



The Brat and the Bodyguard

Author: S.E. Law

Category: Erotic, Romance

Description: Ainsley:

My brother thinks I need a bodyguard. No way, no how, because I'm a grown woman who can take care of myself. But when I meet Karl Andersen, I change my mind because the Swedish hunk is a Viking with penetrating blue eyes, slab like pecs, and of course, a battle axe so huge that I go achy inside.

Whoops! Was I not supposed to touch the battle axe?

But it's too late because the enormous weapon has done some real damage ... to my heart as well as my body.

Karl:

Her brother warned me that she's a brat. But I had no idea how sassy, flirty, and sexy Ainsley would be in real life. The young redhead's a voluptuous mess, but it's exactly the kind of mess I can fix, so long as she cries out my name ... while panting and begging for more!

This is an over-the-top story which, believe it or not, has a plotline grounded in reality. You'll adore Ainsley and her hunky bodyguard because what's not to like? Said Viking warrior is straight from legend with broad shoulders, massive thighs, and of course, the ability to wield his weapon in a way that makes Ainsley scream! Pick up some ice on your way back from work because you'll need it after turning the pages of this tale. This story is a follow-up to *Betting Her Curves* and *Massive Size Lumberjack*, but all of my books are standalones and can be read in any order. HEA guaranteed.

Total Pages (Source): 25

Page 1

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

1

Ainsley

“You’re going to do great,” my boyfriend, Justin, nods as his blue eyes scan my curves. “You look amazing, Ains.”

I shoot him a faint smile.

“You think?”

Justin rubs one finger along his chiseled jaw, scrutinizing my figure.

“Oh yeah, definitely. You look hot, sweetheart. Classy and not trashy, which I was afraid might happen.”

I shoot him another wan smile but then force myself to turn it into a genuine one because Justin’s the king of double-edged compliments. Sometimes, I wish I could slap his handsome face because of the unkind innuendo in his statements. But I push his comment from my mind because this is not the time and place. Today is my big break. I’m in Vegas to pursue a career as a plus-size model and it’s actually kind of happening! I’m walking the runway for La Bianca, a sexy swimsuit line, and there’s a ton of press and photographers outside, not to mention editors, buyers, stylists, and everyone who’s someone in the industry.

Of course, I do wish that I had a bit more clothing on, but then again, La Bianca specializes in bikinis, so skimpiness is to be expected. Still, it’s not just the teensy

amount of fabric that makes things so revealing. It's that the fabric's so thin and filmy that the outline of my nipples is visible, like a mysterious shadow behind the gauze. The bikini bottoms are a bit more modest, but only by a hair. Shoestrings criss-cross my wide hips, and of course, there's a patch of fabric shielding my sweetest spot from view. But still, I feel exposed and the waft of cool air drifting between my thighs only underlines the lack of covering down there. I pull my legs tight together instinctively, my nerves making goosebumps prickle.

But Justin frowns.

"No, no," my boyfriend scolds, his blue eyes darkening with displeasure. "Don't hunch like that. No one wants to see a model with bad posture. Don't you want to make a good impression, Ainsley? Stand up straight. Maria," he calls while clapping his hands twice to get the wardrobe assistant's attention. "Can you bring over Ainsley's shoes? Yes, the pink glitter ones. Perfect," he says as she scurries over, stilettos in hand.

I step into the heels, instantly feeling wobbly in the towering five inchers. Oh my god, this is going to be a disaster! The runway is made of clear acrylic, and looks as slippery as hell. There are blinding lights along the sides, making it difficult to see, and music's already beginning to blast at a deafening level. I have a bad feeling about this.

But Justin coos his support.

"You look gorgeous, sweetheart. You're going to knock the audience off its feet!"

I manage another feeble smile.

"Well, I just hope I make it down the runway in one piece because the stage lights are overpowering, and these heels aren't safe, Justin. I don't know why the designers

want us to wear them either! Wouldn't flip-flops be more apropos for swimwear?"

My handsome boyfriend shoots me an aghast look.

"No, because first, not everyone wears flipflops to the pool. Some ladies like to look elegant and put-together, and flipflops are the epitome of sloppiness! Second, because this is a fashion show, Ainsley," he says in a condescending voice. "You're new to haute couture so I don't expect you to understand, but high fashion is not about real life. High fashion is about creating a fantasy. Something that people aspire to, or that moves them from within. Something that is fantastical."

I stare at him.

"I get it. Fantasy and fantastical have the same root."

"Yes, exactly," Justin singsongs. "Besides we want to give off a Victoria's Secret vibe. You know, sexy and glamorous with big hair and teetering heels. I spoke to Bianca and Mario right before the show, and we see eye to eye when it comes to creative direction. Trust me, Ainsley, the stilettos are crucial to the overall vibe."

I frown because I understand that image is everything in the world of fashion, but what about being safe? I don't want to break my neck on the narrow runway. Will I even qualify for worker's comp? Plus, Justin annoys me sometimes. He's supposed to be a loving, supportive boyfriend, but instead, he's more like a controlling micro-manager of all matters large and small.

But I know I should be grateful because Justin West is a charismatic superstar. He's a rapper turned designer turned celebrity stylist turned renaissance man. His clothing brand, Prowler, has a blockbuster line in collaboration with shoe powerhouse Adirite, and he rakes in millions each year. So yes, as an aspiring model, I know I should consider myself lucky to be seen on Justin's arm. Even the likes I get on Instagram,

and the number of followers I have, skyrocketed after I started appearing with him in public.

But we've never slept together, and that's one of the weird mysteries about our relationship. Yes, he's my boyfriend. Yes, we do all the expected things in public, like feeding each other food off our plates, and staring dreamily into each other's eyes while strolling along a beach. But Justin has never touched me in that way, and I'm not sure why. Sometimes, I wonder if he's gay, but he doesn't date men either. Not even in secret. Instead, Justin seems happy to hold me out as a "girlfriend," even if we're not intimate.

Still, who cares? Again, we work in industries where image is everything, and my boyfriend is an expert at projecting a dominant alpha male vibe, with his brooding blue eyes, dark-as-night hair, and muscular physique. Does it matter if we've never actually slept together? In the eyes of the public, I'm dating a powerful male celebrity who's growly and possessive, with millions at his fingertips.

So I smile again while trying to summon the goddess within.

"Okay. Will do," I say. "Got it. We're channeling Victoria's Secret."

Still, personally, I feel the designers are reading the era wrong. I thought the Victoria's Secret look was out, with its big, bouncy hair and emphasis on the color pink. But judging from the excitement outside, this is exactly what the brand wants. La Bianca seeks to project sexy, feminine, and curvy girls who fill out their swimsuits with wide, swinging hips as opposed to thin, scrawny girls with the frames of twelve-year old boys. Again, I should be grateful to be here at all.

"Look alive, Ainsley," Justin hisses from the corner of his mouth, as I wait in a line of girls waiting to go onstage. "It's almost your turn."

I nod in the shadows, my heart beating rapidly. You can do this, the voice in my head encourages. So what if your boyfriend sucks? He's annoying, but he's right. Smile, stand tall, and show them what you're made of because this could be your big break as a plus-size model, Ainsley.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

Then, it's my turn in the spotlight. An assistant beckons to me, pulling the curtain open.

"Ainsley O'Lachlan," he mutters, checking his clipboard. "It's all you! Go get 'em, girl!"

With that, I step out from behind the curtain and into the spotlight. It's as bad as I thought. I'm temporarily blinded from the bright lights in my face, but the assistant hisses at me again.

"Go, go, go! Go!"

Ah yes. La Bianca is paying me to strut my stuff down the runway in their clothing, so I better get to it. I smile even wider, still unable to see, and begin to stalk down the runway with confidence and verve. It's so bright, though, that the audience is just a mass of dark shapes as flashes explode at the far end, photographing my curvy form.

I suppose it is flattering in some ways. I grew up a bigger girl, and no amount of dieting and exercise could "fix" it. After my parents died, things got even worse. I ate to soothe my sadness, and ate even more to counter the despair. I ballooned in size until I was considered medically obese, and it wasn't until my doctor stepped in that things turned around.

"We need to get your sister help," he told my brother Patrick. My big bro is almost twenty years older than me, and was already an adult when our parents passed. It was natural that he became my guardian, looking out for me as a parent more than a sibling.

“What do you mean?” Patrick asked the doctor, his black brows lowered. “Ainsley looks fine to me.”

The doctor shook his head and clucked, his voice hushed as if that would prevent me from over-hearing.

“No, Ainsley is medically overweight and could stand an intervention. A nearly intervention,” he stressed. “Your sister is only in her pre-teens, and by teaching good eating habits, as well as the benefits of staying active, we may be able to curb her weight gain.”

“What are you talking about?” my brother demanded. “Of course she’s going to gain weight! She’s still growing.”

“Yes, but the weight is coming on too fast. I can show you growth charts, Mr. O’Lachlan, so you get a better sense of what girls her age weigh, and where Ainsley is on that scale. In fact, our growth charts can be mapped over time, and you’ll see that Ainsley has been gaining too much weight, too fast.”

My brother looked livid, but he managed a curt nod of acknowledgment. I never loved Patrick more than at that moment because my brother’s always been protective of me. He’s always tried to shield me from the unfairness of the world, although of course, he couldn’t shield me from our parents’ death. But my older brother did everything in his power to protect me, and has never stopped although I’m now in my early 20’s. I suppose I’ll always be a little girl in his eyes, needing care, comfort, and oversight, and it’s not so bad. At least Patrick didn’t die too, in the horrific car accident that claimed our parents’ lives.

But the long and the short of it is that when I was a pre-teen, I joined the equivalent of a Weight Watchers Junior in Ireland, with carefully scored “points” for different foods, as well as support meetings and weekly weigh-ins. They sucked, and I hated

being there with a room full of girls just as miserable as me because we were allegedly “too fat for society.” Even worse, the program didn’t work for me. I carefully tabulated my food points, did my “quality workouts” as prescribed by the program, and monitored my sleep, breathing, and heart-rate, in addition to my monthly cycle. But all it did was the opposite! If anything, the stress and anxiety from being on a diet made me eat more, and I gained more weight, to the chagrin of my doctor.

This horrific cycle continued for a year or two, and finally, he broached the topic of bariatric surgery.

“Are you shitting me?” Patrick gasped. By now, our family business was doing millions of revenue each year, and Patrick was a rich man. My brother was dressed in a bespoke suit with his dark hair brushed back, and a gleaming watch on his wrist. He definitely attracted more than his share of attention from the nurses out front.

But that was of no concern to my doctor, who merely stroked his grey mustache thoughtfully.

“I’m afraid so, Mr. O’Lachlan. I’m worried by Ainsley’s continued weight gain—”

“It’s because she’s growing,” my brother bit out.

“Yes, but the weight is coming on too fast and too much still,” the physician said in a patient voice. “The procedure is just something to consider. I’m not saying you have to, or that Ainsley has to, but bariatric surgery is an option to have on the table.”

Again, they were speaking as if I wasn’t right there in the room with them. I think it’s because I was still young then, and they considered me a child, unable to understand the heavy topics at hand. But I decided to take charge of my own life, and my own future, in that very second.

“I’ll do it,” I said in a firm voice. Both my brother and the physician swung around to look at me, their expressions surprised. It’s almost as if they’d forgotten that I was there, sitting on the exam table. But I turned to them with a cool, determined expression on my face.

“It’s fine,” I say. “There have been a lot of studies on bariatric surgery, and I’ve done some research on my own. Of course, I’m interested in hearing more about your thoughts, Dr. Lynstrom, but it seems like something that could benefit me greatly. Plus, I’m sick of all this diet and exercise stuff. It doesn’t work, full stop, and I’m open to the procedure.”

With that, the wheels were set in motion. I was maybe about fifteen at the time, and we settled on a gastric sleeve, which is a weight-loss procedure that involves removing a large portion of the stomach to create a smaller, tube-shaped organ. The remaining stomach is reattached to the patient’s small intestine, and the result is that you can no longer eat as much, and feel satiated after a snack. Sometimes, patients lose so much of their appetite that they become nauseous when eating, or stop eating after only a few bites and become malnourished. It’s crazy, but it happens.

But I was attracted to the procedure not just because of its success rate, but also because it’s laparoscopic, meaning that the surgeon makes a few incisions in your abdomen, and does most of the surgery on your insides via camera. Pretty amazing, right? The best part is that I have no scars, and that the surgery worked! I lost a massive amount of weight within the first year, much to the delight of Dr. Lynstrom.

“I knew you could do it, my girl,” he said in a fatherly voice while nodding with approval. “You were a great candidate for the sleeve, and it’s worked out seamlessly.”

“Well, I do have to watch what I eat,” I said with a wry grin. “Otherwise, I don’t get enough nutrients, and oh – I’m drinking that shake you recommended, and I just

ordered the multivitamins you recommended too.”

“Very good,” the physician nodded with approval. “You’re taking care of yourself. Our health is a lifelong journey, Ainsley. We have to take care of our bodies because it’s the only one we get, so why not care for it? Treat it like a temple. I realize that’s borrowed from the world of wellness, but there’s truth to it. Our bodies deserve to be cared for, because without your health, you have nothing.”

I nodded seriously, and from that moment on, I took care of myself mentally, physically, and spiritually. The gastric sleeve was the jumpstart to a new life, and it’s been incredible, although let’s be honest – I’m no skinny-minnie. Instead, I’m a girl with curves who savors them. I like my big breasts, wide hips, and thick thighs. I like that I have an hourglass figure because at least I have a figure. Before, I was shaped a bit like a doughboy, and wore loose, sloppy clothes to hide myself. But now, I wear flattering, form-fitting clothing that emphasizes my luscious new shape.

Even more astonishing, I was scouted to be a plus-size model! Never in a million years did I think this would happen, but it did, and it was a dream come true. I was in line with my besties at the food court one day, when the cashier began talking to me. At first, I thought he was a weirdo who was trying to get my number, and it turned out that he was – because he was also a part-time model scout, and wanted me to come by the agency for some Polaroids.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

My friends egged me on, and within months, I was signed on as a legitimate professional model with One Models in Dublin. I was so excited, and couldn't stop talking about this new chapter in my life.

"Yes, but you're still going to finish high school," my brother said in a stern tone over dinner one day. "You know Mom and Dad would be disappointed if you dropped out."

"Yes, of course!" I burbled. "I wouldn't even dream of dropping out."

Nor did I. I graduated with honors from our local high school, and set out to conquer the world of plus-size modeling. Unfortunately, there wasn't much to be conquered because modeling is still maddeningly oriented towards the twig thin. Even in this era of "body confidence" and "body acceptance," it seems that most jobs are geared for the size zero girls. I didn't even know that a zero existed until I started in the business. Sure, I saw it on clothing tags sometimes, but I figured it was for pre-teens who hadn't come into their womanly figures yet.

But still, I love my job. I haven't done too many shoots, but the ones that I did do were fantastic. I loved being the center of attention, with bulbs going off as the photographer shot me from every angle. I loved make-up artists studying my features to bring out the best, while wizards with hair dryers and curling irons put my red tresses up in fantastical shapes. Never have I felt more beautiful and gorgeous than when I was having my picture taken.

So when the opportunity to come to Vegas presented itself, I jumped at it. Vegas is a hot site for plus-size girls. We don't need to be in Milan, Paris or New York

because that's where the straight size designers do their casting. Instead, a lot of plus-size labels operate from the desert, and when the Bone Agency offered representation, I jumped.

It's worked out okay. I haven't been booked for tons of jobs, but I've gotten some. Plus, I met Justin West, and his support and encouragement has helped boost my career. My "boyfriend" is a rapper cum artist cum fashion designer cum all-around bad boy. He's incredibly handsome and photogenic, with his chiseled jawline and broody good looks. But he's also overbearing and controlling, and it annoys me. I'm a sassy girl at heart so it's difficult for me to bite back my retorts sometimes, but I do my best. I just remind myself that Justin West is a big deal in the world of fashion and entertainment, and he's already opened some doors for me.

This job, for example. Justin's friends with Bianca Moreno, who with her husband Mario, are co-creative designers of La Bianca Swimwear. Justin made sure that I got a look-see when the label was looking to cast its fashion show, and surprise, surprise, I was called back and eventually hired. I know that Justin did it for me. He's like my fairy godmother – pulling the strings from behind the curtain to make sure that I succeed.

But no matter how famous and handsome he is, he still bugs me sometimes. It's just the way it is. I've been biting my tongue to stay silent in the face of his outrageous comments, but it's not going to last much longer. The true Ainsley is going to reveal herself, and she's got a temper befitting my wild red mane.

At the moment, said mane cascades down my back as I smile and strut down the catwalk.

"To the left," a photographer calls. "Look my way!"

"Looking gorgeous, darlin'," another one shouts. "This way!"

The commands are cacophonous, hitting my eardrums even above the thundering music. I squint through my thousand watt smile, trying to make out where exactly it is I'm going. One step forward... two steps... sashay, chantée ... just like RuPaul says, then OOPS!

It happens in a split second. One moment I'm swinging my hips like a seductive vixen while prancing down the runway in a see-through bikini, and the next, I'm on my ass skidding towards a dark mass at the edge of the acrylic surface. It's literally as if I'm hurtling along a giant Slip N' Slide on my way to bashing myself against a massive rock. Did they oil the floor? Seriously, the speed with which I'm moving is insane, and I scream.

"Oh shit!" I shriek, eyes wide and mouth open. "Ohsheeee--!"

Then, the rock comes to life. I see it in the half second before we collide. It's actually a dark man. He's a massive giant, who looks at least seven feet tall with the broad shoulders of a bear and the chest of a warrior. His blue eyes take in my curvy form, and then he opens his arms and catches me right before we collide.

"Ooof," he grunts as the air is forced out of his chest by our impact.

"Eeeee!" I shriek right in his face. "Owwwwwwwee!"

We tumble over into the audience because I'm not exactly a small girl. But somehow, the man keeps his grip on me except that we've changed position. He's still beneath me, cushioning my fall, but I've come upwards and over him so that my pussy's pressed against his face. Even worse, somehow, my bikini bottoms got pulled to the side while I was doing my little slip n' slide performance, and his mouth is on my bare cunt.

Oh my god! I scramble to get up, but it's not easy when you're covered in grease and

wearing five-inch stilettos. It's even harder when one of the aforementioned stilettos seems to have broken.

"Oh shit!" I scream again, twisting while trying to pull myself up. But all that happens is that I grind my cunt into the stranger's face even more, pressing my vag lips against that mobile masculine mouth. Then, somethingreallystrange happens. The man parts his lips and licks my pussy. It's fast, it's quick, and it's almost like it didn't happen, except itdidhappen. This strange hulk of a man just took the opportunity to lick my cunt!

Before I can fully process what just happened, a fashion assistant appears at my side and helps pull me to my feet.

"Ainsley, are you okay?" Christine gasps, her blonde ponytail messy and face as pale as a sheet. "Should I call an ambulance? That was a real hard fall you took!"

Then, Bianca Moreno appears herself, queenly in a ravishing red gown.

"Security!" she calls while snapping her fingers. "Help this model, will you? My show must continue!"

Justin materializes out of nowhere as well, tall and handsome in his well-cut suit even if I can see disgust in his blue eyes.

"I'll take over," he announces before sweeping me into his arms like a damsel in distress. "Let's get out of here because the show must continue."

He takes off with me clinging to his shoulders, still shaking from the horrific fall. I'm not injured so much as I'm embarrassed and humiliated. I'm supposed to be a professional model, and yet I just tumbled ass over heels in front of a giant crowd, and the whole thing was caught on camera too!

But even crazier, as I'm carried off in Justin's arms, my eyes meet those of the dark stranger. He's at least six and a half feet tall, and gorgeous, with piercing blue eyes, and a knowing smirk on that mobile mouth. Even crazier, he grins at me and licks his lips, as if he's savoring the taste of my pussy juice on his tongue. Oh my god, this man is so filthy but secretly, I already know I want to see him again.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

Karl

She's a character, that one. When Patrick O'Lachlan hired me as a bodyguard for his sister, he warned me fair and square.

"She's sassy," he said. "Ainsley was born with a stubborn streak, and I've never been able to stamp it out of her."

"Meaning?" I asked, one black brow raised.

"Meaning that I should have whupped her ass when she was younger," he replies without missing a beat. "Except I didn't because corporal punishment would have landed me in jail. But trust me, there were times when I wanted to whup her ass so bad that I literally ended up beating the dog instead."

I squint at him, suddenly disgusted.

"You beat off? To your own sister?" I say in an icy voice.

The Irishman turns to look at me, his blue eyes cold.

"No. I beat our family dog. I'm ashamed to admit it, and have never disclosed this to anyone. But there were times when my sister was so difficult to manage that I ended up taking out my anger on another living thing."

I pause, seriously re-thinking the job.

“So your dog. Is it still around?”

Patrick turns to pour himself more alcohol, although I notice his fingers are trembling as he tilts the decanter. When he turns back to me, he’s regained his composure.

“No, Rusty’s long since gone, and hopefully of old age. After the first few times, I realized it couldn’t keep happening. So I gave the dog away and started going to therapy. Now you know the secrets of the O’Lachlan family. Are you sure you still want this gig?”

To be honest, I wasn’t sure. I’m not interested in sassy young women and their overbearing older brothers. I’m not interested in living in Las Vegas either, despite its reputation as Sin City. No, I’m interested in making money, and that’s about it. I just want to see the Benjamins hit my bank account because after twenty years as a professional soldier, it’s time to earn some real dough, and I don’t give a fuck what Patrick O’Lachlan says about his younger sister. She could be a fucking freak with three tits and two cunts, and I wouldn’t be bothered. But animal cruelty? No. I’m not down with that shit.

Sensing my hostility, Patrick spoke again.

“I’ve been in therapy for fifteen years since the incident,” he says in a well-modulated voice. “It works wonders, and that with my marriage and becoming a father has changed me. I assure you, it didn’t happen more than once or twice.”

I take a moment, staring at the tumbler of brandy in my hand. Then I shrugged. What the hell. Patrick went to the effort of changing his ways and seems to have succeeded. Plus, the woman herself didn’t concern me at all. I’ve fought wars on hell-forsaken grounds. I’ve burrowed into foxholes, listening to live munitions screaming not two feet above my head. How bad could a sassy redhead be? My mind was made up.

“We’re on for two million?”

“It’ll be in your bank account tomorrow,” Patrick assured me. “One million up front, and another at the end of your term.”

I placed my tumbler down before standing.

“Then we have a deal,” I said. Without shaking my new employer’s hand, I strode out of Castle Droghaire. The place is a massive pile of black stone, jagged and ugly. But it’s not a maze. I’d entered with the awareness of a soldier, mentally mapping the place, and I already knew my way out. Within a week, I was on my way to Vegas.

* * *

But today, I did not expect. I decided to do a little diligence on Miss Ainsley O’Lachlan. Patrick hasn’t told his sister that he’s hired me as her bodyguard, and I figured I’d catch her fashion show and get a sense of the woman in her element. She was one of the models, and if I was lucky, I’d put eyes on the target before heading back to the hotel and calling it a night.

Ha. In my dreams. Sure, the models were pretty, looking like painted dolls with flirtatious smiles while prancing around in revealing bikinis. Quite a few resembled Malibu Barbie, with lots of golden blonde hair streaming in the fake wind, while music blasted from overhead speakers. But when Ainsley O’Lachlan stepped onto the runway, the air evaporated from my lungs. My dick got stiff, and a chant started in my mind. Mine, mine, mine.

What the fuck? I’ve never even met this woman before! Yet as she sashayed down the runway, I couldn’t rip my eyes from those ample curves. The woman has luscious Double D tits, encased in a sheer top. Yeah, I could see the outline of her nipples, hard and pointy as they practically poked through the material. And the bikini

bottoms she had on? It was basically a postage stamp held up with string. I could have flicked it away and touched her clit, it was so fucking revealing.

But the audience oohed and ahhed around me, like nothing was wrong. They acknowledged that a redheaded goddess was before us, but did they not see how her assets bounced and jiggled, those creamy thighs lush and inviting? Did they not see the flash in those green eyes, and the curve of her moist pink lips? Did they not see...?

Unfortunately, it was Ainsley who didn't see. Actually, I'm not sure what happened. She slipped, and a horrified look appeared on her delicate features.

"Ahhh!" she cried, going down in a jumble of arms and legs. But this wasn't a simple fall because they'd greased the runway beforehand. At least, that's what it looked like. The stench of coconut oil was strong, and I swear I saw someone lube that thing up with a tub of mystery liquid like it was a fucking waterslide. So when Ainsley collapsed and then began to skid towards the throng of photographers, I sprang into action. I darted from my seat in back, shouldering individuals out of the way, before holding my arms out to catch the curvy girl.

"Oomph!" she shrieked as she collided with me at sixty miles an hour, knocking the breath out of my lungs. We went ass over heels backwards, probably doing an entire somersault in the process. But it doesn't matter because I cushioned her fall with my bulk, shielding that curvy figure from serious injury. Yet something weird happened as well because her bikini was pulled loose by the collision. Her top came undone, exposing those giant, swinging tits, and her bikini bottoms were yanked to the side, exposing that swollen, bare pussy. Even crazier, my mouth happened to be pressed against that delicious cunt because of our awkward fall.

Yes, I did it. I more than did it. I didn't just lick her cunt, savoring the flavor of aroused female on my lips. I sucked Ainsley's clit a little too, grinning as she squirmed above me.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

“Oooh!” she shrieked. “Ah ah ah!”

Then, I even tried to push my tongue into her tight twat, fucking her vag while the crowd gathered around us, asking if we were alright.

Soon enough, the fashion show’s directors arrived.

“Everyone back to your seats,” a tall woman in a robe commanded. “The show must go on!”

A handsome man materialized as well, clad in an impeccable Armani suit, and fuck but that guy was a poser. He took a deep breath and then swept Ainsley into his arms to the appreciative gasp of the crowd.

“I’ve got you princess,” he breathed while staring into her green eyes. “You’re safe with me.”

But she’s not safe. If she was safe, her brother never would have hired me. Instead, the tall man is a fake knight in fake armor because arealknight would have caught Ainsley when she fell ... which is what I did, and where a bodyguard comes in.

3

Ainsley

Who was that man? Where did he come from, and out of nowhere too? I don’t think he was a photographer because he didn’t have a camera strapped to him, although I

suppose even professional photographers use their phone cameras these days. Could he have been a fashion reporter? A journalist, perhaps, or maybe a model scout looking for new talent?

My instincts say no because men who work in entertainment don't look like my hero. My rescuer was tall, massive, and brooding. He was huge, yet with the lightning-fast reflexes of a professional athlete, and the instincts of a first responder accustomed to emergencies. When I collapsed, he was right there. He knew that I was about to slip off the runway, smash into one of the photographers, and then likely smash the photographer's camera too, to the tune of four figures or more.

So yes, I was saved by a handsome alpha male, but who was he? And where did he come from? Unfortunately, the hullabaloo from my accidental fall has passed, and now we're getting ready for the show's after party. My stomach falls to the ground when I realize I may never see him again. My savior. My man.

I try to look on the good side though.

"So Bianca said I'm still welcome at the after party?" I ask carefully as Justin preens before a mirror. "She's not turned off by what happened? I kind of ruined her show."

My boyfriend shrugs, leaning forward to scrutinize his eyebrows. His brows are perfectly plucked, and a bit metrosexual if you ask me. But Justin goes to Anastasia and swears that brow maintenance is a necessary part of his image. God forbid he have an extra hair out of place.

"It's fine," he hums. "Accidents happen, honey, and besides, it's not about you. I don't mean to burst your bubble but this fashion show is about Bianca and her brand. It's not about a model falling, or breaking a heel, or chipping a nail. It's about Bianca's talent, and her vision."

I stare at him.

“No, I get that. I just thought she might not want me there because I caused such a ruckus earlier. I don’t want to distract from her limelight with my mere presence.”

Justin doesn’t even turn because he’s now scrutinizing his hair. My boyfriend is gorgeous, I have to acknowledge, with the dreamy blue eyes of a heartthrob, and a black, Elvis-like pompadour. Justin even looks a bit like Elvis with his cleft chin and tanned skin, and I remind myself for the millionth time that I’m lucky to be dating him. But I wish he wouldn’t be so fucking condescending because it really gets under my skin!

“I just want to make sure,” I say in a terse tone. “Especially because I think this ... uh, outfit is going to distract from Bianca and her creative vision, don’t you agree?”

I look down at myself with a frown because I’d love to show up at the La Bianca after-party in a fun, playful dress. A pretty thing, maybe in hot pink or bright orange, calling to mind the swimwear line’s Brazilian origins. There could be sexy cut-outs, or maybe some frilly ruffles on the hem, and I’d pair it with sky high heels, also in a tropical color.

But instead, Justin is insisting that I wear a naked dress. It’s inaccurate to even call it a dress because this thing is basically a tube of sheer, nude-colored hose. It pulls over my tits and then goes all the way to my knees, but the fact is that it’s sheer. The pink circles of my areola are visible, as are the lush curves of my tits. I begged Justin to let me wear full-coverage panties beneath the outfit, but he said that it’d ruin the “vibe” and “overall look.” As a result, I have a tiny g-string covering my cunt, but it’s almost nothing. My pussy lips press against the fabric, and in the back, the string disappears between my giant buttocks. It basically looks like I’m completely nude when viewed from behind.

But Justin's convinced this is the outfit for me. Or rather for "us," seeing how he wants to make an impact on the arrivals carpet.

"You look good," he says, finally turning to study me. "Here, these shoes will complete the outfit." He hands me a pair of four inch acrylic stripper heels, and my heart sinks. Damn, I'm going to resemble a prostitute tonight, which is not what I want, but I step into them slowly, finding my balance atop the skyscraper-like heels.

"Perfect," Justin hums, subtly adjusting the décolletage of my "dress" so that it's even. His blue eyes sweep over my narrow waist, barely covered cunt, and thick thighs. "You look beautiful, Ainsley. You're just the woman a celebrity like me needs on his arm. We need to be impactful," he emphasizes, his blue eyes boring into mine. "No one wants to see another woman in an Oscar's ballgown. That shit is dull."

"No, I didn't say I wanted to wear a ballgown!" I protest feebly. "I just don't need dress like this," I gesture at my barely clad figure. "I mean, I realize this is a swimsuit line, but I'm barely wearing anything right now."

"Naked dresses are in vogue days," Justin says carelessly while helping me into a black fur coat that blessedly covers my curves, providing a degree of security. "I assure you Julia Fox is going to show up in something even crazier. Do you want her to outdo us?"

I stare at him.

"The whole thing is exactly what we don't want. We don't want to distract from Bianca and her clothing line. Julia shouldn't either because this is Bianca's night."

Justin shrugs.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

“But I’m a globally famous rap superstar,” he says. “Besides, I’ll be with you the entire time, baby. I’m not going to make you walk the arrivals carpet on your own. And I plan on making my own entrance too.”

I stare at him.

“I doubt anything could outdo this dress,” is my dry remark.

Justin smirks, the dimple in his cheek showing itself.

“No, it can be outdone,” he says in a sly tone. Then, he reaches for a black coat from a nearby rolling rack before pulling it on over his broad shoulders. He turns, and to my horror, “White Lives Matter” is spelled out in rhinestones on his coat.

“See?” he smirks. “You can be outdone.”

I gasp, the blood draining from my face.

“No,” I whisper. “Please, Justin. Don’t wear that.”

My boyfriend merely smirks again.

“Why, are you offended Ainsley? You shouldn’t be. White livesdomatter.”

I sputter because how can I explain this to my boyfriend? It seems almost impossible, and yet I have to try.

“Justin, that slogan is a reaction to the BLM movement. It’s been adopted and promoted by white supremacist groups and sympathizers. It’s got MAGA hate written all over it.”

Justin smirks again.

“That’s how you choose to see it, but it’s not how I choose to see it. And with the re-election of our latest, greatest President, I think this coat is apt. I think it’s absolutely speaking for how many Americans feel at the current moment, and I’m proud to be their standard-bearer. WLM forever.”

Oh my god, this is even worse than I thought.

“No,” I breathe. “Please don’t. I’m begging you. I will wear this naked dress however many times you want, Justin, but I’m begging you to take off that coat. It’s a political statement and we don’t need that at a fashion show!”

“Yes, we do,” Justin smirks again. “Make America Great Again. Hold the blue line. Didn’t AOC wear a gown spray-painted with ‘Tax The Rich’ to the Met Gala? If that bitch can wear something so crude to a black tie event, then I can certainly wear this. Besides, fucking AOC is a politician who’s supposed to be legislating and shit like that, but instead she’s going to the Met gala and hobnobbing with said rich people that she purportedly wants to tax! Isn’t that fucking ironic?”

“Justin,” I say in a careful tone. “I’m not going to respond to that because this isn’t the time to debate Ms. Ocasio-Cortez’s political motives nor her publicity stunts—”

My boyfriend stares at me.

“So you acknowledge her dress was a political stunt.”

I exhale slowly, trying to keep my blood pressure in check.

“Of course I do,” I respond in an even tone. “All politicians pull stunts—”

“As do rap superstars like myself,” Justin finishes before picking up his phone. “Our ride is here, Ainsley. Are you ready?” he asks, one black brow quirked. “Ready to get off your high horse, sweetheart? The Dems suffered a crushing defeat in the recent election, so I think it’s time to stop with the sanctimonious lecturing, don’t you agree?”

Then, my boyfriend is out the door with the horrific jacket still on his back. My stomach drops to my feet because I don’t want to attend the after party anymore ... and yet I know I have to show my face.

* * *

The party was every bit as horrific as I anticipated. Justin and I arrived on the red carpet, me clutching my black jacket with white knuckles under my chin. Then, at the appointed moment, I dropped my jacket, revealing my lush curves, while Justin turned around, showing off the “White Lives Matter” message emblazoned on his back.

The response was immediate. Flashes went off in pops, blinding me with their light.

“Turn this way, sweetheart!” one photographer yelled. “We want to catch a shot.”

I could hardly force myself to move. My cheeks were scarlet with humiliation, and my knees wobbled. I didn’t want to give them a full-frontal, but it was already happening. My big breasts were out, the Double D’s swinging, and my pussy was oddly swollen for such an exposed moment. I half-expected my clit to shrink in on itself, but instead, I could feel it growing large and hard, pushing itself out of its

hood. What in the world? I managed a wan half-smile, but Justin elbowed me.

“No smiling,” he hissed. “We want to give off an editorial air. You know, high fashion and haute couture. Nothing plebeian.”

Page 7

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

What the fuck? Our outfits are the furthest from editorial that I can imagine. This is a publicity stunt, like Justin pointed out earlier. Nonetheless, I dropped my half-hearted smile, pasting a blank and expressionless look on my features.

“Better,” Justin murmured to me under his breath. “Just like a model in a magazine. Now, let’s go.”

He takes my hand and yanks me after him as I stumble a bit on the red carpet.

“Careful,” he murmurs. “We don’t want you falling on your face like earlier today.”

What the fuck? I hate his rude comments, and as soon as we step off the red carpet, I yank my hand from his, grateful to be out of the spotlight.

“Cat got under your skin, Ainsley?” he asks in a smarmy voice, turning on me. “What’s your problem?”

I’m just about to hit the roof when I feel him. There’s a shift in the air, the unmistakable presence of an alpha male nearby. Then he reappears, massive and huge. He towers over Justin at six and a half feet, and looks like a thunderous god with his massive biceps and broad chest.

“Come on, Ainsley,” he growls, shrugging out of his suit jacket before slipping it over my shoulders. “You’ve had enough for today. We’re leaving.”

“What?” I gasp, eyeing him up and down.

“What the fuck?” Justin sputters. “Who the fuck are you? Ainsley, who is this asshole? Security!” he calls. “Security, my girlfriend’s being assaulted.”

But the truth is that I don’t want to be here, wearing a sheer dress that shows off my tits and pussy. I don’t want to cause a fuss at Bianca’s party, especially when I already ruined her fashion show. I want to leave, and so I turn to Justin with a tight smile.

“I’m sorry, but I have to go,” I say without explanation. “I’ll catch you later, okay? Have a good time.”

Then, I take the huge man’s hand in my own. My palm is swallowed in his massive grip, and his fingers automatically curl around mine, providing comfort and reassurance.

“Let’s go,” he growls. “My car’s waiting.”

With that, I’m whisked out of the after party. Actually, I never even stepped foot into the venue because the stranger showed up right in the nick of time. I’m grateful to him for saving me, and look up at his harsh features as he opens his car door for me. His mouth is like a slash, that jaw made of granite.

He doesn’t look back at me.

“Inside,” he growls, blue eyes flashing. “We’ll talk later.”

Usually, I’m a wildcat. Usually, I fight and scream, claw and scratch, when I feel like I’m being run over roughshod. But with this man, every impulse towards disobedience melts from my bones. This man is my hero ... and I know I’ll be safe in his arms.

Karl

We're at the Degas Hotel, seated at a secluded table within the Parisienne, the hotel's five-star restaurant. There's only a pitcher of sweating water at the table, but Ainsley doesn't ask for food.

"Who are you?" she demands in a low voice. "How do you know who I am? Where did you come from?"

I shoot her a sardonic look. The curvy girl's still got my jacket on, and I know why. It's because of that fucking dress, or should I say lack of a dress. When she took her fur coat off on the red carpet, my jaw plunged to the ground, as did every man within a five hundred foot radius because Ainsley was basically naked beneath her coat. Her dress isn't much more than a sheer tube of stretchy material, exposing her tits, ass, and pussy. Hell, I could see the heft of her breasts, as well as the delicate dark vee between her thighs. No wonder her brother hired me to keep an eye on things. After this stunt, Patrick O'Lachlan likely wants to make sure that his sister is marched straight to a convent for safekeeping.

"Your brother sent me," I growl. "I'm Karl Andersen. Nice to meet you."

Ainsley's rage is immediate, her cheeks going pink. Hell, her entire face is going pink, which is an interesting contrast to her fire-red hair.

"I knew it!" she swears. "My fucking brother! Patrick always thinks he can meddle in my business, but I don't need a babysitter! I'm old enough and I can look after myself—" she announces before standing abruptly at the table.

"Sit," I bite out, my blue eyes shooting sparks.

Ainsley drops back in her seat like a rag doll, although the expression on her features isn't exactly obedient.

“Fine,” she grunts. “Tell me more. Why did my brother send you?”

There's a pregnant pause at the table.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

“Do you really need to ask?” I growl, my black brows raising. “After what just happened?”

“Okay, so today was a circus,” Ainsley acknowledges. “I fell at the fashion show, and you caught me, and then yes, this dress is a little much. But Justin wanted me to wear it, and you know he’s a rap superstar with his own line of clothing. Prowler sold two billion in revenue last year, so he knows what he’s doing when it comes to presentation.”

I raise a black brow.

“Well, your so-called boyfriend is crashing and burning, and taking you with him, sweetheart. After that WLM jacket today, I don’t think anyone’s going to buy his shit.”

Ainsley’s quiet for a moment, biting her lip.

“Yeah, Justin’s been having some issues with Adirite, who manufactures his stuff. They’ve expressed some discomfort with his antics,” she says in a stiff voice.

I shoot her a meaningful look.

“I think it’s more than antics at this point. That dude is spewing misogynistic, anti-Semitic rants, and you’re a pawn that he’s using.”

“No, I’m not,” Ainsley bites out, her green gaze shooting sparks. “I’m my own woman.”

I shake my head.

“Well, your brother certainly doesn’t think so. News of Justin West’s rants are international news. His shit is covered in Europe and Patrick isn’t exactly happy to see his younger sister featured in the tabloids while simultaneously being branded as a misogynistic, anti-Semitic woman.”

“But I’m not those things!” Ainsley sputters. “I just happen to be standing next to Justin at red carpet events. It’s not me. It’s him.”

“Then it’s guilt by association,” I shrug. “Nothing in life is fair, but at the same time, you’re not exactly stopping him either. But I don’t think anyone expects you to stop him, sweetheart, because it’s clear that dude has serious mental health issues. What worries your brother is that you’re being controlled by Justin West. That fucker is a billionaire, and he’s used to manipulating people and situations. I’m sorry to break it to you, sweetheart, but your boyfriend is manipulating you.”

“No, he’s not,” Ainsley hisses under her breath, her small fists clutching the edge of the table so hard that the knuckles are white. “Justin cares about me. Yes, his capers are a little off-beat and out there—”

“A little?” I ask sardonically. “That fucker had ‘White Lives Matter’ written on his jacket in rhinestones, sweetheart. It was practically visible from outer space.”

“Okay, a lot,” Ainsley concedes. “But it’s not me! It’s him, and I know how to take care of myself. You don’t need to follow me around like a fucking puppy dog—”

“Oh, I’m not a puppy dog, sweetheart,” I retort in a silky tone. “I’m a bodyguard. Don’t you get it? Your brother’s hired me to look out for you, and so I’m your new best friend.”

The blood drains from her lovely features.

“No,” Ainsley breathes.

“Yes,” I retort with a smirk on my face. “I’ll be in the room when you use the facilities. I’ll be in the room when you’re making sweet love with Justin. I’ll be watching as he pounds your butt, hammering your asshole from behind before turning you around and —”

“Youbeast!” Ainsley rages, jumping to her feet as her red hair comes loose from its coil. It’s a magnificent sight, the flaming tresses resembling a rippling curtain of red silk as she glares at me. “You’ll do no such thing. Stay away from me!” she rages. “Never look at me again!”

Then, she storms off, on her way up to her suite at the Degas. Yes, Patrick O’Lachlan is paying to put his sister up in luxury because it’s no big deal to the billionaire to fork over a fortune to keep his sister in a five-star hotel. Even better, he’s put me up in a suite as well because it’s my job to stick close to the curvy temptress ... whether she likes it or not.

5

Ainsley

That asshole! Who does he think he is?

I fume while leading Button on her leash. To be honest, at the moment I’m not even sure if the “asshole” I’m thinking of refers to my brother, Patrick, or the infuriating bodyguard from last night. What was his name again? That’s right, Karl.

Still, my insides go shivery and hot thinking about the alpha male because

he's gorgeous. He's insanely tall, with dark hair and piercing blue eyes. Shoulders as wide as a tank, and he looked amazing in a dark suit too. I saw how the fit of his jacket hugged his broad torso, and how the white color of his button down emphasized his deep tan. I loved how my hand disappeared in his giant one, safe in his grasp.

But still, Karl is an asshole, sexy European accent or not. He's a possessive, manipulative, grade A douche who thinks he can tell me what to do! Hell no. No one tells me what to do, and especially no him.

I give a curt shake of my head, still fuming. After our little tete-a-tete last night, I stormed off and sulked in my room. I spent hours pacing my bedroom, dreaming up witty retorts and saucy quips before reminding myself that I have no plans to speak with Karl Andersen again. Ever. So all this energy was being wasted, and I threw myself into bed, forcing myself to lie still and close my eyes.

But this morning, I woke up, still furious with my mind racing. What the hell? That guy doesn't control me! Fortunately, Karl doesn't have my contact info, and I didn't brief him on my whereabouts either. Sure, he was able to find me at the La Bianca fashion show, but the fashion show was publicized for weeks leading up to the big day, so it couldn't have been hard to figure out my location. But what I do in my own time is private, and I make a mental note to evade that controlling asshole.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

That's why I'm at Justin's mansion now. My boyfriend lives on a giant estate on the outskirts of Vegas. It's a three-story house befitting a rap mogul, and he pays a fortune for security. He also pays a fortune to keep the lawns a lush emerald green because this is the desert, and it takes gallons of water to bring vegetation to life. But Justin has money to spend and a verdant green lawn is what he wants, even if he's been picketed once or twice for it.

"The protestors don't bother me," he said in a lofty tone as people literally marched by his front gate, signs over their shoulders.

"Really?" I asked, eyebrows rising. "The clanging bells and chants don't bother you?"

Justin shrugged.

"I don't talk to poor people," he said in a flat tone. "But I'll get my security to drive them off. Maybe I'll even call law enforcement. A night in jail would do some of those fuckers good," he said with satisfaction.

I was taken aback because sometimes, my boyfriend is a total asshole. I'm not an ardent environmentalist, but I can see why people would be opposed to a verdant green lawn in the middle of a desert! Still, my opinion fell on deaf ears, and soon enough, the picket line was disbanded and peace descended once again.

But Justin is irrepressible. Not only does he spend a fortune on water, but he's also landscaped his property to within an inch of its life by putting in a swimming pool, erecting a private dog park, and constructing an artificial pond at the far end of his

estate. Yes, all this in the middle of the desert, and again, it cost a fortune. Most people would be horrified by the fantasyland he's created, but Justin simply doesn't care. He's a billionaire mogul who can buy anything and everything he wants, no matter the cost to our environment. Frankly, I don't know what's worse – the yes men who kowtow to his every whim, or my own cowardice for not taking a stand.

But my boyfriend also loves dogs, which makes me feel atinybit better because dogs need space to roam outdoors. Plus, Justin has twelve canines under his care, so he's practically running a kennel at this point. It's also how he justifies the size of his massive estate.

“Dogs can develop personality problems if they don't get out enough,” he explained in a serious tone while we were in the initial stages of dating. “They need to be walked, talked to, and entertained, just like a human child. They need space to run, and to express themselves through movement. You like dogs, don't you, Ainsley?”

I nodded.

“Yes, of course. We had the cutest terrier when I was growing up—”

“Perfect,” Justin said, cutting me off. “Maybe you'd like to walk my dogs every now and then. They adore beautiful women,” he winked. “They'll love you, Ainsley.”

Thus, I became a member of Justin's rotating cast of daily dog-walkers. Of course, he uses professionals, but he says that the dogs have a special bond with me, and prefer my “light touch” to the other handlers' jerky and abrupt movements. That's going a little far because I've observed many of our dog-walkers at work, and they're neither jerky nor abrupt. If anything, Janice, Brenda, and Tom are gentle souls whose ability to manage a dozen playful canines at once is awe-inspiring.

But I do enjoy walking Justin's dogs, and I enjoy strolling the property too. It's

expansive and green, and the opportunity to commune with the lushness of nature is relatively rare in Nevada. As a result, I sometimes take the canines out early in the morning, before the desert sun gets too hot. Button is my favorite of the bunch. She's a Cavalier King Charles Spaniel with a silky white and brown coat, and large, emotive eyes. She can be jumpy at times, and responds well to quality one-on-one time with her handler, which in this case is me. So I took an Uber bright and early to the estate before letting myself in quietly without waking anyone. Now, Button and I are enjoying our time together.

"What a gorgeous day," I murmur to the spaniel, savoring the rays of pink and yellow peeping over the horizon. "It's nice to be alone, just the two of us, don't you think? It's me and you, Butts. Do you mind if I call you that?"

Button turns her head and snuffles at me. I know what she wants, and unsnap her leash so that she can explore with freedom. Immediately, the dog darts off to investigate something in the bushes, and I smile.

"Feels good to be off-leash, doesn't it?" I ask. "If only my brother hadn't put a human leash on me."

Of course, Button doesn't reply. But then the aggrieved squawk of a bird makes me jolt, and then there's a loud rustling from the bushes. A bird bursts free from the leaves, soaring into the sky as Button follows, barking desperately.

"Ruff ruff!" she snaps. "Ruff!"

"Button, stop!" I scold. "It's early and you're going to wake people up! Besides, the bird is long gone."

But the spaniel continues to follow her imaginary bird, her head lifted towards the sky as she darts along the landscaped lawn.

“Button,” I yell, my eyes widening. “Watch out!”

Her short legs continue to churn as she races at light speed, her eyes still fixed on the sky. Then, the poor cocker spaniel plunges headfirst into the artificial pond with a loud splash. Yes, most dogs have spatial awareness and know where they are in relation to obvious geographic markers. Most dogs can also swim, but it’s clear that Button can’t. She barks once before her head goes underwater, her paws thrashing furiously.

“Button! Button!” I scream while running to the pond. “Oh my god, Button!”

I don’t hesitate. I run to the lake and jump in fully-clothed, intent on saving the dog.

“Button!” I scream. “Oh my god, Button!”

The water is icy and freezing. Fortunately, the lake isn’t too deep and I’m able to stand, although I’m already on my tippy-toes as I reach for the flailing cocker spaniel. I grab onto her wet fur with both hands and literally drag her into my arms, hauling twenty pounds of soaked dog.

“Oh my god, Button!” I scold while trying to catch my breath. The water feels sub-zero, and I’m drenched from head to toe, teeth already chattering. “What were you thinking?”

But my words are cut off because just as I’m about to step out of the pond, a giant hand grabs me by the scruff of the neck. Literally, it attaches to the back of my shirt and hauls me from the cold, dark water, only to be faced with two tons of angry man.

Him again.

Page 10

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

“Hi Karl,” I greet through chattering teeth while simultaneously shooting him a dirty look. “What are you doing here?”

“What am I doing here?” he rages. “What the fuck are you doing, taking a cold plunge this time of day?”

I stare at him.

“I was saving a drowning dog, in case you couldn’t tell.”

I bend to let Button down, and she leaps out of my arms, barking cheerfully like her life wasn’t just in danger.

“You were saving a dog?” Karl curses. “Jesus Christ! What is wrong with you?”

“Nothing’s wrong with me,” I say in a prim voice while crossing my arms over my chest. I feel like I’m frozen solid at the moment, and the rivulets of icy water running down my curves don’t help. My oversize white t-shirt is stuck to my big breasts, and my pink sweatpants are clinging to my thighs like saran wrap. “Button is a show dog,” I say in a haughty tone. “Her real name isn’t even Button. Her competition name is Champion Castlemark’s Perl Du Sahel, which for your information, means Pearl of the Sahel Desert. The Sahel is a region in Africa,” I snark.

Karl is so angry now that he looks ready to erupt. His face is red, his eyes bulge from their sockets, and his shoulders seem to have gotten wider and broader as he bristles. Is that even possible? Then, without further ado, the big man grabs me and tosses me head over heels onto his shoulder like a sack of flour.

“Hey, wait a minute!” I cry, beating at his broad back with my fists. But he doesn’t even seem to feel it. Instead, the alpha male strides along the property, his long legs eating up the distance. “Where are you taking me? I can’t leave Button, she’s off leash!”

“I don’t give a fuck about your dog, and I definitely don’t give a fuck about what you want,” he growls, heading for a nondescript black car. “Get in!”

He opens the door and literally tosses me into the passenger seat before reaching around and strapping the seatbelt viciously around my curves. I swear, if Karl could bind me with a rope, I think he’d do it. But the seatbelt is all there is, and his big hands work quickly. Within seconds, I’ve been restrained, and he’s in the driver’s seat as we take off with a rush.

“Oh my god!” I shriek. “You’re kidnapping me! I’m going to tell—”

“Tell who?” he barks, his hands gripping the wheel as he stares straight ahead. “Your brother? The police? Who?” he demands roughly.

My mouth snaps shut because there’s no one to call. Instead, my over-protective bodyguard has me where he wants, and against all odds, a thrill of excitement runs down my spine ... because I can’t wait to see what he does with my wet curves next.

6

Karl

She’s insane. That’s the long and the short of it. Patrick O’Lachlan warned me that his sister was a handful, but he didn’t mention that Ainsley also suffers from mental illness.

After all, what in the world could drive a woman to sacrifice herself for a dog? If the dog had been a child, I'd get it. But a dog? Come on. That damn thing didn't even thank Ainsley after being rescued. It ran off, happy as can be, chasing a butterfly like nothing had just happened.

But now we're back at the Degas. I dragged Ainsley up to her suite, ignoring the guests who stared at a massive bodyguard striding through the lobby with a puny, damp woman over his shoulder. Then, I keyed open the door to her suite, before striding through the living room and entering the master bath. It's a luxurious set-up, with a marble countertop, double sinks, and a massive stall for showering. But I don't care about that. Instead, I've filled the tub with hot water and glower at Ainsley.

"Get in," I rasp, my expression thunderous.

"What?" she squeaks, covering her big breasts with her arms. Those narrow shoulders shiver with cold, even as she tries to be impertinent. "No! First, I need to know how you have the key to my suite."

I glare at her, towering over her tiny form by at least a foot.

"I have the keys to your suite because your brother called the hotel and authorized me," I say in a slow voice, like she's a child. "Your brother is the one paying the bills, and the hotel knows that. So now, I have your key."

"What?" Ainsley squeals again, adorable despite the fact that she's dripping wet. Her red hair hangs in a rope down her back, and her soaked clothes cling to her curves, emphasizing her hourglass shape. "I'm talking to Patrick," she says in a rush. "No way you should have keys to my suite! You could barge in at anytime!"

"Yeah, I think that's the point," I drawl. "I'm your bodyguard, and I should be able to access this space in case you're in danger. Now get in the tub," I growl in a

thunderous voice. “Otherwise, I’m going to make you do it, and it’s not going to be pretty.”

She glares at me, but her shivers have become so strong that her teeth are chattering audibly.

“Okay, fine,” she grunts with a baleful look my way. “But give me some privacy, okay? A girl needs her privacy.”

“No,” I state in a flat voice.

Ainsley stares at me, her cheeks slowly going pink with a flush.

“Excuse me?” she asks. “You’re going to stand here as I get undressed and take a bath? That is not what my brother had in mind.”

Page 11

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

I stare right back at her, engaging in a war of the wills.

“I assure you, your brother wants me to do my job. If he finds out that you almost drowned this morning, he’ll authorize handcuffs. Meaning that you and I will be handcuffed together, sweetheart. Yes, every time you use the facilities, I’ll be there. Every time you want to call one of your friends, I’ll be right next to you, listening to the conversation. Every time you want to fuck your douchey boyfriend, I’ll be in the bed next to you, watching as your asshole is fucked to within an inch of its life!” I storm.

“You are so gross, you know that?” Ainsley hisses, her face now a fiery tomato red. “Who says I like ass fucking anyways? You’re such a brute.”

“I don’t care what you like and dislike in bed,” I his from between gritted teeth. “What I care about is that you stay alive without drowning in a fucking pond, and that you don’t get hypothermia because you’re a fucking icicle!”

Of course, the bathroom’s now steamy and humid from the hot water, and Ainsley’s obviously warming up. She’s out of danger physically, but the sassy brat has gotten so far under my skin that I can’t leave it. I won’t. I’m staying in here and watching her get naked whether she likes it or not.

We stare at each other again, both of us hostile and angry. Yet there’s an undercurrent of attraction, and I know she feels it too. It’s in the quivering of those big breasts, and the way her small tongue flicks out to lick over her lips. It’s the way sparks shoot from her eyes, and the vibrating tension of the room.

“Get in,” I growl, my blue eyes fierce. “Or else I’m doing it for you.”

The sassy brat literally sticks her tongue out me like we’re at a playground. I watch, mesmerized, as her glistening pink tongue pokes out from between her lips, and god forbid, but I want to feel those lips surrounding my hard cock. I want that tongue to lick along my dick veins, before she swallows the snake whole. I want Ainsley on her knees, her cheeks bulging and eyes staring up at me with adoration as she sucks my cock like a whore.

That does it. I lose all control, and in a second, I’m on the petite redhead. I yank the t-shirt over her head, revealing a tiny demi-bra that barely holds in her big tits.

“Hey!” she screeches, trying to cover her breasts with her hands. “What are you doing? This is illegal! You can’t—”

But we’re past the point of no return. I tear the bra from her curves, revealing those huge Double D orbs, and my heart stops because she’s gorgeous. Her tits are giant sacks of cream, heavy and full, tipped with succulent red cherries. I want to drop to my knees before suckling them in my mouth, coating them with saliva before fucking my cock between their soft bellies.

But Ainsley’s fighting me now.

“Oh my god, you brute!” she screams, trying to push me away. Unfortunately, I’m double her size, and her frantic movements have no effect. I’m as solid as a wall of granite, and her tiny hands literally bounce off my chest and arms as she tries to free herself.

But I’m a man on a mission, and I ignore her because her sweatpants are next on the list. Within seconds, I’ve stripped the soaked pink material from her thighs, revealing those thick curves, and then her panties come into view. Impatient, I grip the lace in

one big fist and literally tear it apart, revealing her plush pink cunt.

Oh fuck. My heart judders to a stop as I take in her swollen femininity. There's a tiny bit of golden hair positioned above puffy pink lips, wet and glistening. Her clit is a bud poking out from between those lips, and my fingers itch as I try to restrain myself. I want to hold her open, pulling her labia apart before gazing deep into the glistening pinkness. I want to tongue her clit, gently coaxing it out of its hood while making Ainsley moan and writhe with pleasure. Then, I want to delve deeper and fuck her little hole with my tongue until my face is covered with her juices. Even worse, I want to fuck my cock in there. She'd be so tight and resistant at first, but I know she'd loosen up and soon moan my name, crying out with ecstasy.

The fantasy is so vivid that I lose myself for a moment.

"Are you alright?" Ainsley asks me, cocking her head while trembling breathlessly before me. "Earth to Karl, Earth to Karl. Is the heat getting to you?"

I shake my head because the tables have been turned so quickly. One moment, I was a caveman intent on plunging the tiny woman into a hot bath, but now said tiny woman's got my balls in her soft hands. Ainsley's nude, creamy, and all female before me, and my cock jerks heavily in my pants, squirting as a tell-tale patch of pre-come forms on my sweatpants. Oh shit, I went commando this morning the moment I realized Ainsley was on the run, and the soft grey material darkens into blackness from the sperm soak it's getting.

Ainsley sees it too because my snake is massive and there's no way to hide what just happened. The tiny redhead stares at the wet patch for a moment, eyes wide. Then her gaze comes up to meet mine, before darting down again, her pink tongue flicking out to rub against her lower lip.

"Karl," she says in a wobbly voice. "Is that—?"

“Get in the water,” I hiss, turning my back to her to shield her from the view of my stiff snake. Holy fuck, how did this happen? One moment, I was an alpha male in control and now, I’m the one on my knees, helpless at my physical reaction to her.

Stomping to the vanity at the edge of the bathroom, I pull out a stool and seat myself on it before glaring at her.

“Clean yourself,” I say in a harsh tone.

This time, Ainsley obeys. She lifts one smooth leg and levers it over the tub’s rim before stepping into the hot water. Then, she bends over, lifting her other leg as well, and I groan silently. This is fucking pornographic, and the redhead should be thrown in jail because I just caught a glimpse of that puffy pink pussy, glistening and wet. Not only that but her big breasts dangle invitingly, begging me to suck on the tips before fucking my cock between their soft bellies.

Ainsley knows of the effect she’s having on me too. She gently slides into the water, taking a seated position, before casting another glance at me.

“Are you comfortable on that stool?” she asks with the hint of a laugh in her lilting voice. “You look like you’re going to break it.”

I know how comical I appear. I’m a six five, two hundred and fifty pound caveman positioned on a tiny wicker thing that wiggles beneath my ass, already on the verge of giving out. But I merely glower at her.

“Start with your hair. Get that clean, and then soap up,” I bite out.

Ainsley shoots me a saucy look.

“Are you going to instruct me every step of the way?”

Page 12

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

I glare right back at her.

“Don’t make me come over there and do it for you,” I rasp, my fingers curling in on themselves with tension. “You’re not going to like it.”

Ainsley merely smiles sweetly before reaching for a bottle of shampoo and pouring a dollop into her hand. She applies it to her red curls as I watch, mesmerized.

“Oh, I don’t know. Maybe I would like it,” she says in a teasing tone. “I regularly see a masseuse, and Evelyn is worth every penny she charges. Same with my manicurist, and same with my facialist. It’s nice to be waited on.”

“I’m not a facialist, nor a masseuse, nor a manicure whatever-ist,” I growl, my eyes glued to her ivory curves as she massages suds through her red curls. They’re wet now, so they’re almost black, but the contrast only highlights how silky smooth and pale her skin is.

“I’m not saying you have to be a masseuse, but it’d be nice to feel someone else’s hands on my scalp,” Ainsley teases. “I have so much hair, and it’s so long that I could use the help,” she adds. “I really mean it, Karl. Come help me wash my hair.”

Jesus Christ! What the fuck is going on? One second, I had a hellcat on my hands, fighting me tooth and nail. But now I have an alluring siren in her place, beckoning to me with a sweet smile.

I stare, my heart beating so loud that Ainsley must be able to hear it too. My blood pressure is sky-high, and my cock’s stiff as it spurts another load of pre-come onto

my sweatpants. Ainsley sees, and giggles again, her fingers still massaging her scalp.

“Come here, Karl,” she hums in a melodic voice. “I need you.”

I can’t resist anymore. Like a man in a trance, I rise to a towering height and begin to advance on the nubile young vixen in the tub.

7

Ainsley

Oh my god, is this really happening? Am I a siren, calling to Karl as I wash my hair? Of course, I don’t need his help exactly. Yes, my tresses are long but they’re manageable, and I’m able to shampoo them myself.

But I want this man because he’s so handsome and powerful, and I love seeing how he’s been reduced to mush by my curvy body and teasing ways. Okay, Karl isn’t mush. The opposite. This man is hard and massive, and a small gasp escapes my lips as he approaches because his cock is leaking pre-come. It stands straight up now, flat against his abdomen, the tip pressing against his stomach. It glistens at the top, and as I watch, a bead of pearly cum forms before sliding down to coat his length.

“Oh my god,” I breathe, my heart rate accelerating as moisture pools between my legs.

His expression grows dark as his gaze holds mine.

“You’ll be praying for more than salvation by the time I’m through with you, Ainsley,” he rasps, taking a seat by the massive tub. Then, those big hands are on my scalp, massaging my red tresses. “Let me,” he growls.

I'm so aroused that my nipples are diamond hard, visible beneath the surface of the water. The pillows of my breasts bobble a bit, and another warm gush of liquid pools between my thighs. What is the alpha male doing to me with just his fingers on my scalp? Yet his touch is so gentle and soothing that I let out a breathy moan.

"Mmm," I murmur, my lashes falling shut as my head tilts back so that it's supported on the ivory porcelain. "That feels incredible."

There's no reply from Karl, but my every cell is attuned to him. His masculine presence dominates the room, invading my senses, and the musky scent of an aroused alpha male fills my nose. It's a mixture of pine, cedar, woodiness, and just plain male musk. It intoxicates me, and I moan again as he lifts a small jug to let warm water trail through my hair.

"What next, sweetheart?" he rasps. I turn a bit to smile at him over my shoulder, and the heat in those blue eyes stun me.

"Just a bit of conditioner," I manage, reaching for a second bottle. "Massage it through my tresses, please. Thank you, Daddy."

The word "Daddy" makes him jolt, but he doesn't say anything. Instead, he takes the bottle and squirts some in his hand before continuing that delicious massage of my scalp.

"You're so beautiful," he whispers behind me, his voice reverential. "Built like a woman."

"You like my curves?" I ask with a giggle, rousing from my half-dazed state for a moment.

"You know I love them," he replies in an almost pained tone. "You were built for

sex, baby. You were built to make a man happy.”

His words should be offensive but instead, they make me go loose and warm inside.

“Mmm, am I?” I say in a coy tone. “Why, what’s next on the menu, Daddy?”

My growly bodyguard merely pours water through my strands, rinsing the conditioner out, before shifting to sit at the halfway point of the tub, near my waist.

“One foot on each side,” he growls, those blue eyes aglow with hunger. By now, I can see that his sweatpants are gone, and he’s completely naked. My mouth goes dry as my heart-rate accelerates because this man is gorgeous. Huge. Aroused. His pole is at least ten inches long, and as thick as a soda can at the base. Glorious veins snake along the sides, and my pupils dilate because I want to taste it. I want to trace those veins with my tongue before pressing my lips to his tip and sucking the come out.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

But Karl is on a mission, and his rough voice penetrates my haze.

“One foot on each edge of the bathtub, sweetheart. Do it. I won’t ask twice.”

I stare at him, cheeks flushed, because it means that I’ll be spread-eagle before him. Of course, he can already see my lush curves through the rippling water, but with my legs open and elevated, he’ll see everything. The rosiness of my twat. The hard nub of my clit. OMG, maybe even the brown button of my asshole!

But before I realize what I’m doing, my legs lift from the water, rivulets sluicing off my ivory flesh. Then, I position each ankle on opposite edges of the tub before cupping my big breasts in offering to Karl.

“Is this what you want, Daddy?” I mewl helplessly. “Like this?”

He doesn’t reply for a moment, his eyes glued to my ivory tits before trailing down my narrow waist, down to my soft pink pussy. His gaze is searing, and my nipples harden in response as I mewl again, helpless yet enticing.

“Yes, baby girl,” he rasps. “Daddy’s going to shampoo you down there now. We want to get you clean all over.”

I gasp because oh my god, is he serious? Karl just washed the hair on my head, but now he wants to wash the hair on my pussy? OMG, OMG! But the alpha male’s already reaching for the shampoo, squirting a tiny dollop in his palm before looking at me with hunger in those glowing blue eyes.

“Ready, sweetheart?”

I answer before I realize what I’m doing. My legs part a tiny fraction wider in invitation, and I nod, my eyes glued to his, the heat between us palpable.

“I’m ready whenever you are, Daddy,” I whisper. “Please, get me clean.”

With a low growl, Karl dips those big fingers into the water and gently caresses a silky thigh before trailing up to cup my vag lips. He traces one digit along the seam in between them and I cry out, my head tilting back because it already feels so good.

“Oh Daddy!” I moan. “Mmmm, that feels amazing.”

“I know, baby,” he rasps. “And you’re so responsive, too. It’s because you’re a dirty girl, aren’t you? This swollen cunt needs the hard, filthy fucks that only Daddy can provide.”

My eyes fly open because what in the world is he saying? Am I really such a slut? But I lose all thought because Karl’s touch is delectable. With big fingers, he works the shampoo into my pussy patch, and then caresses my tender lips before gently niggling my clit. He rubs circles around the hard nub, making me moan, before giving it a quick pinch. I jerk upright as shock runs through my most sensitive spot.

“Oooh!” I squeal. “Unnnh!”

“That’s right, baby,” the handsome bodyguard moans, his blue eyes like hot coals as he stares at my lush and curvy form. “Like I said, your cunt craves the hard, filthy fucks that only Daddy can provide. But I think I want to shave you first, sweetheart. Are you okay with that? Will you let me?”

I stare at the gorgeous bodyguard, blood rushing in my ears. Oh my god, this situation

is spinning out of control and yet I love it. I feel as if I'm drowning in a warm sea of sensuality as the handsome alpha male leads me further and further away from shore.

"Shave my pussy?" I manage in a faint tone.

"Yes baby," Karl rasps, blue eyes penetrating. "But I'll have to get in the tub with you because I can't reach from this angle. The razor would cut and burn your tender flesh, and we don't want that."

I stare at him, again drowning in the warm sea. But then I nod because I want this man. I crave him. He's hard, dominant, and so masculine, doing funny things to my insides as I take in that massive shaft, dripping fluids from the head. With a small smile, I nod, parting my glossy lips.

"Yes, please shave me, Daddy. Get me clean in my most private place."

Karl grunts with approval before standing to his full height in the small bathroom. His shaft juts out from his waist, making me gasp. Is it possible that he's grown even larger in the last ten minutes? He must be at least eleven inches now, and a deep purple color. A thick string of pre-come dangles from the head of his penis to hit the floor, forming a small puddle. My heart-rate accelerates as heat pools between my thighs, and unconsciously, I let out a small mewl of need, making him chuckle.

"I'm here, baby girl. Scootch forward," he rasps while setting one foot behind me in the tub. "I'm a big man, and I need more space than you think."

I do as he commands, and that massive male form comes to sit in back of me in the tub, water sloshing. I lean back tentatively, and it feels comfortable, actually. I'm aroused, of course, by that solid wall of a chest, as well as the insistent rod poking into my back, but it's also oddly tender to lean against my hard rock of a man.

“Mmm,” I moan, closing my eyes blissfully. “This is nice.”

“This isverynice,” he whispers in my ear before reaching for a small pink razor positioned on the edge of the tub. “Now relax, baby girl. I’m going to clean her up a bit, and soon you’ll be as bare as a baby.”

Then, the shaving begins and it’s wonderful. Karl’s fingers are agile and nimble as he pulls my left labia tight before gently tracing the skin with the razor. Then he niggles my clit, making me shriek, before shaving my right side.

“Mmm,” I moan.

“You look beautiful, Ainsley,” he whispers in my ear again, rinsing off the razor before putting it on the edge of the tub. “Responsive, curvy, and so wet. But we’re all done, honey. You didn’t have much hair to get rid of. It was just a bit of down.”

Page 14

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

My eyes open slowly.

“All done already?” I ask in a faint voice. “But it felt so good!”

I feel Karl tense for a moment behind me.

“There is another place we could shave,” he continues in a dark, silky voice. “But only if you feel comfortable.”

“Where?” I ask in a breathless voice. “My head, you mean? But I can’t because I’m a model. My agency would kill me if I shaved my head!”

He pauses.

“No, not your head, sweetheart. I would never dream of that. No, I meant your bottom button, Ainsley. I want to shave your asshole, if you’re up for it.”

His words make me jerk upright in the tub because is this man kidding me? He wants to shave me where? Do people even do that? But I know a couple girls who get full Brazilians, and they say the hot wax does go down there. The description made me wince because it sounded so painful, but at the same time, it’s not totally unheard of.

Besides, I want to be naughty. Maybe I am the slut that Karl believes. Hell, the pussy shave felt so good that I’m willing to chance it with another kind of shave as well.

“Yes,” I breathe, looking at him with a coy smile. “Let’s do it. I trust you, Daddy.”

He growls his approval low in his chest.

“Wonderful, sweetheart. But you’re going to have to stand for this one because I can’t reach in this position.”

I pause for a moment, my entire body vibrating with awareness at what’s about to happen. Then, I rise to my feet, careful not to slip in the tub, before parting my legs and bending over so that my white tits sway in invitation. My big, heart-shaped bottom rises in the air and I take the opportunity to peer at Karl through the vee of my thighs.

“Like this, Daddy?” I mewl. “Is this better? Can you reach in this position?”

There’s no answer because I feel it then. It’s Karl’s tongue on my asshole, tasting me there as I shiver and shake with arousal.

“Oooh!” I scream, grabbing hold of the tub’s edges. “Oh my god!”

“Yes, baby,” he breathes, blowing against my coffee pucker for a moment. “Get ready because this is really happening.”

Then, he licks my asshole again before gently massaging the pleats with his tongue. He kisses it, holding my big buttocks apart with big hands, baring me to his filthy loving.

“Yes,” he moans while rimming my dirtiest space. “You taste so good, Ainsley.”

I can’t believe this is happening. A gorgeous older man has his tongue buried in my dirty button, kissing and fucking it like it’s the tastiest hole he’s ever encountered, and the knowledge pushes me over the edge.

“Ohhhhh!” I wail, my cries ringing in the bathroom, as climax strikes like a lightning bolt. “Ummmmm!”

My anus clamps, dissolving into a series of powerful shudders as my pussy pulses and snaps. My big breasts swing and Karl grunts with his face pressed between my buttocks as I explode.

“Yes, come on my face,” he moans. “Turn it into a fucking waterslide, sweetheart. Show me the waterworks.”

The words are pure filth, but they push me into soaring ecstasy. My vision blacks out as my pussy detonates like a bomb. It clamps down hard before exploding with fluids, desperate to be entered as I shriek and shudder my pleasure.

“Oh Karl!” I cry out desperately. “Oh Karl, more more more!”

The alpha male responds to my plea. In a flash, he’s risen from the bath to stand behind me, those big hands gripping me at the waist.

“Hold on tight, baby, because it’s coming. Daddy’s going to take care of this horny, needy little pussy.”

Then, he thrusts that massive club into me with a furious jerk of his hips. I cry out, this time from pleasure, but also from pain because Karl just ripped through my hymen like it wasn’t there. It hurts, and the stinging sensation in my cunt makes me blink with tears. Plus, there’s the wrenching discomfort of having an eleven-inch monster stretching me out to my max, and I wince at the burn.

“Owwww,” is my pained cry. “Ohhh.”

Karl’s stock still behind me, even as his big chest rises and falls with labored breaths.

Page 15

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

“Why didn’t you tell me?” he demands through gritted teeth. “You’re a virgin, Ainsley. Why didn’t you say?”

Tears are coursing down my cheeks now as I turn to glance at him over one narrow shoulder.

“I didn’t have time!” I protest in a feeble voice. “I was going to but—”

Then, I’m lifted onto my tiptoes by another furious thrust into my cunt. He’s so big that I literally lose my balance a bit, shoved forward by his massive baton.

“Oh my god!” I squeal. “Oh oh oh!”

I sense what’s happening. Karl’s trying to be gentle for my sake. He’s trying to take it easy with long, slow strokes, except that he’s an aroused alpha male already approaching the breaking point. His giant fists tighten on my waist as his thrusts pick up in pace and speed.

“I’m so sorry, Ainsley,” he moans in labored pants. “You feel too good. You’re so tight, and wet, and horny and oh fuck fuck fuck—”

Then it happens. For the first time in my life, a man comes inside me, and it feels incredible. His cock jerks deep within my creamy depths and explodes, filling me with thick, viscous seed.

“FUCK!” Karl screams, his shouts turning the bathroom into an echo chamber. “Shit shit shit!”

I give up and merely hold on tight as the alpha male uses my body for his pleasure. He fucks in and out of my cunt, wildly ejaculating into my fertile pussy while moaning my name in a chant.

“Ainsley,” he mutters. “Oh shit, Ainsley, sweetheart.”

I know I should feel used, and I do feel used, but in a good way. It’s so satisfying to know that an alpha male has sated his urges with my curves, and I decide to vocalize my dirtiest wishes.

“Yes, Daddy,” I moan and pant. “Yes, trash my pussy. Fuck my cunt as much as you want. Harder. Deeper. Faster. Use my body for your pleasure and let me be your personal cockholster.

Karl moans again, his cock going into a second round of rapid-fire ejaculation. OMG, is that even possible? But as the powerful bodyguard drops another huge load into my fertile fields, I smile with feminine satisfaction because this is exactly what I want ... and more.

8

Karl

Ainsley’s relaxing on the sofa, clad only in a thin silk robe. Her curves are still damp, that ivory skin sheened in a mixture of sweat and her own fragrance. I can’t resist. I’m a total asshole and walk over to her before opening her robe to look down at her creamy form. Those big breasts bobble, and Ainsley even giggles a bit while parting her legs.

“Do you like what you see, Daddy?” she coos. “Does this make you happy?”

I take in those soft thighs and narrow waist, as well as her swollen pussy. Fuck, she's been fucked so much in the past few hours that the girl shouldn't even be able to sit upright. But Ainsley is smiling at me, and I decide to go for it.

One big finger reaches down to her swollen, ravaged pussy before gently tracing over her slippery clit. Then, I push the bit of semen edging out from her cunt back in, loving the fact that my seed is literally leaking out of this girl.

"Oooh, that feels good, Daddy," she murmurs, batting her lashes coquettishly at me. "Do you have more for me?" she asks, one small hand going up to grab my hardening cock.

"I have more than enough for your horny pussy, sweetheart," I growl before striding to the table and coming back with a plate full of pancakes. "But let's eat first because I want you to have energy. You must be depleted after getting fucked like that, and I don't want a rag doll in bed."

Ainsley giggles, tossing her red mane of hair back.

"I'm not a rag doll! I was with you every step of the way!"

I go silent for a moment because it's true. It was this sweet girl's first time, and yet she accommodated my massive dick without complaint. She took it in herself again and again, letting me pummel her tiny hole as she smiled sweetly at me, breasts bobbling with every hard pound. I hang my head with shame.

"You've done more than enough, sweetheart. You deserve some peace."

Immediately, Ainsley's up and sitting in my lap, her small arms wrapped around my neck and those delicate features only inches away.

“No, but I liked it, Karl. I loved it. I want you to touch me like that, and it doesn’t matter that you’re my bodyguard. In fact, this is the best way you could guard my body, don’t you think? If you’re in bed with me, who’s going to hurt me now?”

I stare at her innocent features, so delicate and soft. A big hand goes up the steep curve of her back, caressing her sinuous form.

“I know, sweetheart, but this isn’t what your brother envisioned—”

Page 16

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

The redhead rolls her eyes.

“Don’t even get me started on Patrick,” she says in a droll tone. “Besides, he’s not exactly a saint himself. You know he won his wife in a bet, right?”

I stare at my sassy temptress.

“What? Really?”

She nods.

“Yeah, my sister in law was desperate for money. Ashley came to Vegas to be a ballerina, but then her ballet company went kaput, so she needed cash. She sold her body to Patrick, and I think he even had her chained up in his bedroom for a while.”

I stare at her.

“No fucking way.”

“Yes way,” my beautiful redhead says in a playful voice. “So don’t blame yourself, Karl, because the man who hired you isn’t exactly the Pope. In fact, my brother is a fucking asshole, so we shouldn’t listen to what he says.”

Still, I feel guilty and drop my gaze as my hand continues to rub circles on her back. Ainsley senses my hesitation and lifts my chin with one small finger before staring into my eyes.

“What is it?” she whispers. “No regrets, Karl.”

“But it was your first time—” I begin.

“And I loved it,” she finishes before leaning forwards to kiss me. “You took me the way a man takes a woman. Hard. Possessive. Relentless. I loved every second, and I want to do it again. And again. And again.”

That makes me stare at her for a moment.

“Are you on birth control?” I ask in a low voice.

She shakes her head, cheeks flushing.

“No, and we didn’t use a condom. But I’ll call the concierge and see if they have Plan B on site. It’s fine. Even if they don’t, we can go to the drugstore and get it. It’s over the counter now, so it’s no big deal.”

I stare at her plush lips before circling up to meet her gaze.

“It’s a very big deal, sweetheart. I might have impregnated you already.”

Ainsley blushes, and is it my imagination, but do her green eyes sparkle a bit? She merely smiles at me.

“Would that be so bad, Karl?” she purrs, trailing one finger down my chiseled chest. “A baby, I mean?”

My jaw drops.

“Sweetheart, you’re what? Eighteen? Nineteen?”

“I’m twenty-three,” she murmurs with another slight smile on her lips. “Old enough to be a mother.”

My mind rushes with all sorts of thoughts because this is not the way I envisioned this conversation going.

“We just met,” I say in a low growl. “You don’t know what you’re saying.”

Ainsley merely shrugs before reaching for a croissant and biting into it with a satisfying crackle.

“I know you’re hot, gorgeous, and will do anything to protect me. I know my brother hired you, which means you went through an extensive background check because Patrick would never send just anyone to guard his sister. So you can’t be a criminal.”

My brows lower.

“The shit I want to do to you is positively criminal,” I rasp. “You’d be surprised, baby girl.”

Page 17

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

“Then surprise me,” Ainsley says with a sweet smile. “Ilovesurprises.”

Holy fuck, now I really understand what Patrick O’Lachlan said when he dubbed his sister a hellcat. Ainsley is more than a handful. She’s a fucking supernova, and yet I love it. She completely blows other women I’ve dated out of the water, and they’re nothing more than a faint memory at this point. Reading my thoughts, the sassy redhead wraps an arm around my neck again while taking another satisfying bite of croissant.

“So tell me about you, Mr. Andersen,” she invites. “How did you come to work for my brother?”

I reach for my coffee, careful not to spill the hot liquid.

“Well, I’m Swedish and I was with the Swedish Army for most of my career. I retired a couple years ago and went out on my own. First, as a mercenary and then in private security.”

“A mercenary?” Ainsley chokes, her eyes wide. “You went to fight other peoples’ wars?”

“I did,” I say in a low voice. “I’ve fought in all sorts of hellish locations, from Kosovo to Pyongyang to Ukraine. It’s fucking sad, honestly, how much people hate each other, and how they’re willing to kill each other over practically nothing. But the money’s good, and the foreign legion was a natural fit for me. It’s not like I have other skills.”

Ainsley stares at me some more, her glossy lips parted.

“Okay, so what made you leave?”

I shrug.

“It’s not all about the money. I have more than enough to last a lifetime, and I was getting sick of the fact that a lot of these countries have no clue what they’re doing. They have little to no training for their soldiers, no armaments, shitty supply chains, and shitty food on top of everything else. I was out in the field with a bunch of high schoolers who were bawling and crying for their mommies. It fucking sucked being a babysitter one moment, and then sacrificing these boys on the field of battle the next.”

Ainsley’s completely stopped eating now, her green eyes cautious as she stares at me.

“So it was tough.”

I laugh hoarsely.

“You can say that again. So I left, and when this job came up, I took it. Your brother made it sound like it’d be a jaunt. Sure, you’re a handful, but a sassy hellcat is something I can manage. There’s food, sun, a hotel room ... hell, this is cakewalk compared to where I’ve been.”

“I can imagine,” Ainsley says thoughtfully. “After years of being on the frontlines, Vegas must seem like a joke to you.”

“It is,” I acknowledge in a deep voice, “but it’s nice to get away from reality for a little. War grinds you down, you know? It’s sheer boredom ninety-nine percent of the time, but then the one percent is a firefight. That’s when you lose your life, and those

of your men too.”

Ainsley’s still in my lap, her croissant on her plate as she contemplates my words. Then she looks up, that emerald gaze emotive.

“Thank you for being honest with me, Karl,” she murmurs. “About what you saw, and what you experienced. It gives me a lot of context, and helps me understand who you are.”

I pull her curvy form close before inhaling her sweet scent.

“This is pure Heaven compared to where I’ve been, sweetheart. A beautiful woman in my lap, warm food to eat, and a plush hotel room were merely fantasies when I was lying in a cold, dark trench. Hell, if we wanted to take a nap right now, we could. You don’t get that when you’re at war. Sometimes you’re up for seventy-six hours straight, with bloodshot eyes while popping amphetamines to stay alert.”

“Amphetamines?” she whispers, eyes wide. “Oh my god, you guys were doing drugs?”

“Under the table,” I nod. “Governments never condone actual drugs. But yeah, that shit is fed to soldiers to help us perform. Every country does it, including the great old U.S. of A.”

Ainsley shakes her head again.

“Goodness,” she murmurs. “I had no idea.”

I pull her curvy form closer.

“War fucking sucks. The life of a soldier isn’t for everyone, but enough depressing

shit. What about you, sweetheart? What brings you to Vegas?”

She blinks a little, trying to adjust to the change in conversation. But then a small smile crosses her lips.

“Well, I’m here to further my career as a plus-size model,” she says. “I started out in Ireland, but there isn’t much of an industry there. And Paris, Milan and New York are for straight size girls. The plus-size industry is here, in the City of Sin, so I flew in to see what could happen.”

I nod.

“And how’s it going?”

She sighs a bit, pushing some fruit around on a plate.

“It’s going,” she acknowledges. “Of course, I’ve been rejected far more than I’d like. But you were at the La Bianca show, so I’ve been cast here and there. And of course, I met Justin West,” she mutters, looking down. “He’s been helpful.”

I nod thoughtfully.

“So what’s the story with him?”

“Well, he’s not my boyfriend,” Ainsley says immediately, shooting me a swift look. “I know it looks like it on the outside, but Justin’s never actually touched me. We don’t have sex,” she states. “We don’t even sleep in the same bed.”

I chuckle, gently palming a big breast.

“Yeah, I gathered that,” I say in a dry tone. “I’m the one who popped your cherry, sweetheart. It’s obvious that he’s not enough of a man to do the honors.”

Ainsley bites her lip while looking down.

“Yeah, I know,” she says in a soft voice. “At first, I wondered if there was something wrong with me. I mean, don’t most men make love to their girlfriends?”

“Sweetheart, there is absolutely nothing wrong with you,” I state in a low growl,

lifting her small chin to stare into her eyes. “You are one hundred percent desirable, very female, and utterly lush and wet. No man can resist you.”

Ainsley colors and nods again before smiling.

“Thanks Karl,” she murmurs. “I appreciate the reassurance. But I did go through a whole confused phase when I realized Justin wasn’t into sex. I wasn’t upset. I just couldn’t figure it out, and even went to see a therapist to talk it through. But the funny thing is that eventually, I came around. My feelings weren’t hurt by his lack of desire, nor was I offended by his choice either. Heck, I realized that I didn’t want to sleep with him.”

“Okay,” I nod. “So why are you fake dating a fake boyfriend?”

Ainsley shoots me a sassy grin.

“Well, this is a little Machiavellian, but I realized that I could further my career if I posed as Justin West’s girlfriend. He is a famous rapper,” she says. “He knows a lot of people in the fashion and entertainment industries, and I get a lot of press just from accompanying him to events. So you see, my brother doesn’t have to worry,” she says with a playful smile. “Justin doesn’t even touch me! I’m safe!”

I nod.

“Yeah, but I don’t think your brother’s worried about what you do between the sheets,” I say in a careful tone. “I think Patrick’s more worried about how Justin behaves. Your fake boyfriend seems—”

“Controlling?” Ainsley finishes for me, one delicate brow arched.

“You said it,” I growl deep in my chest. “He makes you show up at public events

stark naked. What the fuck? Who does that?"

"I know," Ainsley acknowledges, pausing temporarily to pop a strawberry into her mouth. I'm temporarily mesmerized, watching her chew the red fruit, her lips so plush and glossy. "But Justin genuinely is a PR genius, and he knows how to manipulate the media. You know his brand, Prowler, did over a billion dollars of business last year with Adirite. So he's experienced, and knows how to get eyes on his product."

"Yeah, but it looks like you're his product, sweetheart," I say in a dry tone. "Except you're not a pair of kicks, or a sweatshirt, or hoodie, or any type of shoe. You're a woman, and your brother had a bad feeling, seeing you on Justin's arm. You looked like a doll, sweetheart," I add in a low voice. "A beautiful one, but also one whose personality had been drained. You were seriously beginning to resemble a drugged-out robot, and Patrick is worried."

"I know," Ainsley says in a soft voice, looking down. "I didn't want to wear those dresses either. Trust me, I don't like showing off my tits and ass to everyone in the world and their mother. It was downright embarrassing, and I guess the blank stare was my way of disassociating. I was pretending I wasn't there, and that it was happening to another girl."

"What the fuck?" I growl. "What the fuckity fuck? That fucker is manipulating you. I'm going to kick his ass."

Ainsley sighs a bit, going limp in my arms.

"Thanks Karl, I know this is disappointing to hear," she says in a low voice. "Women these days are taught to be independent and fierce, and I totally flopped. Truth be told, I wanted to wear something normal to the La Bianca after party. You saw the swimwear. The bikinis are tropical and flirty, so I wanted something fun and colorful

in homage. But Justin was just so insistent. He wouldn't let me wear the dress I'd picked out, saying that it made me look like Carmen Miranda—"

"Carmen Miranda doesn't have red hair," I rasp.

"Yeah, I know," Ainsley replies with a smile pulling at the corner of her mouth. "But there you go. He whipped out the naked dress, and I ended up baring it all in front of the cameras. Again, I was disassociating."

I shake my head.

"What a fucking dipshit."

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

Ainsley sighs again.

“I know, but Justin did his job. He knows how to attract eyeballs, and we were featured on a lot of websites afterwards. Me and my tits and cunt, at least.”

I stare at her.

“Break up with this asshole. You’re not even really dating him.”

Ainsley nods, her look downcast.

“I know. We’re not a real couple. It’s just an image he wants to project to the world, and you’re right. I can’t keep up the charade because he’s controlling me, and I fucking hate it. I’m going to do it.”

I circle her wasp waist with my big hands, staring into those emerald eyes.

“You better,” I rasp. “Because you belong to me, Ainsley, and no other man is going to touch you from here on out. You’re mine.”

Then, our lips meet as the curvy girl melts into my arms again, mewling her pleasure. After all, Justin West is full of shit and a bully to boot. He made my woman bare her tits and cunt for the world to see, but that’s not going to happen anymore. This particular set of tits and ass belong to me and me only.

Ainsley

It's been a wonderful few months with Karl. The alpha male takes care of me, and I take care of him. He's definitely doing his job as a bodyguard because he hasn't left my side for a moment ... or my bed, for that matter. We spend hours in it, and he fucks me morning, noon, and night. He makes me moan with pleasure, and even a glance from the handsome bodyguard is enough to make me break into a full-body blush.

But this is the life, and I love it. Sure, I realize that I'm living off my brother's dime right now, but Patrick got what he wanted too because I broke up with Justin. No more naked dresses. No more "disassociating" in order to pretend I wasn't there. No more embarrassing paparazzi shots of me and my tits and pussy on display, looking like a drugged-out Barbie doll.

Plus, the break-up wasn't a big deal. When I told Justin, he merely shrugged, said something incoherent, and then I was on my way. I do miss his dogs, but I know the canines are in good hands with Janice, Brenda, and Tom. They're excellent at Wag Walkers, and I'm certain Button is getting plenty of attention and exercise.

So yes, my life with Karl is to die for. There's so much love, sex, and passion that I'm overwhelmed with gratitude. He keeps me constantly on my toes too, with funny quips and interesting stories, and we're well-matched when it comes to our senses of humor. Who would have thought that the brat and the bodyguard would get along like a house on fire, in personality as well as in bed?

The only fly in the ointment is that I haven't been landing many jobs as a plus-size model, and it bugs me. I know I'm pretty, and I know I have the "look" that's in vogue right now. But my phone's silent, and deep in my heart, I wonder if it's because I'm no longer dating Justin West. Justin's the one who's a global superstar, and I was just the pretty girl on his arm. He's still putting out platinum albums, and

showing up in all the gossip magazines. In fact, he even has a new girlfriend now, who's so young that I wonder if she's even legal. Of course she must be because he's too famous to get away with that kind of shit, but the pictures of them together are jaw-dropping because he looks positively ancient next to her fresh-faced innocence. Heck, she could be in pigtails and a school uniform, she's so young!

But I bite my lip because it's not my business anymore. My concern is my faltering career, and I gaze listlessly at the flatscreen on the wall as the Super Bowl plays.

"Why are people so interested in American football?" I mumble with a confused look. "All they do is bash into one another."

Karl shoots me a grin before shrugging.

"I have no idea, sweetheart. Your guess is as good as mine because you know I'm from Sweden, and we don't do this shit there. We ski or play soccer. American football is a mystery to me."

I shake my head. "It's so crazy, with all the injuries, not to mention the concussions too. The players can end up impaired for life."

But then, the channel flips to an advertisement, and to my chagrin who shows up on the screen but Justin West? He looks like he's in a dentist's chair, getting his teeth fixed, but that's exactly the kind of commercial he'd put out. The spot is bizarre, trendy, and yet all-too-compelling, and sure to get a million eyeballs on it.

I switch off the TV, disgusted.

"That bad?" Karl asks, one eyebrow raised.

I sigh, refusing to even discuss Justin.

“No, it’s fine. I just want to do more modeling, that’s all, but I haven’t been getting picked up. I don’t know. Do you think I should get new headshots for my portfolio? Or hit the pavement more? Maybe I should go to more open casting calls because people do get jobs from those.”

Karl’s black brows lower.

“But aren’t open casting calls for TV commercials and shit like that? Do they have those for models too?”

My shoulders slump a bit as my boyfriend massages my feet in his lap.

“Kind of. I mean, acting isn’t so far from modeling. Do you think I could pull off a credible American accent?” I tease, trying to speak with the flat twang of the continental U.S. “Do I seem American now?”

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

Karl grunts with amusement.

“You’re perfect the way you are, Ains, and I love the Irish lilt to your voice. Especially when you’re screaming my name in bed. It’s fucking music to my ears.”

I giggle, about to reply with a sassy retort, but then my phone rings and I see it’s my modeling agency. Speak of the devil!

“Hey Nancy,” I greet in a rush while pressing the cell to my ear. “How are you? I was just about to call you to discuss —”

My manager interrupts. “I’m so sorry, Ainsley, but Bone Talent can’t represent you anymore.”

I gasp, my jaw dropping.

“Is it because I haven’t been getting booked? But that makes no sense because I want to get more jobs, and I need Bone’s help landing them. It’s my portfolio, isn’t it? The photos are dated, and I know I’ve put on a bit of weight lately—”

“No, it’s not that,” Nancy says in a frigid voice.

I pause, stumped.

“Then what is it?”

Nancy’s silent for a moment, but then she speaks.

“Unfortunately, the management team at Bone Talent has made an executive decision to drop you after your Super Bowl stunt. I’m sorry, but diversity, equity, and inclusion remain important to us, and your decision to spread hate is contrary to our founding principles.”

What? Where is this accusation coming from?

“Nancy,” I say in a shaking voice. “I’m on my couch right now. I’m not at the Super Bowl, and I have no idea what stunt you’re referring to. What are you talking about?”

Her voice is clipped.

“Don’t try to pretend like you don’t know, Ainsley. Justin West purchased a Superbowl ad which led to a website selling sweatshirts emblazoned with a swastika on them. Obviously, a swastika is anti-semitic and we don’t condone that behavior. Hate has no place at Bone.”

“Yes, obviously,” I say in a trembling voice. “But what does this have to do with me? Justin and I broke up months ago. You know that.”

Nancy’s voice is clipped.

“We did our diligence. The ad was purchased using an LLC jointly owned by Justin and yourself, Ainsley. You are responsible for the ad, and you are a perpetrator of hate and intolerance. Bone Management simply can’t continue to work with you, and as a result, we’re severing all ties. Your profile has already come off our website, and we’ll forward any remaining royalties outstanding to you this week. Goodbye, Ainsley. We don’t tolerate bigotry and hate, and I hope you find a better way to live in this world too.”

With that, she hangs up and I’m left gape-mouthed, holding my phone.

“What happened?” Karl demands, his handsome features concerned. “Are you okay?”

I blink, still trying to process.

“My agency just dropped me,” I say in a shaky voice.

“But why?” Karl asks, his expression confused. “Is it because you haven’t been getting many call-backs?”

“No, not that,” I whisper, flicking on the TV again. The football game returns, with no mention of Justin’s hate-filled commercial, so I flick it off. Then, I pick up my phone and surf to the Prowler website. Sure enough, the only item for sale is a white sweatshirt emblazoned with a black swastika, and my jaw falls open when I see it.

“Oh my god!” I cry out, the phone dropping as my hand trembles. “She was right!”

“What is it?” Karl asks, picking up my phone. “What is this? Why are you looking at Nazi memorabilia?”

I shake my head, tears prickling my eyes.

“No, that’s the Prowler site. You know, Justin West’s clothing brand, except he’s selling Nazi paraphernalia now!”

Karl’s features immediately take on a look of disgust.

Page 21

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

“What a fucking dipshit. That asshole deserves to be lynched. I’ll do it myself,” he rasps.

“No, no, but they think it was me! Or at least partially me, because back when we were dating, Justin formed a couple of LLCs, and I know he put my name on some of them. So Prowler bought the Superbowl ad spot using my company, and people think that I’m irresponsible now!”

“But you’re not,” Karl says in a confused voice. “You have nothing to do with it at all.”

“Yeah, but you know how ruthless internet sleuths are. They’re so fucking cocky, and love “gotchu” moments. They adore big reveals, and unearthing a LLC with my name on it is like striking gold. Now, everyone thinks that I’m the mastermind behind the swastika sweatshirts.”

Karl looks stunned, his handsome features tense and drawn.

“No fucking way,” he says.

“Yes way!” I wail, covering my face with my hands. “Oh no no no! My modeling career is over now because who’s going to hire a Nazi sympathizer?”

My lover immediately kneels on the ground next to me, taking my small hands in his.

“You don’t need this career,” he says in a rough voice. “Marry me and become my wife. I know we haven’t known each other long, sweetheart, but I’ve been thinking

about it, and it feels right. I'm sorry that I don't have a ring right now, but I want to marry you, Ainsley, and we don't need to stay in Vegas. We don't need to stick around as they try to cast blame on anyone and everyone. Right now, they're just looking for a convenient scapegoat, and you happen to be the one taking the fire. Trust me, the truth will come out."

"Yes, but what truth?" I ask in a panicked voice, my eyes beginning to roll and show their whites. "There isn't anything to uncover because I am co-owner of those LLCs! Now, the public thinks that I'm the Nazi mastermind, and you know how internet reputations live on forever. I'm doomed!" I wail, the tears starting in earnest now. Hot tracks course down my cheeks as I blubber and sob. "My career is over, when it never even really began! I'm fucked!"

My boyfriend pulls me into his arms, his solid mass providing comfort. "Shhh," he hushes against my red curls. "I love you, baby girl, and we'll figure this out together. I'll take care of you no matter what."

Yet I continue to sob because I can't believe I've been permanently tainted by my past association with Justin West. This is so unfair! The rapper and I never really even dated. It was just for show, and I was nothing more than a mannequin on his arm.

Instead, my true love is the handsome Swedish man cradling me in his strong arms right now. Karl's the one who takes care of me. Karl's the one who loves me at night, and who strokes my curves while listening to my stories. I want to marry Karl because I love him, but is this even fair? After all, the gorgeous bodyguard should meet a beautiful woman without my problems, and they should make beautiful babies together. I don't want to drag him into this mess because who knows how long it'll go on for? The knowledge makes me bawl even harder because I love my gorgeous bodyguard ... but I also want what's best for him, and that may mean parting ways.

Ainsley

Kristie stares at me, her blue eyes serious.

“So he asked you to marry him,” she says while ripping apart a cinnamon bun. We’re at a trendy coffee shop that just opened in Vegas, known for its fancy cinnamon buns of all flavors. Kristie has one with sliced bananas on top, drizzled with icing and cinnamon. Meanwhile, mine is a purple color which means it’s allegedly ube, but to be honest, I can never make out a special taste when I eat ube. It just tastes like yam to me.

But Kristie is one of my best friends, and we met as plus-size models going to casting calls. Sometimes, the two of us would be the only curvy girls in a room full of straight-size skinny twigs, so we bonded. Of course, we’re also allegedly “competitors,” but it’s always been a friendly competition between us. Whereas I’m an Irish rose with green eyes, red hair, and fair skin, Kristie is a gorgeous golden blonde, with big blue eyes and tanned skin. We look different, and as a result, we wouldn’t be picked up for the same jobs.

Besides, we’ve always been supportive of one another’s careers, and to my delight, we’ve formed a strong friendship as well. Kristie immediately proposed coffee when I called her sobbing, and I’m grateful for her kind ear.

“So Karl wants you to marry him,” she says in a low voice, still tearing at her cinnamon bun. “But what do you want, Ainsley?”

My eyes tear up suddenly, and I angrily dash them away.

“I want to kill Justin West, that’s what I want,” I manage in a shaking voice. Kristie

nods, sympathetic.

“Of course but that’s not possible, Ains. You’re not going to become a murderer and go away to jail for umpteen years. You’re you, and I’m sure the hullabaloo will blow over.”

I shake my head, tears still leaking from my eyes.

“But everyone thinks that I’m a Nazi sympathizer! It’s all over the gossip sites, Kris. The influencers literally went to the Secretary of State’s website, and dug up the LLC’s incorporation papers. Sure enough, my name is on them, right next to Justin’s, and everyone’s blaming me for buying the Superbowl spot.”

Kristie shakes her head.

“But it doesn’t even make sense. Everyone knows that Justin West was controlling you. He’s a billionaire rapper, and you’re just an aspiring model! Power imbalance, anyone? Plus, whenever you showed up at events, you were like a zombie, girlfriend. That man was feeding you drugs.”

“No, I wasn’t on drugs,” I correct sadly. “I was just so upset that he made me wear those naked dresses that I was disassociating. I’d pretend I wasn’t there, although maybe I should have insisted on drugs to get me through the evening. I hear ketamine is great for that.”

Kristie shakes her head, her blonde hair swaying.

“No, no,” she says in a firm voice. “No ketamine, Adderall, or Xanax needed. Honestly, sweetie, I’m not sure what we can do about the Nazi rumors. They have taken down the site, right?”

Page 22

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

I nod miserably.

“Prowler went dark as soon as Shopify realized what was going on. They shut that down fast.”

Kristie nods slowly, her expression thoughtful.

“Okay, at least that’s over and done with. But again, I’m not sure what we can do to dispel rumors that you’re not anti-semitic. You know how these internet sleuths are. They find something and immediately hold it aloft as the be all, end all of truth, justice, and righteousness. It’s disgusting, if you ask me, especially since a lot of them are trolls sitting in front of computer monitors all day. I wouldn’t be so quick to judge, if I were them.”

I nod sadly.

“I know,” is my soft voice. “I just wish there was something I could do.”

“Well, there is something,” Kristie says in an encouraging voice. “You can get married to Karl! You love him, right? You want to make babies with the gorgeous Swede, and have little tow-headed kids running all over the place.”

I swallow hard because this might be the toughest part of all. Tears come to my eyes again, and to my dismay, the sobs start all over again.

“I do love Karl,” I say in a choked voice. “He’s everything to me, and shown me what love is about. But I don’t want to pull him into my mess. Everyone thinks I’m a

Nazi sympathizer now, and they're going to think that he is too, if he marries me. He deserves better than that."

Kristie is silent for a moment.

"Maybe, but does he care?" my friend asks in a gentle tone. "I mean, Karl knows you. He knows you don't have an antisemitic bone in your body. He knows the truth about what happened with those swastika sweatshirts, so maybe it doesn't matter."

"I know," I say immediately, wiping at my cheeks. "He says he loves me no matter how this turns out, and supports me a hundred percent. But the problem is that I don't want to do this to him!" I wail, uncaring that people are beginning to look at us in the café. "Karl deserves better. He's so tall and handsome, and kind and honorable too. He deserves a woman who's not tainted, who will give him beautiful Swedish babies as they ride off into the sunset. They deserve to live in a gorgeous Scandinavian-style house filled with blond wood furniture and plenty of light. They'll drink piping hot cups of cocoa in the winter and snuggle into thick blankets as part of Swedish hygge culture."

"Okay, I think you're too into the Swedish stuff," my friend says in a droll tone. "Karl is a sexy former military guy, so I can't really see him sipping hot cocoa from a mug with a heart on it, like in an Ikea catalog. But that's neither here nor there," she says quickly. "What matters is that you love him, and that he's supporting you through this tragedy. I mean, this tragicomedy," Kristie corrects quickly, trying to make the best of the situation.

I pin her with a sorrowful look.

"There's nothing comedic about swastikas," I say in a low tone.

"No, of course not!" she hurries. "I'm just saying that you love Karl, he adores you,

and the sex is good.”

“The sex is amazing, off the charts hot,” I acknowledge, looking down at my untouched cinnamon bun. “I’ve never come so many times in my life and Karl knows exactly where to touch, and how to stroke.”

“See? Perfect!” Kristie says with a big smile. “Men will look past anything if the sex is good. Besides, you’re not wreaking havoc on his life, Ains. Okay, maybe a little, but that’s only rightnow. Long-term, everyone’s going to forget this. It’s just a blip on the radar, and then it’ll pass.”

I shoot her a sad look.

“I won’t have a career anymore. I already kind of didn’t because no one wanted to book me after Justin and I broke up.”

“But that guy was nuts,” Kristie says. “Besides, it’s better that you’re broken up because Justin is definitely toxic now. No one will touch him with a ten-foot pole. Hell, a hundred-foot pole! I heard that Adirite’s dropped him, in fact.”

“Yeah, that’s what I heard too,” I say in a faint tone. “But he’ll find a way. Justin’s crafty, and commands a global audience wherever he goes. He’ll find another method of getting Prowler goods sold.” I sigh again before turning to Kristie. “But what about you, girlfriend? We’ve spent an hour talking about the tragicomedy of my life. Is anything going on with you?”

Kristie purses her lips for a moment.

“Well, Joseph’s not happy.”

I nod.

“That’s your agent, right?”

“Yeah, over at Busby Model Management. He’s pissed because I need to go home for a family wedding, so I’m taking three weeks off. Joseph says it’s career suicide, seeing that there are a couple important shows during that time.”

I shake my head.

“At least he’s putting you up for the castings. I don’t even have an agency right now.”

Kristie puts her hand over mine, giving it a gentle squeeze.

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

“I’ll put in a good word for you with my agency, although I wouldn’t recommend going with Joseph, seeing that he’s giving me hell. But yes, I’m taking off,” she says in a firm voice. “It’s a family wedding and I need to be there.”

“Of course,” I say in a sympathetic voice. “Geez, to think your agent would get so mad over something like that! But who’s getting married?”

“It’s my little stepsister,” Kristie replies. “I’ll be seeing her, my stepdad, and my stepbrother again.”

“Okay, cool,” I say. “But you see them regularly, right? At least over the holidays? Didn’t they come to one of your shows? I feel like I’ve met your stepbrother before.”

“Oh no, no,” Kristie says quickly, her cheeks blushing. “No one’s ever come. In fact, I haven’t seen them for two years because after my mom passed, I lost contact with my stepfamily.”

I stare at her quizzically.

“But they want you to attend your stepsister’s wedding?”

Kristie blushes.

“Yeah, and I can’t say no. Milly is my baby sister, and she’s begging me to attend, so I said yes,” she exclaims while throwing her hands up in the air. “I guess I’ll be the maid of honor if she insists.”

I nod slowly. Something here isn't adding up, and I shoot her a curious look.

"So remember the man I saw you talking to at the Ultramarine show last year? That wasn't your stepbrother? Or your stepdad?"

To Kristie's credit, she knows exactly who I'm referring to.

"No, no!" she squeals in a rather too high-pitched voice. "That was just a random guy that I met who's in the industry. I think he was a model scout and was speaking to me about switching agencies, but you know what? I lost his card immediately afterwards, and we never linked up."

I know something's not right because that man was gorgeous, and Kristie was all smiles while chatting with him. Her golden hair streamed down her back, and she was positively glowing. I know something weird is going on, but I'm not sure what it is. But I don't want to push more because it'd be rude. Kristie obviously doesn't want to talk about it, although any mention of her stepfamily seems to make her jumpy.

"Okay, just asking," I say with a wan smile. Then I glance at my cinnamon roll. "Oh man, I didn't eat any of this because it's huge and I'm not hungry. Do you want it?"

Kristie shakes her head.

"No, because I devoured mine and it was probably a thousand calories, minimum. But don't you love being curvy, Ains? People pay us to be the way we are, which is feminine and sexy, whereas other models have to starve themselves to fit into sample sizes. I feel bad for them," she says with a shudder.

"I know, especially now that Ozempic's on the market. I bet they force the girls to take that if they even so much as put on two pounds," I say. "But okay, I'm going to pack this up and go home. Are you ready to roll?"

“You know it,” Kristie smiles sunnily. “Ready when you are!”

Then, I signal to the counter person for a takeaway container before manhandling the pastry into a cute pink box. I’ll bring this home for Karl because I adore the handsome Swede and his caveman ways. I love how he treats me, cherishing my opinions while also ravaging my curves like a hungry wolf. I love how he tosses me around in bed, my hefty curves no match for his powerful six foot six frame. I love everything about Karl ... and it’s breaking my heart to turn down his proposal.

11

Karl

The lock clicks and Ainsley appears in the doorway, her face rather wan and pale.

“How was it, sweetheart?” I growl. “Did you have fun seeing your friend?”

“Yeah, it was good to catch up with Kristie,” she murmurs before setting her bag down and coming over to the couch to sit in my lap. She’s fragrant, sweet, and soft and I bury my hair in those luscious red tresses. I’ll never be able to get enough of this woman, and have every intention of keeping her at my side. Forever, if she’ll have me.

But Ainsley’s emerald eyes fill with tears as her chin wobbles. I stroke her curls back from her face, gazing down at her delicate features.

“What is it, sweetheart?” I murmur. “What’s bothering you? Tell me.”

Her face collapses then, growing pink as tears pour down her cheeks.

“I c-can’t marry you, Karl!” she sobs. “I just can’t do it! You deserve better than

someone like me. I'm in the middle of this Nazi mess, and you don't need this! You deserve someone who's pristine and perfect, like a clean slate, ready to have your babies."

I hold her sobbing form tight to my broad chest.

Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:44 am

“Slow down, sweetheart. I know the last couple weeks have been terrible, but this isn’t how I saw my marriage proposal going.”

“I know and I love you so much, Karl!” she gasp-cries, her eyes bloodshot as she drips snot. “This isn’t how I want it to end either, but I have to do this. For you. You deserve better.”

I hold her close as my heart thumps painfully in my chest. I adore this woman more than life itself, and Ainsley’s been going through a lot lately. The thought of leaving her pains me to my core. Literally, my heart squeezes with sorrow, but I make myself hold her tight while pressing soothing kisses to her head.

“Let me be the judge of that, sweetheart,” I murmur. “I’m a grown man. I think I can figure out what I’m ready to deal with and what I can’t handle.”

She sits up abruptly, red splotches on her cheeks.

“But I’ve been branded as a Nazi sympathizer, Karl,” she sobs. “I’ll never be able to lose the taint, which means that I might never be able to work again. I’d be a lodestone around your neck, dragging you down.”

“Who says I don’t want a lodestone?” I ask with a wink. “Particularly if you’re swollen and heavy with my child. I’d love that kind of weight around my neck, sweetheart. A baby in your belly, or maybe even two or three? It sounds perfect.”

Ainsley blinks and stares at me.

“What?”

“Don’t act so surprised,” I say in a droll tone. “You think I wasn’t going to knock you up? I believe that goes hand in hand with marriage, sweetheart. I put the ring on your finger, we say our I do’s, and then you start getting pregnant. I’m looking forward to it, Ains. I’d love to have a little girl with red hair just like her mama.”

To my chagrin, Ainsley starts crying again.

“I’d love that too, Karl, but I don’t want our children branded as the spawn of a Nazi sympathizer. It’s too much,” she hiccups. “I can’t do that to an unborn baby.”

I shake my head, ready to pull out the big guns.

“Trust me, sweetheart. No one’s going to call you a Nazi sympathizer after we’re married.”

“No, they will!” she wails. “A diamond ring on my finger isn’t going to stop it.”

“No, they won’t,” I state in a firm voice. “Because I’m Jewish, sweetheart, and that’ll stop the rumor in its tracks. I know we haven’t talked about my religion because I’m not very devout. Hell, since my bar mitzvah thirty years ago, I haven’t been to temple much. But I am culturally, and familialy, Jewish.”

Ainsley stares at me.

“But you’re from Sweden,” she whispers. “I didn’t now there were Jewish people in Sweden.”

“There aren’t a lot,” I acknowledge. “But there are some. And I’m not actually Swedish either. My family is Danish, and during World War 2, we were smuggled

into Sweden by the Danes in order to escape the reach of the German Gestapo. Because of the Danish resistance, many of whom were ordinary citizens, 99% of Denmark's Jewish citizens survived the Holocaust. My grandparents were part of that 99%."

"But why would Sweden be a safe place?" Ainsley asks, confused. "Wasn't Sweden embroiled in the war too?"

"Yes, but officially, they were a neutral country. You know that Sweden and Finland only joined NATO recently, right? It's because they always positioned themselves as neutral territories. But now, with Russia's invasion of Ukraine, the two countries decided they could no longer remain neutral and submitted papers to become the newest members of NATO."

She nods slowly.

"Yes, I remember seeing that in the news. So your family is actually Danish, and you're Jewish."

"Yes, but we're Swedish now," I say in a low tone. "We decided to stay in our adoptive country, although we kept the Danish spelling of our last name. "Andersen" spelled "s-e-n" is the Danish spelling. If we were Swedish, it would be spelled "Andersson" with two s's and an o."

Ainsley nods slowly.

"Yes, I was wondering about that. Each country has its own naming conventions, although populations have become so mixed now that you can't really tell where someone is from by their name alone."

I nod.

“But get this, sweetheart. “Andersen” isn’t our real name either. My family is originally from Bohemia, and our original last name is Arnstein. We’re a Jewish family through and through, and I don’t know how or why we changed our name over the centuries, but it was probably to blend in. It hasn’t been safe to be Jewish in Europe for a long time, and I’m not sure that it’s safe even now. So you see? You’re marrying a man of the tribe, and I’m proud of my culture and my religion. Let the internet sleuths get a taste of that. They’ll be issuing retractions so fast it’ll be funny.”

I stare at him.

“Yes, but you know these internet trolls will never admit they’re wrong. They’ll just find some way to twist the truth.”

I shrug, shooting a playful smile at the gorgeous redhead.

“Let them twist ... in the wind, that is. You’re not antisemitic, Ainsley. Everyone who matters knows that, and by marrying a Jewish man, you’re not just talking the talk. You’re walking the walk. You’re a woman of integrity, and incredible intelligence and compassion. I adore you, Ainsley. I love how you feel everything with every cell of your heart, and put 100% effort into everything you do, sweetheart. Marry me,” I say in a rough tone, the joking over. “Be my wife. Forever.”

With those words, the beautiful redhead throws her arms around my neck, peppering my face with kisses.

“Yes, oh yes, Karl. I do.”

Then, our lips join passionately, as I savor every curve of the beautiful woman’s body. But it’s not just the plus-size model’s curves that I’m after. It’s her sass, her pizzazz, her determination to succeed, her drive, her ambition, and her intelligence. I’m in love with Ainsley O’Lachlan ... and now it’s time for the world to know.

EPILOGUE

Ainsley

“So he didn’t ask you to convert?” Kristie whispers as we stand inside Castle Droghaire, looking out into the garden. It’s a gorgeous lawn, with landscaped hedges, sculpted topiaries, and best of all, a beautiful chuppah erected before fifty or so guests. The canopy is made of delicate white fabric, with trellised roses woven around the

four poles holding it aloft. It's a symbol of God's presence at our wedding, and according to Jewish belief, the divine Name hovers above the canopy, sanctifying the space. We have a special surprise too. After our ceremony's over, Karl and I are going to invite all couples present to stand below the chuppah to recall – or anticipate – their own weddings!

I smile with anticipation and excitement. This entire experience is romantic, extraordinary, and yet it feels so right too. Somehow the blend of my fiancé's culture (the chuppah, rabbi, and other Jewish traditions) meld beautifully with my own (we're currently at Castle Drogha, the seat of my family in Ireland). Yes, I grew up in a medieval castle that the O'Lachlans built centuries ago. My brother Patrick lives here now with his wife and kids, and the children fill the hallways with laughter. Even crazier, Patrick got Ashley pregnant by accident when they were first dating, and my future sister-in-law hatched some hare-brained plan where she was going to hide within the castle walls with the new baby. Obviously, that was never going to happen. My brother found out and Patrick dragged her kicking and screaming to the altar, baby or no baby.

But everything worked out in the end. Patrick and Ashley are very happy together, and I have a beautiful niece Cloddagh, as well as a new little niece named Siobhan. Yes, my family's leaning hard into Irish naming traditions, and I love seeing our culture and history continued.

So I smile at Kristie.

"No, Karl didn't ask me to convert. He's more culturally Jewish than anything, but that's fine. Maybe we'll try out the local synagogue in Vegas. Maybe we'll move to Sweden. I'm not sure yet, but it's going to be an adventure.

Kristie giggles.

"Yeah, definitely. You're the girl who married her bodyguard, and he's sooo hunky

too. Let me know if Karl has a friend for me!”

I laugh, smiling at my pretty friend.

“Well, Karl works alone most times, but I thought you were seeing someone. Aren’t you? Didn’t you meet someone at your sister’s wedding in Austin?”

She pauses, two spots of pink appearing on her cheeks.

“Oh that!” she says. “That wedding was a total shitshow. I’m sorry I didn’t update you on it, but yeah, family is family and mine is a mess. But this isn’t the time to talk, Ains, because Karl’s waiting. Oh my god, they’re starting the wedding march. Go, go!”

Then, she practically pushes me into the garden as the music swells. I smile beatifically, breathing in the clean spring air while nodding at our guests. But it’s the handsome man at the end of the aisle who makes my heart race. He’s dark and gorgeous, with blue eyes that positively sizzle as they meet mine across the way. Even better –this man is all mine.

I walk down the aisle slowly, our eye contact never breaking. Then, when I get to the chuppah, my fiancé invites me to step inside.

“Welcome, sweetheart,” he greets in a low voice. “Are you ready to start our lives together?”

I take Karl’s big hand in my small one, smiling up into his handsome face.

“I was born ready, big guy. Make me your wife.”

Then, we’re joined in a ceremony of love and happiness, that celebrates the old as well as the new. It blends religious tradition with modern dynamism, and I’ve never

felt more loved, comfortable, and at ease. Even better, I've had so much good fortune in my life that I hope every woman in the world gets to experience a bit of the same. Right now, I'm focused on Kristie because I know something's going on there. My pretty friend has been really evasive whenever she talks about her stepbrother, and I could swear that there's something illicit going on there. Oooh, imagine that – a stepbrother dating the young woman who joined his family as a little girl. Taboo? Yes. But what will happen? We can only wait and see.

In the meantime, I smile at my handsome groom as he bends to kiss me.

“You're mine,” he rasps. “All mine.”

“Yes,” I breathe against Karl's lips. “Yours.”

Then, I'm swept into his embrace, those powerful arms holding me close to his broad chest. This is where I belong ... and this is always where home will be.

THE END