

TASHA DIAMOND AND LUKE CHASE

*Light  
My  
Fire*

**Bachelor Party  
Romance**



# *Light My Fire*

*Book 1*  
*Bachelor Party Romance*

By Tasha Diamond and Luke Chase

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# Chapter 1



“Are you sure? I mean, these really aren’t my scene,” Brian said, pushing his glasses higher on the bridge of his nose. He looked at the mountain of paperwork. He threaded his hands towards his short black hair, brown eyes looking over at his fellow coworker and friend Quinn.

“Besides, I also have a lot of paperwork to do. There’s a lot of cases that need to be handled before the end of this week.”

“Oh, come on, man,” his friend Quinn said. It’s just a bachelor party. You need to loosen up a little. Trust me, dude, a night out will be good for you. Might give you that extra boost you need.”

Brian shrugged. It wasn’t like he wasn’t interested, but the scene alone seemed sort of...off. He didn’t go out to these kinds of places. Most of the time, he just went over to drink and watch the game with the guys or went to places on his own. As he crossed his legs, he felt his body tense, imagining what he might see at the strip club.

“True. I mean, I am standing in the wedding. But I also want to make sure I don’t piss off my clients. I have to stay on top of this,” Brian said. He didn’t mind not being able to make it that much. As he said, he normally didn’t go out of his way for this kind of thing.

But Quinn was his best friend from law school and remained his friend to this day. Law school was rough on everyone as well as incredibly competitive, but Brian and Quinn had always maintained their friendship, even when they were on opposite sides, albeit that rarely happened.

“You worry too much. Seriously Brian, one night isn’t going to kill you.”

“Maybe. You never know. It might end up killing me,” Brian replied in a sardonic tone.

Quinn chuckled. “Always the boy scout, aren’t you Brian?”

“I mean, it’s not my fault I don’t really go out that much. I don’t really have a reason to do so. I’m putting in a lot of hours, but my clients are paying my bills. It’s not like I can just go out, drink, and have fun,” he said.

“Come on man, a night off isn’t going to kill you,” Quinn insisted.

“You never know, some poor soul might come in needing a lawyer,” Brian teased.

He never got a chance to do that sort of thing either because he was working for his clients around the clock. Pursuing romance wasn’t something he did, although in his heart, Brian knew he used his work as a crutch. He also knew Quinn wasn’t going to take no for an answer on this, because it was his bachelor party, the last night he’d be an unmarried man.

“Sure, you can. Besides, we’re hitting up one of the best gentlemen’s clubs in the area. I think you’ll love it,” Quinn said.

Brian doubted it. Strip clubs, even with his friends, weren’t the kind of thing he was into. But he had to go along with the flow and join the guys did, or he’d get stuck in his work.

“All right. I’ll tag along,” he said to Quinn. “Not that I’ll actually meet someone interesting there. I’m starting to think there aren’t any girls out there who are my type.”

Brian didn’t date. Most girls he ran into bored him. He wanted someone interesting, someone to light the spark underneath, and get him riled up. He kept mostly to himself, working on his figure at the gym, but every time he tried to talk to a girl, most conversations either felt trite, or they had ulterior motives.

“Relax. There’s no reason for you to find a girl right now, anyway. You just opened your law office. But you never know, maybe you’ll see a girl who piques your interest, and sparks your desire,” he said.

“I don’t think so Quinn. You know it’s hard for me to connect with girls, and that last breakup was awfully messy.

“Oh yeah, Amanda who thought you were going to get married,” Quinn chuckled.

Brian rolled his eyes. “It’s funny now, but it wasn’t when I had to explain to her that I didn’t want to pursue anything further.

Besides, I doubt any girl wants anything more than trite conversation. I just want a connection,” he said.

Quinn shook his head. “You’ve gotta give yourself more credit, my friend. You’re attractive, and I’m sure you’ll find the one. Who knows, it might be tonight.”

Quinn was so fucking optimistic it made Brian’s stomach churn. He just didn’t have a very positive outlook on romance, for a variety of reasons. Most of the time the relationships felt hollow, and he felt more inclined to look for a way out than to continue talking to them. There were a few times he excused himself to get out of a couple hell dates.

“Whatever,” Brian muttered. He didn’t think much of his chances.

Quinn stood up, smiling. “We can find you a cute girl. Don’t you worry about that.”

“Good luck. Most of the chicks who are even remotely interested in me tend to be a crazy mess.”

Isn’t that the truth. He shuddered thinking about Amanda, how he had to convince her he didn’t want anything more than sex, and that she was a delusional bitch to think they’d get married so fast. Of course, if they weren’t crazy, they were bland, and there were a few times where Brian had deeper conversations with a brick wall than with these girls.

“Just leave it to me. I’ve got an idea,” Quinn said with a wink.

Whatever Quinn was thinking of, Brian wasn’t sure he wanted to know. He’d go to the bachelor party and expect a night of debauchery, a good night with the guys. He was starting to think he’d never meet anyone who sparked his interest.

After Quinn left Brian’s office, he got back to work. Hearing a notification on his cell, he picked it up and saw a text message from his mother:

*Hey dear, just checking on you. Hope you’re doing OK. We miss you. Hope you’re living your best life.*

Brian chuckled. His mom always cheered him on, no matter what he faced. He could be failing terribly at life, but his mom would still be there for him.

His mom's support made him smile. He sent her a quick text, saying he was busy with work as usual, and then sat back, stretching his arms.

His mind immediately went in a direction he didn't want it to go, his thoughts swirling as he remembered her.

"Amanda..."

He felt his heart skip a beat, and the familiar lurching sensation fill him. He then shook his head, trying to escape those thoughts, that feeling of loss and regret, which partially held him back from pursuing anyone.

It was always like this. Getting over the pain of their breakup was something Brian yearned for, something he wished he could just ignore, but it wasn't possible.

Instead, he ignored his feelings and tossed the picture in the trash, frame and all, allowing his thoughts to be occupied only about the bachelor party.

Quinn was about to marry a girl named Rita. She was pretty, with short blond hair and a fiery personality. Most of the guys thought she was a bitch, but Quinn apparently saw something in her no one else did. She seemed to treat Quinn decently, but was kind of a bitch to everyone else.

Brian didn't want that. He wanted a woman who'd charm everyone, treat everyone with the same caring, considerate attitude. Being a rich guy who was incredibly unhappy felt like a stereotype, but that's the way it was. He had his own law practice just a few years out of law school, and it was already doing well. He wasn't working for some asshole anymore, so he was definitely in a better place. But his professional success didn't carry over into his personal life. He didn't feel happy. He felt miserable, and it pissed him the hell off.

"I guess I'll go out and try to have some fun this weekend," he muttered.

It was a stretch to have fun but maybe he could make the most of it. He went back to his thoughts about his next series of paperwork to get done and worked on it then.



Work was a good distraction, but he still wondered if anyone could take his heart or light the fire within him.

## Chapter 2



Brian saw Quinn standing outside the club, waving at him. Brian was dressed in a simple black suit, his brown hair combed back, and his glasses cleaned up. He looked around, seeing the opaque façade of the gentleman’s club, no doubt hiding all of the seedy activities within. Quinn rushed over, grinning. Brian flashed a pearly white smile back.

“Sup, dude?” he greeted.

“Hey.” Brian took in the entrance to the club. “So, this is the place, right?”

“Course. This is Ravens, one of the top gentlemen’s clubs in town. It isn’t your average strip club. These women are great. Trust me on this, dude.”

Brian had his doubts. Sure, it probably had some hot girls working there, but for the most part, he didn’t think it was for him. They were all probably just a bunch of girls who wanted to make boring conversation to get money out of him. But he wanted to keep an open mind, and he resisted the urge to turn around and go home.

A couple of other guys from law school showed up. There was Richard, his former partner at the firm where Brian had interned; Peter, who was doing his own thing as a tax attorney; and George, who specialized in personal injury cases. All of them were successful, just like Brian, but unlike Brian, their success extended into their personal lives. Richard and his wife were expecting their first baby in a few months, Peter had recently started a new relationship, and George had been happily married for about three years.

Everyone seemed to have their shit together...everyone except for him.

“Hey man, you ready?” Richard asked.

“As ready as I’ll ever be,” Brian said.