

A STORY FROM
CHLOE KALE



LIVING IN A
BILLIONAIRE'S
POOLHOUSE
CAN HAVE
ITS BENEFITS...

BILLIONAIRE BARED:
RUSH

Rush

(Billionaire Bared: Rush)

By Chloe Kale

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Chapter 1

It was the hottest summer in recent memory, and I – fresh out of college, ready to start my new life – was somehow becoming close with the one of the world's youngest and sexiest billionaires.

Working as Eric Gambit's junior assistant had its benefits – after all, he was the richest man in the country at the age of twenty-eight, not to mention a totally gorgeous hunk with rich brown eyes, and an unruly tangle of black hair at the top of his perfectly formed –

Okay, I was getting ahead of

myself there.

I glanced down at my temporary nametag they'd given me for my first day at work – “Emma Faro”. Soon the name would be on the lips of all my coworkers.

I worked as Eric Gambit's junior assistant in his New York office at the top floor of one of the tallest buildings (according to postcards featuring the city's skyline), with a view so startlingly breathtaking that upon first viewing it, I fell silent, and let a paper slide out of the dossier I was holding. My mentor, Mr. Gambit's senior assistant, cocked her eyebrow and cleared her throat to jolt me back into reality.

“Yes, yes, I’m sorry – it’s just – this view is just -”

“It’s something you get used to.” She turned and continued our tour; her hair in a tight bun and glasses stamped upon her face. She was probably early thirties, pretty, but with a thin line of stress wrinkled upon her brow and the beginnings of crow’s feet at the edge of her blue eyes.

She had similar eyes to me, I thought. Minus the crow’s feet, of course. I was only twenty-one, fresh out of college, and landing a job I had only dreamed of. With my credentials, I thought there was no way I’d be afforded such an amazing starting position at the

most powerful company in the country. But once I saw that my interviewer was a male, I knew my chances of being hired went up.

Other than being kind of brainy, I knew that my best asset was my looks. That's not to say I'm an airhead, far from it actually – I'm determined and hardworking. Most of the time. Work hard, and then play hard. That was my motto.

But being clever meant that I had to know how to work my natural gifts. And so, I used my good looks to get ahead. If batting a few eyelashes and talking sweetly meant the difference between a minimum wage job and an

eighty thousand dollar salary, then by God, I was going to bat those eyelashes like baseball bats smacking base balls (outta the park, outta sight – home run).

I got the job after a few more rounds of interviews; the final interviewer being the senior assistant AKA the woman who was giving me the tour.

I suspected she had realized how I'd come so far in the interviewing process the moment she laid eyes upon me: I had dressed sexy, low cut business blouse, tight skirt to show off my curves. Eyeliner applied just enough to let my bright blue eyes pop.

When I first saw her, my face

fell. It wasn't going to be a man interviewing me. Damn it. I had to hope then that she was either a lesbian, or a woman who knew the ins and outs of the business world; maybe a woman who recognized that I was only doing what I had to, to get an edge over the men. If she was already part of Mr. Gambit's inner circle, then she had to be clever. Clever enough to do what it took to get ahead.

Luckily, I was right. While she told me that my tricks wouldn't work on her, she let me know that the interview was merely a formality and I'd already been approved to start the position. Whew. Five grueling interviews completed. And what's more, she

reviewed my file, and recommended me herself based purely on my resume and my grades at college. As she excused herself from the room for a moment during the interview, I took a second to stand up and pump my fists in the air. It was time to celebrate my victory.

Then I noticed she hadn't completely closed the door, and had turned around to hear what the commotion was. She raised her eyebrows at me again, and it would not be the last time.

Embarrassing, but when didn't I embarrass myself?

On the tour we stopped by Mr. Gambit's office.

“Now, you work directly for Mr. Gambit. But mostly you’ll be dealing with me,” she said, a look of warning spreading across her face. “He’s a very, very, very, busy man. I can’t stress that I enough.”

“I could tell you I understand. Three times, if it helps.” I said sarcastically.

“Your wit may be appreciated in other domains of your personal and professional life, but with me, your compliance will be valued above all else.”

Yikes.

“Sorry, I’m just nervous. I won’t

do it again, and especially not around Mr. Gambit.” I offered.

She took a glance at the closed door and seemed to resign herself to a humorous thought.

“Well, with Mr. Gambit, you might actually get away with it.” She looked back at me, with an eyebrow raised. If she raised those eyebrows any higher, she was like to bump the ceiling.

“Oh?”

“Just don’t try to be too cute. He’ll see through it.”

“Of course.”

“Don’t forget that he’s probably

the smartest man in the building. A self-made billionaire before thirty. Don't forget who he is. And don't forget who you are."

I nodded. And then I froze with terror. It dawned on me that I had forgotten the senior assistant's name. I subtly craned my head in an attempt to read her nametag – drat! She wasn't wearing a nametag. Of course she wasn't wearing a nametag. Everyone here knew her name. She was important. Not like me... the newbie.

"Miss Faro?"

Damn it, she caught me staring. At her chest.

“Is the new junior assistant looking down my blouse?” She asked with a bemused smile on her face. At least she wasn’t angry – it could have gone a lot worse.

“No, I was just noticing how not everyone is wearing nametags.” I tried clumsily to cover up. Hopefully I wasn’t being cute.

“Lillian Stone,” she said, taking my hand. “Call me Lillian.”

Her hand lingered upon mine for a moment, and my gaze gracelessly met hers.

“Thanks, Lillian.”

I withdrew my hand, and she held her gaze for a split second longer than I expected.

This was a strange place to work, I decided. But I guess that came with the territory; high stakes, high tension, high society. And there I was, on the cusp of it all.

Lillian led me past the closed office door, and showed me to my desk. It was out in the open, within eyesight of Mr. Gambit's room, and just slightly down the hall from Lillian's station. It seemed like my desk was the smaller, cuter, version of Lillian's desk. I figured that was appropriate, since she was the senior assistant and I was the junior

assistant. I placed my hands along the desk, and nodded in approval. I was unsure of how to react, this being my first real job, and so I awkwardly guessed my way through the day.

“Oh, nice. This will do.” I said, gauging her reaction to see if I was playing my part correctly.

“It’s better than what you’d be offered at most places. And most places don’t have a view like this,” she said as she motioned her hands towards the wide windows that stretched the length of the wall.

Well, she was right. I felt stupid and clumsy as my hands patted down my new desk.

“Oh, no, I just meant that – yes of course, it’s far better than any of the other places I toured.”

I hadn’t toured anywhere else. I hoped my lie wouldn’t bite me in the ass.

“You toured other places, dear?” She said, the hint of a smile forming on her lips.

“Not seriously. Just to see.”

“It’s okay if you did, Emma. I’m busting your balls.”

“Oh, I know. I’m just – being honest. That’s all.”

That crooked smile still hung on

Lillian's face.

“I think I’ve got you pegged so far. You seem to know your way around men, but stumble about powerful women. You’re finding that your cute-but-able-but-kind-a-ditzy shtick isn’t working on me.”

I took a step backwards in feigned offense. Or maybe it wasn’t feigned. I was actually kind of offended at that suggestion. I stood silently for a moment, unsure of what to say.

“No matter, Emma. I like you. And what’s more important, Mr. Gambit reviewed your file and interview tapes and he liked you.”

“Interview... tapes?”

“Yes, each stage of the interview was recorded. You knew that. You signed the relevant sheets. It’s the same process we’ve all been through.”

Damn it, I knew I should have read those sheets. What other rights had I signed away?

“So... Mr. Gambit already knows about me?”

“He’s a very.... He’s a hands-on type. Very generous to his employees. Very professional, but kind-hearted. He also enjoys a good laugh.”

Okay. Professional but enjoys a

good laugh? This might be tricky. Part of my recipe for success that I'd been developing was to charm the higher-ups with my good natured humor. And if that didn't work, I'd charm them with my not-so-good natured humor. And if that didn't work, then I figured I was screwed. I'm a good worker, but you need more than that to get ahead in this world. I had to be charming; I had to be everything they were looking for.

“Okay. I think I understand, then.”

“Doubtful. Oh – here he comes. Time to introduce yourself. Let's see how you do...”

The tiny little microscopic hairs

on the back of my neck stood up. A subtle scent filled the room. It was intoxicating, like some kind of creamy, ambergris candle, crafted to draw you in and seduce you. I was too afraid to turn around, as I heard the footsteps approaching. It was Mr. Gambit. It had to be. I watched Lillian's face instead. Her expression changed in a flash; her controlling and powerful demeanor switched to gentle, laugh-lined, and charismatic. She displayed a face that was ready to react and laugh on command.

Okay, I was ahead of the game. Knowing how to react to Mr. Gambit was half the battle. I just needed to follow Lillian's lead.

I mimicked Lillian's face – an enthusiastic smile, ready-to-laugh expression – and spun around to meet my boss, the owner, founder and CEO of Vay Technologies, Eric Gambit.

“And you must be my new junior assistant, Emma Faro.” Eric Gambit said. To me.

Uh oh.

I froze.

Chapter 2

I had seen him before, in pictures in magazines, and I already knew he was attractive. But I didn't realize how devastating his looks would be in person. His brown eyes turned me to stone in an instant, and it was all I could do to study the rest of his face; high cheekbones, thin and rugged, a perfect white smile, a brow that protruded ever-so-tenderly over the ridge of his eyes, giving an implacably masculine quality to his entire face, complete with a feint five o'clock shadow that sealed the image of a rugged young man. How could this be Eric Gambit? I was not

prepared.

I simply was not equipped to meet him. I either wanted to latch onto him and start making out, or I wanted to turn around and run home. I couldn't quite figure out which one I was more inclined to do. *Red alert!* What the hell was going on? My entire body felt like it had been electrocuted; I had never felt his way before. My fingers felt tingly, my toes were numb, and the place between my thighs... well, I felt him there too.

Oh God, how long had passed since he had greeted me? Why wasn't I talking? I had to snap myself out of my stupor.

“Emma?” Lillian nudged me.

“Yes! Yes of course, I’m your new assistant. Your new junior assistant, that is. Emma Faro. But you already knew that, of course. And yes, I know who you are. How could I not after all, I do read People magazine.” I was talking too much.

Lillian shot me a glance that told me to tone it down a notch, but Eric Gambit kept a cool veneer over his expression. He was not fazed.

“Pleasure to meet you, Emma.” He said, extending a hand. “I think you’ll fit in great around here.”

Oh boy, there was just something

about him. Something... supernatural, unearthly, unbelievable, unthinkably powerful about him. From pictures, you could tell he was a handsome man. But in person, his personality, demeanor, and his good looks all came together to create some kind of masterstroke of a man – he was instantly approachable, but still made me numb in my knees. This combination of beauty and kindness shouldn't be allowed to exist.

“Thank you, Mr. Gambit.”

“I ask everyone to call me Eric. Although few do.” He said with a smile, glancing at Lillian, who blushed and forced a giggle.

I realized I wasn't keeping up the

same girlish façade that Lillian was. Damn it, my face had reverted to its normal look. Maybe that's why he kept smiling at me – because I was just being myself, and he could somehow tell. Oh wait. Why was he smiling at me so much? I began blushing uncontrollably – and stuttering, all over again.

“Oh, well, whatever you like, Mister – Eric.”

“Mister Eric is a new one, however.” He laughed.

Eric Gambit was laughing at my joke. Okay – so it wasn't exactly a joke. But still, he was laughing at me because I was funny!

“Or I could just do Eric. Whatever you prefer.” I said, trying to force back the redness blooming in my cheeks.

Did I just say that I could *do* Eric? My mind instantly jumped to the thought of us tangled up in his giant presidential bed in a mansion on a rolling hillside far away...

“I mean to say, that, I will call you whatever you’d prefer.” I cringed. Things had been going so well, and now I was tanking my first impression.

“It’s okay to be nervous on your first day, Emma.” Eric said with a wink, as he stepped around my gawking body. He placed a comforting hand on my

shoulder – oh, it felt like electricity. He had literally shocked me with static electricity.

I stood there for a moment in awkward silence.

“Sorry. Carpets.” He laughed and continued into his office.

Lillian nudged me again, shaking me from my awkward-induced coma.

“Well, first impressions aren’t all that important, I suppose,” she said dismissively.

I looked at her, my eyes pleading; *please tell me that didn’t just happen.*

“Just kidding, of course. They are crucial.” She tapped my desk. “You might want to have a seat now that our tour’s concluded. I’ll be right down the hall. You can see me from your seat, dear.”

I plopped down as she went over my instructions for the rest of the first day, but my mind raced. I went over my encounter with Eric Gambit over and over again. Emma Faro knew her way around men. I should have had no problem with that. I had looked at his pictures online, in magazines, and I thought I was ready. But nothing could have prepared me for the animalistic power he had over me.

I watched Lillian tiptoe back to her desk. It's a wonder anybody got anything done in this office, with a man like Eric Gambit just on the other side of a mahogany door.

I took a look at my desk. Totally sparse. I'd have to bring some of my personal effects from my apartment.

Or should I? I wasn't sure if that was professional.

Maybe just a picture of my boyfriend?

Ha. Ha. Laughter. Applause.

That was a joke. Since working part time jobs through college, and then

the intense months of job hunting, I hadn't had any time at all for a relationship. Hell, I barely had time for sex.

Well, with this new job, we'll see how much time off Eric Gambit was going to afford me. Maybe I could even get back out onto the dating scene for the first time since I was a teenager? The thought tickled my fancy, but in every fantasy I conjured in my mind, the role of my 'boyfriend' went to Mr. Eric Gambit. I shook my head. I hated the effect he had on me.

I craned my head to peak at the door to his office, just beyond Lillian's desk. The door was closed. Of course.

Then I met Lillian's eyes. She caught me leaning over my desk and shook her head. I could tell that she found me amusing.

She apparently *had* been charmed by me.

Maybe she was wrong about me, after all.

Chapter 3

My first few weeks at the offices of Vay Technologies had passed quickly. As it turned out, I spent a lot of time running errands for just about everyone in the office. By the first month, I had memorized most of the coffee orders. And my friendship with Lillian was going just swimmingly. In fact, I started to consider her a really good friend – and it was from her I got the advice to not pursue Eric Gambit romantically.

“The last junior assistant was fired,” she confided in me. “She tried to seduce Mr. Gambit.”

“Oh my god, who would do such a thing?” I said, a smile forming on my face.

Lillian laughed.

“So, what happened exactly? Do you know?” I asked.

“Well, she stayed late one night, and took off everything but her blouse and a necktie that Mr. Gambit had left in the office. She crept into Mr. Gambit’s office when he left to use the washroom, and then lay on his desk, kicking the papers off with her high heels.” She took a quick look over her shoulder to make sure no one was listening in. “And then when Mr. Gambit got back, she spread her legs open to greet him.”

I felt a twinge of jealousy prick my neck. Ouch, stupid heart.

“And then what happened?” I urged for more.

Lillian touched her nose. “He turned her down. He turned her out. And then we had to hire a new junior secretary.”

“So it’s a bad idea to flash my vagina to the boss?” I said, and Lillian laughed wickedly. “Because that was definitely on my to-do list.”

My relationship with Eric Gambit for the first few weeks could be characterized largely as non-existent, save for the occasion smile, glance,

touch on the arm, or wave as he left the evening. I made a point of bringing him his coffee myself every day, and if our hands happened to touch when I gave him his one-cream-no-sugar, then, so be it.

I wasn't going to do anything crazy after all; I didn't want to turn out like his last junior assistant. Oh God, what if the position was cursed? I made a mental note: Don't become a cautionary tale for future employees of this office.

Eric gambit was a very busy man; there was no doubt about that. Anytime he actually was in his office, he was buried with work. It was a wonder

he didn't have any wrinkles, his brow was so often furled at the huge pile of papers on his desk. He really was a hands-on type, as Lillian had said; he didn't delegate anything he didn't have to. He bared the weight of company decisions upon his own muscular, broad shoulders.

He spent most of the day out of the building. He was always meeting people, or working at the labs. It had been whispered at the office that he spent most of his time in Europe, out of the country, brokering deals to buy other companies. *Vay Technologies was expanding* was the buzz around the office. We were taking over! Yay for capitalism and the Eric Gambits of the

world.

But that was okay; the less I saw of him, the less I had to think about the way he smiled or smelled, or the nice things he had said to me. The less I had to think about Eric Gambit, the better. There was no point getting wrapped up in that shit. It was a dead end, as my predecessor had proved - much to the amusement of the rest of the office.

Other than that, things had settled into a nice groove. I was fitting in well, and to be frank, I was pretty damn good at my job.

Things had settled down into a nice daily pattern which I would characterize as *normal*.

Well, at least, things were normal – until the day I burned down my apartment.

Okay, so I didn't burn the entire building down – but I had left the stove on, and things caught aflame, and the fire damage was pretty severe. It didn't spread past my individual apartment, thankfully. And also thankfully, I was at work when it happened. So there were no casualties from my stupid stove fire. Although, they should really have an auto-off function on every appliance; I wasn't trying to slow cook my entire apartment while I was gone for work.

Most of my things were destroyed. Luckily, my photo albums

were spared. Most of my clothes were ruined from smoke damage, and almost everything else I liked was either burnt or permanently drenched in the noxious fire smog.

Oh well. It wouldn't be the first time I'd thought to throw all my possessions in a fire and start anew.

I just never thought I'd actually have the guts to do it.

But here I was, my hand forced. I'd have to reinvent myself.

A phoenix rising from the... scratch that, too obvious.

I must have looked frazzled the

following day at work, after spending a night in an expensive hotel (why is everything so expensive in New York? Oh yes, because it's New York) because everyone asked me what had happened.

“Where did you say you're staying?” Lillian asked, as I recounted the tale of the apartment fire to my co-workers (except I told them it was an electrical fire, in which I had no fault whatsoever).

“Hotel for now. Still trying to figure out a place I can stay for the next little while, calling up a few friends from college that are still in the city.”

The crowd around me murmured their condolences. They were probably

hoping for a juicier piece of gossip, but I wasn't going to let them have it.

“Terribly sorry to hear about your apartment,” Eric Gambit said, standing behind me.

I should have known he was there; I must have been lulled into a dreamlike state by his scent. It was too intoxicating for its own good; if I was driving down the highway, and smelled that, I'd surely cause a ten car pile-up.

I turned around, and tried to smile as naturally as possible. Damn it, he was really good looking.

“Just awful. Emma, would you follow me into my office.” He said, and

briskly took off towards his office, opening the door and motioning for me to follow in after him.

My mouth dropped open slightly and I looked to Lillian for help. Her eyes were just as wide as mine, and she shrugged. The rest of the crowd seemed to scatter; maybe they thought they'd found their piece of gossip after all.

As I walked towards the open door (which somehow looked really uninviting all of the sudden) I thought of the junior assistant who had worked here prior to me; sitting on his desk, her legs spread open...

“Emma, are you coming?” Mr. Gambit called out from his office; his

voice charmingly unassuming.

“Yes, Eric.” I managed, as I entered through the door.

Chapter 4

He motioned for me to have a seat, and handed me a glass of water. I managed to take a spy at his glass – was he drinking scotch? In the morning? Well, he's a billionaire. He can do what he wants, right? He didn't appear to be drunk, at least.

“I'm very sorry to hear about your home, Emma. And I'm even sorrier to hear that you've had to pay for a hotel out of your own pocket.”

Oh no, he was going to offer to pay for my hotel. He was too kind. I had to refuse.

“Yes, well, it happens, you know. Sometimes life decides that a good fire should slap you down.” I tried to make light of the situation, and he breathed a slight laugh.

“I have an opportunity for you, of sorts.” He started, taking a sip of his scotch. “A place for you to live, free of rent, if you should so choose.”

“Oh. Well, that sounds... good.” I said.

“Am I correct in assuming you take public transportation and own no vehicle of your own?”

It's New York City.

“I take the bus - or a cab if I’m late.”

That was certainly true; and I was running late more often than not, dashing from my apartment, still swinging my coat over my arms, bag bobbing back and forth as I hailed a taxi.

“This opportunity comes complete with a personal driver. You’ll have a place to stay, and transportation to and from work each day.” He said, swirling his drink. “And they’ll be waiting on you, so don’t worry if you happen to be, ahem, running late.”

I took a moment to process his words; what was he offering me exactly? My mind flashed to my predecessor once

more, this time picturing her lazing about Eric Gambit's bedroom, wearing nothing but his shirt, waiting for her next fuck like some kind of sex slave...

“Eric, I... I don't know what to say. What are you offering me exactly?” I had to be honest. Even though Eric Gambit was the most gorgeous man I'd ever met and possessed the ability to make me weak in my knees and hot between them, I had to be cautious.

“I like to think that I take care of my own at this place,” Eric said, his hand motioning outwards towards the likely direction of the rest of my coworkers. “And when I look at you today, I see a person in need.”

“I can take care of myself, Eric, but thank you,” I replied. I had to turn him down; imagine the office gossip if I lived in the boss’s backyard.

“You’ll forgive me if I see a damsel in distress, and insist that she accept my help.”

“Are you – Eric, I don’t know if I can accept. In theory, it sounds like it would be extremely helpful, and hell, it sure would be interesting to see what it’s like at your estate, but can you think of what the others would say if they found out?”

Eric Gambit’s eyes shone as they flicked towards the door. He set his drink down and crossed his arms in a

bemused fashion.

“Even just inviting me into your office is going to cause rumors. It’s the kiss of death in a place like this. Everyone likes me now, but if they start to think I’m getting special treatment...”

“Staying a few nights at my pool house is no big deal, Emma. I frequently have hosted staff parties there, and it’s not uncommon that an employee might crash there for the night. Not to mention that I let Jamieson stay there for two weeks during the early stages of his separation. Just while he got himself back up onto his feet... That’s what I intended for you.”

“Oh.”

“But if you thought I was propositioning you in some way, then I’m sorry if I appeared to be acting inappropriately.” His eyes blinked devilishly, and a small smile appeared to form in the creases of his face. Was this some kind of game?

“Oh.” I said again.

“Is that all you have to say? I mean, feel free to stay for a drink, or leave to your desk, or even go tell the others that I offered you a place to stay. People will say what they will say; they always do. Or you can reconsider my offer, thank me, and then tell them I called you in here to tell you my new intricate coffee preference. Here, I’ve

written it down on this piece of paper.”

He slid a small sheet of paper over to me. I checked it quickly, fumbling it about in my hands; sure enough, it was a detailed account of his new preference in coffee cream and sugar ratios.

“I.... Thank you, Eric.”

I turned to walk out, my legs wobbly, and my mind racing. I heard Eric Gambit pick up his glass of scotch.

“Wait,” I spun around to ask one final question. “My predecessor... what happened to her? Why was she fired?”

I had to know.

“Fired?” Eric laughed. “She received an offer from a competitor, and in response, I promoted her – she works at the LA branch now. From what I’ve heard, it was her dream to live there.”

“She was... promoted?”

“Let me guess,” he said, walking towards me, a smile framing his perfect set of teeth. “You were told some scandalous story taking place in this office?” He placed his hands on my shoulders and spun me around towards the door.

“You’ve been hazed. Congratulations. My driver will take you to collect whatever belongings survived the fire from your hotel. Then he’ll show

you to the pool house. That's where you'll be staying. Don't let the term 'pool house' fool you however, it's a fully furnished, full-sized flat. It's just crying out for someone to live there."

He gave me a light push towards the door. *Of course the story wasn't true.* What a dolt I had been, falling for that. My mind flashed with anger for Lillian, who would surely be laughing if she knew I asked Eric directly about the office sex scandal. *Damn it.*

But, wow, I liked the feeling of his hands on me as he nudged me towards the open door.

"I won't be there tonight, as I'll be away on business. Most nights,

actually, you'll be totally alone. If you need something, my butler works full time in the main house, but you won't see him unless you go inside the house looking. Help yourself to whatever."

"I... thanks again, Eric. This really is too much." I said, and turned my head to smile meekly.

"Like I said, I take care of my own. I have a feeling you're going to like it there," he said as he pushed me out the door with a light shove. "And no more of this one-cream-no-sugar garbage. Don't make me tell you again."

I turned back, and he winked as he closed the door.

I felt a flush creep over my entire body, starting at the wet spot between my thighs, and spreading to my hands and feet and head.

I must have floated back to my desk, because I barely took notice of Lillian following me, asking about what just happened.

“He wasn’t happy with his coffee order. Apparently, he said it was agitating him and costing him business.”

“Well, that’s a little harsh. Blaming something like that on you?” Lillian leaned back and looked at the door, shaking her head. “Very harsh. Not really like him, actually.”

“At least I wasn’t sprawled naked on his desk, though.”

“Ahem. Yeah. At least.”

Now the image in my mind was of me lying across Eric Gambit’s desk, wearing nothing but a necktie...

Chapter 5

I set my suitcase down with a clunk on the stone patio that encircled the pool house on Eric Gambit's estate. To my left, the pool was aquiline and wrapped the front end of the patio like a semi-moat – complete with a tasteful stone waterfall, always running, always soothing. The sound of the waterfall's gentle splashing filled my ears and I closed my eyes for a moment to let my other senses breathe. Chlorine; I smelled the chlorine. And the light scent of coconut sun tanning lotion – no wait, I was only imagining that. It seemed to go hand-in-hand with the chlorine scent. I

felt the sun beating down on my skin; today was a real scorcher, and the rest of the week promised no less heat.

I wished my bikini had made it out of the fire. This pool was to die for.

As I took in the sights around me, the only term that came to mind was ‘*Gatsby-esque*’. I floundered about my words as I tried to describe it in my head, eventually deciding that ‘*Breathtaking*’ would have to do.

Eric Gambit’s own mansion was the pinnacle of luxury; it looked startlingly foreign to me, a city girl, as I approached the estate. Big white walls, paved stone-white driveway, and a garage the size of any mansion I’d ever

seen before. The main building looked quite a bit like some of the larger houses I'd seen while visiting my aunt in California – the sprawling boxy kinds, with big windows, that seemed to stretch to fill the entire lot they occupied.

But Eric Gambit's was bigger in every way; the walls were both taller and wider, the windows larger and more numerous. Actually, the biggest similarity between them was the fact that Eric's mansion retained that cube-inspired design; the house was all straight angles and squares. I think that's what made me draw the initial comparison.

Beyond that, Gambit's estate was

a veritable wonderland for a girl like me. I could just imagine lounging on his patio in his backyard, tanning, with a margarita in hand. Sunglasses propped up over my forehead, eyelids tanning – because why not, I don't want that damn sunglasses tan that I always got every year when I went to the beach. *Every damn year.*

I suddenly realized that if I spent as much time tanning here as I wanted to, everyone in the office would think I'd been laying on top of my apartment building – or that I'd been fake tanning. *Ah, fake tanning* - in this day and age, it was becoming more and more of a crime as people became more health-conscious. Those things give you cancer,

did you know? *Yes, we all know.*

The pool house itself was bigger than my aunt's manse. It wouldn't have been out of place in a real estate magazine listing million-dollar mansions. But as magnificent as it was, it didn't hold a candle to the main house – which was like ten mansions put together.

I supposed one mansion would suffice to house me.

I put the key in the white wood door that I considered to be the front door, as it faced the pool. The keyhole clicked. It worked! Somehow, I thought that as soon as I put the key in, I'd realize that this whole thing had been a

joke played on me. And I would have laughed along with my coworkers as they sprung up from the bushes, because what else could I do? It was funny – *Ha ha*. Why else would the billionaire bachelor Eric Gambit give me the reigns to his pool house?

But somehow, the key worked, and the door silently nudged open. As I stepped inside, I realized I had not used the front door at all – merely the pool door. I was in a change room of sorts. *Woops*. I waddled past the rows of towels and changing stalls (this place was designed for parties, I noted) and into the main foyer.

Then I saw the front door, a

spectacular creature of white polished wood and glass, reaching all the way to the top of the rather high ceiling of the flat. Seashell inspired artwork filtered through the entire floor. An interior decorator had a field day with this nautical theme. I laughed; the place was beautiful, but the seashells were oddly tacky. I made a mental note to change them. Then I snapped back to my sense — *you don't get to change anything, Emma!* You are a guest, not a permanent resident.

The flat was beautiful otherwise. Richly-dyed antique rugs at the center of each room over a hard-wood floor. Attached to the living room was a boutique-styled reading room, dimly lit,

with bookshelves lining the walls. There were four bedrooms - each with a walk-in closet - four bathrooms, a spacious living room and kitchen, as well as a sliding panel in the wood that could be activated to access a special theatre room, in which it seemed Eric Gambit had collected every movie ever released on film reels. Or, at least every movie I could possibly imagine.

I took a look at the kitchen, each appliance appeared to be sparkling new and unused; the fridge was fully stocked – it was prepared for me. A bowl of fresh fruits graced the wooden kitchen table. Letting go of my suitcase, I picked up a peach. It was soft and perfectly ripened. After taking a bite and letting

the juices dribble down my chin, I noticed I was starving.

I looked at my nemesis, the stove – there was a note.

Careful. –Eric

Cute.

I unpacked my things and set up shop in the bedroom that I considered to be the master bedroom. I thought it was slightly larger and more prominently located than the others, but I could be wrong. My only experience with home-owning had been my apartment. And I burned that down, so.

Mental note: don't burn down

Eric Gambit's pool house.

I wondered if placing me in the pool house was some kind of subtle jab.
In case of fire, jump in the pool.

“This place is a dream,” I said to no one in particular as I sprawled out on the bed, content with my lot in life.

The next few days were as easy as Eric had promised. The driver waited for me each day to and from work, and life around the estate was both relaxing and fun. Work was great. Things continued to go well, although Lillian repeatedly asked where I was staying.

“My cousin's apartment. She has a spare bedroom.”

“What street?”

“It’s just a street over from my old place.” I tried to think of what street was parallel to my old apartment.

“And the name of the street is?”

“Lillian, you know I’m bad with street names.”

That much was true.

But as far as I could tell, no one seemed to know I was living at the boss’s pool house. The only problem was I got a little lonely. Eric Gambit was not kidding when he said he was never home. And the mysterious butler, who I’d only heard of, strictly spent his

time on the main property. I wasn't about to become the unwanted guest and trouble him. No, I would just keep to myself, and in turn, keep myself out of trouble.

I didn't even masturbate — although I wanted to. It felt too strange to pleasure yourself when you were a guest at someone's house. And even though the thought of Eric Gambit and his perfectly shaped features made me feel tingly all over, I couldn't bring myself to touch my lady bits in his own pool house.

Although I came close.

One morning I woke up, and I was humping my pillow, rubbing it along my clit over my pajama pants. I was

dreaming of Eric Gambit. I had dreamt he came home, stumbled drunk into the pool house, and took me right then and there, scotch still on his breath.

Just thinking about Eric Gambit made me hot. So hot in fact, that I thought it might be refreshing to dip my feet in the pool. Okay, maybe it was just an excuse to sit poolside.

For whatever reason, I still hadn't bought a bathing suit. I didn't want Eric Gambit to finally come home and catch me swimming half-naked, watching the sway of my bikini-clad breasts as I pulled myself from the pool to gather my towel.

I'd rather he stop by and see me

perusing literature in the reading room, or hell, even proof-reading some paperwork from the office. I desperately wanted to make a good impression. *I'm more than just a pretty face and a pair of tits, Eric.*

And my inner-Lillian would nod approvingly.

Oh God, my 'inner-Lillian'?

I had clearly spent too much time alone.

Screw it, it was getting dark. Time for bed.

I went into the living room, and placed my hand on a wooden panel to

steady myself while I put on my slippers. The panel unlatched and slid across the wall, spilling me onto the floor, and revealing an entire row of expensive bottles of alcohol.

As I steadied myself, I studied the various labels glossed over the glass bottles of gold, white, and copper liquids. Whiskeys, ports, madeiras, cognacs, rums, gins, tequilas, brandies. Running my fingers along the clinking bottles, I landed on a clear brown liquid labeled Mezcal. The rest of the writing on the label was Spanish, and at the bottom of the bottle sat a thin white worm, drowned in booze.

“The tequila with the worm in

it?" I'd only heard of it before, and never tried it.

Looking at the dust on the panel and bottles, I wagered that Eric Gambit had not opened this wall panel in months and months. Never the less, some bottles had been opened and drank from, as evidence from their varying degrees of fullness or emptiness. This was a collection – but meant for drinking. Why else would he place it in the ‘party’ house?

The body of Mezcal itself was already opened.

Maybe I could take a shot before bed?

Just to see what it's like.

Chapter 6

Eric Gambit had told me to make use of whatever I wanted or needed. What if I needed a little help easing myself to sleep? Surely he'd appreciate my adventurous nature.

Besides, it wasn't a big deal. He wouldn't even notice, truth be told, if one tiny sliver of liquid disappeared from his collection, right? I had the bottle in my hand, and was slowly moving towards the counter in the kitchen as I deliberated.

"To drink, or not to drink," I said aloud. "That is the... question."

I opened the cupboard, and pulled out a shot glass. Alright, where's the lime?

I seized the cupboard drawer and pulled out a cutting knife, placing it upon the cutting board on the counter. In one swift movement, I plucked a lime from the fruit bowl and began to slice. Within a few seconds, I had little slices of lime all lined up along the counter, a shot glass at the ready, and a salt shaker to tie the whole thing together.

Okay how did it go? Tequila – then salt – then lime? Or salt – then lime – then tequila? No, the lime was definitely last. I knew that much.

Salt. I licked a swab of salt from

the back of my hand. *Tequila*. I downed the glass of light rusty liquid. *Lime*. I bit into a slice of lime to drown the sharp alcoholic taste of the mezcal. I kept my teeth pinched into the lime as long as possible, dribbling the juice down my face as I waved my free hand about in the air, trying to fan away the taste of the tequila.

And I made it! One shot down the hatch. I thought back to my college years, where a night of booze always led to misadventure. Tequila nights, in particular, were the worst. I found myself missing some of the girls I used to know from school and parties. I wondered where they were now; we always had plans to go to clubbing once

we had turned twenty one, and now here I was – twenty one, and still I'd never been to a bar or club.

I decided to do a shot for each of my girlfriends I hadn't seen. I took out my phone to text them as much.

To Sandra – to your dark brown hair and big brown nipples I'd always see when you were walking about the room changing. You were a good roomie! I downed another shot of the mezcal.

To Billie – to your red curls, and freckles, and cute dimples and your over-controlling boyfriend! Dump him soon! The shot glass clinked on the counter, as I slammed down more of the

tequila.

To Wendy – you're such a sweetheart, thanks for letting me cheat off you in economics that one time. Salt, tequila, lime! Done!

And I can't forget Sarah – you boyfriend-stealing bitch! You get two shots. Salt-tequila-lime-salt-tequila-lime. I gagged slightly after that one, clumsily letting the squeezed lime fall from my hand. *Fuck Sarah.*

And how about one for Lillian – thanks for telling me that story about the junior assistant, not like I didn't have enough to worry about, being the new girl! I took that shot without any salt or the use of a lime. I was beginning to feel

numb.

I decided on one last shot, and then I'd pass out watching a movie. *Don't do anything stupid*, my conscious said.

The last shot was for Eric Gambit – that sexy, rich, piece of ass who was so kind as to lend me his pool house. If only he would come and give me a visit one of these days – maybe split a bottle of tequila with me. But that was asking a lot. Eric Gambit was an extremely busy man, and I'd be surprised if I ever saw him in the backyard of his mansion.

In fact, in that moment I bet myself that I wouldn't see him my entire

time staying at his pool house. I giggled, wandering through the house, looking at all the gaudy seashell paintings.

“This house is so redundant,” I said, looking at the theatre room with its rows of seats and film reel collection. “I can do anything here, and nobody will ever know. I could – heaven forbid, burn the place down –and Eric Gambit would only know because I’d be complaining at work about how another fire claimed my home.”

I noticed a light switch that I had never used before and instinctively flicked it. Nothing happened.

“A dead switch? That’s not right. What do you do little switchy-guy?”

I flicked it up and down again, waiting for something to happen. The tequila had settled into a warm glow over my whole body. I was feeling good. I was feeling loose and free.

And then I saw a glimmer of light, a reflection on the window pane. The light was coming from outside. I flicked the switch once more, and watched the light appear. I wandered towards the window, and realized that it was reflecting a light from the pool. I had discovered the pool light. I followed the light outside the patio door and felt the coolness of the stone tile on my bare feet. *Where had my slippers gone?*

But wow – the pool looked

simply gorgeous at night. The light gave it an ethereal and alluring quality; it was sexy, it was craving for people to swim. The light and the pool water cast an aquatic blue shadow on the entire yard, and the lights inside of the pool glittered like crystals lining the rim. The waterfall looked like a tower of light, pouring energy into this miracle of a pool. No, this was no pool – this was heaven.

And I didn't have a bikini. *Damn it, Emma* – I had forgotten to pick up that bikini.

I settled for putting my toes into the water once more. The water was calm and warm, and the night was hot and humid.

I considered my situation for a moment – would it be so strange if I just dove in fully clothed? No one would ever know. The only person who would have to deal with it was Sober Emma. And she didn't mind a pile of wet clothes in the morning. But by that logic, I might as well just jump into the pool in my bra and panties. I mean – if no one was going to come by anyway, what difference would it make what I was wearing?

Plus, from a distance, my underwear was just like a bathing suit. It was just there to cover my lady parts. I didn't understand why it was socially acceptable to walk around in a bikini but not in your bra and panties. It was the

same damn thing!

But if I carried my logic one step further – why was there a need to wear clothing at all? If nobody would be coming by, there was nobody to see. I might as well just strip down to my birthday suit and take a swim, *naked*.

I thought back to the time my roomies and I snuck into some public pool one night with a bunch of guys they had met at school. They all stripped off their clothes and dove naked into the water, their bodies all on display – while I kept my underwear on, and a hand over my eye whenever one of the boys swam by, with his cock out. I cringed at the memory. I was practically

a virgin at the time.

Was I still as lame as I was then? I thought of my roomies shouting out my name, telling me to join in the fun – and I thought of me shaking my head, blushing, too scared to take a risk. That girl was too scared to feel the rush of adrenaline. But I wasn't that girl anymore.

I was confident. I was sexy. I was a little drunk. I was part of the corporate world. I was living in a billionaire's pool house.

I wasn't afraid of anything.

I was going to skinny dip.

I placed my hands upon the waist

of my pants, and gave one hard pull to drop both my pants and my panties. And then in one smooth motion, tore my shirt off, before unbuttoning my bra.

And then I was standing, totally buck-naked, on the patio of the pool house.

My nipples were called to attention by the warm breeze in the humid air, and the bit of hair over my vagina stood on end. I was naked at Eric Gambit's estate. I took one last look around, saw no one, and then dove into the pool.

As I broke the surface of the crystal clear water, I felt a rush through my entire body; it was the feeling of

water gliding all over me, pulling my inner-self from the depths of my being. I felt energized, renewed, and sexy. The water jetted around my body as I plunged lower into the pool; a graceful dive. I could feel the warm water brushing past my pussy; the risk of it all drove me crazy.

As I resurfaced, my hands went to breasts, cupping them, and playing with my now hardened nipples. The water beaded off the top of my breasts, while my nipples remained below the water level. Gently paddling to the shallow end, I felt the need to touch between my thighs; my wet slit and my bared ass.

My pussy was really warm – from both the tequila and the rush of doing something naughty. I let my fingers explore; massaging the lips and teasing my own clit, as I hovered in the shallow end. I looked down at my body; the water was incredibly clear – I could see every inch of myself, right down to the small tangle of pubic hair on the mound of my pussy. My breasts were in top shape as usual, generously formed, and with proportionate pink nipples. They were my favorite feature.

I did a breast stroke and looked behind me to see how my ass looked; it was cute, not overly big, but just bubbly enough to look good in yoga pants. I submerged myself in the water again,

and ran my fingers over my hair to try to tame it. I felt incredible from the rush of skinny-dipping; my heart was racing and my blood was pumping. I wondered if this was how my roomies felt when they went skinny-dipping with those boys they met. If I could go back, I'd do it. *I'd do it all different.*

I started thinking about Eric Gambit, and my hand went between my legs again. With his cruel smile, adorable eyes, and the way his cheekbones looked in the office light – I felt my pussy throb as I rubbed my clit, closing my eyes and allowing myself to moan in pleasure. If only Eric Gambit was here to fill me with his cock... But no, that would be terrible for my career.

I would lose all credible. No matter how bad I wanted it. Hell, if anyone found out I went for a swim naked in his pool, I'd be done for...

“Emma?” A familiar masculine voice called out from the patio.

And when I opened my eyes, Eric Gambit was in front of me.

Chapter 7

“Eric – I – I didn’t think you were coming home, oh my God, I’m so —“

Eric’s eyes studied my body, and my hands instinctively went to cover my breasts. When I realized I had left my vagina uncovered, I turned my knee inward and awkwardly fumbled to cover everything in a half-crouch, half-floating position of panic.

I was fucked. Eric Gambit had seen me naked.

“No. That’s my fault. My appearance here has been

unprecedented, I know. But today I wrapped up some important business, and decided that tonight I would sleep in my own bed. I noticed the pool light was on, so I came to make sure you didn't leave it on by accident – I know there is kind of an odd light switch in the house that controls it.”

That made sense. What didn't make sense was how calm Eric was, compared to my utter humiliation and panic. I decided to come clean immediately.

“Listen, I drank some of that stupid tequila with the worm in it – and I've never been skipping dipping before – and there was one time in college

when I was too scared – and tonight I wanted to make amends – and oh God, I’m babbling,” I whimpered. “Just – please, can we forget this happened? I’m so humiliated right now.”

Eric laughed.

“Emma, please, don’t worry. There’s a beautiful young woman in my pool, why should I be upset?” He took a step towards the pool, admiring the clear water as if he had never seen it before. I was duly aware that my left nipple was exposed and caught his eyes flicker to it for a brief moment.

“So, Emma. Do you need a towel? Or do you need a swimming partner?”

My jaw dropped. What? Was he really offering to get into the pool with me? I wondered briefly if he had been drinking like I had, but fuck it - *who cared*. In that moment, all my common sense fled in a rush of desire. I slowly lowered my hands from my body, revealing my wet breasts and pussy to my boss.

“I could use someone to swim with,” I said shyly.

Confidence, Emma.

“It would be my pleasure, Emma Faro.” Eric undid his shirt, button by button, until his bare chest was exposed – rock hard, lined abs and strong built shoulders and arms with muscles coiled

like tight rope. Then he unbuckled his pants, and let his slacks fall to the ground. He was wearing only his boxers. “Here we go,” Eric said with a shrug, and dropped his boxers to his ankles. A gigantic cock sprung forward.

I coughed, choking in amazement. That was the biggest cock I had ever seen; it almost looked out of place on my slim-muscular boss. But it was magnificently shaped; a slight upward curve and a light dusting of pubic hair around the base. He caught me staring. “Eyes up here, Emma.”

Eric dove in the water.

He lingered for a moment beneath the water behind me, likely

staring at my ass. Then he resurfaced with a grin on his face.

“Well, Emma. You have a breathtaking body. No reason to hide it behind clothing in any place other than the office, right?” He laughed, as he swam around me.

I floated there, bared for him to see, while his perfect figure encircled me.

I felt his hands at my hips; he pulled me in towards him and I felt his cock on my belly. He whispered to me, “I never thought this is what I’d find, coming back to the pool house,” and I could smell a bit of booze on his breath.

“Do you want to fuck me, Eric Gambit?” I said to the billionaire whose arms now wrapped me in the pool.

“Yes I do, Emma Faro.” He replied, and then kissed me deeply on the mouth, his hands grabbing my ass cheek, pulling on it softly, exposing my ass and pussy to the water briefly.

Eric kissed my neck, his hands grabbing my ass and breasts intermittently; his thumbs skillfully swirling my nipple and playfully teasing my asshole. I felt a rush of desire in my pussy, and I pressed my mound into his cock. He understood, and his hand slid between my thighs and massaged my pussy lips, eventually landing his palm

on my clit. He moved it up and down while kissing my mouth and rubbing my breast.

Then Eric lifted me up from the water, and placed his face between my thighs – my entire body was over the surface of the water, held up by his strong arms. He walked me to the side of the pool and set me down; my legs spread, and my pussy wet and dripping right in his face. He looked into my eyes and then began to tongue my lips and clit, licking all the way from the hood of my pleasure center, darting into the hole to taste my juices, and then licking the deepest inner parts of my thighs while I buzzed in pleasure, my knees shaking.

“You taste amazing, Emma.”

Eric offered as he pushed his tongue into my vagina, savoring the taste with his slowly moving tongue. He licked me in an agonizingly pleasurable way, bringing me to climax; my juices dribbling down his chin and my knees weak from the pleasure.

I fell limply into his arms, but I needed more; I needed his cock inside of me. I took a hold of his giant penis with my hands and began to stroke it under water, while he smirked. I dunked my head under the water to put his cock in my mouth; I had to taste it. I wouldn't let this night pass without feeling his cock in my mouth. Under the water, I opened my eyes and my mouth found his penis

instantly. I licked the head all over, swirling it in my mouth, while my hands rubbed the shaft up and down. After a moment, I resurfaced for air and was met with another deep kiss from Eric.

“I need you to fuck me, Eric.” I said, looking into his eyes, feeling his cock pressing against me.

“There is nothing I’d rather do right now than fuck that gorgeous pussy,” he nodded and took me into his arms.

With a rush of pleasure, I felt his gigantic cock slide into my tight cunt – stretching it open in a beautiful twinge of ache and pleasure. I cried out his name, and he fucked me hard in the water, our bodies splashing back and forth; his

hands holding me up against him while he rocked his magnificent penis into my body. *My boss, my billionaire, my fuck for the night.*

Eric had one arm around my ass, and one on my breasts, but somehow I was held perfectly in place; his arms were incredibly strong. I rode his cock up and down by swiveling my hips, feeling his erection hit my g-spot over and over again. It was all I could do not to cum again.

I couldn't control my moaning; I cried out for his name while my breasts bounced up and down. Eric placed his mouth on my nipple, lightly biting and playing, drawing me closer to climax.

And then his pace quickened, in sync with my own.

Our enthralled panting turned into an intense mixture of kissing and crying out for each other; his arms held me close as I came for him, climaxing so hard that my entire body felt totally void as the rush of the moment overcame me. Then Eric came, and I felt his seed burst out of his throbbing cock against the back of my vagina in a moment of euphoric frenzy.

For a moment, we floated in each other's arms; still entwined with the rush of the moment.

My adrenaline slowly faded.

Eric kissed me again and then carried me from the pool to the pool house; I was too weak to move. He laid me down on the bed I had claimed as mine, and then lay down beside me, his wet tangled hair still dripping.

“So do I get that promotion then?” I asked, with a wry smile.

“I wonder what story they’d make up for you. I wonder if it would be anywhere near as incredible as what actually happened.” Eric laughed, and tenderly brushed my hair from my eyes.

“That was the best fuck I’ve ever had.” I confessed to my billionaire, staring into his powerful brown eyes.

Eric kissed my forehead.

“Are you going to sleep here tonight, Eric?”

“Yes, if you want me to, I would love to.” He pulled the sheets over us. “How drunk are you right now?”

“I was drunk when I got naked. And I’m sober now.”

“Fair enough.” He laughed.

As I cuddled my head onto his shoulder, I asked him, “is this ever going to happen again – or was this a one-time kind of thing? Because either way, I’m fine, it’s okay.”

“Anytime you want me, turn the

pool light on. And I'll come around the back. But you better be naked in the pool." Eric said and laughed again.

I smiled, thinking of the next time I'd leave the pool light on. I pictured myself in Eric's office, fully naked but for Eric's button-down, sitting on his desk, my legs spread open. He would walk into the room, close the door, and take me right there – with everyone outside the door none the wiser.

The End.

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