

Four Weeks and A Baby by Monica Vansa

Chapter 1 -

Chapter 1 The club

The cheering voices of the crowd as the DJ changed the music to a popular beat drifted up to the VIP room where a sturdy man dressed in a dark, tailored, expensive suit sat, the top buttons on his shirt open. His bronze strong hands cradling the bottom of a woman to his waist.

Leonardo D'Angelo chuckled as the woman he was holding tangled her fingers in his hair and went for his mouth again. She was greedy for him. As he expected of her. It was not just his looks which had her attracted to him, but also his money. Leo was overly rich and girls like her liked to run around him, which was fine by him as long as they were not going to demand a relationship. Been there, done that.

"Let's take this to my house," Leo suddenly said into the girl's hair. His large hand trailing her thigh to her upper body, when he got to her shoulder, he pulled the spaghetti strap of her shimmering green gown down, his hungry gaze devouring her breast in one look; she wasn't wearing a bra.

He turned the woman whose name he didn't know around and cupped her breast, leaning close to her ear. His ardour was increasing, he wanted her now. "What do you say?" He said huskily into her ear. "Let's go to my house."

Her response was to moan and clutch the lapel of his suit tighter. "Anywhere you want it."

Leo smiled, just the way he liked them.

Tipping her head back, his mouth went for her lips while he fondled her breast through her dress. After a while when he released her, she seemed as if she might explode, but Leo didn't care. He leaned back in his seat and pulled out a cigarette from his suit pocket. Lighting it, he spared her a glance taking in her appearance from head to toe and let his lips curl in satisfaction. "Gather your things and meet me at the back entrance in twenty minutes. Go now," he growled and smacked her butt.

Her eyes widened, but she smiled at him as if she had scored the big thing and then scurried away.

Taking one last puff of his cigarette, Leo snuffed it out in the ashtray and headed straight for the door.

Once outside, with a simple look at the dance floor overflowing with sweaty bodies, the floor of the dance floor shimmering in laser changing lights. Drinks flowing across the table just as fast as the bartenders could make them, Leo remembered his first time here.

It was after the night he went to surprise his girlfriend instead got the surprise of his life upon seeing her sprawled out on a bed with another man. What a fool he had been to think she differed from the others. Highly irritated at falling into the same trap over and over again he drove straight to Seven Dials Intent on drowning his sorrows in alcohol and women. In the end, what had started as a one-off eventually became his routine and his heart cemented on the fact love was not for him—fate had never shown him a good side.

Buttoning his suit, Leo pushed the door open and stepped out of the club and into the streets of California. On seeing him his driver Aaron jumped out from the limo and opened the door for him. Leo stepped inside.

Few minutes later a woman stepped out the back entrance looking around her. It was the girl he was with tonight. Leo allowed himself to survey her, from her slender long legs to her shimmery green gown which hugged her frame, outlining her every curve to her pretty face and a head full of red curls and asked his driver to lower the window, motioning the girl to come.

On seeing him she smiled and hurried over to the limo, Leo turned his head to the other side to watch her, feeling his desire rise once more at the sway of her hips. Aaron was out opening her door while he waited impatiently as she stepped inside with a face full of smiles and a ready apology on her lips.

“I’m sorry for the delay. I had to get my....”

Leo waited for the limo door to close before he hurled her to him. “Save your apologies for next time,” he told her and then kissed her in the same breath, laying her down until the leather seats greeted her back.

His hands were on her leg, trailing up her thigh as he kissed her passionately. Wringing scream of passion from her.

The woman moaned and sneaked her hand around his neck, lifting her body to meet his. Leo smiled. “You are a greedy one aren’t you.” and maneuvered her, so she was sitting on his laps his back resting on leather seat. He tipped her head back and went for a deeper kiss.

The limo moved then lurching them forward out of their seat and Leo held her with one hand, bringing them back to the seat. She giggled, excited by that, and started to pull down her gown.

Leaning back in his seat, Leo surveyed her, running his eyes over her body in one look.

By the time the limo pulled in front of his white ostentatious house, he had her half-naked and willing in his arms. A willing participant. He was getting the hang of this. And it was so much better than what a relationship can offer him. Here no strings are attached and the women he bedded knew just what to expect from him.

In a twinkle of an eye, Leo watched the woman he was with pull the strap of her gown to her shoulders in a manner of one who had done it several times and lowered the hem of her gown down and once again she was presentable. Then she scooted to the window of his limo, holding the edge. "Wow, your house is so big."

Leo threw her a sharp glance, watching for any signs of lingering attachment to him or to any of his property. When he didn't find what he was looking for, he looked down his aristocratic nose at her.

"Yes, it is big." Leo wanted to make sure she understood what was upfront. He didn't want a woman who would have the deluded impression that it was something more than a one-night stand or God forbid think she can lure him into a relationship.

Relationships weren't for him. If there was one thing he had learned from his past, it was that he had the devil's luck of meeting the worst set of women. Which was why he opted for one-night stands. It was better that way.

"I hope you understand what is to be expected." Leo had to put the question out, just in case.

She turned from the window and smiled at him, putting up her hand to pull her hair behind her ear. Leo thought it had more to do with hiding her expression than anything because her eyes skidded around his limo and then landed at him. "I understand perfectly. You want just a night of pleasure."

Leo's eyes narrowed at the tone of her voice and at the way she won't meet his eyes but thought nothing of it.

"Come," he told her, extending his hand, and together they stepped into his house for an endless night of pleasure.