**A story**

I finally reached home after a long weekend in Las Vegas. They say “what happens in vegas stays in vegas”. Well, everyone knows what that means. If you are looking for a short fun story of how I got fucked up in vegas clubbing and drinking, this is not the story you would be interested in. stop reading now!

This is the story of my best buddy from my bachelors. Well, he did not complete his bachelors. He is different, not just because he realized that it was a waste of time but he thought he doesn’t belong in a place like this. He ran away somewhere and changed his identity. For everyone he ran away from a place where he couldn’t live, but to me he just stared living.

This asshole used to see life in a very different way from the rest of the world.

One day suddenly, I got a call from vinay. He invited me to his home for the weekend to meet his family. I wasn’t shocked when he said he lives in vegas. I took a flight to vegas.

He gambles for a living. Yes! Not just a game, but a game per day. Monday blackjack, Tuesday roulette, Wednesday poker, Thursday craps, Friday big six wheel. And weekend depends on the weekdays, if all the week was fun then hell yeah! weekend is good for the analysis of the lottery. You know what does a person like this does on a vacation and where does he go to? China! To gamble there. He is training in faro, keno, mahjong, pachinko.

I was out of my senses while listening to him.