A short while later, there is a soft knock on the door, and the woman sticks her head into the room.

"Ready? She's waiting." Standing, I nod, handing her the folder. "We'll have it all notarized before you leave."

"As it should be," I am getting anxious, and I can't contain my asshole tone of voice.

"Are you ready to meet your betrothed?" she asks, smiling, which lights up her face, changing her face from austere to youthful in an instant.

"Yes," I say, my voice uncharacteristically shaky.

As soon as the door opens, I see her sitting in a similar chair to the one I just left. She is dressed now, thank God. I hated those other men could see what I already think of as mine, but that was before me. I can't be too upset about it, at least not to her. She has a knee-length black dress on that appears to be tied closed at the waist. That will be easy to open. My cock is hard and heavy, seeking her like a fucking missile.

"Hello. I'm Fiadh Finola Mulligan. It's nice to meet you ..." She pronounces her name as FEE-ah, and I love the lilting accent she has. It's sexy as fuck. She looks at me impatiently, waiting for me to supply my name. Right, it's my turn to speak now.

"Eamon Willard Keegan," I say, shaking her outstretched hand. The second our skin touches, electricity shoots through my veins. My voice is harsh and full of need. I barely recognize it.

"You're Irish too?" she asks, and I nod.

“Third-generation in America,” I tell her proudly. She smiles and nods.

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"It's nice to meet you," she says again, causing me to laugh. I can't even remember the last time I laughed. Only she does this to me. No one else in my life even comes close to causing this kind of reaction. No one. It's insane. We've said very few words to one another.

"You said that already, peaches." The nickname rolls off my tongue effortlessly. Her peaches and cream skin are just begging to be tasted.

"So I did. I'm a little nervous."

"Don't be. You have nothing to fear from me, Fiadh," I reply, hoping to reassure her.

"Alright. Fiadh chose a religious ceremony. Is that alright with you, sir?" Another man dressed as a ringmaster asks me.

"Yes. Fine. Whatever she wants." I mean it. Whatever she wants, she'll have.

A minister steps forward, reads a verse from First Corinthians, and begins the short ceremony.

"By the power vested in me by God and the great state of Nevada, I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride."

And by God, I do. She takes my kiss and gives me her mouth. Her plump lips are soft and yielding. Our tongues dance, and never has a kiss felt so right, not that I've done much kissing. I need so much more from her now.

Yeah, whatever the fuck I thought I wanted; Fiadh blew that right out of the water.

Let's see what this marriage has in store for us.

ChapterTwo

Fiadh Mulligan

I can't believe I just auctioned myself off like livestock to the highest bidder for money. A lot of fucking money. Why the feck did I think this would be a good idea?

"I can't believe I am fucking doing this. If Aunty Rita finds out what I just did, she will fucking kick my ass," I murmur out loud while pacing back and forth in the small room I was escorted to twenty minutes ago. "Well, that's why you set up a big thing about your fake boyfriend, silly. So when you tell her that you're married next week, she won't think anything of it."

I have lost my mind. I am talking to myself out loud. I go to bite my nails, then think better of it can't have fucked up nails when he puts a ring on me. Wait, does he even have a ring? Are we doing rings? Oh my God, was I supposed to get a ring?

Breathe, bitch. You can't go passing out. I take a deep breath and sit down on the only chair they have in the room after I pull my dress back on. With my head in my hands, I wonder how everything turned into shit so fast. I, never in a million years, thought that I would get married, let alone marry for money, but my Aunt Rita is really sick, and her medical bills are piling up so fast they are making my head spin.

With chemo and hospital stays, we are sinking and sinking fast. I keep telling her that everything will be okay, but I think she can tell that I am lying. Nothing about this is going to be okay. She is the only family I have left. She is more like my mom than my aunt. She has been raising me since I was five, and my mom left me on her

doorstep. My mother is what you'd call a free spirit. Oh, she breezes in every now and then, but then she's off on her next adventure. Being a mother just wasn't for her. She met my dad on vacation in America a little over eighteen years ago. She came home with a bun in the oven, but my Da, Edwin, took care of me monetarily and came to visit whenever he could. After Ma went on her first adventure, I spent the summer with him. When I came home to go back to school, he died in a fire. He was an only child of only children. My grandparents had passed away before I was born. It was just him, and now it's just me. I have to be able to take care of the one person who has always been there for me. I could get a job at a pub or something in Dublin, but I'd never be able to make enough money to pay the bills. I barely made it through school, so my lie about university is just that. A big fat lie.

I left Aunt Rita in Dublin to come to America, the home of my father. He died a long time ago, though. She thinks I am doing a semester abroad, but that was a lie. I found this auction and thought any little bit would help, and I only have to be married for five years. I never imagined that I'd be bought... for so much money or to such a hot man. I stand at the knock at the door.

"Come in," I say, and the door squeaks open. Mrs. Ethel, an old woman dressed in black, peeks her head in.

"You ready, girl?" she asks.

"Yes," I reply, taking a deep breath. This is it. I belong to this man now, and while I do have rights, I'm his to do with what he pleases. Why does that turn me on so fucking much?

* * *

I'm married now. That was... quicker than I thought it would be. No rings, though. I don't know why that upsets me, though. He has a southern accent and beard to die

for, but everything about this is crazy.

“You can go now,” the circus announcer guy says, and I startle back to the present.

“We had your bags put in Mister Keegan’s vehicle.”

“Thank you,” I say. Suddenly, Eamon’s hand is in mine, and we are walking down a long hallway, then out a door. It’s dark out, but I am unsure what time it is. The alley behind the building is still full of cars, but there was something like sixty girls who were being auctioned.

“Which one is yours?” I ask.

“This one,” he says, gesturing to a very average-looking car. Honestly, not what I was expecting, but maybe he spent all of his money on me.

“This one?”

“Yes. It’s a rental.”

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“Oh,” I say, giggling. “Do you live around here?”

“Oh, no. I live in Tennessee.”

“Is that far from here?” I ask, not knowing much about America’s geography.

“It's about thirty-five hours by car.”

“Are we driving?”

“Yeah. I thought we could get to know each other better that way.”

“That sounds like fun. I’ve never really been on a road trip,” I say, remembering how his lips felt on mine. Why is that all I can think about?

“I don’t have to be back at work for a few weeks, so I thought we could stop along the way and take in the sights. Have you been in America long?”

“No. Only three days and I spent the entirety of it in a teeny tiny hotel room and at the auction hall.”

“I see. So you’ve seen nothing yet?”

“Nope, and I’m looking forward to it.”

“Are we leaving tonight?” I ask, eager to start my new life.

“Yes. Is that alright?”

“Of course. Nothing is keeping me here.”

“Allow me,” he says, opening the car door like a gentleman.

“Thank you,” I say, settling into the car, pulling on my seatbelt while he walks around the front of the car before folding himself into the driver’s seat.

We are silent for a while until we drive out of the city. The bright lights turn into darkness as the road stretches out before us, much like our lives.

ChapterThree

Eamon

When the silence gets to be too much, we both start to speak simultaneously, then laugh. Then it happens a second time.

“Go ahead,” I tell her.

“I was just wondering if you were planning on stopping soon. I’m not very comfortable in this dress, and you can’t be that comfortable in that tuxedo, though you look very handsome in it.”

“You look beautiful, but you’re right. We’ll stop ahead. I’m afraid it won’t be too luxurious.” I tell her, wishing I had thought to take the Vegas route so we could stay in one of the hotels on the strip. It would be better than anything we’d find out in the middle of nowhere.

“Did you spend all your money on me?” she blurts out before slapping her hand over

her mouth, making me laugh aloud. “I’m sorry. Don’t answer that.”

“Rest assured, peaches. I’ve still got plenty of money. I just meant that I don’t have a reservation anywhere, so it’ll just be a hotel near an exit.”

“That’s totally fine. Will we be sharing a room?”

“Of course. You are my wife. Are you not anxious to consummate our marriage?” I ask, knowing that I am.

“Um. Yes, of course,” she says, playing with the hem of her dress. I reach over and still her hands.

“Fiadh, I assure you that I want you very much,” I tell her.

“I mean, I figured. You paid an astronomical amount of money for me.”

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“That means nothing to me. I would have paid so much more. I saw you, and I had to have you. That was enough for me.”

“You know, I saw you out there. My eyes were immediately drawn to you. I prayed it would be you.”

“I was never going to let anyone else have you, Fee.”

“No one’s ever called me that before,” she says, squeezing my fingers.

“That surprises me,” I tell her.

“It’s just my aunt and me. She’s back home, though.”

“Is that Rita?” I ask, remembering the name of the account holder I sent a part of the money to.

“Yes.” She doesn’t say anything else about her, so I leave it alone for now.

After another sixty miles, I pull off the interstate and into the parking lot of chain hotel. I pull into a space and hop out of the car. I grab our bags out of the trunk and then help her out of the passenger seat.

“Shall we?”

“We shall,” she says, putting her hand in my free one.

At the registration desk, I pay for the best room they have, and we take the elevator up to the fifth floor. I open the door to the room and set our bags inside. Then I lift Fee up, bridal style, and carry her over the threshold. Her delighted giggle makes me happier than I think I've ever been.

The hotel room is clean but hot. I swear it could be my proximity to her, but I reach over and turn the air conditioner on.

"Are you hungry?" I ask.

"Oh, my God, yes!" she exclaims, and my dick perks up. I can imagine her saying that in an entirely different context.

"Alright. Would you like to freshen up before going down to the diner?" I ask, referencing the popular 24-hour restaurant attached to the hotel.

"Do I have time to take a shower?" she asks.

"Of course. We have nothing but time," I say, smiling at her.

"Oh, good. I'll just be a few minutes. I promise."

"No rush, really," I say as she grabs one of her suitcases and heads into the bathroom.

Grabbing my own suitcase, I set it on the bed. Opening it, I pull out a pair of jeans and Henley and change into them, then I sit on the edge of the bed and wait for her to come out. Steam fills the little entryway when the bathroom door opens before she appears wrapped in a too-small towel. It doesn't really cover anything. I groan as my cock hardens yet again.

"Sorry. I grabbed the wrong bag. This one is just makeup."

“Don’t be,” I say, my voice strained.

“Are you okay?” she asks, her towel slipping. Her tit pops free, and any restraint I had is gone. Standing quickly, I move toward her.

“I’m not okay, Fee. I’m not okay. I need to touch you. Will you let me touch you?” I ask. I need to hear the words. I want her to want me as much as I want her.

“Touch me,” she says, dropping the towel. I suck in a breath at the sight of her dewy, pale skin. Mesmerized, I watch a droplet of water slide from her hair down her chest. Leaning forward, I lick it up just as it reaches the top of her tit. She moans, and what little bit of control I had snaps like a fucking twig.

“Fuck,” I growl.

My hands grip her hips as I pull her roughly toward me. My lips drop down on hers, and I kiss her before sucking her bottom lip into my mouth. Her hands move under my shirt and roam the expanse of my back, her nails dragging down my skin. I growl, which seems to be all I can do right now. Breaking the kiss, she pulls my shirt over my head and tosses it across the room.

“Oh, my,” she says, her hands moving over the Celtic cross that covers my chest. She licks her lips then bites the bottom one. The very same one I just sucked on. Her lips are going to be so swollen tomorrow. Then she reaches for my jeans, deftly opening the clasp and pulling them down.

“You sure you’re a virgin?” I somehow manage to ask. She nods vigorously.

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“I saved myself for my husband, I promise.” Then she gets on her knees in front of me.

“What are you doing, wife?” I ask, already knowing the answer, but I need to hear it from her.

“Whatever I want to,” she says before pulling my cock out of my boxers and sucking it into her mouth.

“Son of a bitch,” I hiss, my hands automatically tangling her wet curls.

I don’t want to come in her mouth, I want to fill her cunt with my seed, but this is just too good to stop her. She uses her hands, throat, and tongue expertly. My hips move so hard and so fast that I am fucking her face pretty hard, but she doesn’t stop me, and she doesn’t choke on me. She knows just what to do, and fuck if that doesn’t make me harder. I need to be inside her now.

ChapterFour

Fiadh

This whole day has been full of recklessness. Things I wouldn’t normally do. Getting married, for starters, this too. It’s reckless to lose the one thing I’ve saved for so long so quickly, even though he’s my husband and I feel so close to him; it’s still reckless, but I think I like being reckless. I never would have done anything like this back home, but desperation causes desperate acts. This no longer feels as desperate as when I woke up this morning.

I'll also admit that there is something powerful about being on my knees, worshiping my husband. That little bit of power is nothing to how I feel now. Somehow, he got me on my back on the soft bed without me realizing it. Eamon's head is buried between my thighs, and I feel like I am floating outside of my body. Nothing could have prepared me for this sensation. He's licking, biting, and sucking on my pussy like it's his job. Then he stops. I want to protest, but I don't get the chance. He moves up my body and kisses me. Distracted, I don't realize he's preparing to slide inside of me until I feel the thick head of his cock pressed against my pussy hole. In one swift motion, he buried inside me, and all I can do is wait while I adjust to the welcome intrusion. I'm so full and so ready for more.

When he moves, I am pushed against the headboard forcefully. It slams back and forth against the wall, and the sound is like an orchestra of our love. I don't know how or why it happened so quickly, but I love him.

"Oh, God," I moan, so close to coming. He's showing no sign of stopping or even slowing down, and I love it.

"God's not here right now, Fee. It's just us."

"I don't believe that for a second, Eamon." This feels too real, too spiritual.

There are no more words as I climb higher and higher toward Heaven.

Then it happens, and I see stars.

"Eamon!" I scream as I shatter into a million little pieces. He thrusts into me harder and harder until he finally fills me.

ChapterFive

Eamon

I have never laughed so much or learned so much about a person. I never took the time before. She even told me about her aunt and her medical problems. Before leaving Kanas City, I transferred a hefty sum into her aunt's account to cover any additional expenses. Her family is my family, and I take care of what's mine.

She fell asleep about an hour ago, her head resting on the window. We should be home late tonight. I am listening to a podcast by my favorite childhood actor who was on a very popular sci-fi show. I hear Fee gasp, and when I look over at her, she is putting thick-framed glasses back on. She also wears contacts, but she prefers her glasses.

“Where are we?” she asks.

“Nashville. About three hours from home,” I tell her.

“Where the country singers live?” she asks, excitedly.

“Yes,” I say, chuckling.

“I love Blake Shelton,” she says before going on and on about the man, his dog, the television show he judges, his ex-wife. This goes on for about twenty solid minutes before I get a chance to interject.

“Should I be jealous?” I ask, only slightly, if not irrationally jealous.

“No, of course not. He'd never give me the time of day; besides, I think he just got married. As did I,” she says hastily, a clear afterthought, and it's my turn to chuckle.

“Would you like to stop there?”

“No. I’m ready to see your home.”

“Our home,” I correct her.

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“Our home, forgive me,” she says, giggling.

“I mean it, Fee. It is our home.” The moment I married her, without a pre-nuptial agreement, everything I have becomes hers too. For the first time, I briefly question what would happen should she leave me, but it’s a moot point. I’ll never let her leave me.

Two hours later, I pull the car into my parking space in front of my building. My apartment is on the top floor of my office building, but I also have houses in Aspen, Tampa, and Martha’s Vineyard.

We take the elevator up to the 30th floor, which opens up into my living room. The first thing you can see is the picturesque wall of windows is the city's lights. I set the suitcases down near the elevator and move behind her as she stares out the window.

“Wow. This is where you live?” she asks, looking around.

“We live,” I remind her.

“I’ll get used to it,” she says.

“I know, Fee,” I say, dropping kisses on her neck.

“Eamon, please,” she moans, facing me, and our lips meet. Fuck, has anything ever felt so good?

“God, you are so beautiful,” I groan, breaking the kiss briefly.

“Don’t stop. Please don’t ever stop,” she begs.

“I’ll never stop,” I assure her.

“I... I...”

“Shhh, Fee. I know. I love you too,” I tell her without hesitation.

“How did you know that I was going to say that?”

“I just did. From the moment you walked out on that stage, I knew that you’d be mine. I knew then that I loved you, and I’ve never loved another.”

“Never?”

“No, not ever. You are my first in every way. First and only.”

“Every way? I don’t believe it. These last few nights have been amazing.”

“That was primal. We are hard-wired to know what to do.”

“Why did you wait?”

“I could ask you the same thing,” I reply.

“I wanted to be pure for my husband. Now tell me why you waited.”

“I decided a long time ago. Fifth or sixth grade when they split the boys and girls up. Sex ed. Did you have that in Ireland?” She nods, and I continue, “I have always believed that sex is the ultimate intimacy. It is the one thing that allows you to completely give yourself to another person, and I wanted my wife to be the only

person I knew so intimately. My life was easy after that. I avoided bars like the plague, didn't date in high school or college. Then I threw myself into work. Until I decided I wanted to get married. A few years ago, a friend used the auction and met a lovely woman. I wanted the same thing, but no one captured me the way you did. No one ever has, and no one ever will again."

"Wow," she breathes. "I'm a lucky girl."

"How so?" I ask, chuckling.

"I'm so fucking lucky that it was you who bought. So lucky that it was you and not someone else."

"Do you think you would have been happy with someone else?" I ask, already dreading her answer.

"No. I don't know if I could have married someone else."

"Let's not think about that. We managed to find each other, nothing else matters."

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“You’re right. I want you to take me to bed,” she says kissing me again.

“Your wish is my command,” I say lifting her in my arms. Her legs wrap around my waist and my hands cradle her ass.

Setting her down on her feet at the foot of the bed, I strip her naked, slowly before shedding my own clothes quicker than I ever have before.

I worship her body with my hands and tongue before finally sliding into her. I fuck into her over and over until she screams my name. I feel her pussy clench around me and then I come inside of her.

I pull out of her and move to lie beside her when I hear the elevator ding.

“Are you expecting someone?” she asks.

“No. My family thinks I’m out of town.” I say, getting out of bed and pulling my pants back on.

“Family?” she asks, nervously. I told her all about my parents, brother, and sister, but hearing about them and meeting them for the first time is quite different.

“Yeah, no one else would come up here.” She gets out of bed and pulls her pants and t-shirt back on. Hand in hand, we walk out into the living room.

“Flynn?” I say, surprised to see my thirty-year-old brother making out with some girl on my fucking couch.

“Woah, Eamon. You’re home.” What the fuck? Has he been using my place as a fuck pad? I’ll kill him.

“Yes. It’s my home,” I remind him.

“Right. Right. Bro, this is Dorothy,” he says, gesturing to the girl beside him. If this were two hundred years ago, he’d be known as a rake, through and through. A loveable rake, but a rake.

“Nice to meet you.”

“Who is this?” he asks, gesturing to Fee.

“This is Fiadh. My wife.”

“Your wife?”

“Yes, I got married a few days ago,” I tell him.

“You? Mr. Straight Edge?”

“Yes,” I say, rolling my eyes.

“Mom’s going to kick your ass, you know that right?”

“I do. I think you were just leaving.”

“Right. Congrats, brother, really. Welcome to the family; I am sorry, Fiona, was it?”

“No. Fiadh, but...” she says.

“Feezy it is,” he says, giving her a wink and finger guns. What an ass.

“Okay. Feezy,” she says, giggling.

“We’re going. Call mom. I won’t say anything until you do.”

“Thank you, Flynn,” I say. He and Dorothy leave, leaving Fee and me alone again.

“Feezy?” she says as soon as the elevator door closes.

“He’s a weirdo,” I say as if that explains everything. It kind of does. Why the hell did he bring a girl here? He has his own place on the other side of town.

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“I like it.”

“It’ll never be a dull moment. Wait till you meet Tara,” I say, mentioning my sister. She’s an actress who might be insane.

“I can’t wait.” She giggles as I pull her toward me.

“Let’s go to bed,” I say.

“Let’s not,” she says, winking at me before taking off down the hallway at a playful run.

I have no choice but to follow her. I’ll follow this woman for the rest of my life.

Epilogue

Fiadh

Six Months Later

I love being his wife. In just six short months, so much has happened. We spent the whole first day in bed together, not even getting up for food. The second day, we emerged from the apartment and went on foot sightseeing. We stopped at a cool restaurant where we ate on the roof overlooking the street. We also found a jewelry store where he bought me a platinum wedding ring set that came with a matching band for him. I’m also pregnant, but that’s not surprising. We are very excited to start our family. Speaking of family, I am still trying to prove myself to my mother-in-law,

Annie. She was surprised and hurt that Eamon got married without telling her. Rationally, I know it's not me exactly; any other woman in place would be dealing with the same thing, but being pregnant, my emotions are all over the place, and I've been avoiding her like the plague so that I don't say something to her that I don't mean. Neil, my father-in-law, was much easier to win over.

Aunt Rita is in remission and coming to visit as soon as she feels up to it. Turns out, being able to relax not having to worry about what the NHS covers in the aftermath of chemo makes recovery that much easier. We traveled back and forth to Dublin to be with her, but I can't fly anymore. Eamon has been amazing. He's spared no expense in her care, including a team of highly trained home nurses for her.

It's Eamon's birthday, and I have no idea what to get the man who has everything, so I am making his favourite food, which thankfully is my wheelhouse. Macaroni and cheese with smoked sausage. He calls it comfort food, and I like it too. It's one of the three things I can make.

It's not much, but he really has everything. Watches, ties, electronics. There is nothing I could buy that he doesn't already have. I went shopping twice and both times came away empty-handed. Instead, I went to a lingerie store and bought some gauzy contraption that makes me look like a present. It's strappy and has bows. It's cheesy, I know, but I really couldn't think of anything. I am standing in the kitchen wearing practically nothing, cooking. Eamon had an emergency in the textile factory of his family's company, but he texted to tell me that he was on the way home about twenty minutes ago.

I've just pulled the pan out of the oven when I hear the elevator ding.

"Hello?" my mother-in-law shouts from the other room. I look down at my outfit and freak out.

“Annie?”

“We’re all here,” she shouts.

“Uh. Feck,” I mumble. “Please make yourself at home,” I say before scrambling into the bedroom. Once inside the closet, I pull a wrap tie dress down off of a hanger and put it on, deciding to leave the gold strappy heels on. Running a brush through my hair, I think I look pretty cute. I rush out into the living room, where my husband’s entire family stares back at me.

“Hello, dear,” Neil says, pushing past his wife to pull me into his arms.

“Hi. I wasn’t expecting you guys.”

“It is my oldest son’s birthday,” Annie says, rolling her eyes. “Why wouldn’t we come here?”

“Calm down, Mama,” Tara says from her place next to her boyfriend, Hans, who is also an actor.

“Yeah, Ma,” Flynn says, chuckling. Dorothy, the girl from the night we got home, is now his wife. She’s pregnant with twins and as big as a house.

“I’m sorry,” I say.

“You should be,” she says.

“You know what? I’ve had enough of this. I’m sorry. Sorry, I married Eamon without you knowing about it, but I didn’t know about you, to be fucking fair. If you are going to be mad, be mad at Eamon. I’ve been nothing but nice and accommodating to you. Whether you like it or not, I am your daughter-in-law, and we need to get along.

This baby doesn't care if we like each other or not right now, but she'll care soon enough."

"It's a girl?" Annie says. We were keeping it a secret, and of course, I'd be the one to blow it.

"It is."

"I'll admit, I've been a bit testy about you, but you are right; it's not you. I just can't believe that my son, the son who never dated, got married so fast and without his family."

"What if we had a do-over?"

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“What?”

“What if Eamon and I get married again and have a huge party. We could do that.”

“I’d be okay with that.”

“Then that’s what we’ll do,” I say as the elevator opens again and Eamon walks in.

“Happy Birthday, son,” Neil says.

“This is a surprise. I had anticipated a quiet evening.”

“Nonsense. It’s your thirty-fifth birthday; we must celebrate.”

“Mom, I’m sorry I’m exhausted as I am the only one who went out to the factory for the fire. I’ve spent hours answering questions from the damn fire marshal.”

“It was just a small fire. The whole lot of us didn’t need to go there. We’d just be in the way.”

“Even so.”

“What’s wrong?” I ask, knowing immediately something is wrong.

“I don’t like to celebrate my birthday,” he says. “And these guys know that.”

“But...” Annie says. “It’s your birthday.”

“I know, mom.”

“Fine, we’ll go. But I want a huge party, don’t forget, Fiadh,” she says, before kissing Eamon’s cheek. One by one, his family hugs him and departs.

“What party?” he says, as he comes closer to me.

“We are getting married again.”

“Okay,” he says, shrugging.

“Just like that?”

“I’d marry you every day for forever,” he says, and I love him even more for it.

“You always know just what to say. Happy birthday, husband.”

“Thank you, wife.”

“I have something for you,” I say.

“A present? I like presents, as long as they are from you.”

“Oh, good.” I untie my dress and let it fall to the floor.

His mouth opens and closes several times before he says, “Sweet Jesus, baby. You look amazing.”

“Thank you, but you should unwrap your present,” I say, putting my hands on my hips. He stalks toward me and pulls me into his arms.

“Fuck, Fee. You are everything to me.”

“You’re everything to me,” I reply.

“Let me get you out of this thing,” he says, spinning me around, making me gasp. He deftly unties the first strap, but that’s where the thing got tricky for me. Instead of even trying, he rips it off of me, tossing it to the floor.

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I help him take his clothes off, but we don't make it to the bedroom; he bends me over the back of the couch and slams his hard cock into me from behind.

"Feck," I moan as I try to hold onto the leather couch, but it's impossible.

"That's right, baby. Take my cock," he grunts.

I can't believe this is my life. I can't believe that a desperate and reckless act led me to the love of my life, and I couldn't be happier.

I wonder what the rest of our lives holds in store for us.

Epilogue

Eamon

Twenty Years Later

"Fuck, Fee. Take it. Take my cock," I groan as I fuck my wife. It's the morning of our twentieth anniversary, from the first time we got married. Both of our children, Sasha and Farrah, who are nineteen and eighteen, are off to college and we are all alone again. It's like we are newlyweds again. I can't keep my hands off of her. It's as if I am fucking teenager again. When my alarm went off a bit ago, she rolled into me and started stroking my cock. There was no way I could resist her, not that I'd even try.

"I am taking it, my love," she says, putting her hand on my cheek. Our eyes lock as I

continue to drive into her. It's intense and it's...

"Perfection," I say, leaning down to kiss her. I may be fifty-four, but nothing will keep me from fucking my wife except death.

Her pussy clenches my cock and she moans loudly. I fill her with my seed. Slowly, I pull out of her and move to lie beside her.

"That was... wow. It always is, but that was more... everything than usual," she says.

"It's you. You bring it out in me. What do you want to do today?" I ask as she moves to get up. The sun is barely up but she has been an early riser of late.

"I have a doctor's appointment. I haven't been feeling well."

"You haven't said anything."

"Just random stomach aches. Nothing too serious."

"Do you want me to come with you?"

"No, Aunt Rita is coming with me," she says. Her aunt moved in with us about ten years ago. She helped us with the girls while I worked, and Fee went to college. She wanted to be a teacher, and she's been teaching eighth-grade history for sixteen years now at a local middle school.

"Alright. I've got to go to work, but it'll be an early day. We have reservations tonight for eight. Call me later. I love you," I tell her, kissing her again.

"I love you too. Have a good day. Be safe and come back to me," she says as she always has done every single time I've left the house without her in the last twenty

years.

I sought companionship when I went to that auction; instead, I found the greatest happiness I've ever known, with more to come.

* * *

A few hours later, Fee texts me to come home, early if I can. I finish up for the day, and head home, as requested.

As soon as I walk in the front door, I hear the old Taylor Swift song, Wildest Dream, playing loudly. We moved from downtown to a subdivision on the other side of town. Rita lives in the mother-in-law's apartment on the other side of the garage. Fee's mother, Greta, comes and goes. She's a world-famous nature photographer, and Fee had no idea. I met her at a party a few years before I met Fee. I was surprised when she turned up a few days after Sasha was born.

I follow the sound of the music to our bedroom, where I find Fee lying on our bed. Her face is red, as though she's been crying.

"Fee, what's wrong?" I ask, turning the music down.

"I thought it was the stomach flu, Eamon," she says, crying even harder.

"But it's not? What is it? Is it bad? Should I sit down?" I rapid-fire my questions because all I can think is that it's bad news.

"Yes. No. Yes. I don't know."

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“Just tell me,” I demand, sitting on the edge of the bed.

“I’m pregnant.” I turn and look at her blankly, registering what she just said. She’s still young, barely thirty-eight, but pregnant. I never thought. After Farrah, it just never happened again, though we did nothing to stop it. “Are you going to say anything? I’m kind of freaking out. I mean, I haven’t had a baby in eighteen years.”

“Pregnant?” I say, swallowing thickly. I’ll be seventy-two when the child graduates from high school, but this isn’t about me. “This is amazing, Fee. Amazing,” I say, wrapping her up in my arms.

“I thought you’d be mad. We were just about to start traveling.”

“Of course, I’m not mad, baby. A baby is always a blessing no matter when it comes.”

“The doctor called it an advanced maternal pregnancy, Eamon.”

“Okay,” I say, not understanding what that means.

“It’s a geriatric pregnancy. I’m old. My womb is old.”

“Don’t cry. You’re not old, baby. It’s just medical nonsense,” I tell her.

“A baby, though.”

“A baby. Everything will be fine,” I promise her.

“I know. I know you’ll make everything better.”

“Always,” I say, leaning over to kiss her. Using my thumbs, I wipe her tears.

“This is happening,” she says, taking a calming breath, which I mirror.

A son, Edwin Neil was born nine short months later and our lives were never the same.

Fiadh always says she’s a lucky girl but I’m the lucky one for sure. I know that I am the luckiest man in the world because she’s by my side every day, making me a better m and I wouldn’t change that for a fucking thing.