



Innocent and Sweet

Author: *Megan Slayer*

Category: Romance

Description: Anissa Dunn wants one man — Kameron. He's got looks, brains and a boatload of attitude... and all that muscle. A girl can only take so much, and he's her heart's desire. She's not afraid to give as good as she gets and she wants him to be her teacher in all things carnal. There's only one catch — he's her bodyguard and the rules state she can't date the staff. But rules are meant to be broken...

Total Pages (Source): 26

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 2:16 am

Chapter One

I will make him notice me. Anissa adjusted her dress. The cherry-red halter frock hung on her thin frame. So much for the correct fit. She sighed. No matter what she did, she couldn't put on weight. She debated what to add to improve her figure. If she wore the leather jacket, she'd appear edgy. The clunky boots helped increase her height, so she was fine there. But her bust... drat. She peered down at her chest. A wave of nausea hit her as she thought about her dating past. Guys didn't want to date a woman with a flat chest -- or so they'd told her.

She spied the gel bra cups she'd bought during her last trip to the fabric store. If she had boobs, maybe the guy of her dreams would finally notice her. He had to.

Anissa stuffed the chilly padding beneath the cups of her dress. Her boobs looked huge. Instead of the burst of confidence she'd expected, she hated her reflection in the mirror. The additions didn't fit her frame. But she had a date and no choice but to do her best to entice him. If fake boobs worked, then fine. She'd take her chances.

She donned the jacket, then grabbed her purse and hurried downstairs.

Kam stood in the foyer. He wore the same battered leather jacket, faded jeans and dark sunglasses as he always did. He touched his earpiece. "In position."

Her heart fluttered. Kameron Stone personified sex in human form. Her nipples ached, and she pressed her knees together. She'd never been with a man and wanted Kam to be her first. If she had her way, he'd be her only.

Would he fuck her?

Better yet, would he love her the way she loved him?

“I have the package,” Kam said. “Preparing to leave.”

She frowned. The package. She didn’t have the honor of being referred to by her name. Gaining his attention wasn’t going to be easy. “I’m ready.”

Kam nodded. “This way, Ms. Dunn.”

“Anissa.” He’d used her last name. Dang it. She’d pleaded with him so many times to call her by her first name. Ms. Dunn was her mother. She was just Anissa.

“Ms. Dunn.” Kam escorted her to the front porch, then down the steps. He opened the passenger door of the limo. “After you.”

“Thanks.” She couldn’t leave the house without her trusty bodyguard, Kam. She settled on the seat and folded her hands on her lap. Kam would do anything to protect her, and she trusted him, but she was twenty-one and her father needed to put some faith in her. He’d sheltered her from everything. She didn’t resent him for trying -- when she turned twenty-five, she’d come into a hefty sum of cash via the trust her mother had left her, but still. She’d gone to an all-girls college, a private all-girls high school and never spent more than a few hours on her own. She crossed her legs, and her skirt rode high on her leg. Did Kam notice? Did he care?

She swept her gaze over him as he sat beside her. Strong and silent. He wore his clothes like a second skin, could eviscerate anyone who tried to get too close, but Kam said so little. Half the time she had no idea if he listened to her. Knowing him, he tuned her out.

“Kam?” She shifted in her seat to face him. Her skirt rode higher. He didn’t pay her any attention, which rankled her. “Kameron.”

“Ms. Dunn.” He seemed to stare straight ahead.

She whipped out her phone. She couldn’t go through with the date. Not now. She sent a text to the driver, requesting he stay in the driveway. She’d sent the itinerary to the security team but saw no point in leaving the house. Kam wasn’t paying attention to her -- not in the way she wanted. He didn’t seem to care.

She sighed. According to the magazines she’d bought, her college roommate and the dirty movies she’d watched in the middle of the night, she had to be aggressive and demand what she wanted. Sure... she could be aggressive. She could demand his attention. But she wasn’t sure how.

Anissa switched seats to face Kam. The car rolled to a stop, most likely in front of the house. She parted her legs and leaned back. “Kam.”

If he looked at her, she couldn’t tell.

“Ms. Dunn?” Kam tensed, and the muscle in his jaw twitched. “Are you okay?”

Nope. He hadn’t noticed her lousy attempts to entice him. “I’m fine,” she mumbled. What a liar...”I’d like to talk to you.”

“Of course.”

He had to make this hard. Fine. She’d be tough. “Did you know where we’re going?”

“I do. I’ve been informed you’re to visit Ahuja Cancer Center for the opening of their pediatric wing,” Kam said. “Would you like to change?”

The opening of the pediatric wing? She'd never seen that request. "Since when?" Irritation filled her brain. If she'd known she had a real date, she wouldn't have dressed like a streetwalker.

"Your father amended the plans for this evening." Kam's tone remained annoyingly flat. "You're dressed a bit... inappropriately for the event. You should consider a more conservative outfit."

Damn. She shrugged out of her coat. Men wanted blunt, didn't they? She squared her shoulders, then straddled his lap. She flipped her hair over her shoulder. Holy hell. Sitting on his thighs reminded her of being on a bench -- so strong and hard... sturdy. Her nerve endings tingled. What would her stern bodyguard do if she flashed him? Of if she embraced her bold side and stretched across his lap, demanding a spanking? The women in those videos liked being spanked. The idea of having her ass reddened intrigued her. She'd never asked for punishment in her life, but she wanted Kam to dish some out -- right now. She shrugged out of the jacket.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 2:16 am

“Ms. Dunn.” Kam’s tone hitched a bit, but his expression remained blank.

She removed his sunglasses. Looking into his eyes was much better -- and scary as hell. She pursed her lips. Was she coming across as sexy? Shoot. Now she wished she’d left his sunglasses in place so she could use the reflection. Too late now. She licked her lips. If she was going to make a move, she needed to do it already. She draped her arms around his neck. “I need you to help me.”

* * *

“Ma’am.” Kameron met her gaze. He held his emotions in check, but she tried his patience. He’d dreamed of this moment -- holding Anissa Dunn, her wanting him and begging for his hands on her body. He yearned to be more than her bodyguard. He loved having her in his embrace. She felt right against him. The jacket and boots gave her an edge, but the crimson shade of her dress brought out the paleness of her skin. She embodied sweet and innocent, but the naughty side of her craved freedom. Every ounce of him wanted to please her, but she was off-limits. He could lust after her all he wanted and fantasize about the ways he desired to show his appreciation, but until she was free, he had no chance with her.

Her eyes sparkled. “Kam?”

“Yes, Ms. Dunn?” His cock hardened beneath his zipper. If she wriggled once more, she’d know he was turned-on.

“Will you teach me how to kiss?” She toyed with his jacket. “I’m told you’re a professional.”

He damn near swallowed his tongue. Anissa never asked him for things like this. She kept her questions to requests for ice cream or to go for rides on his motorcycle. Sauciness wasn't her style.

She scooted forward, rubbing her chest against his. "Please?"

Something flesh-colored slipped free from the bustline of her dress. The item bulged between her breasts. He couldn't help but stare. What the hell did she have coming out of her dress?

"Well?" Anissa pursed her lips and batted her lashes. As he waited, her smile fell. The color drained from her face. "You're not into me, are you?"

"Ms..." Who was he kidding? He liked her a lot and not in platonic ways. "Anissa." He stilled her hands. The flesh-colored item bulged between her breasts. A bust enhancer. She didn't need to fix herself. She was perfect the way God made her. "You're falling apart."

"What?" Her eyes widened. "Kam?"

He touched the gel form. "Honey, you don't need this." And he wouldn't let her go out into public with one curvy boob and one flat one, or with a breast pad hanging out.

She frowned, then attempted to snatch the fake breast from him. "That wasn't supposed to happen."

Kameron refused to give her the padding. He fixed his attention on her bust. The dress concealed the enhancement she'd added, and the curves didn't work for her lithe frame. "Why are you padding your chest?" He preferred her slender body. "You don't need this."

“Yes, I do.” She folded her arms, bunching the bodice of her dress over her chest. “I can’t fill out this dress without those.”

“Wrong.”

She kept her gaze on his, but she said nothing.

“It was hard to talk to you with a fake tit coming out of your dress.” He refused to give the falsie back. Until she learned he accepted her warts and all, he’d keep the fake stuff out of her hands.

“I’m sure it was.” She blushed from her hairline to her chest. “Will you tell the driver to return to the house, if he hasn’t already? I’ll change. My plan didn’t work quite the way I wanted.” She left his lap and her skirt snagged, exposing her bare bottom.

Holy fucking shit. His sweet and innocent heiress was trying to seduce him. The second she said she wanted him to teach her to kiss, he should’ve guessed her endgame.

He sat on the edge of the set. “I can’t protect you if I don’t have all the information.” He stared at the crimson staining her lips... and were those sparkles on her shoulders? She’d planned a night out, but not at the hospital. With him? Realization swept over him. She’d gone to great lengths to go on a date with him. The event at the hospital was a true surprise to her. “You knew nothing about the cancer center opening, did you?”

“No one said a word to me.” She settled on the opposite seat. “Oh well.”

“What did you have in mind for tonight?” He rested his elbows on his knees. The pressure on his dick calmed some of his need for her, but not much. She’d clouded his thoughts. He should be upset with her but wasn’t. She’d done something on her

own. Had she chosen him because she liked him, too, or because he was the closest thing she had to an available man? A thought occurred to him. She could dump him once she got the experience she craved.

Nah.

“Well, my plans didn’t include losing half my chest.” Her blush deepened. “I’m lopsided.”

“It’s a good look for you.” As soon as the words left his mouth, he wanted to take them back. “Sorry.”

“Great. When I goof up, it’s good. Keeps me in my place.” She slid toward the door. “We’re at the front of the house. I’ll change.”

Before he could stop her, Anissa left the limo and ran into the mansion.

He groaned. She wasn’t a package or item. She wasn’t a piece of ass. She was a person. A warm, sweet, strong but delicate woman. She had feelings, and he had to see her as a human being. He’d admired her for the last five years. She’d blossomed. Sure, he appreciated when she wore makeup and had her hair done, but he liked her natural best.

But now she wanted nothing to do with him. He had to fix the situation and convince her to hear him out. He wasn’t going to let anyone else touch her now that he knew she wanted his attention.

If she wanted to kiss, entice a man, be accepted on her own terms... to be fucked by him... then he’d be her teacher. Fuck the rules. He wanted her more than his next breath.

He left the luxury car and spoke into his mic. “Change of plans. Will have to go off-script. She’s prepping for the hospital gig. Will advise when we’re ready to move.” She hadn’t gone to the lengths of dressing to turn him on for nothing. Time to smooth things over and show his good-natured girl how wonderful naughty could be.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 2:16 am

Chapter Two

Anissa hid in her suite and sank to the floor. According to her schedule, her original plans had been erased in favor of the hospital event. She'd thought she could take charge of her life and have a night to herself. Not if her father had a say. He'd run her life into the ground. He'd probably changed the plans, let the security staff know and ignored her wishes. He hadn't wanted her to grow up. Too bad. She couldn't stop time.

She stared at her lopsided chest, then removed the remaining gel pad. Tears burned at the corners of her eyes. So much for trying to be buxom. Embarrassment washed over her. No wonder Kam looked at her with such a strange expression. She willed the mortification to leave, but how? She'd made an impression, but not a good one.

"Anissa?" Kam knocked on the door. "Ms. Dunn?"

She froze. He'd come hunting for her. "Yes?" She wiped her face and smeared her makeup. "I'm okay."

"May I speak with you?" Kam asked. "Please?"

She shook her head. "No. I'll be out in a few minutes." She'd let him in once she fixed herself up and put on a demure outfit.

"Anissa, open the door."

She stood, then rested her hand on the knob. She had to face him sometime. "Okay."

She twisted the lock. “Come in.” She didn’t know why he’d asked for entry. He had keys to her suite. He could’ve barged in without a second thought.

Kameron stood in the corridor and held up the enhancer. “I thought you might want this back.”

“I’m good.” She kept her head high. “I thought I’d make the single-boob thing a new look. Besides, you might want that as a trophy.”

He half-smiled, then tucked the falsie in his coat pocket. “You’re gaping.” He tugged the looser side of her dress into place, covering her nearly exposed breast. “Someone might see more than you intended.”

Oh, God. She closed her eyes. She’d embarrassed herself again. “Sorry.”

“Don’t be.”

She placed her hand on his. “You can let go. I’m changing, so the pads won’t be necessary.”

He did as she’d asked, but instead of letting completely go, he cupped her jaw in both hands. “You asked me for a favor.”

She had when her confidence wasn’t in the toilet.

“What was it?” he asked. “Say it. If you want something from me, I want to hear the words. Nothing happens until you speak. I’ll make you wait.”

“Cocky bastard,” she muttered. She didn’t mind him being in charge, but he could’ve used a softer approach. “I asked you to teach me how to kiss.”

“You’re sure?” He caressed her cheeks. “You’ve been kissed. What can I teach you?”

She didn’t understand. Why wasn’t he going along with what she wanted? She’d said the words. Part of her was irritated, but the rest turned-on by his touch.

“Haven’t you been kissed? I seem to recall seeing at least one man... do so.” Kam rested his forehead against hers. “Anissa?”

“I have,” she said. “But you’re better.” She’d eavesdropped on him while he kissed his girlfriends. She longed to be possessed the same way. “Will you... teach me?”

“I will.”

Thank God. She relaxed a bit, expecting the first lesson. “Kiss me.” He didn’t oblige her. Instead, he swept his gaze over her. “What?” she asked. “Lesson one. Let’s go.”

He shook his head. “I’m going to lose my job when your father finds out what we’re doing.”

“I know.” She’d thought of that and hoped somehow her father wouldn’t eviscerate Kam for doing what she needed.

“You will follow my instructions,” he said. “No arguing.”

She opened her mouth to speak, but no words came out. She wanted him as her lover and protector. Why couldn’t he be both?

“I have rules,” Kam said. “First one being panties.”

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 2:16 am

Panties? She froze. She'd forgotten about her lack of undergarments.

“Naughty girls who want to learn about life and kissing need to wear panties in public. When we’re alone, the undies have to go.” He rubbed his nose along hers. “Understood?”

Her nipples beaded again. He hadn’t touched her mouth, yet he overwhelmed her. She nodded. “Yes.”

“Second rule. If you want lessons, you have to tell me and be honest. I’ll teach you whatever you want to know, but don’t bullshit me.”

She shook her head. It sure seemed like her will belonged to him, but she refused to break the spell he had over her. “I’ve always tried to be honest with you.”

He brushed his lips across hers. “I know, sweetheart.”

All the times she’d longed for him to use her name... she’d never expected him to have a pet name for her. She liked the nickname. She let go of the strap of her dress and stroked his arm. She felt so small in his grasp. Minutes ago, she’d worried she couldn’t be enough for him. Now she wanted every experience he could provide. If she had some already, she’d know how to behave. Should she push for more? Hold back?

“This is how you kiss. Tender, but claiming.” He feathered his lips over hers. Within seconds, he nipped her bottom lip.

The scrape of his teeth on her skin excited her. She opened to him and forgot about her predicament with her dress.

He swallowed her moan. Kam pushed the kiss farther and sucked on her tongue.

She struggled with what to do. Other guys kept their kisses platonic. One of her ex-boyfriends didn't want her to touch him when he kissed her. Did Kam? What did he expect?

He tucked her to his chest and deepened the kiss. He feasted on her mouth, using every bit of her. She followed his lead. If he nipped, she whimpered and opened more. When he sucked on her tongue again, she gave in and touched his chest. Sparks shot down her spine, and heat centered in her pussy. She couldn't breathe.

Kam broke the kiss, then stood her on her feet. "Fuck, that's hot." Excitement like she'd never known coursed through her veins. The hotness was her. She'd turned someone on -- better yet, the someone was him.

"Kiss-swollen lips, flushed cheeks and wide eyes." He grinned. "That's the sign a woman's been properly kissed. Lesson one complete."

She reached for him. "I didn't get a passing grade. I want another try. I know I can bump my grade up to an A." She wound her arms around his neck. "At least offer me some extra credit."

"Get through this event tonight, and we'll not only go back over lesson one, but we'll move to lessons two and three," Kam said. "Once we leave this room, we resume our roles. No question." He caressed her ribs. "Remember, this is an event for kids." He let go, then left her in the suite alone.

Anissa touched her mouth. Her lips tingled. She'd never felt so wanted before. She

bit back a whoop and spun on her heel. Hope blossomed in her chest. She'd chosen the right teacher. He'd give her everything she craved.

Now to find ways to make him crave her, too.

* * *

Kameron stood outside her door and measured his breaths. The guys she'd had in the past were fools. They'd passed over a diamond in the rough. A diamond sure to wear him out, but he welcomed the challenge. Nothing good came without a price.

John, the head of the Dunn security team, strode down the corridor. "Where were you?" he asked. "I summoned you. We could've had an incident."

"How? I was in there with the package." He wanted to say "her," but couldn't. John would blow a gasket if he thought Kam had gotten especially close to Anissa.

"In there? You know better." John glared at him. The man knew security and how to keep someone safe, but little about relationships. John pulled no punches and didn't play favorites. He did his job and could be a serious hardass.

"She needed my help." At least he could say he wasn't lying.

"She needs us as protection," John said. "We aren't here to bed her or be her best friend."

"I'll protect her." But he wanted to have her in his bed... across the hood of his truck, on the dining room table and anywhere else he decided to take her.

"I assumed you'd gotten close. I've seen the way you look at Anissa." John cocked his eyebrow. "Are you sure you know what you're doing?"

“She’s special.” He refused to back down.

“If she’s so special, then why did she request Julian protect her tonight?” John folded his arms. “You’ve been taken off this detail.”

The hell he had been. Anissa wouldn’t have him removed.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 2:16 am

“Her father insists she have an escort tonight -- not just Julian. We need to bring in one of the boyfriends. Call... Evan. He seemed to like her. At least he liked her enough to go to the last event.” John nodded once. “Get him.”

“No.” Kameron wouldn’t let this go without a fight. “He was paid to give her attention. He doesn’t care about Anissa.”

“They’re all in it for the money,” John snarled. “That’s why they come. They want paid -- just like us. You’re only here and on her personal detail because you get the extra cash.”

He’d agreed to protect Anissa because he wanted to get closer to her. Money wasn’t considered.

“Doesn’t matter. I trust Evan and Julian. Evan’s not interested in her, but he’ll play ball. Julian’s married and devoted to his wife. Neither will compromise her, and both will be focused on the job.” John scrubbed his hand across his mouth. “Decision’s made.”

John had piqued his attention. “They’ll be focused? On what? I’ve heard nothing about a threat.” What wasn’t John telling him?

“Daddy Dunn pissed off an oil baron. Ever heard of Michael Gahan? He wanted to hook his son, Alex, up with Anissa. They want Daddy Dunn’s money and land holdings.” John sighed. “Julian will protect her, and Evan won’t touch her. They get paid, and she’ll be safe. Alex won’t be able to move in.”

She might be protected, but he wouldn't be happy. Anissa wasn't a pawn for an oil baron, his son or a couple of dips looking to make a quick buck. Kameron gritted his teeth. He refused to stand for this bullshit. Anissa deserved better. She didn't have tons of experience, but she'd think Evan cared. What if she asked Julian to help her with her lessons? Would he? Not if Kameron had a say.

"Call Evan, and I'll alert Julian. She needs to get going." John turned on his heel.

"I'm taking her." No question.

John paused but didn't turn around. "Excuse me?"

"You heard me." Kameron held firm. "No Evan. No Alex."

"She can't go alone." John spun around and stood face to face with Kameron. "You are her guard, not her boyfriend, and you can't protect her if you're too busy making eyes at her."

"I refuse to change my mind." Kameron widened his stance. "Call Julian off. I'll be her escort. It'll look cleaner, and I'll scare away Alex or anyone else trying to push in. Fewer people around her means I can focus."

"I can't risk you getting hurt or fired because you're thinking with your dick and not your brain."

"No?" Kameron snorted. "I'm not asking." He left John alone in the hallway. Fuck this shit. Anissa needed him, and he'd let her down for long enough. Time to take what he wanted in order to give Anissa what she needed.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 2:16 am

Chapter Three

Anissa dressed in the drabest outfit she could find -- a simple blue sweater and black ankle-length skirt. She'd worn dowdy clothes for most of her life. Looking so unappealing sucked, but she had duties. Being the daughter of a factory magnate who had a philanthropic streak meant she needed to make public appearances when her father couldn't be there. Every time she stepped out of the house, she was judged on her choice of clothing. Too racy, and she'd be branded a harlot. Too boring, and she took hits for not being daring.

She braided her hair, then glanced down at her boots. She should change, but why? Was anyone really going to look at her feet? Screw it. She'd rebel in her own little way.

"Anissa?" Kameron knocked on the door. "Ready?"

She paused. He'd called her by her name. She grasped the handle. "Almost. Are you coming in?"

"Yeah." He barged into her room. "I can't remember how to tie this damn tie."

She stared at him. She barely recognized Kam without his leather jacket and jeans. "What are you doing?" she blurted.

"Trying not to throttle myself." He nodded to her. "You know how to do this, don't you? Help?"

“Sure.” She’d try, anyway. She hadn’t tied a necktie in forever. “I think it’s like...” She tightened the silk. “Over and around...” Something didn’t look right.

“You’re making it too tight.” Kam grasped her hands. “Ani...”

“Sorry.” The more she fiddled, the more she throttled him. His cheeks reddened, and his eyes bulged. She released the ends of the tie. “I’m sorry. It’s been a while. I forgot how to do this.”

He gasped, then sighed. “I hate dressing up.”

She pressed her lips together to keep from laughing. Here she was, trying to entice him, and instead she’d goofed. Only Anissa Dunn could take a moment of possible romance and botch it.

“Why are you laughing?” He yanked the tie free from his collar. “You could’ve killed me.”

“Not hardly. You’d have gotten it loose.” She covered her mouth with both hands. “I’m sorry.”

“I know.” He stood in front of her mirror. “I can tie this.” He adjusted the silk. “But I thought you knew how.”

“I forgot.” She sank onto the bed. “Why are you dressing up? Did you need help getting ready for a date? I hope she’s nice.” Kam could’ve chosen any other room to prep, though. Why torment her? He’d never date her. Maybe this was his attempt at a clean break. Make her think he was a jerk so she’d leave him alone? Her heart ached. She’d fallen for him. Seeing Kameron with another woman... again... would kill her.

“Date? I’m taking you to the hospital event.” He adjusted his sport coat. “I’m your

bodyguard, right?”

“But you’re always in your other outfit.” She tucked her legs underneath herself. She didn’t understand what was going on. “Why are you changing things? You never deviate.”

“I am tonight, and you know why.”

“You’re changing course because I tried to kill you? I won’t ever again. It was a mistake.” She left her seat. “Kam.” She lurched forward to grab his arm but managed to stomp on his foot instead. “Sorry.”

“Anissa.” He moved her off his foot. “Are you trying to break me?”

“No, but I couldn’t. You’re wearing steel-toe boots.” She blinked back tears. Embarrassment washed over her. “I’m sorry.”

“I know.” He met her gaze. “Just stop trying to help. Stay put.”

She nodded. “Will you explain what’s going on? I won’t injure you. I promise.”

He tipped his gaze to meet hers. “I don’t know why no one told you they’d changed your schedule, but I know when the change occurred. Your father was supposed to attend the opening, but he’s detained in New York. He asked for you to go in his place. Unfortunately, he wanted Evan to escort you because a man named Alex Gahan wants to make a play for you. If I’m right, your father wants Alex to step in and knows Evan won’t do dick about it.”

“Because you’ll stop him?” She wiped her cheeks, but more tears threatened. No one wanted her.

“You bet your ass I’ll stop him. I’ll stop all of them.” He slipped his arm around her waist. “Evan won’t give me shit, and Alex has no claim on you.”

“I’ve never met Alex Gahan.” At least she didn’t think she’d met him. “And Evan’s nice. I wouldn’t mind going out with him.” He wouldn’t get grabby... if he even paid her attention.

“He’s been paid to date you,” Kam said.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 2:16 am

Her heart sank. So her assumptions about Evan had been right. She hadn't known for sure the guys filling in as her boyfriends were bought off, but it made sense. She knew she couldn't be that repulsive. Kam was different -- wasn't he? "What about you? Alex? Are you going to tell me a truth I don't want to hear?"

"No." He didn't let go of her. "Alex wants your father's land, factories and money. I don't." He brushed his lips across hers. "I don't need your money when I'd rather have you."

His tone sent shivers down her spine. "Me?"

"Yes." He stroked her back. "You're not a commodity. You're a warm, sweet, wonderful... sexy woman." His voice turned husky. He spoke against her mouth. "One I'm honored to protect."

She grasped the front of his sport coat. "Thank you, but that doesn't explain why you're dressed up. To impress me?" She really hoped so. "Because I like the look."

"I'm glad you do, because I'm escorting you to the hospital event. We're late, by the way." He tucked her to his side. "Shall we?"

"Huh?" Going with her? He'd never done that before. "Oh, you're coming along to protect me from Alex. I'll be fine. I know how to handle myself."

"I'm going because I'm not about to let anyone use you." He let go long enough to place her arm around his forearm. "Tonight, I'm your boyfriend, and things are serious. We're talking marriage."

“We are?” she blurted.

“Yes.” He placed his hand on hers. “Let’s go.”

He had her swept up, but she wasn’t complaining. She didn’t understand why he’d gone to such lengths to pretend to stake a claim, but she had him for the night -- just like she’d always wanted.

* * *

Kameron escorted Anissa through the house to the ground floor. Her questions would annoy him, but he couldn’t let his guard down and tell her the truth right now. There were too many eyes watching and ears listening in. He’d be lucky if they had privacy in the back of the limo.

He led her to the car, then nodded to Julian, who stood beside the rear passenger door. “I’ve got this one tonight,” Kameron said. “You’re free.”

While Anissa climbed into the back of the vehicle, Julian grabbed Kameron’s arm. “Are you sure?”

“Of course.” The dick would have to question him.

“I’m on this detail.” Julian squeezed Kameron’s bicep. “She’s the boss’s daughter. You’ll lose your job if he even thinks you’re putting the moves or anything else on her.”

“I’m filling in as her boyfriend. This is a show,” Kameron growled. “They want to palm her off to an oil baron’s son or that dumbass Evan. Neither man will treat her with dignity.”

“How do you know? Being the wife of an oil baron’s son sounds like the perfect gig for her. He’ll give her experience, a life of luxury, and once they have a kid, she’ll have plenty of time to do whatever she likes. She’d be crazy to pass that up.” Julian let go. “God knows she could use the experience with a man. She can’t kiss for shit.”

“How the fuck do you know?” If he found out she’d practiced with Julian, he’d destroy his fellow security agent.

“She kissed me to say thank you one night, and she’s too timid.” Julian shrugged. “She needs to get out more.”

“She’s fine the way she is.” The bastard. “You are married, and she’s off-limits, remember?”

“The girl has no clue. I feel for the guy she’s foisted on to,” Julian said. “She’ll probably strip his dick and leave teeth marks.”

“Enough.” He glared at Julian. “Treat her like a human being and the daughter of our boss. She deserves respect.”

“Oh, my God.” Julian laughed. “You like her.”

“I’m doing my job.” If that job required him to fall for Anissa... then fine. He already loved her. Being close to her wasn’t a problem. He ducked into the car and slammed the door. Anissa stared at him. She’d moved to the far end of the seat and huddled against the wall. Kameron hit the button to lock the doors as the car lurched forward. “What’s wrong?” he asked. He scooted toward her. “Anissa?”

“I heard what you said,” she murmured. “It’s a show. A farce. I’m being played. I’m about to be palmed off.”

“Sweetheart.” Damn it. The situation had gone off the rails. He wanted to touch her but held back.

“Am I just a job?” she asked.

“No.”

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 2:16 am

“Then why lie? Why be fake?”

“It’s the only way I can be with you in public.” He draped his arm around her and tucked her to his side again. “Damn it. You’re not listening to me.”

She half-shrugged. “I’m not sure what to think.”

He rested his forehead against her hair and whispered into her ear. “I’m not losing you to some jackass who doesn’t appreciate you. If playing the role of your boyfriend tonight keeps the asshat at bay and gives us time to do what you’ve asked, I’ll do it. If he thinks we’re getting married and backs off, then it’s worth the hassle, but honey, you’re not a problem.”

She stared at him. She parted her lips, and her breath hitched. Her cheeks flushed.

“I believe you wanted to learn to kiss.” He tipped her chin. “Gonna keep trying until you impress your teacher and pass?”

“I hate to fail, but I’d rather take my time and learn to kiss properly.” Her eyes shimmered. “Guess that’s your cue, teach. I want to spend time with you, too.”

“Good.” He feasted on her mouth. He could kiss her and never get tired. The weight of the moment pushed down on him, but he didn’t mind. Yes, he could be smack in the middle of losing his job, but if he got the girl, the job wouldn’t matter. He tasted mint on her tongue. The woman intrigued and intoxicated him. He’d never get her out of his system.

Anissa broke the connection first and rested her hand on his chest. “How am I doing?”

“Better. You need more practice.” He licked her bottom lip. “Tonight, you’re mine.”

“I am,” Anissa said. “Just promise me you’ll be honest. If you change your mind or realize I’m not worth your headaches, then tell me. I’ve been fooled so many times. I don’t want to be again.”

“You won’t be if I have any say in what goes on tonight.” He toyed with her hair. “You’re important to me.” He breathed her in until she flowed in his soul. “I’ll be at your side, all night. No one will hurt you or push in.”

“Thank you.” She caressed his cheek. “It’s nice to have someone close without an ulterior motive.”

“Never.” He’d done so much for her and would give his life to keep her safe. Was he a cad for craving her virginity? Yes. But her lack of experience didn’t bother him. He couldn’t remember the last time he learned with his lover, the last time he’d experienced the first blush of love and craving. But he could with her.

The car came to a halt. He let go of her long enough to take her hand. “Time to go public. No matter what, I’ve got you.”

Chapter Four

Anissa shook yet another set of hands and wobbled against Kam. She'd greeted, spoken to and laughed at so many people over the course of the last three hours. Most of the attendees didn't know her, and only a couple mentioned her father. She hadn't been integral to the event.

A man approached. He smiled, but the joy never quite reached his eyes. He stuck out his hand. "Anissa Dunn. It's a pleasure to meet you. I'm Alex Gahan." He leaned into her and kissed her cheek. "You're lovelier in person."

"Thank you?" She tensed. "I'm glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Gahan."

Alex's brown eyes glittered, and a dusting of whiskers darkened his cheeks. He stood a few inches taller than her, but shorter than Kam. He focused on her, seeming to ignore Kameron hulking beside her.

The longer Alex stared at her, the more she wanted to leave. "Did you need something, Mr. Gahan?"

"Alex. Mr. Gahan is my father." Alex focused on her. "I haven't seen you around the social circles. I'm sure I would've remembered you."

"Since I got engaged, I haven't wanted to run with the old crowd." She'd never fit in with the rich kids and stood outside their cliques. "Have you met my fiancé?" On cue, Kam angled her a bit behind him. Anissa bumped his shoulder. "This is Kameron Stone. We're getting married this summer." She fumbled. "I mean next April."

“We’ve discussed both time frames,” Kameron said. “Whatever my lady wants is what we’ll do.”

Alex’s eyes widened. “Married. Ah.” He pinched the bridge of his nose. “Can we have a moment? Alone?”

“What’s wrong with right now?” Anissa asked. “Oh, and wherever I go is where Kam is. No question.” At least she’d found her backbone again. “What’s the issue?”

“I was told you weren’t engaged. Weren’t even in a dating relationship.” Alex shifted his gaze between her and Kameron. “Does your father know you’re doing this?”

“That I’m with Kameron? Of course. He blessed the union.” Okay, she might be pushing the envelope now. Oh, well. “We just haven’t made a big deal. I’m more of a fly-under-the-radar kind of girl.”

“You didn’t strike me as such.” Alex sighed. “Then good evening. I’d hoped to spend a few hours with you, but since you’re engaged, I’ll leave you to him.” He shook his head as he walked away.

“Was that as awkward as I thought?” She held Kam’s hand. “He didn’t demand to see the ring, so that helps.”

“I’ll make sure you have one by the end of tomorrow,” Kam said. “I should’ve thought of that detail before now.”

“I don’t need another bauble.” She squeezed his fingers. She wanted a ring that came with his love, not just a sham. Still, she had to be practical. “A prop might not be a bad idea.”

He grinned. “Are you telling me you don’t want to be spoiled?”

Spoiled. Shit. He didn't understand. She'd rather give up her damn charmed existence if it meant she'd have him in her life. "Let's go. I'm tired." She grasped his arm. "Trouble averted, and I'd like to get out of here."

"Yes, ma'am." He escorted her down to the limo.

"Ani?" Alex rushed up to the car. "Wait."

"Wait?" She waited by the open door. She didn't have time for this. "What do you want?" If Alex tried something, she could duck into the car. Kam had her other side. Still, Alex showing up and calling her Ani annoyed her.

"Are you sure you want to marry him?" Alex asked. "He's the help."

"He cares about me." She notched her chin in the air. "You've never spoken to me before today." She slid her hand into Kam's pocket. "I don't get what the hell you're doing, but I'm not interested."

"I wanted to, but you're never alone." Alex shook his head. "You're always got Beast Mode next to you. Now you're marrying him."

Beast Mode? So Kam looked scary... he wasn't a beast. "What's Kam supposed to do? He's my protector."

"For one thing, he's not supposed to fuck the package," Alex said. He groaned. "Jesus."

"He has a name." Kam stepped between her and Alex. "No one made her do anything. If you had truly wanted to make a move, you would've found a way."

Alex shrugged.

Anissa climbed into the limo. She'd had enough. They could take their testosterone fight somewhere else. Alex wasn't a threat to her other than he wanted to push in on her relationship. Too bad the relationship wasn't real. Besides, Alex probably only saw dollar signs.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 2:16 am

Kameron joined her on the bench seat.

“Well, that was interesting.” She sighed and stared out the darkened window. “It gets old being used.”

“He’s just following his father’s wishes.” Kameron grasped her hand, but she tugged it away. “Anissa?” He shifted in the seat to face her. “I’m sorry. I don’t want to use you. Don’t want you to hurt.” He brushed a loose lock of her hair from her face. “I -- he just wants the same prize I see right here. You’re a gem. You’re not just an heiress. Not just a pretty face or a means to get cash. He might not see you the way I do, but I do see the real woman. I’m sorry he’s incapable.”

“Don’t apologize for him.” She met Kameron’s gaze. “He thinks a little charm, some sophistication and a lot of nudging will convince me to give in. A month ago, he’d have been right. I’m not the same woman I was back then.” She hit the button to open the sunroof. “He waited too long, and you’re going to end up on the same path if you’re not careful.” She left her seat as the glass slid out of the way. The wind tousled her hair as she popped through the sunroof. Flashes went off around her. The paparazzi had found her. Go figure. Well, fuck them. She needed this moment of freedom. The wind blew past her as the car raced forward. Horns and sirens wailed around her, and the world blurred. She felt so small and unimportant.

“Get in here.” Kameron held onto her waist. “You could get hurt. Someone could do something stupid.”

“Join me.” She yanked on his wrist. “Just for a second. Come on.”

He eased up behind her, giving her a brace against the wind. He snared her in his arms but didn't drag her back into the car. "Your father will kill you for acting out. The paparazzi is catching all of this."

"Oh, yes. Standing in the limo is so bad." She glanced over her shoulder. "So they see me with you. So what?" She laughed and backed into him. She couldn't think of a better place to be. He cared, even if he had a strange way of showing it. "My cousins have dabbled in drugs, alcohol and every other substance to get a high. They've gotten arrested, have been in and out of rehab, slept around... but me? I've never done anything scandal-worthy. If this is my biggest black mark, then the tabloids have nothing. I've only drank a few glasses of wine ever, don't take drugs and never had sex." She faced him. "I'm tired of being the good girl. I want more out of my life." She wriggled free of his grasp and settled on the seat.

Kameron sat beside her. The wind forced his hair to stand on end. "Anissa?"

"When's the next lesson?" She folded her hands on her lap. "Hmm?"

He shut the sunroof. "Come here." He pulled her onto his thighs so she straddled him. "You're progressing well on your first lesson."

"Kissing?"

"Now it's time for touching. Lesson two. Just sit here and let me caress you." He rubbed along her thighs, then up her back.

She shivered. She'd been touched before, but not like this. He alternated between caresses and scraping his nails on her skin. The changing pressure spurred her on. She writhed. The bulge in his trousers rubbed between her legs. Sparks shot around her, and her nipples beaded. Her skin heated, and she couldn't think straight. All she wanted to do was be with him.

“This needs to go.” He moved her shirt above her belly, then bared her breasts. “So does this.” He unhooked her bra. “Strapless?” His brows rose. “I wouldn’t have thought you’d wear something so risqué.”

She nodded. “It worked under my dress, and I never got around to changing it.” The garment landed on her lap, exposing her chest. The chilly air in the limo cooled her fevered skin. She balled her hands. “Kam.”

“Yes?” He palmed her breasts. When she whimpered, he flicked her nipples.

She jerked on his lap. She’d never known such pleasure -- not even when she’d masturbated. “Kam.” She arched into him. “More.”

“So the student enjoys her lessons.” He leaned forward and glanced up at her before he sucked one of her nipples into his mouth.

She gasped. “Oh, my God.” She threaded her fingers into his hair. He hadn’t said anything about not touching him. “That feels good.”

He kept her nipple in his teeth but released his suction. “It had better.” He backed away and covered her breasts with her shirt. “The car’s stopped. Get out.”

“What?” He’d made her dizzy, then confused her with his blunt tone. “I thought I was doing so well. What went wrong?”

“Nothing’s wrong.” He kissed her. “You’re doing well, but if you want everyone else to think we’re not misbehaving, then you have to get out of the car.”

“Oh.”

“We’re at the house, and you’re expected to go inside.” Kam stroked her breasts

through the fabric of her blouse. “I’ll be right behind you.”

“I can’t even wait for you on my own property?” She scrambled off his lap. “Kam.” No. This wasn’t what she wanted. She needed him. Why couldn’t she have the one thing she truly wanted? Why did her life have to be complicated? “I need you with me. You’re my guard.”

“I am, and I’ll be right behind, like I said.” He brushed her hair from her face. “Just wait. I won’t leave you in the lurch. Promise.”

“What about my bra?” She held out her hand. “I’d like it back.”

“Mine.” He grinned and tucked the lingerie into his coat pocket.

“Along with the padding from my bra?” She shook her head. “You’re goofy.”

He shrugged.

“You’ll be right behind?” She’d asked already, and he’d answered three times.

“Yes.” He patted her ass. “Right behind.”

Anissa opened the car door. Going about her business without her bra felt strange, but not horrible. The freedom excited her. She stepped out of the car. Maybe shedding the bra, giving into her desires for Kam and embracing her confidence signaled the start of a new chapter in her life. If so, she couldn’t wait to see what would come next.

Chapter Five

Kameron held her hand as she exited the vehicle. The more he touched her and admitted his attraction, the more he craved Anissa.

She started forward, but instead of walking into the house she tumbled to the concrete.

Kameron scrambled out of the car and covered Anissa. His heart squeezed. He hadn't thought to make sure John or anyone else was out there waiting on her. He hadn't scoped out the situation to assess whether or not they were alone. Fucking shit. He'd lost his focus. He'd claimed being with her would heighten it. Wrong.

"Are you hurt?" He listened for gunshots and scanned the area for intruders. He didn't see anyone. "Anissa?"

"I'm okay." She grunted. "Get off me. I need to breathe."

He kept his ears open but rolled off her. Kameron knelt beside her. "What's wrong? Where are you hurt?"

"I'm not." She blushed. "But my skirt is ruined." She tugged the fabric over her legs. "I think I snagged it."

He moved the torn skirt out of the way. The material had separated along the seam and stopped high on her hip. Well, fuck. Kameron scooped her into his arms. Why hadn't John or Julian come running? He carried her to the garage. Had they all fallen

down on the job? “Can you stand?”

“I’m fine. My pride is bruised and my ego wounded, but I’ll manage.” She brushed herself off. “No one’s trying to kill me.”

“Are you sure?” He glanced out the door. John and Julian stood beside the car. Now they showed up. The jackasses. He shrugged out of his jacket and draped the garment around her shoulders. “Use the back staircase. I’ll join you upstairs when I finish dealing with those two.”

Anissa snuggled in the jacket. “You promise?”

“Have I let you down yet?” He kissed her. “I’ll keep following you and picking up the pieces. If you fall, I’ll catch you.”

She cupped his jaw. “Thank you. I can promise I’ll tumble again. I’m good at it.”

“I know.” He counted on her falling -- hopefully in love with him. He waited for her to successfully hurry up the steps to the second floor before he left the garage. He growled when he strode up to John and Julian. Ira, the driver, didn’t make eye contact. Kameron sighed. “Gentlemen. Looks like we’re back.”

“You are.” Julian pointed to the car. “I’m hoping she’s still innocent.”

John groaned. “Keeping her innocence isn’t our job. Keeping her safe is.”

“She’s still innocent,” Kameron snapped. “I made sure she got home safely. She went upstairs in my coat. When she got out of the car, she tripped and destroyed her skirt. She used my jacket to cover her posterior. She’s fine.”

“Cover her posterior?” Julian snorted. “Are you sure you weren’t the reason she

ripped her skirt? Hmm?”

“I won’t entertain that with an answer.” Kameron removed his necktie. “She’s fine and upstairs. I’ve done my job. The rich shit tried to move in on her and failed. She had a good time, and the family name is still stellar. Now I’m off the clock.”

“You’re about to lose your job.” John stepped between Kameron and Julian. “She’s off-limits. Oh, and I found this in the backseat.” He held up her bra. “It must’ve fallen out of her dress? Your pocket maybe?”

He gritted his teeth. No answer would work. They suspected he’d fooled around with her and would go right to her father. The best he could hope for was he’d just lose his job.

“I see.” John glared at him. “I’m sorry you’ll be leaving the team. We can’t have someone protecting her if they don’t have her best interests at heart.”

“I don’t? Jesus. I’m devoted to her. I know Anissa better than any of you.” He stared down at his boss, then snatched the bra from him. “She said this thing chafed and she wanted it off. I didn’t see a damn thing, but it doesn’t matter. I quit. I’m done guarding her body. I won’t work with men who can’t trust me.”

“Motherfucking bastard.” Julian grabbed Kameron’s arms. “You knew she wanted you.”

“She feels comfortable with me,” Kameron snarled. “Yeah, she does. She trusts me, and I know her better than anyone. If it means I’m with her but not her bodyguard, then I’ll be whatever the hell she wants me to be.”

“Her father won’t allow her to be with you.” John inched forward. “He wants her to be with someone he can trust. Someone who will love her and can take care of her in

the way she deserves. Can you do that?"

He could try.

"Don't fool yourself. She'll decide she likes fancy shit. She'll want stuff," John said. "Trips and whatever. With Evan or Alex or one of those rich shits, as you call them, or any of the other guys her father chooses, she'll keep this life. She'll keep us."

He tightened his fists. Now the situation made sense. The livelihood of the security team mattered more than Anissa's happiness. If she kept her life of luxury, then they would, too. How nice. He couldn't convince her to dump them any more than he had sway over their staying around.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 2:16 am

“Just go.” John shook his head. “You’re not needed. I’ll let Mr. Dunn know.”

“You do that.” He left and made his way through the garage to the back staircase. He’d have to let Anissa know he didn’t work for the family anymore. Fuck. He wasn’t forbidden fruit. For all he knew, she’d drop him. He headed up to her corridor, then stopped outside her suite. She trusted him. He’d thought he could have everything -- the girl and the gig -- but he’d let it all slip through his fingers. Damn it.

* * *

Anissa stole a glance through the peephole, then twisted the knob. She’d hoped to knock Kam’s socks off. She flipped her hair over her shoulder and grinned. “Kam.”

His eyes widened. “Anissa?”

She toyed with the belt on her robe. “You said I should wear nothing when we were alone.” She tugged him into the suite, then locked the door. “Well, I’ve got nothing under this.” She untied the belt and allowed the robe to slide down her arms.

“Fucking beautiful,” he murmured.

“Call it a student who will do anything for a little extra credit.” She stepped away from the robe. Baring her body excited her, but not as much as seeing his reaction. “Now, what’s the next lesson?”

“First, it’s that I’ve been fired.” He balled his hands. “I don’t work for you.”

“Good. I’m not ready to let you go.”

“You knew I’d been fired?”

“No, but I assumed it was coming. Now I’ve got you all to myself.”

“Then I’m going to taste that gorgeous pussy of yours.” He scrambled out of his shirt, then carried Anissa across the suite to her bedroom. “Mine.”

She laughed and held on. “I am.” Her heart and soul were his. Nothing he could say would change her mind.

He placed her on the bed and crawled on top of her but didn’t kiss her. “You don’t need lessons.”

“I do.” She draped her arms around his neck. “I’ve never been fucked.”

“No one’s made love to you. It’s different.” He brushed his nose along hers. “Trust me.”

Ah, semantics. “Yes.” But his distinction warmed her to her core.

“I will make love to you.” He kissed her hard on the lips, then crawled down her body. He left a trail of fire in his wake. Each nip and lap on her breasts, then belly, down to the tops of her thighs sparked within her.

“Kam.” She reached for him. “What are you doing to me?”

“Making you crave me.” He parted her legs, then her pussy lips. His hot breath tickled her sensitive skin. Her senses heightened. His dusting of whiskers abraded her inner thighs. The clock ticked in a roaring cadence. The scent of his cologne and her

perfume hung in the air. The overwhelming weight of his passion threatened to crush her, but she didn't care. She'd crossed a line. By giving in to her desires, she'd changed the game.

The moment he dragged his tongue across her labia, she forgot all about the line and embraced the pleasure he gave. She dug her heels into the mattress. "Kam."

He hummed against her clit.

She panted. No masturbation session elicited such a deep response. A groan ripped from her throat.

He slid one finger into her cunt and pumped. Combined with the tension he put on her clit and the fullness in her pussy... she couldn't think straight. Anissa writhed. Her legs trembled, and her throat turned raw. She lost all control. Her pussy clenched. "Kameron." Her body tensed, but with one more lick, Kameron pushed her over the edge. Her restraint snapped, and she sagged against the bed. "Holy shit," she mumbled. She'd come before, but not this hard or fast. The climax overwhelmed her.

"Such a dirty mouth." He lapped at her. "But sexy."

She closed her eyes as the room continued to spin. Nothing else mattered except Kam. He had unlocked something within her. The fire in her heart spread to her soul. She'd never be the same.

Kameron stretched out beside her on the bed. His skin slicked against hers as he held her. "You've got a beautiful orgasm face."

"I do?" She opened her eyes and met his lazy smile. "I hope that's a good thing."

"Very good."

Page 13

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 2:16 am

She sighed. Too much had happened. She needed time to process and refused to let him go. If the whisperings were right, she'd have to. She wasn't supposed to date one of her father's employees. "Stay with me. Please?"

"Anissa."

"You're fired, right?" She rolled onto her side and faced him. "Or do you have to go home to someone?"

"No one but you."

"Then stay. I'll work it out with my father." She twined her legs with his. "I'm not a child. I know who I want right here beside me -- you. I want to sleep with you and wake up to your handsome face."

"Anissa." He slid his hand over her hip.

"I don't beg you for much. Don't deny me this moment." Once her father found she'd fooled around with Kameron, she'd be disowned. She needed this time with Kameron. He made her whole. To hell with her father and his plan to marry her off to the first wealthy guy who showed interest.

"I said I'd be right behind you." He nuzzled her jaw and neck. "I won't let you down."

"Good." She dragged a blanket over their bodies. "Sleep and hold me. I'm tired of being alone."

“You’re not alone. Not ever.”

She closed her eyes and gave in to the desire to sleep. She had the man of her dreams beside her and a chance at a bright future. The roadblocks were many, but she’d manage because she wasn’t on her own any longer. She had Kameron, her constant.

Chapter Six

Anissa woke to a hand between her legs. Kameron. She didn't open her eyes and instead basked in his touch. He rolled and pinched her clit in his fingers, then stroked her pussy. The teasing turned her on. She moaned. She tensed and opened her eyes. Kameron grinned.

"My wakeup call worked," he murmured, then kissed her. "Good morning, beautiful."

"Morning." He hadn't left. Praise God. She rode his finger and clutched the blanket. "Feels good."

"Yeah?" He caressed faster. "You're a horny little minx."

"When I've got you here, it's hard not to be." She arched her back, offering her breasts. "Uh..." The tingles from the first orgasm he'd given her returned. She whimpered. "I need to come."

"Do it," he whispered. "Come apart."

She reached for him. "Kam." Anissa embraced the fresh orgasm. Heat spiraled through her and exploded in her belly. She opened her mouth to moan, but no sound came out.

"Good girl. Use it. Ride the wave." He pumped faster. "You're so fucking hot."

She sagged against the bed again, limp and used. She blew out a ragged breath. “Kam.” She needed a moment. “I want to make you feel this good.” Once the room came into focus. She threw the blankets off his body. She crawled between his legs and unzipped him.

“Anissa.” He moved his trousers out of the way. “Are you sure?”

She’d seen videos of women giving blowjobs. How hard could it be? She flipped her hair over her shoulder. “I’m sure.”

“Babe.” He palmed the back of her head, guiding her. “Yes.”

She sucked him deep in her mouth, then gasped. Holy smokes. She knew he had the goods, but she hadn’t expected him to be such a mouthful. She withdrew, then licked his shaft. She liked the way he smelled of cologne and perspiration. When he tugged on her hair, she scraped her teeth across the blunt head of his dick. He groaned, and she switched to flicking her tongue along the underside of his cock.

He nudged her head. “More.”

She’d do her best. She bobbed her head, taking him to the back of her throat. She buried her nose in his dark pubic hair.

“Fuck me.” He pushed, going deep into her mouth, then pulling most of the way out. He built into a steady rhythm.

Anissa panted around his shaft. She kept up, but he blew her mind. She’d never gone this far before. Never allowed herself to be so vulnerable. Instead of being scared, she embraced the feelings of power. She rather enjoyed being nude while he had some clothing on. The rawness suited her.

He held her head tight and shivered. “Jesus. I can’t.” He let go and pulled out. “Fuck.” He wrapped his hand around his dick and stroked. He tensed.

Anissa sat back on her heels and marveled at his display. She’d never seen anything so pretty as him stroking. He arched his back. Cum erupted from his dick and splattered on his belly.

“Wow,” she murmured. Seeing him come was nothing like watching the men in the videos. He was so much sexier. She leaned forward and trailed her fingers through the sticky cum.

“Like playing with it?” A lazy smile curled on his lips.

“It’s new to me.” She wished she hadn’t said that. She sounded so inexperienced. He knew her history, but still.

“I’ll bet it is.” He tugged her to his chest, smearing cum between them. “I want to hold you.”

She stretched on top of him and folded her hands.

“Better.” He threaded his fingers in her hair. This time he stroked her. The tenderness in his touch soothed her. “Do you realize how crazy you make me?”

“No.” She hoped she’d make him happy, not drive him nuts. But she couldn’t gauge him. “Is that a bad thing?”

“It can be. You infuriate me. You get under my skin and make me want to leave you locked in this room.” He kissed her. “But I care more about you than I ever thought possible. I look forward to work because I get to be with you.”

“Me?” She’d never expected him to say that. He wasn’t one to share his feelings.

“Yeah, you.” He grinned. “You think you’re not a catch because you don’t have experience. You’ve got plenty, and what you don’t know, you’ll learn. We all have to start somewhere. I’d rather you learn with me.”

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 2:16 am

“You’ll keep being my teacher?” If so, they had a chance.

“No.”

“What?” Her heart sank. He’d just said he cared. “Why? What did I mess up? I’ll keep trying.”

“You didn’t mess anything up.” His tough-guy façade slipped a bit. “I did. I knew better than to get involved with you, but I couldn’t stop myself. I got in over my head.” He brushed his thumb and fingers across her bottom lip. “I deserve whatever trouble I’m in. I knew the rules and broke them.”

Voices echoed in the hallway and the door clicked. The hinges creaked as it opened. “You’re damn straight you did.”

Anissa froze. Oh, fuck. Where was the blanket? The last thing she wanted was for her father to see her naked for any longer than possible.

* * *

Kameron covered Anissa and wiped the cum from his chest. He stuffed his dick in his pants, then zipped. “Sir.” He hadn’t heard her father enter the suite. Damn it.

“I knew I’d made a mistake when I hired you.” Mr. Dunn shook his head. “This is unacceptable.”

“Daddy, wait.” Anissa clutched the comforter. “This is my fault. Punish me, not

him.”

“Who says I won’t punish both of you?” her father asked. “I can’t believe either of you. You both knew the consequences.”

Kam left the bed. “I knew this would happen.”

“Oh, you did?” Mr. Dunn’s face reddened. “Do tell.”

“You knew I’d fall for you?” Anissa asked. “Kam?”

“I knew the moment I met Anissa that she’d be special to me. Not just as a package or client, but as a friend and lover.” Kameron sighed. “I can’t say I’ve loved her all along. I haven’t. I’ve admired her and cared so much. When I’m with her, I take my job more seriously. She’s the only one who matters to me.”

“Then you understand why I can’t have you working here. Good,” Mr. Dunn growled. “Anissa, get dressed. Mr. Stone is leaving, and I expect you’ll want to see him out. It’s the last you’ll see of him.”

“No.” She kept the comforter tight around her body. “I’m not letting him go.”

“No?” Mr. Dunn snorted. “You’re not in charge of this decision.”

“I’m not? It’s my life.” She stood tall between Kameron and her father. “You keep trying to fix me up with the sons of your friends and other men you deem suitable. I don’t like them. They’re boring and only see me as a means to line their pockets. They want your money, and the only way to get it is by being nice to me. It’s crap. Kameron sees me for who I am. Anissa Dunn. Clumsy girl who doesn’t want your money.”

Kameron grinned. He admired her pluck. If she did opt to take over her father's position as the head of the factory group, she'd be damn dangerous and smart as hell. He wanted to be the man beside her. The man she held at night and the one she turned to at the end of the day.

"You don't know him at all," Mr. Dunn said. "This fine young man only signed on as your personal bodyguard when he negotiated a larger salary. He demanded extra cash, sweetheart. He said he'd only work with you because he had to. You can believe the shenanigans and allow him to use you, but I won't. Kameron Stone wants your -- our -- money. He's just as bad as the others. Where I know the sons of my friends, I can't guarantee Kameron won't prove to be a gold digger, too. He's already begged for cash, and I don't trust him."

Kameron sank onto the bed. He'd forgotten about his childish demands. Back then, she'd been a snappish sixteen-year old, and he hadn't wanted to hang around with jailbait. The money seemed less and less important compared to being with Anissa. They'd both grown up and weren't the same people. He'd changed, but would she believe him?

"Then why keep him on?" she asked. "If you knew, then why allow him to be around me?"

"Because you liked him so much. I thought you and Evan would hit it off. Once you were engaged to him, you'd tire of Kameron and the problem would go away." Mr. Dunn shook his head. "I'll have John remove him. Stay here." He pulled his phone from his jacket.

"I'll go." Kameron left the bed. "It's time."

"Kam?" Anissa stared at him. "But..."

Kameron picked his shirt up from the floor, then located his shoes. He wanted to kiss her, but he didn't dare. "I'm sorry, sweetheart. You deserve more than me."

"Did you do that? Did you want me for my money?" Her eyes shimmered with tears. "Kam?"

"I messed up." He ducked his head and left the room. He couldn't look back. If he did, he'd ignore his better judgment and return to her.

"Did you start... this... because I could be a gateway for you?" Tears slipped down her cheeks. "I trusted you."

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 2:16 am

“It’s complicated,” Kam said from the living room of her suite. “I need to go. I don’t want to hurt you, but I can’t do this right now.” He left her suite and headed down to the first floor. Julian, John and a few of the others on the security team stood in the staff quarters. None said anything, but all watched him. He made his way to his locker and dumped the contents into his duffle bag. Fuck. He hated being watched. He jammed the jacket into the bag, then ensured he’d grabbed everything.

“Kam.” John stood beside him. “We get it. She’s tantalizing.”

He growled but said nothing as he put his boots on.

“You’re not the only one who’s wanted to make a play for her, but we’re her staff. We can’t be with her.” John grasped the locker door. “Kameron.”

“I never did this for the money,” he said. He stuffed his arms into his motorcycle jacket. “Never did this to get an in with the family. Yeah, I wanted a good paycheck, but I had people depending on me. Then I got to know her. Anissa isn’t a spoiled little rich girl. She’s more. If you’d have paid attention, you’d have seen I haven’t cashed my damn paychecks. I don’t need their money. I did the job because I truly wanted to see her safe.” He zipped his bag, then slammed the locker door shut. “I gotta go.”

“Kam.” John tried to keep up with him, but Kameron left him behind.

His heart ached. He’d taken the job with the Dunn family because he’d needed the money, but now he didn’t. He strapped the bag to the back of his motorcycle, then donned his helmet. Most of the time, he would’ve ignored the headwear, but tonight,

he opted to wear it. The way things were going, he'd do something stupid and wreck the damn bike. At least his fucking head would be protected.

He zipped out of the garage and headed away from the house. His heart stayed with Anissa, even if she didn't want him. She made him whole. She knew him. But he'd let her down.

Kameron blasted across town to his street. He hated where he lived, but selling the house wasn't an option. He couldn't let his grandmother's house go to the developers. He spotted the sign in the yard. The developers had been there again. He parked the bike in the shed, then locked up and tossed his bag onto the back steps. He hated the developers and the whole fucking world. Most of all, he hated himself. He ripped the sign off the front door.

Dunn Holdings

He crumpled the reminder and tossed it with the others in the recycle bin. If he responded to the reminders, he'd have to face the possibility his home would end up flat. The neighborhood didn't deserve to be turned into a strip mall.

He unlocked the back door and turned on most of the lights. Fuck his electric bill. Fuck his tiny house. Fuck his life. He sank onto the kitchen chair and removed his helmet. He'd stood up to so many people, but the moment he could give Howard Dunn hell, he backed off.

Why?

Because he didn't want Anissa to see her father's true ruthlessness. He'd been so blind.

He scrubbed both hands over his face. His phone buzzed. Part of him wanted to check

the notification, but the rest didn't. He could have a message from his sister or a reminder of some sort. Could be a mention on social media. But he doubted those were the case. If the notification had any link to Anissa, he'd lose his shit.

He swiped across the screen to check the icon. A text. Go fucking figure. He retrieved the message.

Anissa: You don't have to do this. Just tell me the truth.

What was he supposed to do? Answer? Delete the message?

His head throbbed as he typed out a reply.

Kameron: You deserve better than a security guard. You should be happy. I'm sorry.

He turned the screen over and sighed. He'd blown his life to hell and couldn't change his past. He'd had and lost the woman he loved. What a fucking crock... he'd finally admitted to himself he loved Anissa, and now he couldn't have her. Jesus.

Chapter Seven

Anissa tried to sleep but couldn't. Her thoughts were too full of Kameron. His texted replies to her made little sense. She didn't understand what she'd done to make him leave and hated the rule her father had instituted. What she did with her life shouldn't have to be approved by her father. She wasn't asking him for money. She had a plan in place. What was the issue? She'd chosen the wrong man? Good grief. She hadn't tried to carry on with any other staff members. Kam had been special. Still was. He made her happy.

She threw the blankets off and left the bed. She hadn't been given a real explanation from her father, either. So she'd sort of dated Kam. What was wrong with him other than her father hated him? Because Kam had taught Anissa a few lessons in the bedroom? She wasn't a child and hadn't been deflowered. Her friends -- the few she had -- weren't virgins. So what?

She opened her laptop. There had to be something about Kam to make him seem horrible. Part of her wanted to find the reason he couldn't be around her, but the rest of her feared what she'd find.

She searched Kameron Stone on the Internet. No arrests, no complaints... he'd graduated from college and worked as a teacher for five years. His employment had ended when the school district downsized. Gee. If that made Kam bad, she'd hate to see what made him awful.

She frowned. If she couldn't find anything on the Internet, then maybe she'd see something in his personnel file. She logged into the database and pulled up

Kameron's file. According to the information, Kam had worked for the family for just over six years and had a spotless record. He'd been commended by John for going above and beyond more than ten times. He'd cashed some paychecks, but his last year's worth of paychecks went uncashed. She tapped her fingers on the edge of the keyboard. How was the man living if he wasn't getting paid?

She cracked her knuckles. There had to be something else. Was he stealing money? She doubted it, but nothing made sense. She noticed a line of red type on his file. Here we go. She clicked on the line. Her father had no idea she knew how to hack into the files. He hadn't thought she could use a computer to do anything besides social media.

Under Investigation

Maybe he had stolen money. Kam? "What are you hiding?" she whispered. She clicked the second tab. A document came up, listing Kameron's home address. She frowned again. So he had a little house. Big deal. Owning a modest home wasn't a crime. She screened the document again, and her breath wrenched in her throat.

Dunn Holdings - deposit 3/18 - \$15,000

Dunn Holdings - deposit 4/18 - \$15,000

Same thing for the next six months. Why was her father paying him such a large amount of money? According to the notes, Kam wasn't accepting the checks and the wire transfers had been refused.

What the hell? She logged out of the system and closed her laptop. If she wanted true answers, she had to go to the source.

Anissa dressed in an oversize sweater, jeans and ballet flats. She tapped the button for

her guard. Knowing Kameron wouldn't be on the other end of the line annoyed her.

"Ms. Dunn." Julian appeared at her door. "What do you need?"

"A ride." She tucked her phone into her back pocket. "Right now."

"Where to?" He opened the door for her. "Late night taco run? Incognito shopping trip? I need an address."

"Fine." She stayed in her suite. "First, we need to get a few things straight. When I have a guard, I need to know he's on my side."

"Yes, ma'am." Julian clasped his hands together.

"One: I've never gone for late-night taco runs or incognito shopping trips. Have I grabbed tacos after a normal hour? Yes, because I was with Kameron. Second: I heard you discussing me. I know what's been said. If you're going to be my guard, don't talk about me behind my back. I'm not a spoiled rich girl. I'd rather have a modest life than be stuck in this cage."

Julian blushed. "Yes, ma'am. I'm sorry."

"Accepted." She laced her fingers together. "Third: I'm not sleeping with the staff. Kameron was different. We are friends, and he was my best friend. We got close because we spent so much time together. I've spent time with a lot of the security staff, you included, and I'm not going to sleep with you. No way. Kameron, as I said, was different." She had to stand up for herself or no one else would.

"Because you spent so much time with him?" Julian snorted. "Right."

She narrowed her eyes. She'd expected him to get irritated. "Did it ever occur to you

I might have engineered that?" She rested her hands on her hips. "I found reasons to have him around. I didn't turn down Evan and the others just because I'm picky. I did it so I could take Kam with me. I knew what I was doing. I did all along."

Julian paled. "Yes, Ms. Dunn."

"Fourth: I'm giving you an address. You will take me there. No questions. No arguments."

"If it's a bad situation, I won't do it," Julian said. "I won't put you in danger, no matter how much you want to go wherever it is."

"It's not dangerous." She sighed. "I need to go. Either you'll be my escort or I'm going on my own." She paused. "Oh, and I do know how to drive that shiny Jeep in the garage. Daddy thinks I don't, but I learned to drive."

"Because of Kam?"

"He taught me." She grinned. "I'm not going to be a prisoner any longer."

Page 18

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 2:16 am

“I’ll take you.”

“Fine.” She left the suite. The bastard. He wasn’t going to cooperate unless she played his game. Fuck it. She’d play, and he’d lose.

“Where are we going?” Julian hurried to keep up with her as she scrambled down the stairs to the ground floor, then into the garage. She made her way to the Jeep. If she was going to leave, she wanted to in her own style.

“I’ll tell you in the car.” She sank onto the driver’s seat. She hadn’t been behind the wheel in a while, but she loved the off-road-capable vehicle. “Get in. No one wants me dead.”

“You’ve been threatened.” Julian reached for the wheel. “Let me drive.”

“Nope.” She backed out of the garage. “I just want you here for backup. I know where Soloman Street is.”

He reached for the wheel again. “I don’t think I want you driving.”

“I don’t care.” She sped across town. If Kameron couldn’t be with her, she’d go to him. She needed answers.

“Ms. Dunn... Soloman Street is near the construction site.” Julian touched her arm. “You’re going to a dangerous area.”

“I don’t care.” She kept driving.

“You don’t want to poke this bear,” Julian growled. “It’s not smart.”

“According to you and the others, nothing I do is smart.” She drove down Soloman Street to Kameron’s house. According to the map, the place wasn’t large. No kidding. The quaintness appealed to her. But why was one end of the street empty? She parked and noticed the looming Dunn Holdings sign. The construction site. She knew little about her father’s businesses, but enough to realize her father had more to do with Kam’s situation than she’d expected.

Julian left the Jeep first, then rounded to her side. “I don’t think it’s safe to be here. This house is abandoned.”

“No, it’s not.” She pushed past him and headed up to the front door. The light in the front room turned on, then off. She jiggled the door handle. “Kam? I know you’re in there. Talk to me. I’m not leaving until you do.”

The door opened. Kam glared at her. “Why are you here?”

“We need to talk. I’m tired of being left out.” She marched into his house. “I’m not going anywhere until I get answers.”

“Damn, you’re pushy,” Kameron said. He closed the door. “Julian will have a fucking fit.”

“I know.” She faced him. “I learned pushiness from you.” She squared her shoulders. “Now, tell me the truth. Why aren’t you cashing your paychecks?”

“That’s what you want to know?”

“Yes.” Among other things.

“I don’t need the money.”

“Because you’re getting money from my father? What for? I saw the transfers.” She notched her chin in the air. “Tell me.”

“I’m not taking anything from your father,” Kameron bit out. “Nothing.”

“Why are there transfers in your name?”

“Where did you see that?” Kameron sat on the arm of the chair. He continued glaring, but his tone softened.

Had she gotten through to him? “I hacked into the family banking and saw the records.” She rested her hands on her hips again. “Why is my father trying to pay you? To pay you off? To leave me alone?”

“No.” He winced.

“Then why?” She wanted to throw herself in his arms, but she held back.

“He’s trying to buy my house.” Kameron met her gaze. “He wants me to leave.”

“For the construction site?” His house was on the edge. “He can’t stop before he gets to your house? It’s just a house. Is it worth this abuse?”

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 2:16 am

“Anissa.” Kameron sighed. “This was my grandmother’s house. When she died, she left me an inheritance and this house. My sister didn’t want this place, so I paid her to keep it. I live off the rest of that inheritance. I refused to take any of your father’s money once I realized he just wanted to get me off this land and away from you. I can’t respect him.”

“I understand.” She bowed her head. Her father could be ruthless, but to push him out of his home... She closed her eyes. “What about the fifteen-thousand-dollar wire transfers? I saw the transfers didn’t go through. What’s that all about?”

“Did you notice how empty the north end of the street is? He kept upping his offer to me. He offered fair market, then made the offers sweeter with each house demolished.” He left the sofa and cupped her chin. “He can build that damn strip mall without killing the neighborhood.”

She blinked back tears. He made sense, but she needed to know one more thing. “Why work for him, then? You hate my father...”

“Because I like you.” He brushed his thumb across her bottom lip. “You’re the shining spot in my life.”

She wanted to believe him. Wanted with every last breath in her body... but something didn’t make sense. “Please don’t tell me you got close to me to con him into leaving you alone.”

“Never.” He caressed her jaw. “Not for a second.”

“Were you considering it?”

“No.” He shook his head.

“Kameron.” She needed the truth.

“My interest in you has nothing to do with your father and everything to do with you being you. I love you,” Kameron said. “My heart’s belonged to you for a long time.”

She paused. “You love me?” She had to be hearing him wrong.

“Jesus, Anissa. Yes, I do. I never wanted money from your father or you. I started working for your family because I needed the job, but I stayed because of you. I hoped one day you’d care about me, too.”

“I do.” She inched into the vee of his legs and rested her palm on his chest over his heart. “I’ve loved you since you started as my guard. I’d fantasize that you’d tell me you’d fallen madly in love with me.” Her face burned. “Maybe it was silly to think you’d see me that way, but I did. I still do. You’ve been nice, sweet, honest and my friend when no one else has.”

“I can’t work for you.”

“I know.” She toyed with the wrinkles in his shirt. “You’ve always been cocky and blunt. You know all the answers. But this time, it’s my turn. I’m calling my father’s bluff and taking what I want.”

“You are?” His eyes widened. “Honey?”

“Yes.” She whipped her phone from her pocket. “I’m guessing Julian has already alerted my father, but it never hurts to bring it up, too.” She dialed Julian. Within

seconds, he answered. “Hi.”

“Hi,” Julian said. “Are you okay? You’re ready to go? Come outside.”

“I’m ready,” she said. “But you’re the one who can go. My father’s on the way, isn’t he?”

“Ms. Dunn.” Julian groaned. “Why do you think so?”

“Because I’ve taken a long time and haven’t contacted you. That’s standard operating procedure.” She met Kameron’s gaze. “When my father arrives, you can leave with him.”

“What’s gotten into you?” Julian asked. “This isn’t you.”

“I’m marrying Kameron, and we’re going to live together here at his house. I’m staying here from now on.” She kissed Kameron but spoke to Julian. “I’m not planning on returning to the mansion, so good luck and goodbye.”

“He’s on his way, but he’s pissed,” Julian said.

“I know.” She shrugged. She’d planned on upsetting her father.

“He won’t agree to this.”

“Good. Let him argue with me.” She gripped the phone and leaned against Kameron. The scent of him calmed her and reassured her she’d done the right thing.

“Do you love Kam?” Julian asked.

“Yes.” Without a doubt.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 2:16 am

“Does he love you?” Julian sighed. “Anissa?”

“You watched him leave under duress. A man who isn’t in love won’t leave the way he did.” She massaged Kameron’s thigh. “You know how he feels.”

“Are you sure?” Julian asked. His voice wavered. “We don’t want to lose you.”

“As a client or friend?” she asked.

“Anissa.”

Was Julian upset? Good. “So you’re upset because you don’t want to lose your job.” She snorted. “You’re excused. I’m assuming you’ll be leaving with my father. Thank you and good night.” She disconnected the call and tossed the phone onto the sofa.

“Honey.” Kam kissed her. “Do you really want to marry me? You could do better.”

“Better than a guy devoted to me? Than one who gives as good as he gets? Than one who makes my heart beat?” She rubbed her groin against his. Heat welled within her. “A man who doesn’t want my money? Yeah, you’re all I want. No questions.”

He rested his forehead against hers. “Julian’s right. Your father will have a shit fit.”

“I’m hoping so.” She’d bet on her father’s anger.

“Anissa.”

“I want him to see I’m not a child. I’m not foolish,” she said. “It doesn’t seem like it, but I saw through the crap. He set me up with guys he could control. He wanted to keep me at home -- where he could control me. He wanted to push you away. If he prevented me from finding someone I love and nudged me toward someone I don’t, he’ll keep me in line. I’m tired of staying in line.”

Kameron’s eyes widened, and he paled. “You kept me around as a reactionary move.”

Fuck. That hadn’t been her motive at all. She sighed. “Kameron.” She had to be honest. “Kind of.” She placed her hand over his mouth to keep him quiet. “I decided to take what I wanted. I got you to see me as more than Anissa Dunn. You see me as a sexy woman. Because I decided to push back against my father. I’m going to be happy with the man I love -- you. No reaction needed. I love you.”

“I love you, too.” Kameron grasped her shoulders. “You drive me crazy, but I’m in over my head and don’t want out.”

“Then let’s get this sorted out so I can get on with my life -- with you.”

Chapter Eight

Kameron wanted to hold her. He'd rather be making love to Anissa, but her father would be there at any moment. Howard Dunn would never let his daughter get too far away.

Headlights shone through the front window, then went dark. Anissa tensed. "Show time," she murmured. "Brace yourself."

"Yes." He patted her ass. "I'm ready." He felt helpless, but if this was his way of making a stand, then he'd deal. Not accepting payment and ignoring the eviction notice were his best bets for protest. He'd moved everything of value to a storage unit, but still. His protests hadn't worked, and if Anissa was wrong, he stood to lose a lot more than a house. He left Anissa by the sofa, then crossed the room to the front door. The sounds of arguing -- Julian and Howard on the porch -- echoed in his home. He opened the front door. "Mr. Dunn. Julian."

Howard stormed into the house. "Let her go."

"Who? I'm not holding anyone." Kameron put space between him and Mr. Dunn. He hated bullies, and Anissa deserved her freedom.

"You know who. Anissa." Howard held his hand out to his daughter. "You're probably scared, Ani. You've never run away before." He glared at Kameron, then reached for Anissa.

"No one's a prisoner here," Kameron said. He tucked Anissa behind him. "Anissa's

fine.”

“I’m happy, Daddy.” Anissa clutched Kameron’s shirt. “Don’t do this.”

“You heard her, Stone. Let her go.” Howard shook his head. “You’ve forced her to make a choice. She doesn’t want to do this.”

“Who said I don’t?” Anissa asked. “I’m fine right where I am.”

“Enough.” Howard stood toe-to-toe with Kameron. “You’ve brainwashed her. She never ran away until she hooked up with you.”

“Yeah... wrong.” Kameron grinned. He’d had enough. “Nope.”

“I ran because of you, Daddy,” Anissa said. “You’re pushing me away.”

“I see,” Howard bit out. “This is how it’s going to be. Whatever you want, it’s yours. Just come home. We’ll discuss the situation, and you’ll be safe.”

“Oh, sure.” Anissa stood beside Kameron. “There’s one problem. I’m not leaving until we discuss this. I want to know why you’re trying to take Kam’s house, why you’re trying to pay him to leave me alone and why you’re fucking with my happiness.”

“You never acted out like this before,” Howard said. “I don’t understand.”

“I was never strong enough to know what I wanted before.” Anissa held onto Kameron’s arm.

Kameron held her tight. He’d be her strength any day.

“I see.” Howard glared at Kameron. “What’s your hand in this? A demand for your job back? A demand for more money for this dump?”

“Neither.” He kissed the side of Anissa’s head. “This isn’t my fight, and I’m not trying to get that job or cash. This is her fight, and she asked me to be the muscle.”

“Right.” Howard’s glare deepened.

“Kameron is right.” Anissa inched in front of Kameron. “I want the truth. Are you trying to pay him off to get the house so you can raze it?”

“I need the property,” Howard growled.

“It’s at the end of the grounds for the strip mall. It’s not smack in the middle. Why is this house so important?” she asked. “Answer me.”

Her father growled again. “That jackass wouldn’t take the money. If he’d taken it, we wouldn’t be in this situation.”

“Maybe he likes his house.” Anissa straightened her spine. “Maybe I like it.”

Kameron kissed her temple again. Go, Anissa, go. Pride welled within him. She could be tough when she wanted, but so soft. He admired her strength and boldness.

“It doesn’t matter. I offered this jerk top dollar for this dump.” Howard sneered. “He refused to take the money. He refused his paychecks, too, but you knew that.” He turned his glare to Kameron. “How are you living here? We evicted you. I’ve heard a rumor you’re stealing funds from my accounts. I can’t prove Ani’s giving you money, but I wouldn’t be surprised if she is.” He stared at her. “Are you giving him money?”

“No.” Anissa stood tall. “He never asked, and I never offered.”

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 2:16 am

“I’m not out for your damn money,” Kameron snarled. “Jesus.”

“Then how?” Howard asked.

“It’s not your business, but it’s my inheritance,” Kameron said. He fought back the urge to scream. “If not taking your money infuriated you more than taking it, then ignoring your checks and transfers was worth it.”

“But you’re taking my daughter. She’s more valuable,” Howard snapped. “It’s a way to stick it to me?”

“Jesus.” Kameron balled his hands. “I love her in spite of you. I cherish Anissa.”

“Yet you tumbled right into bed with her, ruining her chances to snare a decent husband,” Howard said. “Smart.”

“For fuck’s sake.” Anissa held up both hands. “I’m not tumbling with anyone, and I’m not blindly marrying some guy you picked for me, either.”

“You’re not thinking straight.” Howard inched toward her. “Ani.”

Kameron willed himself to remain calm. “She knows what she’s doing.”

“I do.” Anissa sighed. “Choosing Kameron isn’t a reaction or an outburst. I fell for him a long time ago. Caring wasn’t forced. It happened organically. I’ll never fall for the guy you choose because those guys have all been boring. They’re motivated by your money.”

“Ani,” Howard said. “Please?”

“You’ve always called me Ani. Why would you tell those guys to call me by your nickname for me?” Anissa asked. “I hate it.”

“I thought you liked it,” Howard said.

Kameron suppressed a groan. He knew better than anyone Anissa preferred to be called by her full name.

“I don’t want to hear it on anyone else’s lips,” Anissa said. “Not even Kameron’s.” She held up her hand. “Before you ask, no, he doesn’t use that name.”

Kameron rubbed her shoulders again. He kept quiet but wanted to whoop. She made him proud with her confidence.

“Ani.” Howard’s shoulders sank. “Why are you doing this?”

“Because I’m tired of being a commodity. I know you selected those guys. I know they were paid. I’m not a chunk of land or a business. I fell for Kameron because he allows me to be me. I love him.” Anissa leaned into Kameron. “He’s special to me.”

“That’s why you’re marrying him? Without my approval?” Howard thundered.

“Yes.” Anissa nodded. “I am.”

Kameron squeezed her shoulders. “We’re not running off in the middle of the night to get married. I want to, though. Soon. I love her and want to protect her. She’s a prize, a gem, and I can’t see my life without her. I’d give my life for her. I never stopped caring, not even when you fired me. If I had my way, I’d have your approval -- to keep this house because it was my grandmother’s and to marry Anissa. I love her.”

He'd spoken the words on his heart and poured out his soul. He couldn't think of a better answer than the truth.

"See, Daddy? No one's trying to swindle you. Not me and not him. I love Kameron. I feel safe with him." Anissa blew out a ragged breath.

Howard stared at Kameron. "That's why you jumped in as her date, isn't it?"

"Yes," Kameron said. "No amount of money will cover what she means to me." Did he look weak by admitting his feelings? Too fucking bad.

Howard sighed. His gaze vacillated between Anissa and Kameron. He didn't speak right away.

Kameron held his breath. Things could be okay, but they could go south fast.

Anissa leaned against Kameron. Was she trembling? He draped his arms around her shoulders. No matter what, he'd protect her.

"You've made up your mind, haven't you, Ani?" Howard asked.

"Yes." She answered right away and didn't waver.

Howard sighed again. "Then I have, too."

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 2:16 am

Kameron's stomach soured. He braced himself. Everything could go to shit, and he'd have to pick up the pieces. Still, he refused to give up.

"Daddy?" Anissa asked. "What did you decide?"

"I'll spare the house," Howard said. "You're right. The house isn't sitting on ground vital to the building project and won't be a problem. If the house remains and is preserved, I'd prefer if you sold it."

"Why?" Kameron murmured. He needed to know.

"I'd prefer you and Anissa move into the guest house," Howard said.

"What?" Anissa blurted.

"You told Julian you'd be happy to live here," Howard said. "Did you change your mind?"

"No." She relaxed a bit. "The guest house would be good, but I'm shocked you're letting me go that far."

So was Kameron. He hadn't believed Howard would give her any rein at all.

"I'm scared," Howard said. His voice faltered. "Jesus. You're all I've got left, Ani. I wanted you to be where I could keep an eye on you. I wanted to protect you so I didn't lose you the way I did your mother."

“Is that why you picked guys you knew weren’t suitable?” she asked.

“I knew they wouldn’t stick around, and you’d stay at the house with me.” Howard’s shoulders sagged. He stared at Kameron. “I knew Anissa would fall for you. You’re arrogant, tough, pushy, and she’s talked about you non-stop. I thought if I got you to go away -- by force, rules or payment, then I wouldn’t lose her.”

“I’m still your daughter.”

“And if you want, we’ll reside in the guest house,” Kameron said. He wasn’t wild about living in a fish bowl, but he’d do whatever he had to in order to be with Anissa.

“You really want to get married, Ani? To him?” Howard asked.

“I do.” Anissa’s voice turned dreamy. She leaned into Kameron. “Very much so.”

“Kam?”

“I do.” Christ. Sounded like he was reciting wedding vows. Still, he had no regrets.

“Then I give my blessing, the guest house and an offer to pay for the wedding.” Howard nodded. “I knew this day would come, but I’m glad she selected you.”

Really? Kameron stared at Howard. He had to be imagining things. “You hate me. Hate my belligerence. Why are you steering her in my direction?”

“You’ve changed your mind?” Howard asked.

“No, I’m just confused.” He held Anissa. “Why the change of heart?”

“I know my daughter. She’s like her mother. Sarah didn’t say much, but when she got

angry, she let the target have it. She yelled at me so many times. She loved with a bright passion and followed her heart. After she died, I thought my world had ended. Anissa's grown up to be like her mother. I thought if I kept a lid on her, I'd always have a piece of Sarah in my life. Then you joined the security team. I saw a lot of me in you, Kameron. I never wore leather or drove a motorcycle, but I also have your blind determination. Sarah and I fit together because we were so different -- just like you two. I wanted to keep the attraction between you bottled, but as my Sarah would've said, you can't stop four things: fate, taxes, death and love."

"Daddy." Anissa hugged her father. "I'm sorry."

"No, baby girl. You need to start your own life. Just stay sort of nearby," Howard said.

Anissa snagged Kameron into the embrace. "What do you think?"

Kameron laughed. "You've run the show, quite well I might add, and now you want my input?"

She blushed. "Yes."

"I don't want to sell the house," he said. "It's got emotional value."

"How about it being moved to another property? You can keep the home, and I'll have it moved," Howard said. "Any property you want."

Anissa said nothing.

Kameron's grandfather had a hand in refurbishing the house. "I'm not moving it. I'll live in the guest house, but I won't cave on this."

"You're sure?" Howard asked.

"Positive." Kam held firm.

"I'll get them to leave your property alone," Howard said.

"We'll start our life in the guest house?" Anissa asked. She turned to her father. "Without a ton of interference from you, Daddy?"

"I won't interfere," Howard said.

"As long as I have you, Anissa, and my house isn't going anywhere, I'm good," Kameron said. He'd live on the mansion property if that was what she wanted, but he'd keep his grandparents' house.

"All right." Howard let go. He straightened his suit coat. "We need to go."

"Thank you." Anissa walked with Howard to the door. "I'll ride back to the house with Kameron. Julian can take the Jeep."

"Fair enough, but that's still your vehicle, sweetheart." Howard nodded once, then left the house.

Anissa sighed. “Who knew demanding independence would be so taxing?”

“I’m pretty sure the colonists found that out,” Kameron said. He embraced Anissa from behind and watched the cars leave the driveway. “I’m proud of you.”

“Why? Because I’m free?” she asked.

“Because you stayed true to yourself.” He kissed the top of her head. “One day, I want to be brave like you.”

“Ah, well, I’ll have to give you lessons.” She turned around in his arms. “I do owe you something for the lessons you’ve given me -- but I’m missing some bullet points. Shouldn’t you have taught me something about sex besides blowjobs and licking my pussy?”

“Of course, but that lesson won’t commence until we return to your suite.” He patted her ass.

“Why? We’re already here.”

“But I’ve only got a twin bed,” he murmured, “and the lesson will require a much bigger bed. A twin isn’t enough room to teach you what you need to learn.”

“Oh.” Her eyes sparkled. “How about we ride your bike back to the house and get started?”

“Anything for you, Anissa.” He kissed her. “My heart is in your hands.”

Chapter Nine

Anissa marched past John and the rest of the security team. Kameron had been her favorite guard, but now he was her partner. The team would have to protect her and him. She held Kameron's hand and ascended the steps. Her hair probably stood on end from being tangled in the helmet, but she didn't care. Her face burned from the wind on her skin. Oh, well. Holding onto Kameron and riding fast through town turned her on.

As she passed the security team, she heard the whispers, but ignored them. The guys would have to deal with the change in her living arrangements.

Once in her suite, she closed and locked the door. "Lesson time!"

"You bet your ass it is." He scooped her into his arms and carried her to the bed.

Anissa couldn't catch her breath, but she didn't mind. She liked being swept up. She kissed him with abandon, licking and nibbling him as she learned her lover. Kameron feathered kisses over her cheeks, throat and along the collar of her sweater. He moved the garment out of the way and moved down to her belly. She gasped and threaded her fingers into his hair.

"Oh, fuck." She arched her back. "Kam."

"Yes?" He cupped her breast in one hand and swirled his tongue around her belly button.

She shivered. The twin sensations knocked her for a loop. Holy hell. Why had she waited so long to be touched and treasured this way? She writhed beneath him. “More.”

“Eventually.” He sat back on his heels and whipped his shirt over his head. His hair stood on end in places, giving him a wild appearance. His eyes shimmered. “I want you.”

“I know.” She shimmied out of her panties and jeans and kicked her shoes to the floor. The chilly air on her pussy calmed a bit of the fever, but not much.

“Beautiful.” He helped her out of her shirt, then bra. “Sweetheart... I’m speechless.”

“You?” She propped herself up on her elbows and arched her chest toward him. “You like what you see?”

“Sure do.” He unzipped and shoved his pants to the floor.

Anissa drank in the view. He was the pretty one. So much muscle and perfection. Her pussy clenched, and she panted. “Come here.”

“We need protection.” He crooked his eyebrow. “Do you have a rubber?”

“Me?” She faked innocence. She’d been waiting for this moment forever. “I do.” She rolled over long enough to retrieve the rubber from the nightstand. When she sprawled on her back, he crawled on top of her.

“Good girl.” He parted her thighs and buried his face against her labia.

She gasped. Oh, fuck. Any other thoughts evaporated. All she could do was feel. He sucked on her clit, then pinched, adding to her excitement. Electric zaps ricocheted

within her. She grasped the sheets and dug her heels into the mattress. When he rolled her nipple between his fingers, she cried out.

Anissa tensed, and the ball of tingles in her belly spread through her body. When he slid two fingers into her cunt, she groaned. If he kept this up, she'd come.

"Not yet," he said against her labia. He pumped harder, pushing her closer to the edge.

"Kam." She whimpered. "Please? I want to come."

He withdrew his fingers, then stood at the end of the bed. He tore the condom packet and sheathed himself. "Ready?"

She nodded. When she tried to form words, no sound came out. She parted her legs.

Kameron met her gaze and lined his cock up with her pussy. "I can't promise this won't hurt." He pushed into her, slow at first, giving her time to adjust to him.

Another whimper bubbled in her throat. Having him inside her did hurt. She winced. This couldn't last forever. She measured her breaths and focused on him.

"Hold onto me," he said. He curled over her and rested his forehead against hers. "It'll get better. Trust me."

If nothing else, she had full faith in him. He continued to push into her but pulled out until he worked into a steady rhythm. The pain dissipated little by little. Her adrenaline took over, and she gave in to the pleasure of being claimed. She clutched his shoulders. He increased his speed, pushing to the hilt before pulling most of the way out again. He hadn't been kidding. The longer he filled her, the less it hurt.

She focused on him and how he made her feel. Excitement, bliss and desire filled her mind. She couldn't think straight and met him thrust for thrust.

“Good girl.” He kissed her between pushes.

Page 26

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 2:16 am

She trembled beneath him. The sound of skin slapping skin echoed in the room. She trembled, and a groan erupted from her. She wrapped her legs around him, keeping him inside her. He overwhelmed her. “Kam.” Her resistance snapped, and she couldn’t hold the orgasm in any longer. “Oh, God.”

“Let go. Let the climax happen.” Kameron pistoned into her, and his brow crinkled. He gritted his teeth. “Fuck.”

He’d taken the words right out of her mouth. She shuddered beneath him and gasped. She vibrated from head to toe. He’d wrung her out. She sagged on the bed.

Kameron stilled. He kissed her mouth, then over her cheeks, chin and forehead. “My girl.” He cradled her to his chest. “All mine.”

“I am.” She nipped his neck. “Is sex always that fast?” The sex scenes in the porn videos she watched seemed to go on for ages.

“Shit. I meant for that to last longer,” Kameron murmured. “Next time I’ll slow down more. Promise.”

“I liked it.” She nuzzled his neck. “I’m glad I did that with you.” She’d gotten the hard part out of the way. Now she could focus on learning the rest of him and how he could make her feel. He held her heart in his hands. She’d follow him anywhere.

He propped himself up on his elbow and spread his free hand on her belly. “I’m sorry it hurt.”

“Not as much as I thought it would. I built up the hurt in my mind.” She caressed his cheek. “I love you.”

“Love you, too.”

She rubbed her fingertips along his five-o’clock shadow. “You said there is more to this lesson. You did mean it, right?”

“I did.” He brought his mouth a whisper away from hers. “And we’ve got a lifetime to work on this lesson. You won’t miss out.”

“Good.” She saw forever in his eyes. Growing old together, lots of sex, maybe children, but plenty of time to learn at his hand. “So you’re still going to keep me around? I’m not so innocent and sweet any longer.”

“You’re not -- you’re mine and just who I need.” He twined his legs with hers. “I found my heart right here in this room.”

“I did, too, when I met you.”

“We’ve got lots of things to explore,” he said. “Anal, bondage, toys... the sky is the limit.

She scratched her nails across his nipple. “With you as my teacher, I can’t wait to try everything.” Now she never had to let him go. No torn skirt, false breast, trip up the stairs or spilled taco would keep them apart. She had the man she loved and a future with him. Oh, and plenty of time to learn and grow together... nowthatwas sweet.