

Four Weeks and A Baby by Monica Vansa

Chapter 4 Prey Of The Day

The private locker room was quiet and empty, with only three lockers there. One for Leo, the other for his friend, and the last was empty.

Leaning away from the blue lockers, Leo dropped his phone into his shorts pocket and watched the model in the white one piece tennis dress leave. He had just made out with her in his locker room. Thrown her against the blue lockers and ravished her until she was panting for air and here she was walking away from him all composed as if he didn't just have her against the wall, her little bum shaking and her racquet in her right hand. He doubts she'd even used that thing today.

Sighing, Leo waited for a few minutes before he left the locker room and headed for the court.

The woman he had taken home two nights ago had thrown a tantrum when he had asked her to leave. He had been very peculiar about this. Before he took her to his house, he had asked her if she understood what this was about, and she had lied through her teeth.

And here he was scouting again. Perhaps this one would have more sense than the last.

There was still a lot he had planned out. He had just asked his assistant to book a suite for them. After their individual plays, he was taking her for another type of sports in the bedroom. Something tells him she was more wild in the bed than on the wall.

Normally he didn't do this type of thing here, but immediately he had stepped into the tennis court in his yellow cotton blend shirt and black tennis shorts which exposed his long masculine legs. A white tennis shoe, a headband and a wrist band. It was hard to say he didn't notice her eyes on him, she was practically eating him up. And when her eyes had landed on some very specific parts of his body, he had decided to have her.

Naturally he was always the one to do the hunting simply because he enjoyed the pleasure of picking them out, but when ever he found a willing participant, he could hardly say no.

Leo appeared around the corner, climbed down the stairs and went to sit with his friend Wesley. Wesley was an African American, an Photographer and Leo's best friend since College.

Putting his towel over his neck, Leo wiped his face and turned to grab a bottle of water, noticing his friend's eyes on him.

"So you are back?"

"Did you expect me to vanish?" Leo murmured, uncorking his bottle of water.

Wesley threw his head back and laughed. "Funny, right? So this your one-night stands will you ever stop."

"Hmm," Leo murmured and lifted the bottle to his lips. He had located the model with his eyes and was now watching her with hungry eyes, Wesley followed his line of sight.

"I see you have already found a prey for the day."

"Not a prey. This one came willing. I didn't have to do a thing," Leo mumbled, dropping his bottle to the ground.

"You think she already knows who you are?"

Leo narrowed his eyes at her and stared at her as though that could get him the answer he was looking for. After a while, "I doubt that. She doesn't look like the typical Novella 2000 or Gossip E TV girl. I make more headlines in Italy than here in America."

Wesley looked at him like he had gone crazy. "What girl doesn't like gossip magazines and look at that coloring? Don't you think this girl is rather an Italian or perhaps a Mexican."

"I don't know. You think she already knows who I was before she approached me." Leo scowled.

"Something of that nature. Perhaps if you forgo your one-night stands and focused on a real woman, then you wouldn't have to worry about girls like her following you just for your money or your family connections."

Leo gave a low chuckle. "From where I am, now that's a real woman."

"You know what I mean."

"No, Wesley. I don't know what you mean. And for the record I don't think I can stop." Wesley had always tried to get him to quit his one-nights stands but haven't succeeded yet.

"Is there a pattern to it? The way you pick girls or do you just pick anyone to sleep with."

"If they are willing, I am willing. Besides I like girls with a good pair of legs."

“So what about your assistant?”

Leo cast Wesley a sharp look, wondering what he was up to. “Yeah, she has one of those. Smart, and also Intelligent. And handle my affairs just fine. However, I did hate to lose her over some meaningless sex.”

“Now I didn’t say you should have sex with her.”

“You were going to imply that later. Besides, am not ready to go through the torture of hiring another P. A Paige is the best I have got so far.”

“You can assign the task of hiring to another person.”

“You see, that’s where the problem lies. I like to personally pick my P. A’s and what’s your deal, man. What’s are you trying to get to?”

“Nothing. Am only trying to prove you don’t have a pattern like you think you have. More like anything with a skirt on.”

“Leo scowled. His eyes returning to the model in the court.”

After a while. “So you are basically saying you are not immune to her.”

“To whom?” Leo queried.

“To your P. A”

“I Just don’t want to get involved with her. That’s all.”

“Ahh,” Leo turned to his friend with a barely there frown. “I did just be wondering with your newest talent why you haven’t banged her yet,” Wesley said. “Thank you for satiating my curiosity.” At Leo’s further confusion Wesley muttered, “At least there is one person I know now who you haven’t had your way with. Seriously man It was getting a tact weird.”

Leo’s frown deepened. “If you like her, I can hook you two up if you want.”

“Nah I probably shouldn’t.”

“Assuming I was open to relationships I probably would have dated her, seemed the type to stick with one man, but am not open to that kind of heartache,” A pause. “If I did I probably get her out of the office first.”

“Just because she looked like she would make a good girlfriend doesn’t mean she would actually be one.”

“You are right,” Leo murmured.

A whistle blew and the two men in the court facing them started to leave. Leo and Wesley got up from their bench, picking their racquet ready for their play.