

## Chapter 1

As the waves crashed against the huge rocks in the distance sending a cool breeze to the back of the banquet hall, Patrick prepared himself for his big entrance. Jumping in the air as if he was LeBron James, he shook off the jitters as he prepared to give the best performance of his life. He arrived in Folly Beach two weeks ago with his new fiancée determined to show his family he could be successful. He stayed hidden away in the old Thompson mansion being careful not to be seen by any of the nosey locals. Folly Beach, South Carolina is a small town. One mishap and his identity would be revealed. As much as he needed and wanted to be in charge of the business part of Baxter's, he stepped aside allowing his fiancée, Kimberly O'Neal, to go in and out of town securing the various licenses they needed to open his new restaurant.

The only people he interacted with since his arrival was his newly hired Chef and Olivia Thompson. The perky, always happy, young lady surprised him when she arrived on his doorsteps within days of his arrival. She is the granddaughter of the former owner of the Thompson mansion. She was interested in the artifacts her family left behind. As much as he wanted to turn her away, he could not help but engage the beautiful, young woman. His excitement for what she may find intrigued him. The conversations they shared over the past three weeks left him feeling aroused. He discovered she was his little brother's secretary.

He hoped to get information about the status of Kilpatrick's from the young woman but she was sworn to secrecy. She would not reveal what it was his brother was up to. He was surprised her eyes did not glimmer with hope when she spoke of Malcolm, unlike many women in Folly Beach. As far back as he could remember, women threw themselves at his younger brother. He spent his life as a playboy until he married Taylor Montgomery. Olivia, however, did not seem attracted to her brother. The mere thought intrigued him. Pushing thoughts of Olivia Thompson's perky breasts and contagious outlook on life to the back of his mind, he pressed his shoulders back and walked into the grand ball room.

The classic Stevie Wonder's *Happy Birthday to You* played as Patrick entered the building. "Such an elegant crowd," he laughed as he led the women in panties and thongs to the stage. He made sure to choose the well-endowed women. Although Malcolm's wife Taylor was beautiful, he was pretty sure that his brother would appreciate being straddled by a voluptuous vixen. "Happy Birthday to You, Happy birthday to you," the crowd sang as they made their way to the guest of honor.

Patrick gave the DJ the cue to play *Bandz a Make Her Dance* by Juicy J as he threw a wad of cash into the air. The DJ thought this was the big surprise of the night. When Patrick approached the young DJ out back during his smoke break, he explained that he was Malcolm's older brother from out of town. He told him he wanted to surprise his brother. He tipped the young man two hundred dollars so he could pull off the surprise of the night. He laughed as he looked at the faces in the room. Yes, the money was worth it. He smiled as he threw fists full of money on the women.

The look on Malcolm's face was priceless as the women began to shake their asses in his face. Malcolm leaned back trying not to touch the women. Patrick laughed as they bounced their asses up and down, running their fingers through his brother's hair. Peaches, the highest paid stripper, dropped to the floor bouncing her butt up and down as the tight suits in the room stood to watch her perform.

A sparkly pole was removed from a bag and set up while the women continued shaking their asses to the music. The pristine and classy party was changed into a night club. Peaches, the lead dancer, got up from the floor and began swinging on the pole as the women made a circle around her.

Taylor arrived and tried to push her way through, but the women did as they were instructed before coming in. They blocked her from entering the circle.

Patrick began throwing bills in the air as the women continued popping their juicy derrieres on his younger brother. The look on Malcolm's face was priceless. He was not sure if he should enjoy the treat or push the women away. *Always the professional*, Patrick laughed as he watched Peaches bend over and make her ass clap.

Patrick took the moment to observe Taylor. This was the first time he saw her close up. He had been following her for over a week at night when Kim was asleep. He enjoyed making her nervous. She seemed to know that something was wrong. He watched as she stumbled trying to get the keys in the door to her café. He smiled as she ran to her car at night. No doubt, Malcolm probably thought his wife was losing her mind. A couple of nights, he parked his car in the woods near their home. He would scrape a piece of tree limb on the window to rattle her. He laughed as he overheard her frantically calling Malcolm begging him to come home.

There she was, looking stunning in a knee length red dress. Her ass seemed to have gotten fuller since his stint in the psychiatric hospital.

“What are you doing here?” she asked as her lip quivered. There was no doubt she was still afraid of him.

“Patrick, what the hell is going on?” Pops asked as he made his way over to the commotion, preventing Patrick from answering Taylor’s question.

“Nothing is going on. I just thought my little brother deserved some entertainment at his birthday party,” he said, smiling at Taylor.

“Did you escape, Patrick?” Pops asked. “You are supposed to be locked away for years,” he said, lowering his voice.

“No, I was released,” Patrick smiled.

“How is that possible? You tried to kill two people and they released you after a year? That is absurd,” Taylor said, raising her voice.

“Please lower your voice,” Pops said. “This is not the time or the place for this.”

“This is not the place for strippers either, yet they came with Patrick. Please get these women away from my husband,” Taylor said, placing her hands across her chest as she looked out at the scene before her.

“This is a birthday party,” Patrick laughed. “Lighten up and have some fun. Maybe you can learn a thing or two from these women.”

“You are embarrassing my husband,” Taylor replied as Patrick signaled the DJ to play *Pour It Up* by Rihanna. Two of the ladies held Malcolm in his seat as a third woman grinded on him. As much as he was protesting, Patrick knew he was enjoying the lap dance.

No matter how polished he’s become and how he turned over his playboy card, he was not above a lap dance from a well-endowed woman.

“Get them out of here!” Taylor yelled, storming out of the ballroom as Malcolm’s hands gripped Peaches’ ass.

“Patrick,” Pops called, signaling for him to get the strippers out of the party. Patrick smiled as he allowed a fist full of money to spray on the women as they gave Malcolm the best lap dance of his life. The other gentlemen in the room were glued to the scene before them. Their backs weren’t as tightly glued to their chairs anymore. Although, their wives looked upset, holding their purses in their hands as if they were ready to leave.

Patrick began walking towards the exit; his job was done for the night. Now, it was time to get to business. Everyone knew he was in town and would be looking to see his next move. Little did they know he was a few moves ahead of them. His greatest asset is Kim O’Neal, a former love interest of Malcolm’s.

“Enjoy tonight little brother because tomorrow is going to be a game changer.”



“That was your big reveal?” Olivia Thompson asked, walking up to him outside. “That was a great show. Actually, I am not sure how to respond to what I just witnessed. Surprisingly, I feel slightly aroused.”

“I am happy I had the pleasure of bringing some life to that dry party,” Patrick smiled as he admired Olivia in her beautiful gown.

“I think I need to contact the pole dancer,” she laughed. “There may be some things she can teach me.”

“I can get you some private classes if you promise to let me watch,” Patrick said.

“I don’t think you watching me at a pole dancing class is a great idea. You are an engaged man. Besides, I just came out here to let you know I enjoyed the little performance.”

“Looks like my Pops is heading this way,” Patrick said, looking towards the doors of the ballroom. “I think it’s time for me to get lost. When you are ready for those classes, give me a call,” he said, whispering in Olivia’s ear.

“Well, I guess I will see you at another time,” Olivia said as he turned and headed for his vehicle.

“Sorry Pops, none of your long drawn out speeches tonight,” he smiled as he put his car in drive.