



Outside the Wire

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Description: Lexi is finally getting to see her sister after a very long absence, but nothing is the same as the last time she saw her – she's dating someone, she's moved them both into his place known as the 'compound', and men big enough to move a bus are everywhere. That's not the most upsetting part. The most upsetting part is the big shadow that can move in and out of a room without being seen or heard and the situation she gets into where she has to pretend he's her boyfriend. Cool right, unless you look into his cold blue eyes and realize he's hot as hell and pissed at the world.

Can she see this charade through to the end or will she have to cut her summer short and leave her sister to this new life she knows nothing about? Or will something even worse happen – like falling in love with a man she isn't sure has a heart anymore?

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Lexi

"Don't be afraid of any of them. They look big and scary but really they're just big babies." Libby is telling me not to be afraid but that's easy for her to say. She's worked with these men, these soldiers, for months now. She's used to them towering over her and trying to boss her around. Not that she would let anyone boss her around. That's another reason it's easy for Libby - she's a ball buster. She isn't going to take shit from anybody.

Me? I can't get the lady at the DMV to change the address on my driver's license - even when I ask nicely - let alone tell these men what to do. So here we sit in her brand new car that her boyfriend Jim gave her, waiting to go into this big ass house so I can start my summer vacation with my sister.

Jim's cool. I've met him. He stopped over at the apartment before we packed everything up and moved it here. They're building a house together somewhere on this vast sprawling land. All the men are or will build here. Some of them already have homes built but some of them are in the process. I thought she was crazy when she said she wanted to pack up our stuff and move to the 'Compound' but apparently it's the safest place to be what with all the military men roaming around. Jim tried to pack her stuff up months ago but she told him I needed time to say goodbye to the apartment we moved into after mom and dad...passed.

Thank God she did because I've been home for a full week and it feels like nothing is the same. Not even Libby. She's always been so serious and more so since she took over taking care of me but now she seems...happy, lighter, more relaxed with everything and everyone around her. It looks good on her but I would be lying if I said it didn't make me a little jealous. What would it be like to have that reassurance that you fit with someone? That you have someone who loves you no matter what?

I have Libby and she loves me unconditionally but it isn't the same. She almost has to because she's related to me. I mentally shake myself out of my thoughts. It wouldn't matter if I had someone or not. I don't have time for a relationship. It's what I told Brandon when he asked me to go out with him a couple of times. I can tell he likes me but I just don't feel anything for him other than friendship and it would be wrong to lead him on.

Maybe I'm broken because I don't feel anything. I didn't have a high school boyfriend either. I look over at Libby and think about asking her but this is probably the wrong time to have that conversation.

"I'll be alright, Lib. You worry too much."

She gives me an uncertain look before opening her door. Before she can step out of the car Jim is out the door. They are too cute. I don't even try to hide my smile as I get out on the other side.

"Did you have any trouble?"

"Nope. The movers will be here with the stuff tomorrow."

"Excellent." He kisses her and then looks over at me. "Ready to see your new room and meet all of the boys?"

My eyes round as he leads us into the house. "If you need anything you ask any of them and they will make sure that you are taken care of."

We come into a living room area where some of the men are lounging. On the couch is a younger man, closer to my sister's age maybe, who is flopped out as much as a human can be. His hair has reddish highlights but when he sees us come in he jumps up.

"Lexi!" He comes over and takes my hand before I can offer it to him. "We have heard so much about you. But your sister never mentioned how absolutely beautiful you are. Be still my heart." He gives me a goofy smile that softens the heavy flirting he's doing.

"Back off, Remy." Jim barks at the man but he doesn't seem to care if his life is in danger as he still holds on to my hand and brings it to his lips. I can't help but blush.

"You're freaking the kid out for fucks sake. I'm Steve, his cousin. Don't let him bother you, he didn't get enough oxygen when he was born and it's affected him ever since."

Steve is a big guy with more brown than red hair but I can spot the family resemblance in the shape of their faces and their similar accents. I think I remember Steve coming to tell me I had to wait to call my sister because something was going on back in January. Remy still doesn't let go of my hand but pulls me further into the room. I turn to look back at my sister and Jim but they aren't paying me any attention. Instead, they are having a conversation with their heads close together. They look like they are angry whispering at one another.

"Let me do the introductions, cher. I know all the dirt and where the bodies are buried." Remy moves us over to two other men sitting around a chessboard. They look like exact copies of each other except one of them has a long scar down his cheek. It makes him look dark and dangerous and sets him apart from the other man.

"These two ugly sons of bitches are Duncan and Dante." The men turn and the one without the scar offers me a smile and a wave. "Duncan is the pretty one. Dante...well, we're still trying to teach him some manners but he's mostly harmless now that the meds have kicked in."

I try to school my face to not show my surprise. The big dark man moves before speaking, "Remy you fucker, someone needs to teach you a lesson."

Remy laughs and dances away from him. "See the pills just aren't working. I guess it's because he's such a big son of a bitch."

"Don't listen to anything Remy says, doll. My brother isn't on meds but he's going to put Remy in traction one day." Duncan stands and takes my hand in his for a friendly shake. "Remy yanks everyone's chain. You just have to look over him. Or trip him, whatever you feel like."

I step back putting a safe distance between me and him. Not that he's trying to get all up in my space. Duncan takes my elbow and turns me towards a couple sitting in front of the television in one chair. "This is Ace and Evie. She's his better half by far."

The woman has different colors in her red hair ranging from blue to light pink. She's tiny and easily fits in his arms. He's tall and lean and blonde. They look like they go together. "Hi!"

Evie seems friendly when she holds out her hand for a shake. She shakes so hard she nearly falls off the man's lap but he catches her easily and cuddles her back into him giving me a head nod. "Don't worry about these guys. You'll get used to them. Take no shit and leave no prisoners. Or something like that."

She makes me smile. For the first time, I think this summer won't be so bad.

"Oh, let me." She tells Duncan as she hops up and moves to a quiet redhead sitting in the chair next to them. "This is my sister-in-law, Ana. She is awesome. You'll love her. I think you guys go to the same college."

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The girl gives a small wave and a smile my way. I return her smile before being drug over to another couple. "This is Gauge and his newest girlfriend, Laura. They are all wrapped up in each other so they might not be around if you know what I mean."

I don't but I can guess. They look busy so I look away from them and over to my sister who is making her way over to me. "Come on, Lex, I'll show you which room is yours."

She's super quiet the whole way up the stairs and I wonder where Jim went. God, I hope they aren't fighting over me or that I'm not causing them any stress. I want Jim and his friends to like me so I can stay close to my sister, but if it's going to be a problem for her then I will stay away. She's given up so much for me, it's the least I can do to make sure she is happy at last.

We turn down a hall and Libby opens a door for me but this isn't a bedroom. It's an office. Jim is sitting behind the desk looking over a file. He doesn't even look up when we come in. Libby tells me where to sit and then goes behind the desk to stand at Jim's shoulder and all of a sudden I feel like I'm about to be grounded by my two parents for something I did.

"We are so glad you are finally here with us, Lex. I want your stay to be a good one so don't feel like you can't reach out for your sister when you need her." It's spooky when he does that whole reading minds thing but he pretty much got straight to the heart of my fear. I don't say anything and let him continue, "It's my hope that you come to see us all as your extended family."

What? Does that mean...is he going to marry my sister? I look down to keep the

giddy happy feeling inside just in case that isn't where he is going with all of this.

"But...", My eyes flash to his. There's a but, " not everyone here is who you think they are. All of these men are dangerous on their best days and deadly on their worst."

I want to look around but I keep my head down again. I have the weirdest sense of being watched though - and not by Jim who is staring me down every time I look up at him. His words do nothing to take away the fear I have of not being able to fit in with these people.

"I know your sister has told you some of what is going on but we've left out a portion of it for your protection - until now." I give in to the urge to look behind me but all I see are shadows. My knee starts jostling up and down. "Lex, you're aware we're all retired military men who fought for this country but we were more than average soldiers. Not that that's not hard enough."

He waits for me to say something. "You mean like special forces?"

"Among other things. My men's names were included on a list of other covert assets and sold to the highest bidder. Someone - someone we trusted - sold us out and forced us into retirement." Oh, that sucks. "But whoever it was had other plans for me and my men. They started hunting us down, sending men to bring back our heads for confirmation that we have been dealt with." That's worse. I shoot worried eyes up to Libby. Is she safe with Jim?

"They got three of my men before I caught on and have tried to kill us a handful of times since." My mouth drops open at how causal he sounds about an attempt being made on his life. I lean forward like he is telling a story and getting to the really good part. "We're not that easy to kill."

Again the sensation of being watched flutters over me causing me to break out in

goosebumps.

"The only reason I can think of for them wanting to kill us so damn bad is that we know who the seller is. We've worked with him or for him or...something that would start clicking for us over time so we could identify him." That can't be good but what does all of this mean? "It means until we find out who it is, more people will come."

"Libby?" Yeah, that is pretty much confirmation that she is not going to be safe with this man.

"I know how to protect myself and your sister. After the last time, I left to...straighten some things out I don't think they are going to send any more men after me - or your sister." How the hell did he straighten things out if they are too afraid to come after him now? "But my men aren't so safe. It is my responsibility to keep them safe, Lex."

"Okay." I understand responsibility and feeling a need to watch over others.

"Four months ago, one of my best men was out on a recon mission. Simple in and out." I don't think there is anything simple about what he is talking about. "Someone told them he was coming and they shot him - six times."

I gasp and my mouth falls back open. My ass is on the edge of my chair waiting to find out what all this has to do with me.

"I tell you this because sometimes to trap a beast you have to encircle them." He lost me. All I can think about are early humans trying to take down woolly mammoths or something. "One of those men who sold my man out is here with us."

"Oh my God!"

"None of the people you saw downstairs is that man. The reason I had you meet them

is so you can tell the difference between my men and this man." He isn't talking about facial recognition or name recall. He wanted me to see what kind of men he works with so I would know to run to one of them. "Normally I would do everything in my power to make sure you aren't involved in this mess but I find that I have a need to keep Libby close to me and when that need is divided between the need to watch and protect my men I don't do so well." He takes Libby by the hand and guides her to his lap bringing her hand to his lips for a kiss.

"I promise you I will do everything in my power to keep you safe and let you have a normal summer with your sister but to do that I have to have your help."

"Okay. I'll do anything I can." I'm not sure how I am going to be able to help.

"Excellent, then I want you to meet your new boyfriend."

No one moves or says anything for so long I start to think I heard him wrong until a large man emerges out of the shadows to glare down at me. He has the bluest eyes I have ever seen but the darkest presence as well.

"I'm sorry, I don't understand."

"They want me to be your babysitter." A deep voice that is not Jim's answers me and I find I don't like what the answer is.

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Jack

The kid is a train wreck waiting to happen. The entire time Jim was talking to her I was watching. She bounced that fucking knee so hard her tits were bouncing under her shirt. Up, down, up, down. Fucking made me mad.

"Damn it, Jack!" Jim sends me a look that could ice someone over and rolls his eyes at me.

"I don't need a babysitter. I'm nineteen. If it's that unsafe why not just keep the apartment for the summer and me and Libby can stay there. You could visit us."

"I'm pregnant, Lex."

And the world's worst kept secret comes out at last. Her little ass falls back in her seat like she was just told Libby has one month to live. "You're going to have a baby?"

Libby nods, "Ever see a wild animal try to protect their mate when they are about to pop out a kid. They turn all savage and...it isn't pretty and I don't really want the mailman or the neighbor to die because Jim is overprotective of his...mate and offspring."

I wonder if she knows she is comparing us to animals. I felt like a god damn animal in this room with this young girl when I was watching her tits bounce around in her shirt. She better be wearing a bra under that shit. I'm not even going to start taking apart why I'm so pissed about thinking about her unbound breasts bouncing around with some other man in the room.

I do know I am not going to be good for this girl. "I'm not tickled about this any more than you are kid."

"I'm not a kid." Maybe not but if I call her one enough times maybe it will take hold in my mind and I won't have all these thoughts that have no place around Libby's kid sister.

"You aren't the only one who has to worry about these things Lex. Ace's sister, Ana, is going to be here too." Jim tries to smooth things over with everyone.

"Okay, so where is her fake boyfriend?" The room is dead quiet. "She doesn't have one, does she? Why does she not get one but I have to have one?" Her red hair is starting to live up to the stereotype as her big green eyes spark fire at Jim.

"Because she is Ace's sister and...she has one of my men watching over her - once he gets his head out of his ass."

"Steve?"

Wow, the kid is observant.

"How did you...?" Libby starts to ask.

"She goes to the same college as I do. It would be easier for you to send Steve in to be a 'real' boyfriend if you felt he was unattached and could actually pull it off. I'm not stupid I understand how things like this work. You yank some strings, you contrive and control the situation until you get what you want and everyone is your puppet doing what you want without you having any of the fuss of having to ask."

Damn, she just broke Jim down in one sentence. I'm impressed as hell.

"Lex, I respect you enough not to do that to you."

"Libby wouldn't let you."

"Damn it, Lex. You need to stop being so damned smart. It's freaking me out because I'm starting to think I'm dealing with a smaller, female version of myself and I don't like it."

A smile flits across Lexi's mouth before she crosses her arms over her chest pushing her tits up high and shooting Jim a go-to-hell look.

"Are you wearing a bra?" Fuck me, that wasn't supposed to come out but there it is.

Libby looks like she could kill me, Jim looks like I have lost my fucking mind and Lexi is looking at me with that fire in her eyes that I want to fan and find out how high I can stoke it.

"That is none of your fucking business. I might have to pretend you are a boyfriend but that doesn't mean I have to answer to you when all of this is fake."

"The fuck you don't. For the next three months I am going to be the only person that tells you what to do and when to do it and you are going to follow every direction, every rule to the letter, or else I am going to make sure you wish you had." God damn it, why does thinking about her being under my complete control make my cock stiffen up so much I have to walk to the other side of the room and turn my back on the people watching this little episode like it was a fucking soap opera.

"Threats are a sign a bully is afraid and losing the power he thought he had."

I am on her before anyone else in the room can stop me. I have her up out of her chair and hanging from my hands. "That isn't a threat. It's a promise. I own you and you

will do as I say or else I will take your little ass over my leg and spank you so hard you'll feel me the next day."

"Jack!" I'm yelled at by two people, Jim and Libby. Libby looks like she is about to kill over and Jim is not happy with me. He didn't like it any better when Libby didn't wear underwear so he doesn't have anything he can say to me. Lexi looks from me to her sister, like she is waiting for Libby to come to her rescue. It isn't going to happen.

The kid has a bad mouth on her and needs more protection than I can give her. I'm not sure how she's kept out of trouble up until now.

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"I think everyone needs to take a deep breath and rewind. Jack, put her down." I'm reluctant to follow this order from Jim. I've been following the man for more than ten years and haven't defied him ever but it takes everything in me to put Lexi down. "Jack...Put. The. Girl. Down."

I set her on her feet and she steps back from me one step at a time until Jim's desk is between us. If she knew I could jump over this thing and be back on her in seconds she wouldn't waste her time trying.

"Jack is right about one thing. He is going to be pivotal to your safety so it is very important to do as he says."

"What?" There is a lot of echoing going on in this room. Libby and Lexi are looking at Jim after what he just said and both of them want to know what the hell he is thinking.

"The man he is protecting you from is a very bad man, Lex. Jack is the best chance you have of staying safe and not making Libby worry unnecessarily."

I bristle at what Jim is doing. He is using her love for her sister to make her fall in line. It bothers me on a lot of levels, the big one being no one should be getting her to fall in line except me. She's not his responsibility. She's mine.

I watch all the fight drain out of Lexi and step closer to her. I don't like it and I will be having a conversation with Jim about some things later. "Fine, what do you want me to do? I mean it's not like you want me to sleep with the guy or anything, right?"

I notice Jim looks like he might be mulling over if that would be the best path to the end result he wants and I sure as fuck am not going to say anything.

"Right?"

"Of course we don't. I expect you to leave this house the same way you came." Libby shoots me a look that tells me I better keep my hands off her sister before skirting the table to stand closer to Lexi.

Lexi's eyes grow a little wide and she looks from her sister to Jim and back again. "Libby, you didn't. Tell me you didn't."

I thought I knew what this conversation was about but now I feel like I missed something because I don't understand what she is asking her sister to tell her. I look to Jim but he just looks guilty of something and won't meet Lexi's eyes.

"Libby, how could you?" Lexi's voice gets higher and higher and she backs away from her sister.

"Because I share everything with him." Libby looks uncomfortable as hell now too.

"Not everything, some things are just for sisters. How would you feel if I told everyone about your sex life?" My attention is good and snagged and I am waiting with held breathe to hear about Lexi's sex life. Maybe this won't be as bad as I thought it would be. If she doesn't want anyone to find out about something she does it must be...deviant.

"You don't have a sex life so there was nothing really to tell." Libby's defense leaves Lexi with her mouth hanging open. She keeps looking from Libby to Jim.

"You didn't have to tell your boyfriend I was a virgin. Jesus, Libby, that's the last

thing I want everyone to know." Now I'm looking from Libby to Jim. This isn't...alright.

"I promise it was necessary information to have."

"Hey!" I'm not sure how necessary it was but I damn sure don't want Jim to talk about it. At my yell everyone in the room turns to look at me, "she's right it's no one's business but the man she's going to fuck for the first time."

"Jesus Jack, that's my baby sister. Watch your mouth."

"You're right. That's your baby sister that you just ratted out to someone, telling him something personal that should have been between the two of you."

Jim throws a file on the desk and shoves it closer to me. I grab it and open what I think is a file on Lexi but the top sheet makes my stomach roll. I want to shut it but that wouldn't do me any good. Now I have to know everything so I can better protect this girl. "As I said, that information was absolutely necessary given the circumstances we find ourselves in."

"What circumstances? What are you two talking about?" Lexi comes closer to me to try to peer around my arm to look at what is in the folder.

"Jim, if you're going to take it this far you might as well tell her all of it."

Jim sits back and looks at me, I give him a slight nod of my head and stuff my anger at him back down inside for the sheer fact he asked my permission to tell her. "Inside that folder are police reports and pictures of three girls that were... harmed by Don Gerson. All of them are young, all of them are small, and all of them are virgins Lexi."

She sits in the chair again, her brow wrinkled up in deep thought, "You mean...this man went looking for girls...? And he's here? In the house?"

Her leg starts bouncing again.

"He is a predator, yes. And normally I wouldn't think twice about killing him and moving on but that's not an option this time. This time we need him to talk and he can't do that if he's dead." Jim looks her right in the eye not trying to keep anything from her now.

"But he'll keep me safe." She nods her head towards me and I realize for the first time she doesn't know my name yet. "He'll...,"

"I'm hoping he will think the two of you are already in a relationship. That way you won't be on his radar so much."

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Her eyes flutter over me and back to her sister and down. "You want me to...pretend to be...,"

"Yes. You have a room that connects to another that Jack will be staying in until we get what we want from this guy or we kill him; or both. Leave the door unlocked and there shouldn't be a problem with what goes on behind closed doors."

"But that's...I can't...,"

"Lex, I'm not crazy about any of this either and if you want to go we can go. You just say the word." Libby offers even as I see Jim start to frown.

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Lexi

I was so ready to pack up and leave but I can see how much it is going to hurt my sister if I make her do that. Still, what they are asking of me just isn't possible - is it? I try to look over without anyone knowing but that isn't going to happen with the whole room looking at me now.

I shake my head, "I want to stay here with you, but I'm not sure this is going to fool anyone."

"Sure it will. Like Jim said all you have to do is leave the connecting door open and

stay with Jack." My sister wants to think this is possible so badly that she is overlooking the obvious.

Jack. Jack is the name of my new...boyfriend. I want to ask but I also don't want to ask with the whole room listening because the connecting door is the least of my concerns damn it. "No one's going to believe this because of..." I try to tell my sister what I am saying without just spitting it out.

"Everything has been planned out and Jack is the best guy I have for any job. I only send him to do my most sensitive work."

What now? Does this mean the guy does this kind of thing all the time? I'll unpack that later. Right now I have to address this issue that seems to be visible to only me. "No one is going to believe me and him are together because of the size difference." I widen my eyes and look over at the giant standing next to me. I'm pretty sure horses and rabbits don't get down together and that is what it looks like from where I am sitting.

Everyone looks at me like I'm stupid and now I wished I hadn't said anything. Then my sister's eyes widen like she might be thinking the same thing I'm thinking, finally. "Oh my God!" She just keeps looking at both of us over and over again.

"Wouldn't I..." walk like I've had a baseball bat shoved... my whole face blazes with color at the mental images going through my head. "I mean, people would know if...I was with him for real."

"The vagina is incredibly stretchy, it'll fit."

Sweet exclamation marks, Batman. He just...without looking up from the file or...he said that.

"Which her's will not be doing this entire time, Jack Thornton. My sister will leave like she came, innocent and a virgin." I wish I was swallowed up by a hole in the floor that went all the way down to hell. Wouldn't matter how hot it was down there, my cheeks would make it feel cool since they are on fire.

Jack looks up from reading, "You're talking about your sister's pussy like she isn't sitting there still trying to make all of this shit make sense to her. How 'bout you let me worry about Lexi like I said I would and you focus on other things that I know you have to be worried about." He pointedly looks at her still flat tummy reminding me of why I want to stay in the first place.

"Okay, I'll stay here and play pretend." I don't have a clue how much time this will actually buy us because surely everyone will be able to tell that I am still innocent and that a man like Jack isn't going to waste his time on someone like me.

"Excellent, in the meantime Jack has agreed to teach you some basic self-defense in case something were to happen." What Jim is really saying is when Jack gets fed up with this game that he and I have to play and leaves me, I won't be defenseless. His hidden words harken back to my last thought about a man like him not wasting his time.

"I think this is an excellent time for you and Jack to get to know each other before you have to confront Don."

"Come on, kid. I'll show you which room you'll be staying in." He's already walking away like it doesn't matter to him if I come with him or not.

As soon as we exit the office I feel like I have a little more control, maybe not over my life right now but definitely over myself. "You know, kid isn't a very good nickname for our situation. Do you think you can come up with another nickname?"

He turns and looks down at me with his cold blue eyes. "Sure thing, kid. What would you like me to call you?" He looks bored. Like someone who has to take care of me when that is the last thing he wants to have to do. Yeah, I give this thing hours instead of days.

"Nevermind." I'm about to step into the room he's stopped in front of when a high-pitched squeal has me spinning around in time to see a blonde woman with enormous...dimples come running down the hallway towards us. "Jack?! Jack Thornton! I haven't seen you in ages." Jack stiffens and before the woman can throw her arms around him he is shoving me in front of him so that her arms land around me instead. Then it turns into an awkward thirty seconds of getting my personal space back. She doesn't even acknowledge I'm here before she's looking over me and talking to Jack again.

"I know last time we didn't leave on good terms but maybe this is a sign, Jack." Her Marilyn impression is dead on. She has that breathy thing going on with her voice and everything. I think my voice is too deep to do that.

"Aren't you here with Don?" The blonde gives him a little smirk and rolls her eyes like throwing one boyfriend away for another is no big deal.

"Me and Don aren't serious. Not like me and you could be."

I try to move to the door so I can leave them to have a private moment but Jack grabs my shoulder and makes me stay. I think he dated this woman. Now I am for sure no one is going to believe this stupid idea Jim cooked up.

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"I'm seeing someone, Bambi."

Her name is Bambi. I bet she spells it with just an 'I' and makes the dot a heart. This girl has so much sex appeal it practically oozes from her pores. I kind of want to be her when I grow up.

"Already? But you just broke up with Kaleigh six months ago."

Jack reaches over and pulls me in front of him and I'm not sure if it is to show Bambi that we are together or to use me as a human shield again so she doesn't try to come closer. It takes the blonde a full minute before she starts to put it together. Not that we look like we belong together. The only place Jack is touching me is my shoulder. Bambi's eyes widen as she takes us both in. Then she starts laughing.

Seconds, it lasted seconds instead of hours.

"Her? Are you serious, Jack? I mean...she's a kid."

Yeah, I get that a lot. I hold out my hand to introduce myself but Bambi ignores it.

"Jack, surely you don't think someone like this could handle all of your appetites? I mean you are a full-blooded man."

Wonder what I am supposed to procreate with, half a human, a werewolf with sheep's blood running through its veins? An ameba? An accountant? Bambi surely thinks all the 'full-blooded' men are hers.

"She keeps me fed just fine, Bambi. Besides, you know I've always had a taste for candy. Ain't that right, Sweets."

He looks over at me with a 'eat shit' smirk and I'm struggling to keep up with the conversation. I'm sure I am not using my good psychology face - the one that shows no judgment whatsoever.

"Sweets...?" Bambi finally looks at me; I mean really looks at me. "You gave her a nickname?"

Jack cocks his eyebrow and adopts this bored look that I think might be just his normal look. Like Resting Bitch Face only for him it would be Resting Killer Face. "It would have been Candy but her sister's here."

Bambi's mouth falls open, "Oh my God, you're Libby's little sister?"

I give her a nod and a strained smile. "I'm Lex." I hold out my hand to shake hers and again I'm ignored.

"This can't be right. Libby would cut your balls off if she knew you were with her sister." Oh shit, I didn't realize Libby talked about me so much to other people. Yeah, this isn't going to work at all. "Besides isn't she supposed to be like innocent or something? There's no way a man like you would have anything to do with a kid like that."

I stiffen up but Jack pulls me back until my back touches his front. His arms come up to surround me and I automatically put my hands on his forearms which are bigger than my hand. "Well, she was. Until I got a hold of her."

Bambi's mouth falls open.

"And as for Libby, she doesn't need to know what goes on with me and Lexi behind closed doors. All she needs to understand is that I will protect what's mine." I lift my head to look up at him and he runs his thumb across my bottom lip. "I'll just have to gag this hot little mouth of yours until I can take you home so you can scream my name, huh, Sweets."

Something flashes in his eyes, something hot and dangerous. Whatever it is has the same something rising up in me to answer. "And you'll let me, won't you, because you're such a good little girl."

I nod. I don't know what exactly I'm agreeing to but it feels wrong to shake my head no. His fingers trail from my lip down to my neck where he curls them around my throat. "Such a good little girl for Daddy."

And I find out something new about myself that I did not know until Jack. Apparently, I have a Daddy kink that Jack plays right into. He's spinning me around before I can get my bearings and pushing me into the open bedroom. He doesn't even say bye to the woman standing in the hall looking at both of us with her mouth hanging open. Thank God because I'm pretty sure I would not know how to react after what was just said out there without giving us away. How am I supposed to keep this ruse up for three whole months when I have no idea what it is I am really doing?

4

Jack

This was not how I wanted this to go and I damn sure don't want to have my own voice echoing in my brain over and over on the word Daddy. What the fuck was I thinking? Why the fuck did I do that in front of someone like Bambi who delights in

kinky details and fuck-ups like I just made out in the hall?

I reach behind me to rub at one of the scars on my upper shoulder but just end up pulling the one on my arm. I also watch the kid go around the room looking for things and exploring the room like a cat would to new surroundings.

"All of this is mine?" The bed sits in the middle of the room to one side of the wall, a wall-mounted television hangs on the opposite side, and off to one side is a window with a seat broad enough to curl up in and go to sleep - if your Lexi's size. I can see her doing that in a place like this. On the other side of the wall is the open bathroom. It has a glass-enclosed shower and a tub that she and her sister could swim in if they wanted to. It leads off to a closet hidden behind a door. And to the side is a door that connects my room to hers through the bathroom we share. No one will be able to tell I don't sleep in here with her so there shouldn't be a problem with people fucking with her but if someone does I am close enough to shut that shit the fuck down.

She notices the doors and I figure now is the perfect time to tell her how things are going to be. "This door," I walk over to the door leading into my room, "doesn't get locked unless you are naked or about to be that way. Understand?"

She gives me a little head nod before looking around the room. The situation gets more and more strained the longer I let the silence stretch out. I want her to grasp how serious this one rule is though.

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"This is the only way I can get to you if something bad happens. Don't lock it." It's not and I could pop the lock on her door in no time and be inside her room. Hell, even if she locks it while she's naked and I want to come in I could - but she doesn't need to know that. I take a seat on one of the couches in her room and think about a good way to introduce the next thing she is going to have to become used to. "Come here."

Shit, even to my own ears I sound harsh and demanding and I don't even mean to. She comes closer to me, close enough that I can reach out for her. I grab her wrist and pull her down so that she falls half on my lap and half on the cushion beside me.

"First lesson, don't ever get close to a man like me. If I'm close enough to reach out for you then I am close enough to grab you and then you got a problem."

Her eyes are big and her mouth is slightly open from the impact of the landing. "Y...you told me to come."

"Only to me. Someone else asks you to come closer you take that opportunity to back the fuck up. Understand?" She nods for me again and my eyes land on the pulse fluttering at her throat just under her ear. I'm not sure why I am telling her to stay away from everyone but me. The other guys wouldn't hurt her. But I like the way she obeys and I don't want her to give that to anyone else but me. "Say it."

Her mouth comes open like she might do as I ask but nothing comes out. Her brows are pulled down in a cute as fuck furrow and her eyes - let's just say she might come to me when I ask but there is going to be a time of reckoning for me where she gives it back to me. "Say it. Say I'm the only one."

What the hell kind of sick fuck am I? I need to get this girl as far away from me as I can but that isn't an option. Why the hell do I want her to say things that she shouldn't be saying? Especially to me.

"You're the only one." As soon as her mouth wraps around the word one I have to concentrate on my breathing. I'm not sure if she understands it's something sexual but my dick sure can tell. It has no problem reading the meaning behind being the only one she obeys, the only one she comes to...and for.

She needs a collar wrapped around her little neck to show everyone...what? To show everyone she's mine? She's not and I need to remind myself of that before I lose my god damn mind and do something stupid I can't take back. But a collar would tell people to stay the fuck away. My thoughts have my hand following behind and even I'm shocked to find it wrapped around her neck.

Feeling her pulse beat under my fingers like a bird fluttering to break free should not make my cock so hard or pre-cum leak from just this simple touch. I growl and sit her up so that she's beside me. She looked like someone who isn't going to be able to keep the act up around other people and that is something I have to change in the time it takes to cook dinner. They're not asking a lot of me, are they?

I grab a pillow off the fucking floor where it fell and put it over my crotch. The idea of teaching Lexi makes me hard. The idea of collaring Lexi makes me hard. The idea of doing anything with Lexi is making me fucking hard and it's pissing me off because it's starting to look like it might just be Lexi herself that makes me fucking hard.

Yeah, I was engaged for a while but I was away on missions and she never lived with me. We were hardly ever together and there at the end we were going months without even seeing one another let alone fucking. I haven't had sex in almost a fucking year. Maybe I need to get laid. The mental image of Bambi pops into my head and my dick

shrivels like it's forty below outside. This can't be good.

"We need to make sure you act comfortable around me, comfortable enough to sell this to the people watching." She has such big, expressive eyes. It's going to be hard. I take her hand and entwine my fingers in hers. She's looking at me like I'm a tiger who hasn't been fed in a long time and I'm beginning to wonder if she can tell how hard I am. "We have to...you know, do things that couples do in front of others so you won't do something stupid like jump or go all nervy."

I could have worded my comment better but that's just not who I am. Better she realizes what she's got to work with instead of trying to impress her. "What kind of stuff?"

"Well," shit, I'm drawing a blank. I wasn't big on public displays of affection or ownership with anyone I was with before. "I don't really know how normal people act. I guess like Ace and Evie or Jim and Libby." They hold hands, they kiss, they...do couples' shit.

"How do you act when you're with a girlfriend? I mean we should try to keep it as real as we can so we don't look like we're faking it, right?"

She wants real but she doesn't understand what she's asking for, "Lexi, I don't do shit like this. I don't hold hands. I don't sit with people in my lap and cuddle. I kill people who need to be killed and I finish the job that needs to get done."

"Okay, but surely you have a way of showing someone you like that you like them, right?" She just keeps trying to make me more human even as I tell her it isn't going to work. "How do you show other people you like someone?"

"Oh, you mean like ownership?" Her eyebrows arch up. Her words bring my mind back to a collar. I can tell by the look on her face that she didn't mean what I took her

words to mean. I'm not dense by any means, but damn it's fun to see the emotions flash across her face. "I've never really had a woman I want to put my mark on. I guess when it comes time I'll..."

"Please tell me you don't mean something like branding when you say 'put my mark on' someone?" she is tense for the first time since I brought her to her room. The question does more than piss me off. For the first time in my life, I feel something close to...worry for another person.

"Who the hell are you hanging around if the first thing you think of when I say I'm claiming a woman is me burning a brand into her?" I don't want to have to hunt some smart assed college kid down and slaughter him but depending on her answer that might be exactly what I do.

"I took a class on cults and the psychology of cult-like behavior last semester."

My whole body loosens back up. I was ready to go kill an entire campus of shitheads for her. I lean forward as I sink my hand into her hair so I can bring our faces closer and whisper in her ear. "Baby, when I put my mark on a woman she'll be walking around with a swollen belly and my baby in her womb. Yes?" I pull back to find her eyes and see exactly what I wanted from her, shock and surprise. "Men, real men, don't hurt women to show everyone in the room who they belong to. If a man ever tells you differently he isn't a man at all and you come get one of us. We'll take care of him." She gives me another nod before her little pink tongue comes out to lick her lips. I pull back farther to fully take her in. Lexi likes the idea of my kind of branding and where my morals lie. My eyes drop to her mouth before coming back up to her green orbs. For a long time, we sit there staring at one another just looking into each other's eyes.

A knock on the door has both of us standing up looking guilty as fuck about nothing whatsoever. We didn't do anything even remotely guilt-provoking. I yell for the

knocker to come in and her sister comes through the door taking both of us in. I can tell she thinks something went on in here even if it didn't. "Dinner's ready. I just wanted to give you a heads up that Don will be there."

"We were just...practicing, Libby." Real good, kid. Make it sound even worse than what it looks like.

"Practicing what?" Her eyes flash to mine.

"She can't be jumping if we want people to think she's mine." Libby's mouth falls into a circle. "You didn't think of that when you sat this whole thing up?" She shakes her head before closing her mouth and wringing her hands.

"Jack...,"

"Don't start with me, Libby. If we're going to pull this off then she's going to have to be okay with me holding her fucking hand and sitting in my lap. You started this, now let me do my job and keep her safe."

"Fine, Jack, but if you hurt her I'll finish what the bullets started. Do I make myself clear?"

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I don't want to laugh at her but when she puffs out like a pissed-off little bird it's hard to take her serious. She's going to be cute as fuck once her belly starts growing. I wonder if Lexi will be the same way. I look back at her standing there gnawing on her lips. No, Lexi wouldn't be cute pregnant. She would be hot as fuck.

She's shorter than her sister so it would look like someone fucked and knocked up a fairy. Cute is what you think when your sister tells you she's gonna pop out a nephew for you. Thinking of Lexi full of my baby is not cute. It makes my dick hard enough to kill someone with and cum leak down my leg like I'm thirteen again, which isn't cute at all.

"Jack!"

I snap back to the present and look down at Libby again. "Yeah, I get it. Keep her safe, don't hurt her."

The three of us walk downstairs to the dining room. I can tell as soon as we step into the room we've made a tactical error. Don scents the innocence coming off of Lexi like a shark scenting blood.

"Who do we have here? Fresh meat."

"Touch her and I make sure no one finds you again." All of the eyes in the room turn to me. Fuck it. "Not before I play with you for days though. You'll look like a fucking pin cushion before I bury you."

"Jack." Lexi puts her hands around my forearm like I might try to go for Don now. In

the normal world, threatening a man like this in front of all these people would land my ass in hot water but this isn't the normal world and Don stepped into it willingly. He's in our world now.

"He just referred to you as fresh meat. You damn right I'm going to promise to kill him if he's stupid enough to try to touch you."

"I think what Jack is trying to say is he would like to make himself and Lexi a more public item. Everyone can see she belongs to you now, old friend. No need for violence." Jim smoothes things over with a soft voice that is a complete lie concerning who he really is. "Unless someone does try to touch what doesn't belong to him."

You can't really completely hide who you are. Not even Jim. I make sure to seat Lexi as far away from Don as I can and purposefully put myself in between his view of her. I make it through dinner without killing him but it takes a lot not to just end him. He just keeps trying to look at her and it makes me want to throttle him.

We all go to the family room and pick a seat so we can watch something together and just chill. It is one of the rare times all the men are home together and not out on missions or chasing down information. I don't let Lexi chose where we sit and instead pull her to a small couch that her sister and Jim end up sitting on the end of. I sit and pull her down in my lap. And realize my mistake immediately.

I can't keep this girl on my lap without popping wood, doesn't matter how hard I try. I am about to seat her beside her sister when Don comes into the room and tries to find a seat as close to the couch as he can. Thank God the guys have all filed in creating a human barrier between us and him. But even if he can't come closer I can't take the chance of sitting her aside and making him think we aren't close, that I wouldn't kill him if he did something to her - like speak to her.

She sits about as stiff as a person can sit in someone's lap. She reminds me of a nun sitting on Santa's lap telling him she wants a vibrator for Christmas. I pull her head closer to mine so I can whisper to her. The little hairs on the side of her head tickle my nose and brush against my lips. Her hair smells damn good. Whatever shampoo she uses really does it for me.

"If you get any more obvious I'm going to have to throw you on the table and take you in front of Don before he'll begin to believe we're actually together." She lets out a little shocked gasp and turns her head towards me putting her lips in perfect range of mine. The corners of my mouth tilt up in something like a smile. I've not had anything to smile about in a long time. I lean up and take her lips in a kiss that apparently shocks everyone in the whole fucking room.

It definitely shocks the fuck out of me. The taste of Lexi explodes in my mouth. Candy would've been an apt name for her because she tastes like god damn gummy bears or taffy - the strawberry kind, my favorite kind. Her lips are the softest things I have ever touched. I can't imagine how soft her pussy will be. Not that I will ever find out but if I was going to take it I couldn't be rough with it. I would have to go in gently and make sure she was good and worked up before I ever put my cock near her.

When I pull back it's to stare into her shocked eyes and I realize I've made my second mistake of the night. She's going to blow our cover by slapping the shit out of me all because I couldn't seem to stop myself from taking just a taste of her mouth. She pushes against me but I don't let her stand up.

Our eyes meet and I try to tell her not to freak out. I see Don out of the corner of my eye sitting forward just waiting on the fireworks. "Jack!" she hits my chest not my face and isn't nearly as hard as I was expecting. "My sister..."

We both look over at Libby and I take my cue from Lexi. "She's going to have to get

used to seeing us together, Sweets. I'm not a man who is going to keep his hands off." I turn my eyes back to Libby, "Sorry."

"No, no, it's...alright," she recovers as quickly as Lexi did. "She's my little sister and I'm just not used to her having...someone...be with her." Me and Lexi both sit and wait. This is important because this will show Don we are all standing together and there is no rift to exploit.

"I realize I have to get used to it. I didn't think when I asked Lexi to come here that the two of you would become so...close." She gives me a stern look that tells me she might be on to me. She might know that kiss wasn't part of the act. "But if you make her happy and you keep her safe I'll...get used to it. Somehow."

"I'm not buying it." Don's annoying fucking voice pipes in. "You're telling me you're fine with your innocent little sister being pawed at by a man like Jack. I don't think you would be okay with that. And Jack, you wouldn't disrespect Libby by making a move on her sister. Not after her taking care of you when you were shot. All that she did for you when you were out of it and you repay her by fucking her sister. I don't believe it."

"Hey, watch your fucking mouth when you talk about her or I'll rip out your tongue." I'm standing before I can think of a reason to stop myself. My hand already reaching for the knife I have strapped to my back. Lexi's hand curls around my arm bringing me back to what I am supposed to be focusing on. I damn near dumped her on the floor trying to go for Don.

"Jack, please...just sit back down. Please." She rubs up and down my arm offering me comfort.

He's right. I wouldn't disrespect Libby by making a fucking move on her little sister. She brought me back. Her voice talking to me every day, telling me to get the fuck up

out of bed because I was needed was the reason I came back to the world of the living. What I didn't understand at the time is how much she sounded like her sister. Lexi. I have to wonder if I came back for something other than Libby.

"He wasn't the person that made the first move so he didn't disrespect anyone. I did." She sits back down on my lap once I fall down onto the couch. "Libby knows this; she understands Jack didn't do anything I didn't want him to do."

Her words feel like they have a deeper meaning but I can't unpack it right now. Not here.

5

Lexi

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"I'm not buying it either, Donny. I've known Jack for years and he doesn't do shit like this - cutesie nicknames and having someone on his lap. I think the two of you oversold it."

I stiffen at the breathy voice telling me I just fucked up. Wonderful. I'm damned if I do, damned if I don't. I had to think fast when I stupidly pulled away from Jack after he kissed me. It wasn't just any kiss. It was an open-mouthed one. My first.

Now Bambi is telling me I oversold the whole relationship thing because I sat in his lap and he calls me Sweets. Only I didn't do any of that stuff. Jack did. Jack was the person who pulled me into his lap, and he's the person who still calls me Sweets even though apparently it is out of character for him. Why would he do that stuff? Why would he act so out of character around people who know him? Unless...maybe he wants Bambi to realize this is all a fake relationship. She was clearly happy to see him here. Maybe they have a thing and I got in the way.

"You're right. I have never acted like this with anyone and that should tell you all you need to know about our relationship, Bambi. She's different. She's....," I turn in his lap to look at him wondering what he is about to say about me. His eyes swirl with something I can't identify. But I want to put a name to it, I want to understand. "Special."

Is special good? Damn it I wish I had more experience with these sorts of things but if I did I wouldn't be in this situation to have to figure crap out. While other girls my age were out dating and worrying about hair and clothes all I could think about was trying to help my sister. She is the person that kept me from going into the foster system. She didn't have to fight so hard to keep me, or sacrifice so much to raise me

and send me to college. But she did and I want to help her. I want to be able to pay her back one day for all she's done for me. And to do that I have to finish college and start my career. Boys in high school didn't sway me from my path and someone like Jack isn't going to either.

I have to make sure Libby doesn't worry about us so she can enjoy her summer with me and Jim. To do that, I have to pretend to be with Jack. I can do this. I can do this.

"Well, if you ask me I think the whole thing is just a sham. I know you, Jack Thornton. You'll be fed up with the kid stuff sooner or later and when you do you'll want a real woman." She rocks her shoulders from side to side so her boobs sway under her shirt before looking at me, "Sorry and all. It's just how it is with men like Jack. They need a woman who they can grab a hold of and take to the ground."

I try. I really do. In the span of a few seconds, she has implied that I'm not a 'real woman' whatever that means, that I have no curves - which is just horse shit because even as I am sitting here on Jack I worry about squashing him with said curves and that someone wouldn't want to grab ahold of me and take me to the ground. What the hell am I supposed to say to that? I so cannot make this work.

No one really responds to Bambi and eventually, we all get involved with a game show that comes on. It's actually a lot of fun when you have other people to shout answers at the tv with and try to get more right than the other people around you. When it goes off some of the guys have wandered out of the room. I notice Don is still down here but Bambi seems to have left. Jim and Lib move to another chair and seem wrapped up more in each other than in the movie someone turned on.

I've been trying to balance on Jack's knee for about an hour and don't know how much longer I can do it when he whispers in my ear. "You can lie down and put your feet in my lap. That's a 'couple' thing to do."

I nod and try to make myself comfortable on the couch before putting my feet in his lap. It's an odd thing to do with a stranger. His hands start rubbing the arch of my foot and before I can stop myself I've moaned out loud. His hand stops and slightly squeezes up on me. It's the first sign something is off. I open my eyes because apparently I had closed them when he started rubbing and half the room is looking at me.

Jack is the first one to speak. "Why don't you try to keep those moans just for me in the bedroom, Sweets?"

"No wonder Jack's acting differently. I would be too if I had a honey pot that sounded like sex on a Sunday morning with just a foot rub." Remy elbows Duncan who just rolls his eyes at his comment but Jack smacks the back of his head.

"The word honey pot better never come out of your mouth when it concerns Lexi again. Clear."

"Yeah, we're clear but I stand by my former statement." Jack starts to stand but Remy dances away from him. "Sex on Sunday morning."

"You little shit!"

"Hey, Lexi's already changed Jack, Jim. He's said more tonight than he has the entire time I've known him. Maybe she can teach him how to play well with others and he can finally be a useful part of this team."

"I'll be right back." Jack moves fast but Remy is already bouncing on the balls of his feet like he can tell he is going to have to outrun him. They both take off and leave the room in silence, waiting. Finally, we hear a thud and Remy's shout of pain.

I look over at my sister who is smiling more than I have ever seen her do in our entire

life. Love looks good on her. Her eyes meet mine. "Are they always like this?"

"No, usually Jack catches him faster. He must be slowing down." She yells down the hallway. "It sucks getting old doesn't it, boy band."

Everything quietens back down when the two men come back into the living room. Jack has a self-satisfied smile tilting his lips while Remy has a limp. He sits back down where he was before and pulls my feet into his lap but this time I notice he doesn't rub them like before. I start to drift off sometime after the hero meets his girl. It's been a long day and there has been a lot of stress.

I'm kind of a deep sleeper so when I go, it takes a lot to wake me up. I can tell it's taken Jack a long time to try to make me open my eyes and when I do I'm still not fully awake. A hard hand circles my ankle and gives me a shake causing me to become more alert. The first thing I notice is Jack's hand around my ankle. The next thing I notice is where my other foot is at.

Oh sweet mother of toadstools, I wonder how long I've been rocking my foot back and forth across his...that has to be...I'm almost ninety-nine percent sure that's his dick my foot is on. My eyes widen when I realize what I've been doing in my sleep. Oh my God! My face heats and I try to pull my foot away from Jack's grip but he doesn't let me. He looks tense.

Or maybe mad. I would probably be mad too if someone I just meet started doing something naughty with their foot while I was just trying to do my job. God, what do I do? Apologize? Pretend it didn't happen?

"Time for bed, Lexi. Come on." Okay, so he isn't saying anything so maybe I should take my cue from him and not speak of it. The last thing I want to talk about when I have a sleep-fogged brain is the fact that I just molested a grown-ass man. We walk up the stairs together and Jack comes in through my door. He doesn't say much but

just before he walks to the bathroom he turns around.

"Tomorrow we start your training. Wear a swimsuit." With those two sentences, he's gone and I am wide awake.

He seemed mad. After a couple of minutes of tossing and turning I hear the shower turn on in the bathroom between our bedrooms. I wish I was the kind of woman to find out if he locks the door when he's naked or if he leaves it unlocked even then so in case I need him I can get to him fast, but I'm not. I'm not that bold and even though I might be in my sleep there is no way I would have enough guts to open the door and walk up to him, maybe even slip in the shower with him. But sometimes I wish I were that brave and bold.

What would it be like to have a man like Jack want you, lust after you, need you? I bet it is a heady feeling to have all that power over someone so big and strong. I drift off to sleep again thinking about being with someone like Jack. That's probably why I spend the entire night having dirty dreams about him and why I am running late when I finally make it down to the pool where Jack text me to meet him sometime this morning.

When I'm finally down I see him swimming back and forth like a shark in the water. His huge body is so sleek and fast that it looks more like he is gliding through the water instead of actually swimming.

I start fidgeting with the bottom of my shirt that I threw on over my one piece. I guess having an indoor pool to swim in whenever you want would be fun. I don't wear bathing suits much and my school's pool is always too crowded for me to feel comfortable going there. Jack stops swimming and looks up from the side of the pool farthest away from me. His hair is slicked back from his face and his blue eyes are almost the same color as the water. I wait until he swims closer to me before I move to the edge and wait for him to tell me what to do. His eyes run over me from my

bare toes to the messy bun I have tossed my hair up into. "Lose the shirt and come on in. I don't have all day."

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He didn't sleep well last night if his crankiness is any indication. Or maybe it's me and the longer he thought about what happened last night the madder he got. He wades over to the shallower side and stands up. Water sloshes off his body and catches in the gleam of the overhead lights. All I can do is look at him and hope I'm not drooling. I'm not supposed to objectify men and I hate women who do but goodness Jack has a beautiful body, one that I don't mind looking at. My eyes travel over him and I walk closer to where he is then stop. I see the scars that mar his tanned skin, one on his upper shoulder and one on his arm. When he turns I see he has two more on his back and one that the water hides just below the surface.

They're pink and look new but they're not the only ones on his body. He has white lines slashed on his back and around his ribcage that might be knife wounds. This man has the body of a warrior and it makes me even hotter than I was before. God I hope he can't tell.

"You gonna keep looking or you gonna get in?" Shit, he knows. I shift from one foot to the other trying to figure out what to say. "In the water! Now!"

I yank my shirt over my head and slide into the water from where we are, not bothering to go over to the other side to use the ladder or the steps. The water isn't cold so that's a plus I guess. I'm still not sure why he wanted to practice self-defense in the water anyway. The odds of me getting attacked in the pool are pretty low but whatever, I'm here.

"First things first, when I tell you to do something you do it. No questions, no sassy comebacks. I tell you to do it for a reason. Many times for a very good reason like to save your life. I'm in charge, got it."

"You have control issues, don't you?" Shit! That was not the thing I was going to say. It just fell out before I could think through it.

His eyebrows go up, "No, I have no problem giving the control over to another person," he has me flipped over his hip and sputtering in seconds, "when they know what they're doing."

I'm still wiping water out of my eyes and coughing up chlorine and all he's doing is smirking and looking hot. Jerk! This is going to be the longest summer ever!

6

Lexi

I spend the next hour learning all the ways I can have my ass kicked by a SEAL. I had forgotten that Jack started out as a SEAL before going to work with Jim in a highly trained team of special ops guys. He has made sure I won't ever forget again. I've swallowed more chlorine today than I have in the past six summers.

"Again." He commands it so we line back up and he walks me through the motions of fending off a foreword facing attacker without using any weapons, just their momentum and my hands. I suck at this self-defense stuff. When I line back up to go through it at normal speeds he stops me. "The water is not your enemy. You need to learn to use it and let it guide you."

I give him a look that clearly shows I am in no mood for philosophical discussions right now on taking the path of least resistance shit. "Come here."

"Are you going to hip-check me again? Hold me under this time so you don't have to

worry about babysitting for the rest of the summer? I'm sure you can make it look like an accident if anyone could."

He reaches out for my wrist and pulls me into him. "Wrap your legs around my waist smartass and stop giving me ideas."

He wants me to what now? I'm not really sure where to begin to put my legs up that high. He bends down and lifts me and I follow natural instinct and put my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist.

"I want you to lean back and float. Just float." What he says seems to make sense but I can't get comfortable enough to do it. I never have been able to.

"I can't float. I've tried a bunch as a kid and I just can't."

"Bullshit, it's because of a lack of trust. You have to trust me and you have to trust the water. If you can perform these moves in water then when you have to do them on land it will come so much easier and stronger for you. Now lay back and float."

I inch my hands down his arms hanging on so I don't go under again. I try to think about keeping my head above water and not the thousand other things I have going on in my head. "You're stiff, loosen up. Just relax into it. Being in the water is the freest humans can ever be."

I try but I just keep thinking about what is going on around me and if Jack can see my nipples through my bathing suit. It's the change in air temperature making them so hard. At least that is what I am going to say if it ever comes up, which I hope it doesn't.

"You're thinking too hard, babe. I have you so you're not going to sink. Nothing else matters but just feeling the water under you moving you up and down."

He called me babe. He called me Babe! What does that mean? Is it like something he calls everyone like honey or darling or is it just something that slipped out because of how close we are working together?

"Lexi, listen to me, listen to the sound of my voice, and just relax. Breath with me, through your nose and just relax."

His voice shouldn't be as soothing to me as it is but it's like my body has no other option than to listen to him and do as he says. The sense of weightlessness comes over me and my lips tilt up in a small smile as I realize I'm actually doing it - I'm floating.

I have several seconds of feeling free and light and then the hands that were at my waist helping guide me leave as Jack pulls himself from between my legs. I'm so thrown off by the suddenness of it that I go under and come up sputtering only to find Bambi watching from the side of the pool.

She is not dressed in a one-piece. Instead, she's wearing something that resembles three slingshots and some thread that holds them all together. All that's covered are her nipples and the opening of her vagina. She waves and thrusts her chest out at Jack.

"Hi, I was just going to take an afternoon swim."

Jack doesn't do anything at first and then he looks over at me, "Why don't you go find Libby or one of the other girls to hang out with for a while."

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I want to flounce off wrapped in all my indignation about being lied to. All the shit about trust and taking care of things was just lies. As soon as someone with big boobs hanging out comes along he's drowning me and telling me to get lost. I want to be pissed that I've been dismissed like a child but clearly, they planned this. I don't have anybody to be upset with but myself for forgetting what my situation is.

I swim over to the ladder and step out. As I'm reaching for a towel Bambi comes up beside me. "Why don't you run along and let the adults play for a little while."

I can't fight the eye roll. By the time she gets in that pool, it is going to smell like a perfume factory exploded and half of her face is going to be left behind. She is definitely a woman who wants to cloak her lover in her scent if the strong smell of perfume is any indication. I grab my towel and my shirt and hit the fucking door running. I don't want to see what kind of adult fun they are going to have and clearly, she's aware all of this is just an act, a lie that Jack has to keep telling to keep me safe.

I wrestle the shirt over my head and wrap the towel around my waist. The gym, or training room as the guys like to call it, is downstairs off the kitchen so I come up to find Evie banging around trying to find something for lunch.

"Want me to help?" She looks over at me and takes in my wet appearance with her eyebrows raised. "Jack and Bambi are busy doing adult things downstairs in the pool so I was asked to get lost."

Her eyebrows draw together in a deep vee, "Jack and Bambi?"

"Yeah. I mean I assume you know...this thing with me and Jack is....,"

She interrupts me, "Hmm, I do. But I thought he hated Bambi?"

"Well, he was the one that told me to get out right before she seconded the idea. So maybe he doesn't hate her so much after all."

I pull down bowls and start searching for ingredients to make cookies. Cooking always made me feel better when I was younger and when Libby took over raising me I would be the one to make meals like breakfast and dinner for her because she worked too much. It was the least I could do for her.

"I don't think you're reading the situation right. Jack's known Bambi for a while and he doesn't have one nice thing to say about her. She's his ex-fiancé's best friend and that relationship did not go down well."

"Ex-fiancé?" I had no idea. Not that I would or have any right to be told about anything in his past. I just thought someone would have said something. Like Libby maybe.

"Mmm, it was bad. He caught her cheating on him. Walked right in on them banging away." That sucks. "She fucked around on him with Don. That's why everyone thought he would kill him when they found out Don was coming here to 'hang out'."

My shoulders slump and I sigh long and hard. Of course, that's why Jack wants to 'protect' me. He's looking for a reason to go off on Don. Everything, even the whole trust part of this act, is a lie. He doesn't care if I get hurt or not, he just wants his chance to mess Don up. It would have been nice to at least be able to say me and Jack were friends at the end of all of this but I don't think Jack wants a friend. I'm pretty sure Jack is getting what Jack wants down in the pool with Bambi right now.

"Chocolate chip sound alright to you?" I mix the batter putting all of my frustrations into stirring things together.

"Uh, yeah!" She looks excited by the idea of freshly baked cookies. At least I'll have one friend after this summer if I just keep baking her cookies. I run upstairs real quick to change and then head back downstairs to check the cookies. I just take them out of the oven when Don comes through the door. Evie was sitting on the counter beside the sink but when he comes in she jumps down like she is going to try to protect me. She's about two inches shorter than me which says a lot since I am not tall - at all.

"Something smells...fresh."

His words make me want to roll my eyes the same way I did downstairs with Bambi but I don't. I don't want to provoke him in any way giving him a reason to come closer to me.

"It's cookies, asshole." Evie doesn't feel the same way.

I have to roll my lips around my teeth to keep from laughing at her spunkiness. I don't look up at him but I also make sure to keep him in my periphria so I can tell where he is and if he gets any closer.

"Jack still downstairs with Bambi?" Oh shit, he knows they are together. I stiffen up before I can think about my response to his words. I don't have a clue what to say to him if he can tell me and Jack aren't a thing.

"No, Jack is right here wondering what the fuck you're doing talking to my woman."

My eyes shoot up to take in Jack standing behind Don on the stairs. I'm not sure how he got there because I wasn't gone for very long throwing clothes on and both me and Evie didn't see him come up.

"Jack, don't be jealous. I can't help it if women find me more attractive than you and want to talk to me. It's no one's fault...except maybe your own."

Jack

I really hate this guy. He is just pushing my buttons to see if he can get a reaction out of me and damn do I want to give him one, especially when he looks at Lexi like he is now. I want to kick his ass and spend days taking pieces of him off until there is nothing left. I step around him so I'm closer to Lexi. I don't like the fact she was in the same room with this man even if Evie was with her.

"What's going on here, Jack? Are you still trying to follow that dream of yours?" I bristle at his words but don't do anything else. "How sad. It didn't work out the first time did it, what makes you think this time is going to be any different?"

I didn't really want Lexi to find about Kaliah. I don't have any feelings for her anymore and Don, even though he is a raging douche canoe, is right. I cared more for the idea of what Kaliah could give me than the woman herself. But I don't want Lexi thinking something is there when it isn't. I don't want her to think I was weak enough to want that kind of life with just anyone when it should be with someone special. I realize that now.

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So maybe it's not the fact that Don fucked my ex that tears me up, maybe it's the fact he can tell how weak I was.

"Men like you don't get families and homes, Jack. You get killed."

I want to feed this little pecker-knock his teeth but I can't. Not until he gives us a name. But after, I am going to take great pleasure in dismantling him piece by piece.

"Jack has a family and a home. He doesn't need to dream about what he already has."

Her words cause the room to go quiet. I wonder if she knows what she is implying. Probably not considering how young and innocent she is. Don who was laughing only seconds ago sobers up.

"Oh, this one is actually standing up for you. That's...different, isn't it?" his snide comment makes my hand want to curl around the hilt of a knife so bad.

"In some cultures, people like you would have had to kneel before someone like Jack or you'd fall with a sword in your back." Her words piss Don off even more and I pray this idiot gives me a reason to put him down.

She shakes her head, "You don't have to kneel, Don." I watch as she looks away from him and over to me. "He likes it better when I do all the kneeling anyway."

Don is so pissed he reaches out and knocks over a chair standing beside him, causing both girls to gasp out loud. He leaves the room without saying another word to anyone. Evie is laughing her ass off though and I see a smile tilting the corners of

Lexi's mouth. Evie goes over to high-five her.

"You do realize you just put a target on your back, right? I mean he's going to be even worse now that you pissed him off."

All the humor is gone, no one is smiling and Lexi is looking at me like I might kick fucking puppies. I don't want to be the bad guy that takes their fun away but I also need her to understand what she did has consequences that make things even harder for her. I turn to head out of the house. I have to get some air. Being around her is too much and if I stay I'm going to say fuck it to owing Libby and take her across the island with the cookies right beside of us and Evie still in the room.

Before I go out I turn back, "Stay with someone until I come back." I don't wait for her to tell me that she is going to do as I ask. Instead, I head over to the building that houses a good-sized garage and a small apartment over it. I was going to stay here for the entirety of the summer and not have to fool with anyone but that wasn't to be. I let myself in and check the camera feed just to make sure no one was fucking with anything while I was gone.

I like this place better because I can see who is coming and going into the house and it's quiet. I don't have to put up with anyone else's shit like I do when I stay in the house. I don't have to stay here either because I have a house already built but I've not been to it in a couple of months. I was telling myself it was because of Kaliah, not that she was ever in the house. Hell, she didn't even know where it was. I thought I would surprise her with it but never got around to bringing her there.

I think I've not been back because of all the things the house stood for, what it was supposed to represent to me. When I didn't have that I didn't want the reminder in my face daily. Maybe Don is right, maybe men like me don't have families and don't get those kinds of dreams because of all the shit we've had to do to keep other people safe. Maybe I'm too dark to have someone call me theirs or to want to make a family

with me. Hell, I didn't have a family before I joined the military so I'm not sure what makes me think I could have one now.

I joined the Navy right out of high school and signed up for SEAL training. I figured there was no one at home waiting for me might as well do all I can to make it safe for people who do have someone to go back home to. I was good at my job too. So good a man came to me one day telling me he was putting together a team of highly trained men from different branches of the military to do covert shit. He didn't so much ask as tell me my next move should be to come with him. I've been following Jim ever since.

I flop on the bed and stare up at the ceiling. I'm a stubborn son of a bitch who likes delayed gratification so I don't just go for my cock. That's where this is going but that doesn't mean I can't push it away longer. Having Lexi up against me in the water pretty much guaranteed that this was going to happen at the end of the day. Hell, it happened already last night and this morning in the shower thinking about her rubbing her foot over the bulge in my pants.

It took everything I was not to take her to my bed last night. Just walk right out the front door and over here, put her in my bed, and watch her sleep. I wonder if she knew she probably swallowed more of me today because of how hard I was leaking having her brush her body up against mine what she would do. Would Lexi be the kind of girl who found it gross to give in to urges like that? Some girls didn't like wrapping their mouth around a long, hard cock or want you to go down on them?

I don't think she would be like that. She has a natural sensuality about her even if she is innocent as fuck. So innocent she couldn't tell I was fucking hard as a rock for her all through training. Thank fuck Bambi came down when she did. My cock went limp as soon as Lexi was out of the room. I pretty much left as soon as she did leaving Bambi standing talking to herself.

I unfasten myself and take my dick out. Fuck, it's been forever since it got hard and now it won't go down. It won't go down if she's in the room; it won't come up any other way. It's like she's cast some sort of spell over me that makes me only long for her. When she was talking about kneeling for me I damn near lost it. There is one sure-fire way to make Don realize we are together and that's fucking her in front of him. Throwing her over the nearest surface and pounding into her is irrefutable proof that she is mine. But then I have to live with the guilt of doing that to Libby and I owe Libby. I owe her a lot.

If I can keep my fucking hands to myself and on myself then maybe I can make it through this summer without ruining what I have with Libby. I need a friend now more than I need a lover. Surely I can keep my hands off her sister long enough to get Don out of the fucking way and then I can go on with my life. Maybe try dating again and see if I can have that family I've always wanted. I can do this because if I can swim through a sea full of sharks, bleeding and shot, this is no problem. Right?

The next morning I have a new resolve not to get too close. She comes bouncing down in a black one-piece with cut-away sides and nearly all of my resolve vanishes like it was never there. She doesn't need to be told to get in today. Instead, she just pulls her shirt over her head and slips in on the side nearest to where I am at.

After fifteen minutes of hell, I realize I can't go the full hour I've set aside to train her. Already I've had to take special care to keep her away from my dick so she doesn't realize I'm hard.

"That's enough for today."

"But we just got started." She looks at me like she couldn't possibly understand why I want her out of the fucking pool.

"Yeah, and I said it was enough for today. Go find Evie or someone else to hang out with." Hurt flashes in her eyes and she turns to swim to the side of the pool when both of us notice Bambi walking down the stairs in six-inch heels and almost nothing on. What she does have on doesn't hide shit. It's white and almost completely sheer when the light hits it. I can see her fucking areolas through it, not that I'm looking. I prefer the quiet beauty that teases over the in your face sexiness. The only time I want someone I'm with to show it in your face is when it is my face.

The difference between the two women just makes me want Lexi all the more which is a big damn problem, about ten inches worth of big problem. Lexi looks back at me like I planned for Bambi to be here.

"Jack, here I am." Bambi's words do nothing to stop that idea from taking full form in her head. She doesn't understand how I despise women like Bambi or that I wouldn't touch someone like her for anything in the world.

Before I can tell Bambi to get the hell out of the gym I spot movement on the stairs again. Don comes down and I have Lexi pulled into me faster than either of us planned for. Her arms wrap around my neck and she clings to me.

"Keep that arm around me and don't let go," I whisper in her ear as I take us out farther into the deeper water. The water helps make us both the same height but Lexi can't touch the bottom the way I can. She hides her head in the bend of my neck.

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Don actually gets in the pool and swims closer. I squeeze my arms tighter around Lexi not wanting him to see her in her bathing suit.

"Wow, Jack! Insecure much? If you hold her any tighter she's not going to be able to breathe." He sucks swimming. I can tell by how he treads water that this isn't his natural environment. Don's not Special Forces, he's just ARMY. "Of course if I were you I would worry about another one slipping away from me too. Good thing I'm not you."

I re-adjust Lexi so I have a better grip on her. I could drown Don and still hold on to Lexi with one arm. She brushes up against me and I see her eyes grow round. She whispers right next to my ear. "Did you bring a gun in the pool?"

Well, shit! "No."

We both stare at one another for a few seconds before she's widening her eyes even more.

"Oh my God! Oh my God! Is that...your...?"

"Hard? Yes, I'm hard." Not really how I wanted her to find out about what was going on with me but it can't be helped.

She tries to pull away from me but I hold her tightly to me. Now that she knows there's no use going back to hiding it.

"Stop, he'll think you're trying to get away from me."

She stops but her reply comes back hissed, "I am."

"It's biological. It doesn't mean anything." Fuck, she's acting like she caught me in bed with another woman or something. Most women would be flattered that a man is hard over them.

"There is nothing biological about getting hard just looking at her." Who the hell is she talking about? Is she really referring to herself in the third person? "That's something else, Jack."

"What? Who are you even talking about?" If she wants to use third person to distance what is happening between us then fine but she's going to have to tell me that is what she is doing.

She looks at me like I lost my fucking mind. "Bambi." What the fuck? "Seeing her and getting hard means more than just biology, Jack. It means you really, really like her, maybe even love her."

Her words make me loosen my grip on her. She could have kicked me in the body part causing all of this trouble and I wouldn't have been more confused and stricken. On the one hand, she thinks I'm getting hard for someone like Bambi and on the other, she might have hit too close to home talking about it being more than just biology. I've always been able to control my own body and its responses - until Lexi.

"We should talk to Jim about this so you can be free to peruse her."

I'm about to tell her how wrong she is, maybe even take her behind the little waterfall feature and show her when someone pulls her out of my arms. I tense up ready to fight but realize it's Evie who is pulling her away. She pulls her over to where she and Ana are splashing around in front of Ace. I look over at the door and spot Steve looking there too. She's the safest she is going to be and Don must come to that

conclusion too because he's gone.

I swim back to the side of the pool to pull myself out and hide in my apartment until something makes sense again.

8

Lexi

I can't help but look back as Jack swims over to Bambi and the two of them talk before both of them leave. I know this thing between us is fake but I can't help but feel sick to my stomach at the thought of coming between two people who love one another. It doesn't matter if I like Bambi or I don't, I don't want to be the other woman for any man.

I just keep feeling worse and worse until I find myself in Evie's room telling her how bad I feel. She listens but after I'm done she just tells me I'm wrong.

"In no universe is Jack in love with Bambi. I'm just not buying it and you shouldn't either."

Of course, I left the part out where he got hard just looking at her. Men get hard a lot and over stupid shit but it just felt like more when Jack was doing it. I don't think Jack is the type of man to let his body control him so the fact that he did tells me he loves her. The thought makes me sad and sick. I can only think that Jim didn't know. Maybe he didn't realize Bambi would be here when he told Jack to watch out for me. Or maybe Jack and Bambi have to keep it secret for some reason. Either way, thinking about it makes me want to throw up and I toss and turn all night not wanting to be in this situation.

First thing in the morning I hunt Jim down. I find him in front of the television and sit in a chair beside him. He appears to be watching a show documenting the history of tanks in warfare. I watch with him for a little while before I say anything.

"You didn't come down here to watch the Military History Channel with me, Lex. What's on your mind?"

"I think...I think we should maybe have someone else to be my babysitter. Jack hates this," I don't want to tell him that Jack is with someone if Jack is trying to keep it a secret, "and I don't to be the dead weight pulling someone down. Isn't there another way? Another person?"

Jim stays quiet for a long time. So long I start to wonder if he's going to talk to me about this. "I'm going to propose to your sister on the fourth of July, Lexi, and I want you to be there. She thinks that's the day we're going to tell everyone about the baby so she doesn't know, but if she did she would want the most important person to her to be there for her."

Wow, I feel so much. Happy for Libby and Jim, excited to have a brother-in-law, and really shitty that I brought up leaving when all of this first started. I give Jim a smile before getting up and hugging him hard, all thoughts of trying to get out of this thing with Jack long gone.

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Until the next morning, when I get a text telling me to come train with him. If I want this thing fixed I'm probably going to have to do it with Jack and not try to go to Jim. I slide on shorts and throw on a t-shirt. I purposefully don't put a swimsuit on. I have no intention of staying long enough to train with him. I'll ask him if there is another one of the guys who can help me and see if he will help me come up with a story for why I'm not training with him anymore.

Maybe he can even think of a way to duck out of it completely so I don't have to feel so icky about being with someone else's man. As soon as I'm downstairs I realize how hard this conversation is going to be with him. He made a commitment, a promise, to my sister. He isn't just going to shove off that responsibility and say fuck it. Even if that is exactly what he wants to do.

"What's going on? Why aren't you ready?"

"I thought we could talk first." He doesn't say anything so I go on. "I've been thinking and I think we should find someone else to train me."

He rubs at the back of his neck before looking up at the ceiling like he might be praying for patience. "I think you should get your ass in the pool and stop wasting time."

"Jack, I don't..." before I can tell him I don't want to keep him from his happiness he is growling.

"Get in the damn pool, Lexi."

"I can't. I don't have a bathing suit on."

"Is that my problem? We don't have time for you to go change so I guess you're swimming in your underwear today. Now get in."

"What?" My mind does a little stutter-stop before it focuses on what he is saying.

"Take the shorts off and get in the damned pool."

I slowly push my shorts down and leaving my shirt on I sink into the pool. I realize my mistake immediately. Everything turns transparent as soon as the water hits it and the shirt really doesn't offer me any protection considering it is white.

He lines me up and actually uses my shirt to twist out of the way and fling me into the water. He seems more aggressive today like maybe he's especially frustrated. We go through this for the next fifteen minutes until I finally come up sputtering and coughing. I'm done. I can't talk to him about anything and he seems extra rough today.

"Take the shirt off, Lexi, and it won't be in your way." He's continuously used it to pull me down.

"No." It might not offer very much protection but it gives me some and I am not giving that up. He grabs me once more and twists me until I am coming up without the shirt. It's hanging from his finger like a prize he's won.

I move to the side of the pool ready to be done with this when a shadow stops me from actually lifting myself out. I look up and see a smiling Don. He squats down in front of where I was going to pull myself out and I sink lower into the water not wanting him to see me in my wet underwear. I'm backing up when I hit a wall of muscle.

"Jeez Jack, this your new mating ritual? You have to half drown them before you can make them stay with you."

Movement out of the corner of my eye makes me focus my attention on Bambi who is in another revealing outfit. Jack's hands are on my waist holding me exactly where I'm at and not letting me move any further back. I look down not wanting to meet her eyes. It must be hard for her to have to watch me and Jack pretend to be together. That sick feeling comes rushing back to me.

"Damn man, she looks like she lost her puppy. Jack, you just can't keep them happy, can you? Ever think you might be doing something wrong?" I want to tell him Jack makes me happy just fine but I don't want Bambi to think any of it is true.

"I mean if you can't even keep a virgin happy...damn!" He gives a cruel laugh that has Jack's grip on me tightening. "Or maybe that's the problem. Maybe all of this is nothing more than a lie - a ruse put on by your sister to try to save your cherry from someone like me. Maybe you and Jack aren't really a thing at all and you never were. Is that it, Lexi?"

Jack's hands move. One traveling down and one going up. He cups me between the legs and causes me to jump nearly out of his arms. He swims closer to the wall of the pool until there is no room left for me to move away from him. His other hand comes up to cup my breast that is only covered in a thin layer of lace and silk.

I find my feet and try to pull away but he just holds me tighter. His arm banded across me hiding my other breast from Don's view as his hand works to massage the other one. His fingers play over the damp gusset of my panties until I'm out of breath. He never goes under the panties but as wet as they are he doesn't have to. The material clings to the formation of my sex's lips.

I don't understand why Jack is doing this when Bambi is right there. In fact, I'm

having a hard time thinking about anything but Jack's fingers working over my flesh. He has a rhythm - squeeze, release, squeeze, release - that has me fighting to breathe and biting my lip to keep from crying out. He presses in again and my body gives, my lips parting on either side of his fingers. He rubs faster now that he's inside. When he hits my clit I cry out.

My nails sink into the skin of his wrist on both hands as he continuously works my bundle of nerves. He releases my breast long enough to pull my head back by yanking on my hair until I meet his eyes then his hand falls back again. His other hand never leaves, it never stops. I become aware of the little moans that I can't fight back any longer. The color of his eyes is dark blue like the sky during a summer storm. They swirl with emotion as they look down at me.

"Such a sweet little pussy, isn't it?" His dirty words send me rushing fast to a place my brain stops working and all I can do is feel. His lips find mine as he squeezes up on my nipple. I scream my release into his mouth, my body shaking and convulsing around his fingers.

He pulls his mouth away as my body sags in his arms. I slowly come back down from the high he sent me on. The first thing I notice is Don and Bambi are no longer in the room with us. I'm still in Jack's arms but reality is quickly catching up to me. I stand up realizing just now that we aren't in that deep of water. Jack drops his arms away from me and lets me go. I don't think I can look back at him. I don't think I'll ever be able to look at him again.

I make my way over to the stairs knowing my arms aren't strong enough to pull me out of the water this time. My whole body is still a mess of sensation causing me to shake. Either that or I'm in shock over what just happened. Guilt and embarrassment are heavy in my chest as I grab a towel from the supply closet and move away.

I just had an orgasm. My first. In front of people. I just had my first orgasm in a pool

with a man who loves another woman. My stomach revolts at the thought. I stumble into the kitchen and spot Evie sitting on the counter waiting for me. She takes one look at me and comes running over.

"Oh God, what happened?"

How am I going to tell her? How am I going to tell anyone? What am I going to say? Jack gave me an orgasm in front of Don to sell the story that the two of us are together and he did it right in front of his...in front of Bambi.

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Tears come to my eyes as she wraps her arms around me and leads me up the stairs to her room so we can talk.

9

Jack

I thought working Lexi out of my system would help me get over this growing need for her but it didn't work. If anything it just made it worse. Feeling her come apart in my arms, knowing I was giving her that release, made me feel fucking high. And just like a drug I want another hit.

But I'm up here waiting for Jim to come in his office so we can have a meeting instead of hunting. I've got a real problem with this girl and I'm not sure what to do about it. Jim finally comes in and sits. He doesn't go behind his desk and instead sits in a chair beside me.

"We've known each other a long time, Jack. You're the best man I know. So would you like to tell me why I've been hearing things that disturb me concerning Lexi?"

Fucking hell. She ran to her sister and now I'm going to have to take an ass chewing. I don't say anything. There is nothing to say. I need to find out how much he knows before I say a word.

"Lexi was really upset when she came upstairs this afternoon. Did you do something

you shouldn't have, Jack?"

"Why don't you cut the shit and say what you really want to say, Jim?"

Jim takes a deep breath. "Jack, you know you can't get too close. You can't forget that this is just a mission. If you do the only person that is going to end up hurt is Lexi. You can't use someone like Lexi and it not mean anything, Jack. The whole purpose for doing this is to keep her safe and innocent."

Fuck, he knows everything. There are a couple of ways I can play this. It just depends on how I want to do it. Jim is hardly one to talk about keeping his hands off innocent girls but I don't think we're there yet. "Are we done?"

"Yep. As long as you understand what side of this I'm going to come down on if the shit hits the fan."

Wonderful. Just fucking wonderful. I stand to lose not just my new friendship with Libby if I mess with her sister but one of my oldest friends as well. I slam the door as I walk out of the room. Pissed doesn't begin to cover how mad I am right now. All I can think about is finding a certain strawberry blonde and giving her a piece of my mind. And I know just where to find her.

Sure enough, she is in the kitchen with Evie baking another batch of cookies. "Evie, can you give me a minute with Lexi alone."

She shoots me a go-to-hell look too. Everyone in the whole damn house hates my guts and why, because the little princess got off in the pool and it spooked her enough to run to her sister. God damn virgins.

Evie leaves but takes her sweet time doing it. Lexi still won't look at me. I'm so pissed I don't even know where to start. Normally when I'm this pissed I just kill the

thing pissing me off but with Lexi that isn't even an option to fanaticize about.

"You gonna tell me why you decided it would be okay to run off and tell your fucking sister about what happened in the pool today or you still going to ignore me?"

"What? I...I didn't tell Libby." She looks just as shocked as I was when Jim started talking. "My sister knows?"

"Well, someone sure as fuck does because I just got my ass handed to me by Jim over what we did in the pool today."

Her mouth falls open and I see all the color drain out of her face. "Jim knows? How much does he know? Does he...?" I see her throat work to swallow.

"Yeah, he does. So would you like to tell me how the hell that is if you didn't say anything?" I don't give her time to actually answer me. "You telling your sister and every god damn body else isn't going to work for me. What happens between us needs to stay between just us."

"Everyone?" She squeaks out the word. "No, no, no. I just told Evie."

"Evie! You told Evie what happened?" I wheel away and start pacing back and forth. "Wonderful! You thought telling the biggest mouth in the house about how I gave you an orgasm in the pool was a smart idea?" she flinches and I wonder if it's because I said something bad about Evie or if it's because I reminded her how I made her cum.

"Evie's sweet and she asked me what was wrong when I came up. I told her because she's my friend and that's what friends do!"

"So what was wrong, Lexi? Were you mad because I made you cum or mad because I

didn't finish by sticking my cock up that tight virgin pussy?" I'm being such a dick. This is not what Jim had in mind when he told me to back the fuck down. I just don't seem to have any cool where Lexi is concerned. She looks like I just slapped her and I start to regret pushing her.

"I was mad because you made me...in front of Bambi and it was my first time." She's all but vibrating with emotion. I can't tell if it's anger or anxiety.

"What the hell does Bambi have to do with anything?"

"You and her are together." She whispers at me like she's sharing a secret. Her words make me want to take a shower.

"We're not together. That's...eww. Why the fuck would you think I'm with her?"

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She stammers over her words, "You...You got hard."

"Yeah, for you!" Her mouth falls open farther than it did when I asked her if she wanted my cock in her. "What's the matter, Sweetheart? Did you have to make shit up to keep the big, bad man away from that tight pussy? I could give you another orgasm, baby. Right here but you'll have to control yourself this time and not shout my name quite so loud."

She looks like she might faint right before she takes off running. She's up the stairs before I can even think about moving to grab her. Fuck. I probably shouldn't have done that. I turn to make sure the oven is off when I spot Don leaning against the door leading down to the gym. Fuck, I wonder how much he heard. The smile he's wearing says he heard at least some of it.

"Trouble in paradise already, Jack. You just can't keep one."

"Fuck off, Blue Falcon." He knows not to push me any further. Even though I just called him a Buddy Fucker in military slang which means someone who would fuck their friends over he does nothing. I spin around and make my way up the stairs. I need to apologize and help her work through what happened. I need to slow my ass down and reassure her I won't touch her again. I go through my room without stopping until I'm at the door connecting our rooms in the bathroom. Before I can open it I hear her talking to someone.

"I miss you too. How have things been since I left?"

I don't hear a reply so she must be on the phone with someone.

"I've been thinking about you asking me out when I left..." I straighten up at her words. No one said anything about her having a boyfriend. It's possible her sister just didn't know but that's bull shit that she didn't tell me. "Oh, you're with someone now."

She sounds upset about it.

"You and Tiffany, wow. No that's great. I was feeling a little guilty about saying no to you so I'm really excited to hear that the two of you got together when I left. Now I'll only have to call one of you if I want to talk to both of you." She laughs a little but I can tell she's disappointed that whatever little shit she's talking to got with someone else while she was away. I want to punch a hole in the wall just thinking about somebody asking her out.

"What? Are you sure? You want me to move in with you and Tiffany?" What the hell? "No, no, it's not a bad idea at all. Um, it just took me by surprise. Um, so, you have two bedrooms and you want me to rent the other room. When?"

God damn it, I need to put a tracker on her phone and the app that lets me listen to the other side of her conversation. I want to know what that little shit is saying to her. "The second week of July. Wow...wow, that's great actually. Yeah, I'm sure. Thank you, thank you so much. This means a lot that you guys would think of me."

I step away from the door when I hear her start to say her goodbyes. I turn and walk away from the bathroom and away from the room. I want to walk away from her. I just told her I wanted to fuck her and she goes off and calls another guy. I don't come down for dinner and tell Jim that I'm not going to be around much tomorrow so he should put someone else in charge of Lexi.

When she comes down the next morning she won't look me in the eyes. I've had all night to think about everything and I'm madder now than I was before. I want to tell her that she isn't going any damn where but she isn't mine to tell that too. I want to

take her over my fucking knee and spank her ass for running from me. Shit, I want to take her and show her what happened in the pool isn't normal, the chemistry we have together is something not to just throw away but she isn't mine to fucking say a damn thing to.

So when she asks about going down after breakfast I'm a dick. "I don't think we need to do it today. I'm kind of tired of babysitting duty." She finally looks at me with round eyes and open mouth, not believing I have just said what I did. I look away from her and start doing something else. "Can we take one god damn day off so I don't have to put up with you?"

When I look up again she's gone. Mission accomplished.

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Jack

I bat the idea of going to my house back and forth but I just can't make myself go that far from her even if I am pissed. So I just hang around for most of the day but just after lunch Evie runs up to me. She's out of breath and looks like she might have ran a long way. I wait for her to catch her breath and don't push her to talk to me. The last time we were in the same room she didn't seem too happy with me.

"I was down at the dock feeding the birds with Ana and I overheard Bambi and Don talking about you and Lexi." This can't be good. "Bambi said she knew that Lex was in the habit of taking a bath right after you guys trained and Don said that would be perfect timing."

I wait for her to say more. So far she hasn't really given me anything that warrants her

running all the way back to the house to tell me.

She rolls her eyes at me but keeps talking, "He's going to break into her room while she's in the bath."

I'm up and halfway up the stairs before Evie can catch up with me, "Go tell Jim and Libby what's going on. Tell them I'm handling it."

She gives me a quick nod and takes off towards Jim's office. It might take her a little while to find them if they aren't in there so I still have to work fast. Part of this is my own fault for letting Don think I wouldn't rip his nuts off if he did something like this but also he had to see that I wasn't spending as much time with her as I should have been.

First I go to the room I am staying in that connects to hers but when I check the door it's locked. I go back out of the room and over to her door. It takes me just a couple of seconds to have the door unlocked and closed back again. Like I couldn't pick that lock in my sleep. I look around her room. Her phone is lying on her bed, her clothes are in a pile by the bathroom door, and I can hear the water running on the other side of it. She just got in.

I bend down and search until I find what I am looking for. The fastest way I can keep Don away from Lexi is putting my mark on her and since fucking her across the dining room table isn't going to be alright with anyone involved I have to go to plan B. I straighten up with her panties clutched in my hand. They're still warm from her body. Blue lace sends a mental image to my brain of what she would look like wearing them.

My fucking dick is instantly hard and ready to do his service to this cause - for the greater good. I unzip and my cock springs free mad and looking for a fight or a sweet, soft hole to crawl in. I bring Lexi's panties to my nose and inhale the scent of candy

and innocence. Her fucking pussy smells like candy. I knew it would. I could look at her and see the sweetness rolling off of her.

It isn't going to take me long to bust a nut when I have something that smells so damn good goading me on. I reach down and grab the shaft and slide my hand up and down, slow and gentle at first. Then I start squeezing up on it, hard like her tight, little pussy would if I was balls deep in her.

I'm not going to lie or make this out to be something better than it is. I'm a sick fuck. I lick the gusset of her panties hoping for a taste of her. I'm not disappointed. It's just a trace but I can taste her. My cock is an angry red as it swells thicker and thicker. My balls draw up tight to my body and I push the crotch of her panties farther into my mouth and cup my hand waiting on the load I am about to deliver while the taste of her lingers on my tongue.

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Fuck, I cum - a lot. I don't know how I keep from calling out as I fill the palm of my hand to overflowing. Noise out in the hall tells me I don't have a lot of time left. I slide my cock back in my pants but don't zip up and go for the bathroom door.

She sits up automatically and covers herself. So much beautiful, unmarked skin is bare for me to run my eyes over. "Jack what...what are you...?"

I don't give her time to finish her question I shut the door and make my way over to her. "Open!"

Just like always Lexi, being the good girl she is, does exactly as I say. I tilt her head farther up and bring my palm up to her lips letting what it's holding run down into her mouth. Her eyes widen and I am pretty sure she can guess what it is by the shocked look in her eyes. "Swallow!"

The door to the bathroom bounces open as her throat works to do as I say again. "Good girl."

There was so much of it she couldn't hold it all. It leaks out the side of her mouth and leaves her lips glistening for the audience we seem to have attracted. She whimpers and shrinks into herself further. Even though my focus was on Lexi I am aware of who came in and when. Jim and Libby got here just in time to hear me tell her to swallow and Don came in just as I was telling her what a good girl she is for doing exactly what I asked of her. I rearrange myself and zip back up not giving a shit that everyone can see what I am doing.

I use my thumb to wipe off her bottom lip but mostly just because I want to touch her

now that she belongs to me. This - all of what this is - changes everything. She doesn't look at the people standing around watching us and instead looks up at me. When she whimpers again I've reached my limit of public displays of ownership.

"Get out!" It comes out as a bellow and makes her jump.

I reach behind me and yank my t-shirt over my head. The only person still standing in the doorway is Jim. "I said get the fuck out."

I get an eyebrow arch for that. "My office...NOW!" he turns around leaving the two of us alone.

"Arms up, sweetheart." She hesitates knowing that if she moves her arms I'll be able to see her tits. I push the shirt down over her head and wait for her to follow my instructions. I lift her under the arms and set her in my lap as she struggles to get her arms into the holes. I end up having to help her and getting that view of her tits after all. I also have her hot little pussy sitting on my leg but I'll bring that out later to use. Right now I want to make sure she's alright and she doesn't look alright.

I reach over and grab a towel and wrap it around her head. The shirt reaches her knees but it's damp now and clings to her nipples and thighs. I pick her up and carry her into her bedroom but instead of sitting her down I grab a throw off her bed and start for Jim's office. If I keep the son of a bitch waiting it's just going to make this whole thing worse. Lexi hides her head in the crook of my neck and my dick gets hard again at the faint puff of air caressing over my skin every time she breaths.

I enter Jim's office with a stiff dick and an armful of warm, wet woman. The last place I want to be is here. Jim is just taking his glasses off and setting them aside and Libby is standing beside him yelling. I sit Lexi in a seat of her own just in case Jim feels the need to kick my ass. I'm still not sure if I would let him or make him work for it. I spend just a few seconds making sure the blanket is wrapped around her

enough to keep her warm and hidden.

Jim turns to me, "What the fuck were you thinking? Tell me that wasn't what it looked like." Libby crosses her arms at his words and looks like she might have my balls for a purse.

"I had to make a fast decision on what the best plan of action would be. I decided and went with it."

Jim sits quietly for a few seconds and I think for the first time in his life he's actually stunned. Speechless.

"I pulled a Syria."

Jim's eyes round until they're almost the size of golf balls and his mouth hangs open. "You...you...,"

"I was the camel." I think for a few seconds recalling the incident in question before adding, "and the man."

"Oh my God!" Jim sits forward like he can't believe what he is hearing and Libby starts picking up on how out of character Jim is acting.

"What's 'a Syria'? Jim. What happened in Syria?"

Jim rubs his hand over the lower half of his face trying to buy himself some time before he has to tell her what I did to her sister but Libby isn't letting up.

"Jim, you tell me what happened in Syria right now."

Lexi who has been quiet this entire time lets out another whimper and pulls her knees

up to her chest so she can hide her face. She pulls the edge of the blanket up over her head. I go to her chair and bend down so I'm not so far away from her.

"You okay, sweetheart?"

She shakes her head but won't look up at me.

"Sweets, I need you to talk to me. Are you alright?" She turns her head so our eyes can meet. "What's going on?"

"Jim knows what happened, doesn't he?" her voice comes out small and whispered.

"Yes, but that's alright. He isn't about to judge anyone." At least he better not try.

"It doesn't matter Jack. How am I supposed to look the man in the eyes knowing he understands what happened...better than I understand."

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"Can you give us a second?"

"Absolutely not. You're done. I want you away from my sister." Jim grabs Libby by the wrist and talks to her the same way I'm talking to Lexi - soft and whispered but firm enough that they know we aren't going to take any shit. After a few minutes of them going back and forth with me and Lexi just watching them like a tennis match, Libby finally huffs out of the office.

"I tend to agree with her Jack. Maybe it is better if we have someone else watch her from now on."

"Was it better for you when you had Libby at the club sitting on your lap?"

"That was different."

"Was it? Because from where I'm sitting it's not a bit different."

"I wasn't..." he stops himself and looks over at Lexi who still isn't looking up. "Can we talk about this without Lex being right here? I'm sure she doesn't want to know about me and her sister and would be far more comfortable in her own room."

"She doesn't go anywhere without me."

Jim rolls his eyes. "Fine, have it your way. I wasn't leading Libby on or playing a game with her. This isn't alright, Jack, god damn it. I ask you to watch over her because I thought you would be the one person I could trust not to do something stupid like this."

Lexi makes a little noise at his words and tries to shrink further in on herself. Fuck it, I pick her up and sit her in my lap. "I'm not playing a fucking game, Jim. This is how it's going to be and you and her sister are just going to have to make peace with that." I put my finger under her chin so she is forced to look up at me. "The minute I put my seed in you is the minute you become mine."

Her lips tremble open and for a moment all we do is look at one another. I tell her with my eyes what I can't say with words. She belongs to me now. The plans to live with some other couple are just going to have to be canceled unless she wants me living with them too and I don't think they're going to be prepared for me throwing Lexi down on the table or over the couch and fucking her anytime I want to.

"Jesus, Jack. I'm sitting right here, man. I don't really want to hear about that - about any of that concerning Lexi."

"Then I suggest you talk to Libby and tell her how things are going to be from now on. Or else I'm going to be walking around proving my claim - everywhere." She stiffens in my arms at my words. I'm not just warning Jim, I'm letting her know how things are going to be too. "The pool, the kitchen, the couch, the loveseat, the floor, the hallway."

"All right, all right. Remy was right, it is more over the top when one of us dark sons of bitches falls." He shakes his head and runs his hand down his face, "Go, take her to her room and get her in something that isn't half wet. I'll see you two downstairs for dinner. Hopefully, by then I'll be able to find a way to tell Libby what the fuck is going on. Or she's going to kill me for being associated with you."

I scoop Lexi up, blanket and all, and make my way back to her room. We'll have to talk but for now, I just want to make sure she understands what this all means.

Lexi

I have no idea what happened. One minute I was relaxing in a hot bath and the next everything is turned upside down and Jack is acting...different. I was going to hide out in my room all day after Jack hurt my feelings so badly with what he said downstairs and the next thing I know he's busting into the bathroom and bossing me around.

I don't want to think about what exactly he put in my mouth. I'm innocent, not stupid. I know what it was but I don't understand why he did it or why he keeps saying I belong to him over and over. He didn't want anything to do with me not hours ago and now he's acting like...a lover would. He takes me not to my room but to the room he's been staying in. He sits me on the bed and locks the doors.

I pull the cover closer to me not sure which Jack I'm going to get. He turns around and runs his eyes over me. "Let's talk sweetheart."

What are we going to talk about? How he was an asshole to me right before all of this? How he ruined my bath? How he switches moods like he's pms-ing? He doesn't say anything. If we are going to do this I will have to start it.

"Maybe you should explain what is going on?"

"Evie came to me saying she heard Don and Bambi talking about when you would be in your room alone." My stomach sinks at his words. Oh no, no, no, no. He did all of this because he was playing this stupid part for Don and Bambi. "Don was going to break in and see if he could find you in your bath."

I give in to the shiver that works its way down my spine at the thought of Don being

the first person through the door instead of Jack. As mad as I am at Jack I don't want to think what would have happened to me if it wasn't for him.

"Why couldn't you...just come tell me? Why did you have to...why would you do that thing to me that you did?" I'm not even sure how to put words to what he did. I can't begin to understand why he would do it when he can't stand me.

"Fill your mouth up with my spend?" Oh God, he didn't have to say it. My mouth falls open at his blunt words and I shut my eyes to keep from having to face him. "I wanted to make sure that son of a bitch understood you belong to me. I wanted to..." He pauses and sighs heavily before continuing on, "leave my mark on you."

"So you did...that to me just to make sure Don would leave me alone?" That does not make me feel any better about what happened.

"No." He doesn't give me anything else. I'm never going to understand him or the reasons behind his actions at this rate and for someone like me, that is so frustrating.

"Because before you came busting in, you told me you didn't want to babysit me anymore."

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"Yeah. I was mad. Upset with...something."

"So you decided to take it out on me?" Great, that makes everything so much better.

"No. I was pissed at you." He starts pacing back and forth in front of me. "I overheard you talking to someone on the phone yesterday."

I gasp. Oh shit. The only person I talked to on the phone yesterday was Stu. I called because I thought maybe I could really have a boyfriend and then I wouldn't have to have Jack. I could tell Libby that I had a reason to go back. I could make myself feel something for someone else and it wouldn't make what happened in the pool mean anything. It would prove to me that I could cum with someone other than Jack and that he doesn't hold the only answer to why my body reacts to him like I do. What I was told was that I was too late and Stu and Tiffany, another friend of mine, had started dating. Stu also asked me to move in with them.

"Jack, please, please don't tell Libby I was thinking about leaving. Please Jack. I was just...I needed a break from..." I start to gnaw on my lip.

"Me." Oh God, he knows and if he doesn't he's close to figuring out. "Jim said you were upset because it was the first time you came with anyone."

The air in the room heats around us. I close my eyes again to keep from groaning about the fact that Jim knows so much about my sex life. I am forever going to walk around with a blush on my face and the inability to meet anyone in the eyes.

"Is that it, Lexi? Were you upset because I was the first person to make you cum?"

"Among other things," I whisper. He waits for me to go on, "I thought you...and Bambi were, um, a thing and I couldn't understand why you would do that in front of her. With me."

"Eww." He says that every time I imply that he and Bambi are together like the very thought makes him slightly sick.

"I realize that. Now."

"You know that there is no going to move in with this guy, right? Lexi?" I don't answer him. "Lexi, you're not going to go live with some other man."

"It wouldn't be with just some strange man. It would be with him and Tiffany." Why am I justifying wanting this to him of all people? Why do I feel like I have to?

"I'll kill him. They won't find enough of him to make an identification."

My mouth trembles open again. I don't think he's joking. I don't think he's just saying something to get me to do what he wants me to do. He would really kill Stu.

He comes closer and reaches out to trail one of his fingers down my cheek. "So soft. I bet you're soft like that everywhere aren't you, Sweets?"

"I...I don't know." My words tremble out, honest and vulnerable up against him and his blunt questions.

"We'll find out together, sweetheart, but I can already tell you," he rubs his thumb back and forth along my lower lip, "you're going to be so soft, like rose petals."

He isn't talking about my lips or the rest of me. I understand what he is asking which is why I told him I didn't know if I was soft there or not. He steps back from me, "Go

find more clothes to put on, but wear this." He pulls out one of his own shirts and passes it to me. "I'll give you some time to think about all of this. I'm sending Evie up to be with you. I have some things to take care of and don't want you to spend too much time in your room if you can help it. Just in case he's an idiot and doesn't realize I'll kill him. I'll be here to get you to take you down for dinner."

I nod.

"Go, find clothes now so you can take them with you and change there."

I unfold myself and do as he says. By the time I find something to wear he's text Evie and she's coming in the room as he goes out. He looks back at me as he leaves.

"So...we have quite a few things to talk about, huh?" She grins and shuts the door behind her and I spend the next couple of hours repeating what happened without telling her everything, first to Evie and then to Ana. "You know what you need? To get out of here and take a break from all the testosterone running rampant. Let's go shopping tomorrow."

It would be nice to get away from Jack for a little bit, further away than him being in the same house. I smile as we plot how to sneak away from the guys so we can have some girl time.

True to his word, Jack comes back for me just before we all go down to eat. "Miss me?" I don't answer him because I don't know how to reply to his question. I'm still floundering over what happened in the bathroom. He wraps his hand around mine and we go downstairs. He makes sure we sit close and flirts the entire meal. Jack flirts with me.

And not just normal flirting. Men like Jack don't just flirt they take it to another level. His hand never leaves some part of my body the entire night. He's either clasping my

hand or grabbing my thigh which nearly made me choke to death the first time he slid it up to rest on my upper thigh.

I notice Don and Bambi not taking their eyes off of us the entire meal. Evie and Ana are just as curious about what is going on. It's like being in front of a microscope and it is really starting to wear on me. The one good thing is Jim and Libby aren't at the table and I wonder if he's got her tied to the bed somewhere to keep her from killing Jack, especially after he tells her what happened in Syria. The whole thing has my nerves wound tight and I can't help but fidget and be jumpy.

By the time everyone is ready for dessert, I can't take anymore. Before I can stand and make my goodbyes Jack is wrapping his hand around the back of my head to pull me closer to him.

"I want some." Oh my God, what is he talking about? His eyes dip down taking in my parted lips, "Put your cream in my mouth."

What the fuck? His lips tilt up and he leans closer so he can whisper in my ear. "I meant some of your dessert but don't worry Sweets, you'll be feeding me your cream soon enough. Straight from the source."

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His blue eyes are so hot and alive that they look like they are swirling with some kind of emotion that I'm not able to deal with. I don't want to play this game with Jack anymore. He's much better at it and seems like he doesn't care who can tell he's just told me he plans to...he wants me to...

"Put some on the end of your finger and bring it to my mouth." I start to shake my head no. I can't. Not with everyone at the table already looking at me and him like we're about to start starring in a porn movie at any moment. "Do it and I won't have to throw you over this table and find my cream some other way, Sweets."

He licks his lips and stares at me. "Even though I bet you taste better than what's being served."

I swipe my hand through the white cream on top of the pie in front of me and push my finger at him. He snatches my hand and brings it to his mouth. His tongue swirls over the pad of my finger, sucking it clean.

"Hmm, it tastes even better on you." Throats are being cleared at his words and Remy is the first person to say anything.

"If you're going to fuck her on this table can you wait until I pick my pie up first? I mean just give a brother a head's up or something. I don't know, a code word -'hey, imma eat Lexi for dessert, get the fuck out'. That would work or even tell us you're feeling hungry because you sure look like you are going to be eating her before the two of you make it upstairs and while I don't mind a good porn every now and again I really, really don't want to see your naked ass next to my pie."

Oh my God! All I can do is stare in open-mouthed horror at what he just said. Jack growls at him.

"You better be glad I'm in a good mood or I would rearrange your face for even talking about Lexi and sex in the same sentence."

"Uh, she's with you which makes her a sister so that is just eww, not going to happen ever. I don't fuck a brother's woman. I'm not some douuuu....," he stops and stares at Don. The whole table stares at Don, "-ude, some dude who...does that sort of thing."

"Good recovery, Remy. You get an A for effort if nothing else." Duncan quips back at Remy and most everyone around the table laughs. Don doesn't. He stands from the table and stalks away.

A shiver works down my spine again, like someone walking over my grave. Don isn't going to let the men milk him for information without putting someone in danger. The men continue on like nothing happened but I can't help but wonder if sneaking away tomorrow is really such a good idea or if the three of us are making tactical errors that will come back to hurt us.

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Lexi

Despite my misgivings, the next day I let Evie talk me into going into town and finding some retail therapy. It's not a good day to go out, rainy and damp, and I would much rather stay in and find a good book but I don't want to let Evie down. She came up with this whole plan to give Ace and Steve the slip so they could make me feel better after all.

I still haven't talked to my sister. What would I say? At the last minute Don's sister, Laura wants to go with us. I don't want to assume because she's Don's sister that she is anything like her brother so I tell them I'm cool with letting her come. Jim bought me a car at the same time he bought my sister one so I tell the girls I'll drive.

It's not until we are outside and about to get in that I realize I left my license upstairs. "Shit, I'm sorry guys. I can sneak back in and grab it."

"No!" both Ana and Evie are quick to shoot that down.

"I could drive us." We all look over to Laura.

"You don't mind?" she shakes her head no and instead of getting in the driver's side I go around to the passenger's side before making my claim, "I call shotgun."

We're all talking and laughing at nothing in particular, just enjoying the freedom away from the guys when we leave the driveway. The road leading to the 'compound' is a curvy one with lots of trees on either side, almost like the forest is trying to hide the place. I settle down and turn slightly to pay attention to something Evie is saying when Laura tenses up beside me.

"Guys...", she looks scared and she's starting to sweat.

"Is everything alright?" Maybe she just realized she doesn't want to leave Gauge after all.

"I can't brake." Her words make my blood run cold. "I don't have any brakes." She works her foot up and down on the brake pedal and nothing happens. We don't slow down; instead, we speed up going down a slight hill. "What do I do?"

None of us have time to reply to her half screamed question because we miss a curve

in the road and go off of it. Everything goes black for a couple of seconds and then light is blinding me. My head hurts like nothing I've ever experienced before and I ache everywhere. I have a ringing in my ears that won't stop and even what little light there is coming through the rain clouds and the trees is too much for me. I have to blink repeatedly to keep my eyes open.

I look over and see Laura slumped over the steering wheel and become aware of crying from the back seat. It slowly starts to sink in that I was just in a car wreck. I'm shaking so badly I can't unbuckle at first and have to try a couple of times but miraculously it unclasps. I go for the door handle and realize how bad the shaking is.

All I can think about is what my mom and dad must have gone through when they had their car wreck that took them away from Libby and me. I open the back first and see Ana in the floorboard crying and Evie across the seat. I reach out to touch her and she moans before sitting up slowly.

"Wh...what happened?"

I start to shake my head but it makes me dizzy and sick to my stomach. "I don't know. We have to get everyone out though." The front of the car is smoking and I'm terrified it's going to start a fire under the hood. I help Evie stand, she appears to be alright if not a little unsteady. While she helps Ana out I go back to the front for my phone which fell in the floor during the crash.

I weave my way around the car at the same time I'm calling 911. It takes me a couple of minutes to work Laura's door open and then I have to fight with the airbag to try and pry her loose. The seatbelt sticks and no matter how hard I try I can't get it to release. This entire time I'm talking to the lady that picked up.

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"I...I can't get her out."

"Ma'am you shouldn't move her if you can help it."

"The car is on fire. I have to get her out."

During my fight with the seatbelt the thing I feared most happened. Tiny flames are shooting up and racing backwards towards me and Laura. Evie is beside me with something that looks like scissors or a multi-tool.

"It's was a gift. Don't ask." She works through the first strap and starts on the one around Laura's waist. As soon as she has her free I pull until all three of us are falling back in the mud and wet leaves. Ana runs over and helps us lift and drag her up the slight incline we slid down when we left the road. When she is lying on the road I start looking for signs that she is alright. I can feel a faint pulse and become aware of the fact that she's bleeding from a wound to her chest.

"Oh God, please hurry." I'm still clutching the phone to my ear. "Ana give me your sweater." Ana rips it off and hands it over, taking the phone when I pass it to her. I wad the sweater up and press on the opening. I don't know if I'm helping or if I'm just making everything worse. I have no idea what I'm doing. I can hear the sirens off in the distance now but I don't know if they'll be here in time.

Another sound fills the air but I don't turn to find out what it is. Everything still sounds a little distorted to me like my head is in a barrel. Cars are pulling up soon after and hands grab me under my arms and pull me away from Laura. I'm laid across a hood of a car and my shirt is ripped up. I try to fight the hands away from me even

though I'm too weak to really put up much of a struggle.

"Stop fighting me, Lexi." The voice makes me still and Jack's face comes into focus for me. He's running his hands down the front of my chest making me wince. "Shit."

"Jack, put my shirt down. Everyone will see and I have to go help."

"No. Someone else is helping Laura. You're coming with me." He bends and scoops me up. I'm being carried and then laid in the back seat but things are starting to get fuzzy around the edges and I lose some of what is going on when I take long blinks.

I hear my sister crying and Jim talking. "Doc is on his way. He's having to drive since Ace won't leave Evie. He should be here in the next twenty minutes, maybe less with the way he drives."

"Jack, is she alright?" I hear the panic in my sister's voice but I don't catch the answer to her question. Am I okay? Will I ever be alright again? I can tell I'm being moved again but I'm too tired to open my eyes.

13

Jack

I was wondering where Lexi had hidden herself when Remy ran up to me. I gave her last night to get used to the idea of the two of us together. I could tell it was freaking her out that I was perusing her now. I'd give her a little time to settle into the idea but she was going to wear my fucking collar while she was doing it so others would know to stay the fuck away.

"There's something you're gonna want to hear." I follow him because Remy is never serious and this time he is.

As soon as I'm downstairs Duncan takes a headset off and passes it to me. "Okay, ma'am can you tell me what's happened?"

I hear Lexi's voice respond to what sounds like a despatcher's question. "We ran off the road and into a tree, I think something happened to the brakes. Can you please send help?"

I yank the set off and look to Duncan for answers. "I have everyone's cell phone set up so it flags me if there's a call to 911, mainly the women so we would know if they need help even when they're away from us. I just put it on Lexi's yesterday."

"Shit," I'm running out the door and to the garage under the apartment I stay in. Duncan is telling me where to go before I'm too far out the door. They didn't go very far before the accident happened. She said something about the brakes. What the fuck could've happened?

I'm flying down the driveway on my bike to get to her as fast as I can. I come around a curve and almost run over them. Damn, this is the worst possible place they could have been. I run over to Ana and tell her to go back a few feet before the bend of the road and light a flare so people will know to slow down. Ace and Steve come up in a jeep at the same time I reach for Lexi.

"Get to the bend and make sure the ambulance knows to slow down. The last thing we want is for them to run them over."

She fights me to stay with Laura. I take her to the Jeep and lay her over the hood where she still fights me. "Stop fighting me, Lexi." She instantly stills for me. I lift her shirt so I can make sure the blood she's wearing on it isn't hers. Her bra is

transparent and I can see her pretty pink nipples through the lace. I got just a peek at them when she was in the bath and when she got in the pool in nothing but her underwear. Both times I looked my fill of her but I never had such a clear view until now.

The beauty of her breasts is marred by the giant bruise forming from her seatbelt. It crosses her chest where it caught and kept her in place. Another bruise is forming on her hip where her low-slung pants let me see. I pull it a little further down.

She's bruised up from the top of her head which has a little cut on it to her bottom. She's in shock and her pupils are large and unfocused. I've got to bring her inside somewhere safe and get the Doc to her so he can make sure she's alright. I can make sure she isn't hurt and patch her up if I need to but he's got more toys to make sure she's not hurt inside. I run my hands over her body and ribs making sure I can't feel anything broken.

"Damn."

"Jack, put my shirt down. Everyone will see." She tries to push her shirt down but I don't let her. I can't take my eyes off the angry mark. I see her sister and Jim pull up in another Jeep. "I have to help."

"No, someone else is helping. You're coming with me." I drop her shirt back down and lift her in my arms. I don't let Jim or Libby have a chance to step out before I'm slipping in the back with Lexi in my arms. "Drive."

Jim backs up and takes off for the compound. "Doc is coming. He had to drive because Ace isn't going to leave Evie."

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"Is she alright, Jack?" I can hear the fear in her sister's voice. She looks back at us and sees the blood on her shirt.

"It's not hers. She's got bruises and a bump on her head that's still bleeding a little bit but most of this is Laura's where she tried to stop the bleeding."

Libby sobs and I finally look away from Lexi. "I wouldn't lie to you about this Libby. She's going to be alright." I just want to make sure.

She takes a moment to search my eyes and then gives me a nod. She turns back, "She must have been so afraid because of what happened to our mom and dad."

Shit! I didn't think about that. We pull into the compound and I'm ready to take her to my place. Her sister stops me, "Where are you going?"

"I don't know what happened out there and until we find out for sure she isn't going anywhere I can't control every aspect of what and who is around her."

Jim puts his hand out to stop Libby and starts to talk to her. I hear him explaining that the safest she will ever be is in the tiny apartment with me. He can go over all the shit I have in place to keep her safe. I shut the door behind us and lay her on the big bed that takes up much of the room. I use the little multi-tool all of us have on us to cut off her shirt so I don't have to jostle her as much. I go for her bra next and then take her shorts off. Those I can pull down her legs without disturbing her.

I hesitate for just a second before I take her panties off as well. They're wet from where she sat on the ground and the rain-soaked through her jeans. I have to rub my

hand down my face and over my mouth to keep myself from drooling over what I've uncovered. She's hurt and I'm not trying to be a perv but god damn she is beautiful.

Her skin is smooth and just as soft as I imagined. She has a thin strip of red hair, just a tuft really, right above her lips which are bare. The curls are tight and so light I can almost see through them. Her breasts are high and round, apple-sized. They'll grow bigger if she were pregnant.

I can't stop myself from reaching out and running my fingers down her body until I reach her mound and feel the tickle of that little patch of fuzz. I want to dip my hand lower but a knock on the door stops my progress. Fuck. If I didn't need what the Doc was bringing I wouldn't let him in. How am I supposed to stop exploring all of this naked beauty I have before me? All of which is mine to explore.

I slip one of my dress shirts on her before pulling a sheet over her. I don't button it but I make sure everything is covered before I go and check my cameras. I make sure it is the Doc who is actually there before I open the door for him. He comes in and nods his head my way.

"I hear you boys broke another one. Can't you guys play nice with your women?"

I growl at him. He laughs not put out by my response at all. Doc has been working with us too long to take much guff off of us.

"Take me to my patient."

I walk him over to the bed. Lexi is lying right where I left her. Her feet are hanging off the bed and her arms are lying over the covers. Doc checks her pupils and the bump on her head. She responds to his touch by pulling away from him, her eyes finally opening and looking around.

"Jack." I come to her and take the hand she is reaching out with.

"I'm here, Sweets," Doc's brows arch at my pet name for her. "Doc knows what he's doing let him check your head for me, baby." She lies still while Doc probes her head again.

"That is a nasty bump you got there but I have to agree with Jack. The bleeding seems a lot worse just because it's a head wound. I don't think you'll need stitches but I want to put a butterfly bandage over it just make sure the skin stays nice and tight and doesn't split open once it starts to heal."

He pulls the cover back and I watch Lexi stiffen up. I put my hand out keeping him from pulling it all the way back. "The shirt doesn't move and the blanket stays at least this high."

"What the fuck, Jack? How am I supposed to make sure she's alright if you won't let me actually do my job?"

"Figure it out."

Doc looks at the bruise on her chest, or at least the little I will let him look at. He goes to touch and I grab his hand. "Jack, for fuck's sake I'm going to have to touch her."

"Use the handheld." He blows out a frustrated breath and reaches for his bag. He takes out his laptop and the portable x-ray machine. He hooks it up to his computer and runs it over her chest. I look over his shoulder as he does it.

Since our team was top-of-the-line defense Doc got a lot of toys that were prototypes. The military wanted him to test out a lot of the medical technology on us before they made it mandatory for all units. This little machine is just one of the fancy portables that are in testing.

"Everything looks fine. She's just got a nasty bruise. It's going to take a couple of weeks if not months for it to go away." He runs the tablet-shaped device over her ribs without moving her shirt out of the way. "Ribs look good but I'm betting those are going to be sore too."

He runs it down to the bruise on her hip.

"I worry about her pubic area. I want you to check it over especially well." The Doc straightens up and eyeballs me. "I need to know nothing happened to her pelvic area."

Doc keeps looking at me instead of checking the readings his machine is sending to the computer. "Jesus Jack, is she pregnant? You didn't tell me that."

"She's not. Yet. But I want to make sure everything is alright so when she is nothing will come back to hurt her."

"I can x-ray but a lot of that area is soft and not going to show up. Especially the stuff you will be worried about. The best way I can think to check is to do it the way a gynecologist would do a pelvic exam and I don't think you're going to let me do that."

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"Fuck no! Tell me how to check. Tell me what to look for."

"Good Lord, you guys have lost your fucking minds. Whatever the hell you're drinking or smoking, I don't want any part of."

He turns his back as I gently shake her awake. She lapsed back into unconsciousness during the x-rays. Her eyes open and stare up at me. The doc already put the bandage on her head so I make sure not to touch it when I brush the wisps of hair back from her face.

"Sweets, I need you to try to focus for this next part alright." She gives me a soft yes before looking around for the doctor. "I'm going to do this next part but I need you awake so you can tell me if anything hurts or not."

Her brows crinkle down into a frown but she still gives me a small nod.

I sink closer to her so my voice won't carry so much, not wanting Doc to hear our conversation. "I need to check you where the seatbelt came across your lap." I run my hand over where the seatbelt would have gone across her. "A lot of things in there are soft and easily hurt and I need to know if everything is alright with you inside. To do that I have to touch you, do you understand?"

She narrows her eyes at me and for a split second and I wonder what I am going to do if she won't let me check her. She wets her lips before she asks questions. "You...have to touch me somewhere you don't want the doctor touching?"

I nod and she squirms a little. "Yes Sweets."

"Will you have to...?" Her eyes swirl with worry and a little bit of fear.

I lean closer so I can whisper to her, my words just for her and me, "Only a little, not enough to do what my cock will do at a later date. I don't want the doctor touching you there but he is going to tell me how to check you to make sure you're alright. Let me do this, Lexi. Don't let someone else do it."

I'm practically begging her at this point.

"O...okay." I let out a deep sigh at her agreement. "Wh...what do I have to do?"

"Doc?"

"Her legs are going to have to be spread; the best way is to have her put the bottoms of her feet together."

Her eyes round at Doc's words and even though this isn't the time to have my dick hard, it is. Harder than I have ever been in my life. Her eyes catch the tent I'm forming in my jeans and widen even further. I want to tell her not to worry about it but clearly it's making that impossible. I stand and pull the sheet down further until it's all the way off the bed.

She brings her knees up, held tightly together so I can't see the small patch of fuzz that makes my cock all but cum on site. I look up at her, "You have to be checked."

It's either me that's going to check her or I'm taking her to a female gynecologist to have them do it. There is no way in hell I'm having another man's hands anywhere close to her.

Lexi

I don't even know why I have to be checked like this but Jack seems pretty sure that I do. This has to be the most embarrassing thing ever. Not only am I going to have to let Jack touch me but someone else is in the room. Did I really think him touching me over my panties in a pool was embarrassing? Because this is mortifying compared to that. And what happens if he...goes too far in and breaks my hymen? How bad will it hurt? Will the other guy be able to tell that's what happened?

Jack puts his hand on my knees and slowly pushes them further and further apart. I try to remember what the doctor told me to do, put my feet together. My face is on fire and I can't meet his eyes any longer.

"Are her legs, uh...is she in the right position yet?"

"Yes." Jack's voice is gruff and I can't possibly miss the huge lump in the front of his jeans. "Now what?"

"Okay, you're going to want to push on her lower stomach and...lower. Right above her pubic bone. You're searching for anything that doesn't feel soft or if there is any pain associated with it. You need to gently do this because if you're too rough it might hurt her."

Jack presses on my stomach and again just over where my panties would sit but I'm not wearing anything. I don't want to think about how I got this way. His palm travels further down until his hand is lying over my nearly bare mound.

"You're going to want to...fuck, I can't believe I'm doing this shit. You want to make sure everything feels alright inside. You know what I mean?"

"Yeah, I hear you." I tense up; bracing myself for what the doctor told Jack to do. Instead, Jack takes his time and slowly grazes his fingers over the outside of my bare lips.

"Oh God." It's a whisper but it makes Jack's eyes snap to mine.

"Pain?"

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I shake my head. I want to cry. This is not how I thought my first time would be.

"God damn it, Lexi, if you're hurting you better tell me so I can help make it better."

I nod not wanting to say anything else. Already I've said too much with just a whisper. His fingers which had stilled when I spoke start their gentle brush again. I bite down on the inside of my cheek to keep from crying out at the touch of his hand. He's so gentle and taking his time that I can't help the way my body responds to him. He's going to find out too, as soon as he...

He lets one of his fingers slide inside between my lips and runs it up my center causing me to gasp and go rigid under him.

"So have you done it yet?" Oh God, I forgot he was in the room. I forgot that another human being was in the room with me and Jack while Jack was touching me. I close my eyes tight.

"I'll do it as fast or as slow as I need to, Doc and you can just stand there and wait."

"Ten/four."

Jack's finger keeps taking long slow swipes back and forth. There is no hiding anything from him now. He can tell what he's doing to me. He knows I'm getting wetter and wetter the longer his fingers play over my untouched body. I hear his breathing grow louder and deeper.

His finger travels up to bump across the bundle of nerves and I can't stop my hips

from rising off the bed and my breath from coming in quick pants. Oh God, this is torture. Jack lingers there and I realize he can tell what it does to me. He knows I'm about to...I'm about to cum and he's just trying to help me.

He brings the tip of his finger down lower until it circles my entrance and I can't help trembling. His eyes come up to meet mine. "You have to be really still for me alright, Sweets."

I nod and raise my eyes until I'm looking at the ceiling. Maybe if I don't watch him it will help. He slides his finger in, or he would but I'm too tight and he has to rock it back and forth a few times to actually fit it inside of me. I gasp loudly at the feel of something inside where nothing has ever been. My fingers curl in the sheets as I tense up around him.

"Babe, you got to let me in." I jump as his breath fans the little hairs close to my ear. "The more you tighten up, the more you tense around me, the harder this is going to be. You have to loosen up, Sweets."

"I...I can't, Jack."

His lips are on mine and he slides his tongue in almost as gently as he slid his finger inside of me. He nips and drinks from my lips like this isn't something completely odd and out of place. He starts slowly working his tongue over mine and I focus more on the kiss than on his finger rocking further in.

His mouth is there to catch some of the gasps and moans that slip-free and when he pulls away from me I realize my hands have transferred their death clutch from the sheet to his shirt. He stares into my eyes for a long time before moving finally down to where his hand is working me. His palm periodically brushes against my clit as his finger sinks deeper in.

He comes up against my innocence and pauses. He turns his finger so that he can feel all around the inside of me before sliding a second finger inside of me. It's a tight fit and almost too much. I break the position my feet are in to plant them firmly on the bed.

"Pain?"

I shake my head. "It...it just feels..."

"Alright, baby. Shh. Tell me if you're hurting." He uses his other hand to press down again and hits something that makes my butt leave the bed and my lungs lock up. I grab for his wrist but I don't know if it's to stop him or to keep him there so he can do it again and again. I shake my head to try to tell him it's not exactly pain that I'm feeling. "Pain?"

"N...no." If he doesn't stop soon I'm going to do something really embarrassing like cum really hard while his fingers are inside of me.

He comes closer to me. He moves fast for someone so big. His lips play along the edge of my ear. "I can feel that soft little hymen just waiting for me. You were such a good girl keeping it safe for me all these years."

His words make me tremble and wish that I felt better so I could enjoy them more. I wish I could give him a witty reply that makes him want to stay with me. I know Jack is down to fuck but is that all. I close my eyes as he takes his hand away and closes up the shirt I have on. His knuckles brush the swells of my breasts as he does the top ones causing me to inhale on a gasp.

"Are you all done? You haven't done anything that will make me sick if I were to turn around - keep in mind I am a doctor but seeing your white ass in the light of day is enough to make even my stomach go a little queasy."

Jack's mouth moves up on one side in a half-assed smirk at the doctor's words. "You can turn around now. Everything feels...right."

"Excellent. You might want to keep checking over the next couple of days and if anything feels off," He turns his eyes to me, "or you have any pain at all, call me."

Jack walks him out and the two of them talk for a little while before Jack is shutting the door and turning towards me. He walks to the bed slowly before he crawls behind me and starts to do something with my hair. I try to sit up stiffly but in the end, he pulls me back on him so that I'm reclined against his chest.

A knock at the door has me trying to sit back up - pull away from him a little bit. Jack holds me still and takes his time getting off the bed. He walks to a small computer sitting by the steps that lead up to the door. He must be okay with whoever is on the other side because he jogs up them to open the door. Before he pulls the door open he turns to me.

"It's your sister coming to check on you." I prop myself up not wanting her to think that I am worse than I really am. I don't want her to worry.

She rushes in as soon as the door is opened. She's pale and I can still see the trail of tears that have streaked down her face. She heads right to me.

"Oh my God, Lexi. I was so worried. I was so scared. All I could think about was losing you."

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"I'm not going anywhere." I give her a smile so she can tell I'm alright. Or I will be.

"Can you tell us what happened?"

I look over at Jim who asked the question. I would have thought Ana or Evie would have told him. I answer his questions with a few of my own, "Is everyone alright? Did everyone get to see the doctor?"

Jim and Jack share a look that tells me all is not alright. "Libby, did something happen? Why are Jim and Jack doing that man thing where they look at one another and think we can't tell something is wrong? Tell me what happened?"

"The doctor is with Evie right now. She and Ana are going to be fine. They're just shaken up." She takes my hand and clasps it to her. "They took Laura to the hospital. She hasn't woke up yet. They think they might have to do surgery but we can't get any information on her because we're not family."

I look between her and Jack, "Well, can't Don find out and tell us how she's doing?"

"Don's gone, Lexi. He went missing earlier this morning. It was the last time any of us saw him which is why it is so important for you to tell us what happened. Why was Laura driving your car? What caused you guys to wreck?"

I raise my hand to my bandaged head thinking back to right before the car crashed into the tree. Thinking hurts my head but I have to try so they'll know what happened to us. "We were...sneaking out." I look up at Jack waiting for him to shoot me a pissed-off look but it never comes. Instead, he takes the other hand that Libby doesn't

have a hold of. "We just wanted to have some girl time. We were going to the mall to shop. I was supposed to be driving but I forgot my license and Evie didn't want us to get caught before we ever left."

Jack squeezes up on my hand at that. I look up to find his eyes a cold, frosty blue. Their so cold that I try to pull my hand away from his and put some distance between us but he doesn't let me. He cups my cheek in his hand, surprisingly gentle for having such a hard stare.

"I'm not mad at you, Sweets. I'm pissed because you could have been hurt a lot worse than you were."

I take a big breath to try to settle myself. I don't think I am going to be able to process this for a long time. "Laura offered to drive us. She seemed lonely and we all thought it would be fun to have another girl come along." I close my eyes but too much comes back to me. When I snap them open I realize I've squeezed up tight on Jack and Libby's hands.

"It was drizzling and we were all talking and laughing at something Evie had said. I turned around to talk to her and Laura started freaking out. She said something about the brakes not working. We went down a slight hill and started picking up speed, she kept trying to pump the brakes but nothing worked. We took a curve too fast and ran off the road." I rush to get as much out as I can but I don't want to go any further.

I hear Jack growl and Libby gasp halfway through my recounting. Jack and Jim move at the same time, both of them head for the door. It's the first time during all of this that Jack's left me alone. Libby is here with me but it's not the same as having Jack close by. I don't want to look too deep into why I feel like that. Not today, not after all that happened and how bad my head hurts.

"They'll be back." I don't know who my sister says it for, me or her. "They're doing

what they do best - figuring out how to move forward."

I give her a lopsided smile, "I thought you meant hunt."

She grins back, "That too."

"They don't think it was an accident do they?" She rolls her lips around her teeth before giving me a quick head shake. "They think someone did this on purpose?"

It comes out as a question because I just can't see anyone doing this on purpose. Surely it had to be an accident. Right?

15

Lexi

About fifteen minutes after the guys leave they are back again. Jim shakes his head at Libby's hopeful look. I'm still not sure what they were hoping to find other than Don. When I look to Jack for any idea his eyes are the same cold blue they were before he left.

"While we were gone my friend in the sheriff's department called and said it did indeed look like the brakes were cut but they won't know more until they take the car somewhere to have a better look. They also want you to make a statement as soon as you're up to it."

I give a slight nod, thinking I'll never be up for it but I might as well try to get it out of the way as quick as possible. The room falls into an uncomfortable silence as we all wait.

Jack is the first one to break the silence, "Lexi has to be getting tired after all of this." I look up at him as his eyes sweep over me and he starts moving around the room. "You can come back to visit with her longer tomorrow but I think she needs to rest now." He has a couple of over-the-counter pain meds in his hands when he comes back.

Libby bristles at being dismissed. Jack doesn't pay any attention to the tension that is starting to grow in the room. He goes about his business like there isn't a pissed-off older sister breathing down his neck about to lose her shit on him. He hands me water he got out of the small fridge sitting off to the side.

"What makes you think I'm alright leaving my baby sister here with you for any amount of time?" Her words recall to mind the last time all four of us were in a room standing around looking at one another trying to figure out what to do next.

"Because I owe you from when you took care of me." His words make me bite down on my bottom lip hard. He's just doing this to be nice because of what Libby did for him. None of this is because he wants to take care of me. I at least thought he wanted to fuck me but hearing him tell Libby he 'owes' her I don't know if that's true or not. How do I know this isn't something he and Jim made up so I wouldn't get in their investigation's way. Maybe he's just doing all of this to make a college kid have a great summer romance story to tell and keep me out of trouble along the way.

"And because I'll fuck up anybody that gets within an inch of her, man or woman."

If he doesn't want me why does he keep talking about killing people around me? Is that like a thing for him, like a hobby? "Just like Jim would with you."

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My head hurts too badly to do all of this thinking and in the end, Jack is right - I am exhausted. Having to go back through all of that and re-live it as I talked about it really stressed me out and now I have to put up with Jack.

"Fine. But I'm coming back tomorrow and she better not be hurt - worse than she is right now." Libby takes her time with her goodbyes like she is purposefully defying Jack. Eventually, she and Jim leave me alone with Jack and all of this unanswered tense relationship stuff that makes the pounding in my brain worsen.

"You should have told me as soon as your head started hurting and not tried to wait until they left." He crawls behind me again and starts unbraiding my hair. His fingers brush along the collar of the shirt and the back of my hair and causes me to tense up, the last thing I want to do right now is be that poor college kid who falls head over heels in love.

"Time for a bath?"

"What?!" I normally love baths and soaking until I am nothing but a prune, spending hours reading while washing my cares away but this is one of those few times in my life that I can honestly say I do not want to think about a bath and all the ritualistic stuff I usually do to prepare for one. Even if I didn't do the candles and the reading I still don't want to wait for a tub to fill up. I just want to rest - like he promised Libby he would let me do.

"A soak in the tub will make you feel better, take some of the soreness out of your muscles so it won't be so bad tomorrow, and get the dried blood off of you."

"I have dried blood on me?" I thought I was saying it in my head but apparently, I spoke out loud.

"Yeah Sweets, you do. I got most of it off when I washed you're face and hands but you still have some around your hairline and I'm sure a bath will make you feel better."

"But Jack, I just want to rest. I don't think I have the energy to do all of the things I would normally do in a bath." He's not listening to me. He's already gone somewhere else. I roll my eyes at his bossiness. He may try to tell me what to do but he can't make me do it if I don't want to.

I'm jostled out of a light doze when he lifts me off the bed. I don't know how long I was out but it was long enough for him to unbutton my/his shirt. "Jack, what are you doing? I told you I don't want to take a bath right now. I just want to sleep."

"You can stay asleep, sweetheart. You just lay back and rest." I don't understand what he means if he's still holding me and we're still moving.

He gives the door to the bathroom a little shove with his foot before taking me in. It smells really good in here, like...Jack and something else, some kind of flower but not a feminine one. He sits me down for a second on the vanity and steadies me so I don't tip back. He has the shirt I'm wearing off before I can question why this might not be a good idea. His clothes come off next. Well, his jeans. He isn't wearing underwear and hasn't put on a shirt since Jim and Libby left.

I gasp and try to wake myself up a little more at the sight of him - naked. Completely nude. "Jack, you aren't wearing clothes!"

"That's how I take my baths, Lexi." He acts like all of this makes sense but it doesn't.

"Y...yes but you usually don't take baths with me either." He scoops me up in his arms and as soon as our naked flesh touches my breathing gets deeper and my heart starts to pound harder. I hang on out of instinct more than anything, keeping my arm around him as he steps us both into the steamy water.

"You're tired and shouldn't have to take care of yourself right now. Just let me do this Lexi."

"Because you owe Libby?" I can't keep the snide tone out of my voice. I'm more than a little upset that he's doing all of this because he feels like it is a fucking favor.

He sinks down in the warmth with me on his lap. His dick is right under my thigh. Oh holy Christmas, I am touching it. With me. He takes my chin in between his thumb and finger, "Because I want to. Now turn around."

I let him gently spin me so that I am back to chest with him which puts his very hard cock right up against the bottom of my back. All I would have to do is slide up a little bit and it would be touching my ass, the part of my ass I never thought I wanted anything as big as Jack touching.

He repositions me so that I'm sitting up a little higher. His words come out right by my ear making me jump a little bit. "Darling, you're going to have to relax or this isn't going to be a very good bath. Lie back. Come on. Put your head on my chest."

Until he says something about it I didn't realize how tense I was. I gradually ease back until the back of my head is resting on the hard surface of his chest. His fingers start rubbing my scalp and I unintentionally let out a moan at how good it feels. I don't have to pretend to lie back for very much longer because I start to sink into him and relax the longer his long nimble fingers keep rubbing. He makes sure to not touch anywhere near my cut.

His hands finally stop their magic and fall to my shoulders to start to rub there. "Oh God." I want to purr for him. He stops and tilts my head to the side. Before I can ask him what he's doing he is running his fingers down the bruise line on my chest. I jolt a little but don't tense back up. I can't find the strength. Lying in his arms feels too good.

"Does it hurt, baby?"

I shake my head.

"Is your head still hurting?"

"Not really. The water feels good." I wait for just a few seconds before I say the rest of what I want to say. "So does the massage."

"Good, Sweets. That's real good."

I finally realize that I'm sitting naked in front of him and he can see my boobs floating above the line of the water. I move my hands up to cover my breasts. He reaches up to grasp my wrists in his large hands.

"Don't be shy?" He pulls my arms away and starts rubbing my scalp again. Like before, I relax. Suddenly it doesn't seem all that important that he can see my bare breasts. It's not like he hasn't seen them before, he did after all take my wet clothes off when I first got here. He also...checked me, down there, so the doctor wouldn't have to do it.

"Thank you." My voice is thin even to my own ears.

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"For what?" he rests his chin on the top of my head.

"For taking care of me like this and for...checking me so the doctor wouldn't have to... touch me."

"Sweets, I'm going to be the only man to ever touch you. You don't have to thank me for that at all. It's my job to care for you."

He had me right up until he said something about it being his job. Is this just an obligation to him? If that's true than it doesn't matter if my tits are out or not, he isn't going to care. His hands run down my neck and over my shoulders and lower. His hands drop until he's the one covering my breasts.

"Jack! What are you doing?"

"Shh. Just lie back." His touch almost burns me and makes me have to squeeze my thighs together to keep from vocalizing what I am feeling. His palms start working over me and I can't help but lean into his touch, arching my back a bit.

"Jack," my voice is breathy and low and I don't recognize it, "I don't think....,"

"When I was shot sometimes sitting in a warm bath would help take the ache away from...well, all of the place I was shot."

"H...how many times did you get shot?" I almost hold my breath wanting him to tell me more.

"Six times, two in the shoulder, two in the back and one in the thigh and fleshy part of my arm but those were just flesh wounds." At his words my hands which had dropped to his thighs tighten up like maybe subconsciously I can keep him safe by holding him tighter. It's ridiculous but I can't stop myself.

"How long were you out?"

"Couple of days, maybe a week. It gets a little blurry and I have to rely on other people's memories of what happened then. Doc came in and fixed me up and Libby took over from there." I remind myself that I didn't know him at the time so there is no reason for me to be jealous that my sister did. I should be thankful that someone was there to take care of him.

"How did it happen?" I whisper out even softer than I ask the other questions. His hands stop but don't leave me and I think for a few seconds that he isn't going to answer me.

16

Jack

"I was on a mission. I was tracking down everyone whose names we found in a book owned by a Russian mafia boss. I was trying to find more information about the man who betrayed us and put our names on a list he sold to the highest bidder."

"Why would that be a problem? If your name was on a list?"

"One of the reasons we were able to operate so well is because not a lot of people knew we were coming. No one knew who or where we were. As long as no one knew

we could sneak into cities and towns, compounds and houses. But as soon as they could ID us, that surprise was gone. People started looking for us, hunting us. Anyone who has ever suspected us of fucking something up for them would be after not only us but our families, friends, lovers - everyone."

She gasps when the reality of what having my name on that list really means. I don't know if I understood until I had something to lose.

"We were retired in a very public manner so everyone would know we no longer posed a threat. For a few months we went off our separate ways and tried to live normal lives -whatever the hell that means. I tried to settle down." I tried to settle period.

"Your fiancé?"

"Yeah, I...," damn, it's hard to make her understand what I was feeling, why I was so god damn desperate for something to hang on to, "made a mistake."

"A mistake?"

"I let my drive for a family blind me to the kind of person I was with. It damn near blinded me enough that I settled for something fake instead of waiting for the real thing."

Which I have in my arms right now. I don't think she is ready for me to tell her all that just yet.

"The best thing that ever happened to me was walking in and finding Don balls deep in my ex-fiancé."

She doesn't say anything but I can tell she's still thinking about what I said. Fuck, I

hope I didn't make a mistake telling her all of this.

"So how did you get shot?"

"Someone started killing us off, someone who knew that we would be able to identify them when it came out that they were the person who sold us out. Other people want to know who that might be because of the other things this mystery man has done like trafficking rings - guns, drugs, and humans."

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"Oh God."

I run my hands down her arms and back up to her shoulders.

"There was a senator that was tied to the sex trafficking ring that we took down last year."

"Oh shit, I remember that! That was you all? You...but I thought he committed suicide at his farmhouse."

"Yeah, because that made a better story than the fact that a military special forces unit went in and killed a United States senator. Anyway, to make a long story short, we found a list of names of our own and I was...tracking these men down." My memory takes me back to the seconds right before all hell broke loose. "I was at an abandoned warehouse in Senegal. I swear they knew I was coming. They had been tipped off that I was the one coming because as soon as I hit the building they were trying to take me apart."

She tenses up. Her nails sink into the sides of my thighs.

"I took out so many I lost count but there were so many there. It had to be forty, fifty guys. And all of them wanted to take my fucking head off. I hadn't planned on a full-on assault so I ran out of ammunition real quick. I was already shot when I ran out and had to resort to other means."

"Other means?"

"Don't ask. Let's just say not a lot of them made it out and I know how to build a bomb in a tight spot. Still, the mother fuckers got me six times before I could make it to the water. I had already alerted the guys so they were on their way but I had to stay in one piece until they got to me and no matter how many I blew up I couldn't take all of them. Somehow I managed to stay hidden until Remy and Ace came for me. I even held on for most of the helicopter ride."

I run my hands up her arms and cup her breasts again. Damn she's soft. My touch starts to turn more intimate as I circle her areolas, turning her nipples into hard little bullets of their own. Remembering makes me want to replace the bad with something good.

"J...Jack, you have to stop." She bites down on her bottom lip to keep from squirming. It doesn't stop her from trying to follow my touch and whimpering about it. "Please, please."

Her mind might be fighting this but her body is all on board for me to give her pleasure. "Why do I have to stop? You like it, I can tell and it takes your mind away from the pain and fear of today."

"Jack, you can't play with me like this and....," She gasps loudly when my hand slips down to cup her pussy. The last thing I am doing is playing. "Oh my God, Jack! You...oh, you can't..."

My fingers spread her apart and play along the edge of the pack of nerves that make up her clit. Her hands slam over my wrists trying to maintain some sort of...distance but I'm not having it.

"Baby, let me do this." All the strength drains out of her and even though she doesn't move her hands off of my wrists she's no longer struggling against me. I lean closer to her to whisper in her ear enjoying the way the little hairs at her temple tickle my

cheek. "Hmm, Sweets, this pussy feels like velvet. So soft and puffy. It makes me want to lick on it and nibble until you cum in my mouth. Are you going to let me wipe up all of the cream you're going to give me?"

"Oh my God, I don't know. I don't...Jack!" Her words end on a high yelp as her hips fly up to meet my fingers. I wrap my arm around her so I can play with her more. My thumb rubs her clit as my finger starts circling her entrance. "You got to be still, Sweets so I don't take this cherry before it's time. I have a whole plan for you." The last thing I will do is break her hymen with my fucking fingers. No, I want my dick to do that.

My finger sinks into her. I'm not rushing this; I want to take my time. God damn her little pussy is so tight and tiny that I might not be able to fit my cock all the way in her but I'm going to try my hardest. I don't think I have ever wanted something more than for my cock to bump the bottom of her cunt, getting it right at the mouth of her cervix. My dick is leaking just thinking about it.

Her pussy practically sucks the tip of my finger inside of her. I nuzzle into her neck and drag in her scent. I keep working her clit with the palm of my hand until she tenses up. Her nails sink into the skin of my thigh again and pain has never felt so sweet. I would get shot any number of times if I was sure it would bring her to me.

When she splinters apart in my arms and her cunt kisses my finger I can't fight my own release. Her body sags against mine and I reach for the soap to start washing her off, mainly so she doesn't find out I just sprayed cum up her back like a fucking teenager.

Lexi

The sensation of having something inside of me, of knowing Jack is the one inside of me, sends me over the edge and my muscles spasm around him. I bear down hard and lose all sense of where I am or what is going on around me.

I come back from my mind-numbing orgasm to find that Jack is running a soap-covered sponge over my chest and shoulders. He runs the puff over my body causing a delicious chill to work down my body. Then my mind starts going over all the things that happened and guessing why they happened. His next words don't help.

"Any pain?"

I shake my head and turn so he hopefully can't see me. Big tears are pooling up, wanting to come out.

"What's the matter, sweetheart?" he takes my chin and turns my head so I can't hide from this. "You said no pain, are you hurting now?"

"No," I look up at him because I don't have a choice but to look him in the eyes. Now he's going to be able to tell how stupid I am. "You did all that to check to see if I was hurt?"

His forehead crinkles and he looks like he doesn't understand the words that are coming out of my mouth. Then understanding flashes in his eyes. "You thought I was making you cum because I was still checking on you...there?"

I look away even if I can't turn my head. I don't care if he sees the tears that are leaking out of my eyes or that my nose might be runny or that my face is bruised on that side.

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"And the Libby thing," he breathes out a light laugh, "makes sense now. You think I'm doing all of this because of some misguided attempt to even us up so I won't owe her anymore."

My eyes slide back to his. His lips are tilted up on one side in a sexy smirk.

"Lexi, technically I already paid Libby back. I can't tell you how, that's Libby's secret to tell." My eyes widen at the thought of my sister having a secret from me. I thought we told each other everything. "I touched your body, gave you pleasure, and made you cum because I'm a selfish asshole who can't control himself around you. I never could."

He has my full attention now.

"I had to call off training early not because of Bambi but because being in a pool with you turns me on so bad all I could think about was taking off your bathing suit and fucking you underwater until neither one of us could breathe. I made you cum, when you weren't feeling good and need to rest because I couldn't stop myself from touching you, from wanting you."

He leans closer and whispers in my ear, "And Lexi, I came too."

His words have me stunned. This man just admitted that he...came from touching me. I made him do that.

"Now, I've been a dick enough for one day. I can tell you're tired. Lie back and let me clean you, wash your hair for you, take care of you."

I gradually loosen back up enough to lean back and as soon as he starts shampooing my hair I am once again back in the relaxed state I was in before he started exploring my body. I must have drifted off because the next thing I know Jack is laying me on the soft mattress and pulling covers up over me. I should thank him again but I'm too tired. And Jack has relaxed me too much for me to worry about the stuff I have to take care of later. For right now I just want to sink into blissful sleep and let my brain rest.

I moan before I open my eyes. Everything on me hurts and I think I might have gotten run over by a bus last night and no one told me. I wince as I pry my eyes open and try to fight the pain that seems to be everywhere. I slowly become aware of a big body right next to me. It takes me a moment but things from yesterday start filtering back in.

I jerk, which makes me moan more because I'm just realizing I don't have anything on and the man lying behind me is Jack. Jack, who gave me a bath last night while both of us were naked. He made me cum; again. One of his arms is under my head and the other one is thrown over me cupping my...he's got his hand between my legs!

I start wiggling trying to put some space between us but all that does is cause my head and shoulder to ache. I wince and bright blue eyes flash open. "Are you in pain, Sweets?"

"No." I'm in shock that I woke up naked in this man's arms, "a little bit, maybe." Yeah, there is definitely some soreness. Jack rolls out of bed and I realize he isn't wearing anything either. He is fucking huge! I saw him yesterday a little bit - I looked, I couldn't help it - but he seems twice as big this morning. His cock is pointing straight up and looks a little mad and red.

I sit up in bed and bring the sheet up high on my chest. He comes closer and brushes his knuckles over my cheek. His cock is close, just under my chin practically. "Don't worry, Sweets. It might look big but it'll fit."

My eyes widen. He holds a water bottle up for me to see. I pull back slightly. He's holding out his other hand, the one that was rubbing my cheek. When I offer my palm he gives me two painkillers that I didn't even realize he had went to get in my stupor. As soon as I take them he takes the water bottle back out of my hand.

"I should leave you alone but...,"

But what? What is he going to do? He walks to the bottom of the bed and reaches up under the sheet. His hand wraps around my ankle and before I realize what's going on he has me pulled down to the bottom where he's at. The sheet is gone and I am lying on my back as he stares down at me. I squeal and reach out to grab some of the bottom sheet trying to stop myself from being pulled down. When I realize that I'm not going to be able to stop myself I use my hands to cover myself, one arm wrapped around my breasts and one going to my mound.

He's on his knees and spreading my legs. "Jack, what are you doing?"

"Making you feel good, Sweets." His head tilts down and his lips brush against my thighs, kissing each side.

He takes the hand I have cupping myself and moves it. He just looks at me, his eyes heating the longer he stares down at me. His shoulders wedge in between my legs so I can't close them. He starts kissing farther and farther up until his lips are right at my own. I'm wet, so wet, and he has to see that. He has to be able to tell what he's doing to me.

He takes a deep breath causing my cheeks to turn pink. "God damn, you smell just

like candy. I bet you taste like it too."

Oh my God, he's smelling me! I whimper at the thought. It doesn't stop him from sinking further down so that his face is nearly buried in me. I yelp out at the first swipe of his tongue. He moans and I swear it echoes through me.

"Hmm, good God Sweets, this pussy...I could eat it all day." He returns to licking me. My hips fly off the bed and much to my surprise and embarrassment I rock back and forth on his mouth like I'm trying to ride his face. I try to stop myself but with each pass of his tongue over my clit my resistance fades.

His tongue feels like velvet being brushed across me. The sensation of having him in between my thighs is new and all-encompassing. The way his hair tickles the sides of my spread legs, his breath teasing me before the swipe of his tongue hits so many nerves as he broadens it to taste all of me combine to push me higher and closer to a climax.

"Jack," I don't even sound like myself. My voice is so breathy and sultry that it shocks me.

"Yes, Lover?" he mumbles not stopping his oral explorations. When his tongue dips lower to glide over my virgin asshole I scream out not being able to stop from vocalizing the feelings welling up inside of me anymore.

"Oh my...Jack, I'm...I'm going to cum." It's a far gone conclusion so I don't know why I'm telling him when he can already tell as much.

"Fuck yes! Give it to me, Sweetheart. Let me drink it down." One of his big hands comes up to squeeze my breast softly catching my nipple between his fingers. His other hand holds my thigh wide so I can't close my legs or try to push him from me.

I had no idea oral could be like this. My thighs are shaking around his head and I feel like I'm going to break in two if he doesn't help me reach that pentacle he's pushing me towards. Before I can reach it he's rolling us and helping me sit up straight. His face under me now as I look down into his eyes between my legs. Both arms come up to steady me.

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"Oh God!" Why would he do this to me? Put me in a position where I have no other option but ride his face. His hands come up so that he can play with both my breasts but also help me keep my balance as I inch closer to release. His mouth is working me over nonstop, he's eating me like he might not get fed again and it is the sexiest thing ever.

When I start to fall over the edge my head drops back, the end of my hair brushing his lower stomach as I arch into his touch, both his hands and his mouth. My whole body throbs with the orgasm he gives me. Muscles clench so hard around his face that I have a little worry I might hurt him but when I finally come back to myself he's chasing all of my pleasure with his lips and acting like he's enjoyed this as much as I am.

He rolls us again. This time when he comes between my legs it's on his knees, his cock in his hand. I put my hand out to stop him from going all the way. He grabs it with his free hand and pulls it to his mouth for a kiss. "I'm not." I relax a little knowing he can tell I'm not ready to go that far yet.

He moves my hand down to his giant cock causing me to gasp again. He folds my hand around him with his own and uses my hand as a sort of sleeve for his dick, never taking his hand from mine, showing me how to jerk him off. He's a lot rougher than I would be if I was doing it without his guidance. He likes it though because he throws his head back and grunts.

Our hands start going faster as I take all of him in. This is the hottest thing I have ever seen. Jack is masturbating using me. I lick my lips right as he looks back down at me and his eyes heat. His body jerks and warm, wet cum hits my pussy and mound. He

spreads my lips and grunts as he releases again, this time inside of me.

He trails his fingers through the mess he made of me like he's trying to rub himself into me. His touch is gentle but his eyes aren't. They are saying all kinds of things, things I don't know if I'm ready for. He starts to speak but a knock on the door has him pausing, his eyes narrowing like he might tell whoever it is to fuck off.

His eyes drift over to the computer. He moves fast as he hits a button and tells the doctor to wait. I didn't even know he could do that from inside. He comes over but instead of wiping me off or helping me get cleaned up he goes to a dresser and pulls out a box. It looks like a necklace box. He comes back to the bed where I'm still lying covered in him.

He opens the box and takes out something shiny and round as he throws the box down on the covers. He doesn't ask. He just puts whatever it is on me. When he pulls away his eyes look satisfied and some of the wildness has gone out of them. Not all but some. My fingers come up to find cool metal wrapped around my throat in a braided design. He comes back with a key around his neck.

His eyes linger on the thing he put on me. It reminds me of something my sister wears and I wonder what it is, what it means? He pulls one of his shirts down over my head and goes to let the doctor in.

18

Jack

Putting my mark on Lexi, in more ways than one, settles me a little bit. I won't be truly at peace until she's carrying my last name and my baby but for now, this is

good. I notice the Doc sees the collar right away. "I've come to check on my patient this morning. How are you my dear?" "Don't charm her, Doc. I'd hate to have to kill you seeing as you saved my life and all." All the asshole does is chuckle and head straight for Lexi. She gives him a shy smile. Her cheeks are still flushed from what we were doing earlier. "I'm feeling a little better. Sore." "I assume you checked her over this morning?" He turns to ask me but Lexi is the one who blushes and looks away. "Yeah, she isn't having any pain except where the belt bruised her and her head of course." "Excellent. I must say you look remarkably well all things considering." I look over at Lexi. She does appear to be almost glowing. I go on the other side of the bed and crawl behind her so that I can braid her hair to keep it out of her way. "Do you know how Laura is doing?" Doc looks up from me, back to Lexi. I give a slight head nod not wanting to keep anything from her. "I couldn't really say for sure how she is because I'm not her doctor..." "Why?" "I only see to the men in the unit that I was in and their families now that I'm retired." "So you saw Evie and Ana because they're with Ace and you're seeing me because of... Libby?" I turn her head so she can see the seriousness on my face, "No, Sweets, he's seeing you because of me." "But Laura was dating..." her words trail off. Doc looks at me again and I can see he isn't happy about how we went about trying to find information. Using Laura as a way to bring Don here might not have been nice but it was necessary. "I saw your sister, too, because of Jim. In fact, I'm the one who stitched her up when she got hurt." "Libby needed stitches!?" Her voice is almost a shout by the time she finishes. Good distraction technique. I'll have to give Doc that. "And I'm leaving. If you've checked her and nothing seems to be broken or bleeding all should be good so the two of you can start trying to make babies again." "What?" I stand so that I can see the doctor out and maybe buy myself some more time before I have to talk to Lexi about what all the doc was saying. Her sister and Jim give me a couple of more minutes to figure out what I'm going to say. They come just as Doc is leaving. Jim stops to talk to Doc while Libby goes for her sister. Her eyes take in everything, from the shirt Lexi is wearing to the braid. "You look like you're feeling better, are you?" Lexi gives her a small smile before answering her, "I am." Libby's eyes narrow. She knows something is different between me and her sister, that this isn't just a job to me

any longer. "I think you should move back into your room so I can better take care of you." "Not happening." I shut her down hard and fast. The stricken look on both girls' faces doesn't even slow me down. "The safest place for Lexi to be is with me and I make sure this place is locked down tight. And you aren't taking care of Lexi, I am." "She's my responsibility." Libby stands to confront me but on this, I'm not backing down, no matter how much I want Libby as I friend. "Not anymore." "She can take care of herself, guys," Lexi speaks up. "I'm not a child anymore, Libby. I'm not your responsibility any longer." She looks from her sister to me. "I'm not anyone's responsibility but my own." "That's where you're wrong, Sweets." If she thinks she isn't mine after what we've done I will gladly show her all day and night long. I cup her chin in the palm of my hand so she is looking right at me when I tell her as much with my eyes before backing up and giving her space to talk with her sister. "I can make my decisions now, Libby, and I...want to stay with Jack." The last half might have been whispered but it has the grin on my face growing and spreading wide. Let her sister come to terms with that. Lexi wants to be with me. Jim lays his hand on Libby's shoulder before whispering to her, "Let her lead her own life while I show you how good yours can be with someone in it who shares everything with you - the good and the bad." Libby is quiet for a minute and as the time drags out I start to wonder if Lexi will change her mind. "You're right. I have to remember you're my sister and I want you to be as strong and independent as you are. If you want to stay with Jack, I won't say anything or ask you to leave again." She gives her sister a watery smile. "But you have to want to stay. He can't try to make you or force you." She looks at me with the hint of murder in her glare. Her protectiveness over Lexi just makes me like Libby more. She kept her safe all those years for me and she did a damn good job of it. I owe this woman more than I can ever repay but I'm not telling her that. She'll just use it to make me feel bad for something or to try to honeyfuggle me into doing something I don't want to do. Libby and Jim stay for a while as we let the sisters catch up while we talk about Don who is still missing. He's not checked in with his sister at the hospital or anything. His disappearance makes me and Jim nervous. It looks too suspicious and neither of us are in denial that he was the person who tampered with Lexi's car. If she had been driving she would be lying where

Laura is right now. The very thought of that makes me want to take him apart with my bare hands. As soon as they leave I can tell how tired Lexi is getting. She might be feeling better but she was still in an accident just yesterday. I lock up behind Jim and Libby before turning back, "Time for a soak." She needs it to relax her aches and I need to see her bare again. I get the water going for her when I get a notification on my phone that someone is at my front door. "Stay here, Sweets." I pull my gun and go to my computer to check who is disturbing us. The knock comes seconds after I've put my gun away. I won't be needing it. I open the door and find Bambi on the other side of the door. How in the hell could Lexi think I ever had anything to do with this woman who embodies everything I hate. "Jack," her breathy voice gets on my nerves so bad I could scream. I'm convinced that somewhere in the world enemies use it to torture soldiers because it's annoying as fuck. I put my arm up on the door frame keeping her outside. I don't want her in my house or anywhere else I might sleep and eat. "I didn't have anything to do with the accident, Jack. You know me well enough to know that I would never." She pushes her chest out so she can display her boobs for me but I'm not looking. I don't want to, nor have I ever, wanted to. "I just can't believe...I'm sure you were scared when you heard and must be just worried sick about Evie and Ana." It doesn't escape my notice that she leaves out Lexi single-handedly pissing me off with one half-breathed sentence. "I mean they're practically family." "Hey Jack, I can't find the big towels. I looked..." I lower my arm and turn around to look at Lexi. She stops speaking and looks from me to Bambi, who is standing with her mouth hanging open, when she realizes someone is still at the door. Lexi is wrapped in nothing but a thin short towel that barely covers everything and my collar. Fuck, she's beautiful. "They're in the left-hand cabinet, Sweets. You'll figure out where everything is over time. Just don't worry about it. I'll bring you one when I come in. Go ahead and get in but you better be careful or I'll spank that ass for not being safe." Lexi's cheeks turn bright pink and she spins and does as I say. "What do you want Bambi?" Her eyes are still huge with shock, "I...I was just going to offer you a shoulder to cry on during this difficult time and suggest maybe we could be worried together." "As you can see I've got what I need." Damn, I mean that in every fucking way for the first time in my life. "And the only thing I want from you is for

you to leave me the fuck alone so I can go taste my girl's candy pussy and show her how grateful I am that she's alright." "You really love her." For the first time, she's not putting on some fake Marilyn Monroe accent done badly. It's not even a question either, just a simple statement issuing a fact. "Hell yes, I do. Now if you don't mind," I shut the door in her face before she can say if she does or she doesn't. I don't give a fuck if she does. I have my sweetheart to get to.

19

Lexi

I try not to be jealous. I really do. But the fact that he was standing there with Bambi just eats at me. I must have looked so stupid bouncing out in nothing but a towel asking where everything is. I slip in the tub and sink so far down nothing below my chin is above the water. I barely get in when I hear him coming down the hallway almost right behind me. "You didn't talk to her very long." He's got a big fluffy towel in one hand and a smaller, longer one in his other. "Who?" Is he for real right now? "Bambi." "Oh, I shut the door in her face but don't worry I locked it so she can't get in." He looks at me and I am so stunned for a minute that I forget one of us is naked and the other isn't. "You shut the door in her face?" "Uh, yeah. There is no way I'm going to stand around talking to her when I have you soaking in a warm tub completely naked. She can fuck right off." I try to hide the smile on my face by looking down but I don't think it works. He reaches behind him to tug his shirt over his head. "There is no one but you. I'm an obsessive fucker, Lexi, and I should leave you alone so you don't have to put up with someone like me but I can't. I don't want to anymore." He sits on the side of the tub looking at me. "What do you mean someone like you?" "I'm all scared up. Both on the inside and the outside. I have so much wrong with me that it would take a whole fucking day just to start naming all of it. I'm cranky and bad-tempered, every other word out of my mouth is a curse word

and I...worry I won't be as gentle with you as I need to be." Oh my God. This has me more stunned than the Bambi thing. He's worried he's going to be too rough with me when he has been nothing but gentle since he picked me up off of the street the day of the accident. Maybe before that. I move over to him and come up on my knees, water runs down my body making me aware of the temperature change. That's not the only thing that has changed in the room though. "You've been nothing but gentle with me." I brush my breasts up against his bare arm and lean in close to him, "I trust you." He takes my mouth in a deep kiss, both of us automatically giving each other our mouths. His tongue teases mine while I explore his. His lips are soft but firm when he presses them to me before opening back up again to give and take more. He turns slightly so more of my breasts are flush with his chest as he pulls me from the water and sits me on his lap. His hand going to my throat first and running down my body until he's at one of the peaks of my breasts. The areola is so furled and the nipple is needy and plump waiting for him to do something. His touch barely grazes over me but I gasp to catch my breath. His eyes take in everything, every breath, every shiver of anticipation, every sigh or moan. He dips his head so he can breathe on one of them causing it to tighten up even more. If he doesn't touch me soon I'm afraid I might break. His tongue licks out and finds the hard nub causing me to cry out and reach out for him. I hold his head to me as he sucks and licks and teases over first one and then the other. He comes back to my mouth but his hands are still teasing. "Let me eat your sweet pussy, baby. Let me make you feel good." "Oh God, Jack. You do make me feel good. What..." I'm about to ask what I need to do to help make this happen when he stands up placing me on my feet. He's gone from me just long enough to shuck his jeans before he's stepping in the tub with me. He pulls me by the hips back down into the water. "I want you to lie back like you're floating." I start to remind him how well that worked last time when he keeps going, "All I could think about was putting my fucking mouth on you that first day. I wanted to eat you while you floated weightlessly around and show you how much fun you can have in the water." I nod for him and stretch out. "There will come a day when I fuck you in that pool, Sweets. When I can do everything I fanaticized about doing to you when you were with me. That day is coming soon." He growls out like it's more of a threat than

a promise but right now I would let him do whatever he wanted wherever he wanted as long as he puts his mouth back on me. He sits on the step of the tub and tells me to lean back. "Grab the rim of the tub, Sweets." I do what he tells me to do and realize my back and hips aren't on the bottom of the tub. He leans forward after taking several seconds to look at me. His mouth touches me and I can't fight back the moan that comes out. It's loud and clear what I want. I see his smile as he lifts me up higher to him so that I am even with his mouth. He licks all the way up my center. The look on his face is both mischievous and cocky as hell. He looks proud of himself. He sucks me into his mouth latching onto my clit. My hips start moving with him. I can look down and see his head move he's eating me so thoroughly. The look in his eyes and the sight of him drives me closer to release. My head falls back as I moan out Jack's name and give myself over to him completely. He can do anything he wants to do to me, I wouldn't fight him. He runs his fingers up between my thighs and slides them to my opening. He slowly pushes one of his fingers inside of me and hooks it up. Soon his other finger is sliding in, spreading me open. "Oh God, Jack. I'm..you're...oh, Baby, it feels so good." I didn't intentionally call him baby it just came out. Just like I didn't mean to reach up and pull his face closer to me. My body is shaking so hard that I don't know how much longer I can hold on to the tub with the one hand I still have wrapped around the rim. "You make me feel so good, Jack!" My body convulses and my pussy squeezes down on his fingers. "Fuck, Sweets! You taste so fucking good but when you cum, it is like every sweet thing I could ask for rushing into my mouth at once. I'm going to get addicted to this and then you're going to have to give it to me every day." His words make me moan because it's not a bad idea. In fact, I like that idea very much. I could do that for him. No problem. He licks up all of my release until he's convinced I'm clean and then he moves his big body until he's under me and I'm lying on top of him. I lower my hands so I can touch him but he grabs my wrists and brings them to his mouth for a kiss. "Not here, Sweets. If you play with me now I'll take you in this tub and that isn't how I want our first time. That isn't how I want your first time to go." I mumble so tired I don't know how I'm going to find the energy to actually do what I am promising to do. "But you didn't..." "Yes, I did. I always cum when you do." He kind of sounds surprised about that but I

can't try to think of why that would be. I remember very vaguely Jack washing me and my hair before he stands with me in his arms and lays me on the bed just like yesterday. I snuggle down into his arms and nap for a couple of hours before we wake up and he takes me to visit Ana and Evie. I spend another night naked in his arms and wake with him wrapped around me, his hand cupping my pussy as he sleeps. I roll over so I can better look at him. His face doesn't look so grim when he sleeps. He looks younger and somehow less troubled, still deadly though. Jack is a predator no matter if he is asleep. His body is big and covered in stories in the form of scars. I reach out and touch one of the bullet wounds that are still a little pink and healing. "You done looking or you want me to roll over so you can pull the sheet back and get a better view?" I gasp and try to snatch my hand back but he doesn't let me. He presses it more firmly to him and lets out a sound that is almost like a purr. "How are you feeling, Sweets?" I stretch. "Better." I still have a twinge of pain at the bruise sites but other than that I'm actually much better. Whatever is in that stuff Jack puts in our baths is amazing. I look down at the mark left on my chest. It still looks kind of rough and I can't tell if any of it has faded or not. "Don't expect it to be gone in just two days, Sweetheart. Give it time. Even with a big old bruise on you, you are still the most beautiful thing I have ever seen." I feel myself blush at his words. He rolls us over so that he's on top of me, our naked bodies touching. "We have a busy day ahead of us, Sweets, so I'm going to have to eat you quick." I start to ask him why we're going to have such a busy day but he makes good on his words and eats me to an orgasm that leaves me limp, then he carries me into the shower and washes me. We meet up with the others for breakfast and then I spend the rest of most of the day with Ana, Evie, and Libby. We get word in the early afternoon that Laura is awake and doing better and the mood seems to lighten throughout the house. Everyone seems to be happier and there are plans made to go see a founder's day parade tomorrow in a small town nearby. It's Libby who suggests we go down to the dock and swim to escape the heat of the day. Jack's right, it really is a badly kept secret that she is pregnant since in her bathing suit you can just make out a slight swell to her tummy. I put my hand over it thinking how surreal it is that my big sis is going to have a baby and I'm going to be an aunt. A throat is cleared and all four of us

look up. Jim and Jack are standing over us on the dock and Jim reaches down to help Libby out of the water. If I'm being honest with myself I've missed Jack today. He was gone for most of it and I just didn't feel like myself. Not that I didn't have a good time with the girls. I did, but I also missed Jack. I looked for him every so often, hoping to find him brooding in the background but he was never there. I notice more and more of the guys starting to show up. Ace and Steve came with Evie and Ana when they came down but Remy and the twins also made their way down to join us in our fun. The only person who isn't here is Gauge and I wonder if that is because of Laura or if it's something else. Jim wraps his arms around Libby not caring that she gets him wet or not. It's good to see my sister so happy and carefree again. His hand brushes over her belly like mine did but his lingers longer. Then he goes down on his knees and I see how big Libby's eyes have gotten. "Liberty Ann Anderson, will you make me an even happier man than you already have and be my wife?" He has the ring box and everything. The guys stand around him and all of us girls are holding our breath and each other's hands. "Keep in mind this is just ceremony, I'm not actually asking; you will be my wife." His words make Libby throw her head back and laugh as she slaps his shoulder and gives him a nod, "Yes, you stubborn mule of a man. I will." He picks her up and spins her around dropping tiny kisses on her face the entire time. I can't stop my eyes from sliding over to look at Jack who is looking right at me. What would happen if he asked me to marry him? I know he said he wants me and only me but does that mean he wants it all, the wedding, the kids, the white picket fence and everything? All of us run over to Libby and check out her ring, giving her hugs and kisses. There is a lot of crying and then finally I am being taken back to the little apartment with Jack. All the noise and people of the day have gone and it's only me and him again. We do our daily routine of taking a bath together and then curl up to watch a movie together. I must have drifted off during it because the next thing I know I'm waking up in an empty bed with the morning light coming in. I hear the shower running so he didn't all together leave me but it still upsets me that he just got up without waking me up or anything. I kind of got addicted to his kisses - and other things that he would do to me. Is he over it? For a man who says he likes the way I taste he sure has gone a long time without getting

another one.

20

Jack

I've lead missions in more countries than I can count, been blown up, shot, stabbed - sometimes in the same day-, and I'm fucking nervous. Of all the times I could have been nervous I'm nervous now. I look up and find Lexi's eyes watching me; she's been doing it all day. After she got dressed for the day I packed up all the things in her room and took them to my house, leaving a few things in the apartment for when we want to stay there. The guys have all agreed to take motorcycles to the parade. It's too sunny and warm a day not to enjoy it in the open air. I'm not sure what my girl is going to think about being on the back of a bike. I don't know if Lexi has ever been on one before. I ask her how her bruises were doing this morning and she told me they were doing good but I didn't have a chance to look myself because she was already dressed when I got out of the shower. "You okay riding?" She gives me a nod and I help her snap her helmet in place. "Just hang on to me and enjoy the ride." I give her a wink and swing my leg over the seat waiting for her to snuggle up behind me. She doesn't get close enough so I reach behind me and wrap my hands around the swells of her ass and pull her closer. Then I take her arms and wrap them tight around me. We all leave at the same time and once we're out on the road I feel Lexi squeeze her arms up tighter around me, pushing her soft breasts right up against my back and driving me wild. To be honest I didn't pay a fucking bit of attention to the parade or anything that wasn't concerning Lexi. I knew every second of what she did the entire time because if I wasn't standing right beside her my eyes were tracking where she was. I thought I was going to bust out of my jeans when she tried to eat a funnel cake with her bare hands and sugar got everywhere. I had to remind myself repeatedly that I couldn't throw her on the ground and take her in front of the entire damn town. That

it wouldn't be how she would want to lose her virginity. I barely get us back on the bike before we are making our way back towards the compound. When the others veer off to go back I stay on the road. Lexi can tell something is up because she leans forward to speak to me over the roar of the bike. I can't make out all of her words but I put my hand on her thigh snuggled up to mine and give it what I hope is a reassuring squeeze. I don't stop until I come to a big two-story white house sitting on a small hill with the lake right behind it. The driveway is still dirt but I'll fix that one day soon so I don't have to worry about her driving on it when it rains. I pull the bike up to the steps going up to the porch and kill the engine, waiting. Hell, I'm holding my breath and praying. Will she like what she sees? Will she understand how much this means? Will she be alright with all that I have planned for us? "Where are we?" she fiddles with the strap of the helmet until she finally gets it off. "Home." Her eyes are wide when she turns back to look at me, "Your house." And hers but I wait to tell her that. Instead, I just nod. "It's beautiful." "You haven't seen the inside yet." If she wants to gut the whole house and do everything again she can. I just want her to be happy. I step up to let her in and finally let out the breath I've been holding since yesterday when she looked up at me from the water when Jim proposed to Libby. "Oh wow!" Her eyes fly around the hall and front areas that she can see easily. She takes a tentative step down into the sunken living room. "This is so lovely." She looks into the kitchen which is only separated by a bar with built-ins on the living room side. Most of it is empty just waiting for someone, her, to fill it up with books and pictures and knick-knacks that mean something to us. She looks beautiful standing in our home. "You can go anywhere you want. I can see you looking longingly at the kitchen. Go." She steps up the two stairs that lead to the open kitchen and gasps at the large dark island and the oven set into the wall. She runs her hands over the stove. I know she loves cooking. When I built the kitchen I was thinking about making dinners for holidays and inviting my team over for cookouts not making it for someone who loves cooking the way she does. I automatically start thinking about ways to widen the area and make it better for her. "I think there will be room for a bigger stove if I knock out the wall the pantry is using and move it over." "Oh." She seems surprised as her hand lingers. "Why would you do that? It already looks

perfect." "Are you sure?" She looks up at me with her eyebrows drawn down and a question in her eyes. "Um, I..." "I never had a family you know." Not really how I wanted to tell her. "I mean not until I met Jim and he put the team together. These men, they became my family." I start rubbing at an imaginary spot on the island so I don't have to look at her response to my words. "I was an orphan before I joined the Navy. All I've ever wanted was a family of my own. I built this house for that specific reason." "Your ex." Her words make me look up and meet her eyes. "No." Her eyes widen. "She was never here. I kept putting off showing her. I think because I knew deep down that she wasn't meant to be here." I don't take my eyes from her now. "I don't understand." "The only other person besides the workers and me that have been in this house is you." I track the myriad of emotions flitting across her face. They range from pleased to shocked to confused and back again to pleased. "I'm...I still don't understand." "I want a family Lexi." I can't keep hiding all the things I feel from her. A man like me can't hide what he feels for his woman. "I want that family with you." Her mouth falls open and she gasps. Her hand goes to her lips and I notice it's shaking. I take her hand away and hold it in my own. "I know I shouldn't want you or even be around you," She tries to pull her hand away from me but I don't let her. "I'm no good for you, Sweets. I don't have a family, all my friends are killers, and I have more blood on my hands than any one person should ever have." She stops tugging and steps closer to me. I finally look away from her, hanging my head down. "I'm older than you - by a lot and the shit I've seen and done..." She puts her free hand up to my mouth to stop me from talking. I look up to see her smiling sweetly at me. She steps even closer to me and raises her lips to meet mine. I take it. There is never going to be a time I don't take whatever Lexi will give me. Our lips part for just a few seconds and I finish what I need to tell her. "I don't care, Lexi. I can't hide it and I don't want to fight it. I need you." She kisses me again and speaks against my lips. "I need you too, Jack. You're the only person I've ever felt safe with...the only person I've ever wanted." I have her up on the marble top of the island before she can finish telling me she needs and wants me. I step in between her legs and yank her shirt up over her head. I kiss the spot between her breasts gently knowing it's still tender. "I thought I was going to lose my fucking mind when I saw you kneeling down on the

pavement with blood all over you." I take her mouth with mine giving her a hard kiss to show her just how much it scared me. "I've never been so fucking terrified in all my life. Not when I was shot six times or when I got stabbed that one time in Venezuela and thought I was going to bleed out in the jungle." Her eyes grow wide as worry clouds them but then she smiles at me, "Or that time in Syria." I laugh with her, "Or that time in Syria with the camel." Our eyes meet and laughter turns to heat as both of us grab one another. I slide her closer to the edge of the island and closer to my aching dick and she pulls me down for another kiss. She pulls back this time to pull my shirt off, "I thought you didn't want me anymore." "What the fuck?" "You didn't stay in bed with me this morning and you didn't wake me up by eating me." Her hands drop to my belt, fingers grasping for leather. "It killed me to stay away from you but I wanted to take things slow, show you how much you mean to me. This isn't just about sex." I slide my fingers in her hair so I can gently cup her head and pull it back so I can nibble down her neck. "Hmm," she finally gets my belt off and starts working on my jeans. "Next time just eat me and tell me you love me after." Her hands go still on my zipper when she realizes what she's said. I stare down at her shocked expression. "I mean, if you...you don't have to say it if you..." As cute as she is when she's flustered I don't want her to think I don't love her. "I do. I love you. I didn't even know what the hell that meant until you." The smile she gives me is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. "I love you too, Jack. I want all the things you want too but only with you." "Fuck yes, only with me. It's only you for me too." I reach behind her and unsnap her bra, letting her round, full tits fall into my waiting hands. When I rack my thumb over the tips she gasps and arches towards me. She's worked my zipper down now, wrapping her little hands around my hard as fuck cock. Our lips meet again as I pull her shorts down over her round ass. Fuck her ass is perfect. I am going to sink my teeth in it soon. Her nails sink into my own ass and pull me closer, the hint of pain unclouding my mind for a moment. "Lexi, we got to make it to the bed or something. I can't fuck you in the kitchen - yet. Not for your first time." She doesn't stop trying to push my jeans down further with the heels of her feet. "Fuck," it's growled out of me as I lift her so I can take us somewhere more comfortable for her. She doesn't help matters by wrapping her long legs around my

waist and kissing down my neck. "Oh damn, who knew I liked that part of my neck sucked. You're fucking killing me." I don't ever wear underwear so I'm bare with my cock standing straight up searching for her and Lexi is only in her panties. The only thing keeping me away from her warmth is a tiny scrap of silk and lace. I make it to the hallway off the kitchen before I have to push her against the wall and slam my hips up, dry humping her. She throws her head back and moans. Her thighs squeeze up around me tighter. I lift her higher so I can put my mouth around her temptingly hard nipple. Her nails sink into my scalp as I suck more of her flesh into my mouth. "Oh my God, Jack! It's like...there's a direct line from your mouth to my clit." Her words end on a strangled moan as I switch from one to the other. Her hips ride up the length of my cock and I can tell how wet she is even with the underwear on. "I can't wait to put a baby inside of you so these fill with milk," I whisper in her ear as I nip at the lobe with my teeth. "Oh Jack," those damned hips of hers dance around my cock making me leak for her. I want to eat her and ease into her though. I want to lay her down on a soft bed so I can pound into her hard. Maybe take her in the water so the pain isn't as intense for her. She moves on me causing me to forget everything I want to do. She reaches down and pulls the gusset of her panties over to the side so that hot, wet flesh is touching hot, wet flesh. "Son of a bitch, Lexi. You got to stop, baby, or I'll never make it." She's too lost in the touch of my skin to hers to hear me now. Her pussy wrapped around the shaft of my dick slides up and down mimicking sex. Her eyes are unfocused and her breath is coming fast and hard. She's moaning and crying out for me with every slide and it shakes my control. She pulls herself up high as I take her weight from the wall and turn us so I can make my way towards the stairs. Her opening sucks me in causing me to come to a halt and her to focus on me. We both stand in the hallway of our home looking at one another as the first inch of my cock slides into her innocent pussy. Her breath catches in her throat audibly. Something tells me we aren't going to make it to the bedroom.

Lexi

His cock is inside of me. The look on his face tells me he is struggling with his control as the head of his dick pushes past my swollen lips to sink further inside. He's so big and wide it's like he's got his whole hand down there trying to push into me.

"Jack," my voice comes out as little more than a whisper as I lick my lips and stare into his dark blue eyes. He takes a step and I take more of him. We both feel the moment his head is fully past my entrance. I can't stop the muscles of my pussy from contracting around him.

"Shit, shit, shit. Fuck it. There is no way we're going to make it to the second floor without me taking your sweet cherry, Sweets. I'm so sorry. I don't think I have it in me to pull out." He walks down the hall and uses his arm to rake everything off the top of a side table. His giant gait has pushed his cock in as far as he will go without breaking through my virginity.

I think he is going to lay me down on the table but he quickly pulls out and flips me over so that my chest is lying on the table and my legs are hanging over the side. He's behind me nudging back into me.

"Fuck, I did not want to pull out, not even for a fucking second. Tell me you're okay with this, Lexi. Tell me you want me to take you raw with nothing between us."

His dick is back at my innocence, but he is waiting for me to tell him what I want. I can just barely touch the ground on tiptoes but it's enough that I can rock myself back on him. His hands slam down on my hips stopping me. "Jack," his name is moaned out of me, "please. I don't think I'll survive if you don't give me all of you. I told you I want what...you want...ohhh."

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He leans forward to kiss my back and his cock pushes further in until he breaks through. I cry out and suck my breath in; holding it so I don't let him know how much he is splitting me apart. His teeth close around the tip of my lobe before his warm breath fans my ear.

"It's alright, baby. You can scream if you have to as long as it's my name you're screaming." He pushes all the way in taking my breath with him. My fingers curl up around the opposite edge of the table and my feet leave the floor.

His hand reaches around me to find my clit so he can play with it while he rocks in and out of me. He's hitting a spot, the same spot he hits with his fingers when he uses them on me. I try to yell for him but it only comes out as a whisper over and over again as I come closer and closer to my climax.

I can feel it coming, this ever-increasing tide of release that is swelling up inside of me at each slight motion he takes. I reach back and sink my nails into his flank as he bites down on my shoulder. Not hard enough to hurt me but enough that I can tell he is staking his claim on me.

"Oh my God, Jack!" I finally push a phrase out louder than a whisper before my body splinters around the large cock penetrating me. I lose focus so intensely that I must blackout for a second as every muscle below my waist tenses up and milks Jack's cock. He yells out so loud it must shake the walls as warmth floods me filling me up to overflowing.

When I come back to awareness I can feel him not just coating my insides but also running down my quivering thighs. Jack pulls me back so he can hold me in his arms

without my feet touching the ground. He must carry me to the bedroom finally because the next thing I remember he is lying me in a soft bed that is freaking huge. He brushes the hair back away from my face as he snuggles me close.

He looks down at me with a smile on his face. He pulls my knees apart so he can look down at the messiness between my thighs. I try to close my legs, shy now even after all the things we've done together.

"Don't hide from me. Never hide from me, Sweets. I want to see every part of you." He runs his finger through my swollen folds, "Especially the parts that I so enjoy."

He holds his hand up showing me his shiny fingers covered in a mixture of me and him. A tinge of pink is on his fingers as well that causes my cheeks to turn hot and red. I watch enthralled as he brings his fingers to his mouth and sucks them clean.

"There will never be a part of you that turns me off or repels me."

A shiver works down my body as I think about what he's licking off his fingers.

"You know what this means, don't you Sweets?"

I nod but then hesitate. "I think so."

His hand goes to my stomach and lies across it. "It means you're mine now - forever. We could have made a baby already, Lexi." His eyes finally leave mine so he can look at my stomach like he can see the baby growing inside even now." It means I'm going to take care of you, that you'll never have to want for anything. I'll give you everything you could ever ask for."

I place my hand on his cheek so he'll look at me again. "I don't need everything. I just need you."

"You have me. Every part of me." He rolls part of the way over and opens a drawer to rummage through it. "I was setting this up all day yesterday."

I try to follow what he's talking about. He rolls back over and is holding a small box in his hand. My eyes can't help but be drawn to it. He opens it with one hand and inside is a pretty white ring with a huge diamond in the middle and tiny diamonds twisted around it until it melds into one band again. It's beautiful.

"I wanted to surprise you after we looked at the house. I have flowers set up in the dining room. I was going to cook for you and everything."

He takes the ring out and puts it on my ring finger. "I'm not asking because I don't think I could stand it if you said no."

"Yes." I interrupt him. I want him to understand I want this as much as he does. He leans down and kisses me.

A nagging thought pops into my head but it is overtaken by his kiss. He takes my breath and my body gets ready for him again. He rolls us so that I am on top of him. My thighs are spread around him and I can feel him nudge me. "I should let you rest but I swear I can't get enough of your tight pussy."

I have to help him put himself inside of me because of the swelling and his want to not hurt me. When I reach for him and direct him in he moans at my touch. I moan too when I start to slide down his long, hard dick. Even though there is a twinge of pain it still feels too good to stop. Both of us love the sensation of being with one another. I raise and lower myself on him sitting the pace.

His hand drops down to rub my clit as I grow close to orgasm again. I see the glint of light bouncing off my ring as I brace myself against Jack's chest. It's surreal that I'm engaged but the weight of it on my hand and the love I see shining back at me in

Jack's eyes tell me this is very real.

"I can't wait to make love to you on every surface of this fucking house, Sweetheart. I'm going to make sure you have good memories all over this place."

I grunt out my reply because words are too hard to pant out right now. He pulls me forward and wraps his arms around me as he thrusts his hips up faster and faster hitting that magic spot over and over again. I can't take the stimulation and immediately fall into an orgasm that shakes my whole body. All I can do is hold on tight to Jack and ride out the pleasure.

His hips are still pistoning into me trying to find his own release and sending me into my second orgasm. I have to bite down on Jack's shoulder to keep from screaming in his ear. The small touch of pain sends him to his own climax and heat floods me. We lie clutching each other as our breathing settles back down. It takes a second before I realize one of our phones is ringing.

Jack rolls us and goes for his jeans. I hear an echo of the ring coming from the kitchen. That's where I left mine when Jack was pulling my clothes off. I sit up and wince. Jack's eyes narrow on me. "Don't move."

I can hear Jim on the other end, "If you're going to order me around like that you have to buy me dinner first."

I cover my mouth to keep from laughing out loud. I can't tell if Jim knows I'm still with Jack but I suspect that he does. He seems to know everything.

"Not you Lexi." Guess he knows now. He looks back up at me with a serious glare in his deep blue eyes. "Don't even think about it."

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I flop back down onto the bed and wait for Jack to finish with Jim. There's no use going against him. He'll just find me and put me back where he wants me when he's done. I hold my hand up so I can look at the ring again. Am I alright being with someone who is such a complete alphahole? Yes, yes I am. Because those are the men who love the hardest.

My hand falls to my stomach and rubs across the still flat surface. We could have made a baby already. I could be pregnant with a child. I would have my own family. Not that Libby and Jim aren't family - it's just different. They are a unit unto themselves and sometimes I felt like I was outside looking in but now...now I'll never be there again because I have my own unit.

I see movement at the door and look over at Jack standing in his unbuttoned jeans. His face tells me I'm not going to like what he is about to say. I sit up and pull the sheet up around me. I'm not so much trying to hide myself from Jack as I am trying to comfort myself from what he's going to say.

"We need to go back."

"What's wrong? Did something happen to Libby? Is she alright?" I'm so afraid to enjoy this newfound happiness I have that I almost expect awful things to try to tear it from me.

"She's fine, Sweets. I just want you to be in the compound safe."

"Please tell me what happened?" My voice is soft and sounds small.

"That was Jim. He's found Don. He also found out a lot about Don."

"More than you already did?" They already know he attacked women what more can they find out that would make Jack so tense.

"He's the reason I got shot."

I gasp at his words and nearly fall off the bed trying to get off the bed. He's beside me in seconds to keep me from falling. He helps me get myself untangled from the sheet and stand. "My God, Jack, how...?" There is so much to be answered.

"I'll tell you on the way over there."

"But we took the bike." There won't be any talking once we're on the back of that thing.

"I have a garage out back. There's a jeep in it that we can take."

I'm still not sure how they found out Don sold-out Jack but I have no doubt he did. It makes me see red to think he was the person who almost got Jack killed before I could even meet him. We go straight to Jim's office when we reach the compound. My sister is sitting in Jim's chair when we come in, Jim standing beside her.

I know the moment my sister sees the ring on my finger. Jack reaches down and takes my hand in his as we stand in front of them. Libby jumps up and rushes to me.

"Oh my God, Lexi! I could see that thing all the way from space!" She takes my hand to bring it up higher so she can look at it. "Are you happy?" Her eyes come up to meet mine.

"I am."

"Then I'm happy for you." She looks over at Jack and then pulls him down for a hug, much to his surprise. She catches herself and steps back. "Get used to it. You're family now. I can hug you if I want to."

She turns just missing the smile Jack wears before he looks up and sees Jim smiling at the three of us.

"When Libby's happy, I'm happy. People die quickly today, no lingering torture." My eyebrows rise as my mouth forms a small 'o'. Jack laughs but I'm thinking Jim isn't joking. "Now let's get down to business."

22

Lexi

The men left leaving Remy and Duncan behind to 'watch over us'. Instead of going back to the old bedroom I was staying in before Jack took me with him, all the girls decide to hang out in the living room and have a sort of slumber party. Evie calls it an engagement party for me and Libby.

It's the most fun I've had in a long time. I step out of the downstairs bathroom and start heading back to the living room when hard arms wrap around me and a hand covers my mouth. My heart starts racing as the person who has me pulls me back to him.

"You stupid bitch," oh shit, I know who has me, "you should've just fucked me and then all of this shit wouldn't have happened." He starts dragging me to the backdoor.

His hand is pressed so hard over my mouth and nose that it's hard for me to breathe. This psycho doesn't intend to let me go. He's going to kill me - not just to get rid of me because I didn't want him, but to hurt Jack for the rest of his life as well.

He has me out the door and dragging me to the dock when the training Jack put me through kicks in and I go on autopilot going through the motions. I break Don's hold and take off running. He doesn't stay down for long and tries to grab me again. It's not quite dark out but I'm turned around and end up running towards the dock instead of back to the house.

I kick out of his attempt to grab me again and the two of us end up staring each other down. "He taught you well, didn't he?" He reaches behind him and pulls out a gun. "But no amount of training can help you outrun this. Jack of all people should know that."

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My heart ices over and all I can think about is Jack and the baby we might have made, the family we almost had.

"I just don't know whether I want to do it quickly and let him find you or make you suffer and take my time before I give you back to him. Let him think about all the shit I did to you before I took your life so that guilt eats at him for the rest of his life."

"I'm never going to give you the chance to use me to hurt him. You'll have to kill me." He stares into my eyes.

"Yes, I can tell you're not going to make it easy on me. Very well, have it your way."

Maybe if I turn just the right way I can prevent him from killing me. Maybe I can run fast enough to get to the water and dive down far enough that he won't be able to shoot me. With that in mind, I start walking backwards on the dock so I can reach the deeper water. Maybe...I scream and jump as the deafening roar of the gun going off blasts through the silence of dusk.

At first I'm not sure if I'm hit or not but then I realize Don didn't shoot me after all. He aimed for me sure, but a dark shadow barreled into him before he could squeeze the trigger. Lights flash on at the dock and I can make out Don fighting with Jack, the shadow who just saved me.

Libby and Evie and Ana come running down to the edge of the river to surround me. The men also come. Jim holding Libby back a little bit as the two men fight to gain the upper hand. Hands pull me back as both men hit the water still fighting. I look up to see Remy holding on to me.

"Don't worry about me, help Jack!" He doesn't step away from me or make a move to help. "What's wrong with you? Help him!"

"He's in the water, cher. He doesn't need help when he's in the water. The water and Jack, they understand each other. That's why he went in the water when he was shot. He's in his natural element." He speaks more to himself than to me. "Don should've kept his ass out of the water if he wanted to live."

It does look like Jack is pushing the fight to deeper water, in some instances taking Don by the arm and pulling him further in.

"Like a gator." Remy seems almost enthralled by the scene in front of him. "Dark son of a bitch, takes them further and further out until he can take them all the way down to the bottom with him."

The way he talks about Jack makes him sound like he's not human. I bristle at that and slap him hard on the back of the head like I've seen Jim and Jack do when he irritates them. I turn my attention back to the two men but can't find them. They're gone. The water where they were is still and quiet like no one was ever splashing around in it.

I break loose from Remy's hold and run out onto the dock hoping for any sign of Jack. They've been down a long time and the seconds that tick by might as well feel like hours. I fall to my knees hoping to spot something. Then a huge bubble of water bursts to the surface and all of a sudden the water turns red. It plumes out spreading across the top of the lake like some fucked up watercolor.

"Jack!" For the first time since I was grabbed my heart stops. "Jack!" What am I going to do if something happens to him?

Just when I'm about to scream his name again a noise behind me makes me spin

around and Jack pushes himself out of the water and up and onto the dock where he rolls on his back and waits for me to come to him. I start running my hands up and down his body looking for wounds.

"I was so scared, I didn't know if you were going to come back to me. I saw the bloody water and couldn't tell what was happening down there." I bend down and kiss him over and over again. He pulls me down and melds our mouths together. All of a sudden the kiss takes on a different feel.

"What about me? I thought my god damn heart was going to stop when I saw that fucker aim a gun at you. I should've killed him slower."

I giggle as he flips me over and gives me another heart-stopping kiss. Jim and Libby are the first people to make it to us. Libby has tears streaming down her cheeks as she tries to pull me out from under Jack.

"Is he dead?" Jim asks. Jack gives a solemn nod to him as an answer. Jim nods back. I understand how important getting Don to talk was for him and his men. "There are other ways..." He speaks to me when he sees the look on my face.

"Everybody go the fuck away." Jack all but growls at everyone standing around. I can feel how hard he is. He wants to prove to himself that I'm alright and still very much his. The people start to disappear as Jack runs his mouth down my neck. Jim picks Libby up and takes her back towards the house.

"Jack, I don't think I can handle knowing you're off doing something dangerous and knowing you might not come back to me." It's the thing that has been pricking at my conscience since he slid his ring on my finger. "I was so scared when you were fighting with him. I..."

He interrupts me as he leans back so he can rip my shirt down the middle, "I'm

retiring. There is no way I can go away from you and not see you for days on end. Not to mention I don't want any of the dark shit I handle to come back on you and the kids."

My eyebrows go up, "Kids?"

"Oh yeah, Sweets. We're gonna have a whole god damn house full." He pulls my shorts down along with my panties and slides inside of me. I didn't even realize he had unzipped himself until his large cock grinds into me causing me to gasp and sigh.

I wrap my legs and arms around him to hold him tighter to me. "I love you, Jack."

"And I love you, Sweets. You are everything I could have ever hoped for." He pulls out just to rock back in, going deep with every thrust.

I realize we're making love outside, on the dock, for anyone to see but I don't care. What once embarrassed me doesn't worry me at all now. We love each other until dusk becomes night and then we do it all over again.

Epilogue I

The next day:

Jack

"So I hear you're retiring." Me and Jim walk back to his office together. "Yep." "Think you knocked her up on the first go?" I'm shocked Jim asked but I'm not about to deny doing it either. "Yep." "Yeah, I think I got Libby the first time too." He smiles, what used to be a rarity now becoming the norm. We both go into his office and find Libby and Lexi sitting there. Libby is frowning at my girl. I come to stand behind my woman offering her comfort even if she doesn't need it. Libby looks up at me, "I was asking Lexi what she plans to do about school now that she has you." "What does she want to do?" Libby's frown deepens. "She's worked so hard to get as far as she is..." "And I'll work just as hard when the semester starts again. I just won't do it from campus. Or at least not from my old campus." "Lexi can go anywhere she wants to or do anything she wants to do. I'll support her one hundred percent." "But what about...?" I lower my hand to Lexi's stomach and her sister gasps, "When we have our baby I'll be there to help make sure she has time to do both." Her face goes white and her eyes round. "Baby?" "It's bound to happen sooner than later, Libby. Besides I want our kids to be born close together so they can always have one another." Lexi tells her sister. She reaches over to touch her sister's hand with her. Libby turns hers to grasp Lexi's. She gives her a watery smile. "Stupid pregnancy hormones make me so fucking emotional. That was the most beautiful thing you could ever tell me." "Besides, the town we went to for the founder's day parade has one of the best psychologists alive. She's done more work for the F.B.I. than any other psychologist who doesn't work for them than anyone. I would love for her to be my mentor." I look up at her sister just as Libby looks up at me. I can read the worry in her eyes over Lexi wanting to work with this woman. She jumps up to run for her phone so she can show her sister who this woman is. "Jack?" Libby comes to stand next to me. "I'll work on getting her to change her mind at night. You work on her

during the day." "Maybe if you just keep her knocked up all the time she won't be able to work with this woman." Damn, I never thought I would hear Libby tell me to keep her sister knocked up all the time. I guess desperate times call for desperate measures. I will support Lexi in anything she wants to do but I'm not going to let her do something knowingly dangerous either. If she really wants to work with this woman then I'll find a way to make it happen but she better not think I'll let her track down serial killers and bad men without me spanking her little ass red for it. She is after all the most important thing in my life. I would have to start hunting them down before she ever got their cases.

Epilogue II

A month later:

Jim

"Hello." I pick up the phone, intrigue about why Libby put the call through when she usually doesn't bother until after we have established a relationship with the individual. "Mr. Archer? I am speaking to THE Archer am I not?" The voice has a heavy accent. "That depends on who is asking." "I don't have time to play coy, Mr. Archer. I have something you want and you...you can do something for me." This man is direct whoever he is. "And what do you think you have?" "I know about the list of names you took from the Russian. I was one of those names at one time. I also know the man you're looking for and where you will find him." I sit up fully invested now. Still, I take it slow and don't show my interest. "You seem to think it is a man I am looking for." "It is and he is a lot closer to you than you think. You are right to think that the man is killing your people off because you can identify him." That pretty much does it for me. I want this man and what he knows. And I want it right away. "Why don't you come in to talk to me and we'll see what we can do for each

other." "That is going to be a problem. You see, I'm in prison Mr. Archer." Shit. Shit. Shit. "Then what do you want from me?" If it's a prison break he's going to get it. Anything to get that name. "I have a daughter...she is in danger and needs the protection only you and your men can offer her." My hand squeezes up around the phone. "What's her name and date of birth?" The End!

If you enjoyed *Outside the Wire*, please consider sharing with your friends!

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By:

Gunfights, dead bodies, and one pissed off Russian is not Kat St. Claire's idea of a good time. But that's exactly what she has on her hands all while trying to stay alive long enough to become an old cat lady. The next time she prays for excitement in her life she's going to give herself a swift kick in the a\$\$\$. Ivan Dragomir's entire world is a repeat of nothing but vice, blood, and death. He left Russia to start a new life, one that didn't include the violence of his past, but violence wasn't done with him yet. Now he's on the run in his new country with a woman more used to dealing with paper cuts and printers than knife wounds and getting blood out of denim.

These two are on a collision course with a dark fate if they can't figure out how to work together to take down a very powerful Senator before he gets away with more than just bad political moves. Hot Russians, violent murder, and sex so hot it could melt Siberia; this full-length romance has it all and then some.

In typical Jisa fashion, this instalove thriller promises Happy Endings ;) for everyone. None of the main characters die and even though some touchy subjects are hinted at I try not to stay in that part of the book for too long but if you are sensitive to that sort of thing this book may not be the right one for you or you could skip that chapter, it's up to you, dear reader. It's all here, something for every one of my Lovelies, and

sweet like baklava. Happy Reading.

1

Ivan

I realize how close winter is when the slap of cold hits me in the face like an angry lover. Normally I don't mind D.C. in the winter but I've been thinking of moving somewhere warmer lately. The cold reminds me of things I would rather leave buried in the icy ground of Russia. American winters are never going to be as bad as Russian winters but sometimes when I'm in my apartment and I've been holed up for days working I'm reminded of where I came from. It's usually then I have to leave and head to my favorite café close to my apartment.

Most days I take a break to walk there for a large black coffee and to people watch. It helps remind me that I'm not back in a dank cramped cell. I've made a life for myself here in D.C. One of the best things about D.C. is the influx of so many people and cultures and languages in one area. That and it is really easy to hide in a place that is constantly changing faces from day-to-day.

Today, when I swing the door open and the smell of coffee hits me I make sure to stare down each person in the café. I am just a moody bastard today I guess. Not that I'm not normally moody. I stand at the back of a line and wait my turn. In front of me are the two older women who have been trying to get me to tell them my story for months. Both of them are fighting the battle of the gray and yoga mats and weird green drinks are always in their hands. I've joked with them and called them cougars much to both of their delights. They come up with stories when I don't give them anything on who I really am.

This week I'm a Romanian Duke who had to flee his motherland because of a government upheaval. Last week I was a spy for the USSR that had to go into hiding. I wonder if they would still flirt and find me appealing if they knew how close to the truth they were.

Behind them is another regular, the lawyer. He's a total dick waffle to everyone who doesn't make a certain amount a year or wear a business suit. I've threatened to cut him plenty of times for talking down to the pretty, young barista that always makes my coffee. If he isn't talking down to a woman, he is trying to hit on them.

When cold air from the swinging door hits my back I find the other regular standing behind me. I've had to threaten the lawyer about her more than once. Fucking pervert. If he isn't eying her tits with his hand in his pocket playing the one dick shuffle then he's leering at her ass making rude sounds loud enough everyone can hear him. Not that she gives him any attention at all.

The only reason I know this fuckwad is a lawyer is because he tells me every time I threaten to end his life. It's a tired song and dance and eventually one day I'm going to have to come through with some of the stuff I've promised to do to him. But damn do I not want to have to.

I want to be able to sit back and enjoy the simple things in life - like freedom and fresh air. I don't want to have to go back to the violence I left in Russia. I damned sure don't want my hands to be stained with any more blood. I left that life when I left the land of my birth.

But the woman standing behind me reminds me of Moscow in the heart of winter. She always dresses in muted colors; today her suit is all white. Who does that? Her hair is the color of pale moonlight on the snow and she always has it pulled up in some kind of knot at the back of her head. She has an icy beauty that makes men shiver and women not realize how much of a threat she is to them until it's too late.

It's her eyes that make her more than just an ice queen, a frigid beauty held apart from people. Her eyes are huge chocolate orbs that seem to take in everything around her and give nothing away. She would have made very good money in my Russia as an assassin, or a government official. Of course, in Russia sometimes you can be both.

Her damned eyes always make me crave chocolate. I've been coming in here for years and haven't ever asked for a fucking hot chocolate but one day behind her after taking in her melted pools of brown I ordered a hot chocolate. I don't think I've said more than ten words to her during the months she's been coming in but somehow she's sank her talons into me and made me crave something warmer than my lonely studio apartment overlooking a river of pavement.

It pisses me off. She pisses me off, with her perfect face, and her perfect hair, and her soft perfect voice. I step out of line and gesture for her to move up. I don't like having her at my back. I don't like having anybody at my back. Old habits and whatnot.

She gives me that polite, icy smile of hers that's just a little too tight to be friendly and starts to move ahead of me when the chill from the door catches my attention again, but this time something else has the hair on the back of my neck rising other than the D.C. air.

In Russia, especially the prison system, you have to develop almost a sixth sense for knowing when bad shit is about to go down. It saved my life more than I care to admit and today is no different. When a man stands in front of the door wearing a large overcoat scanning the people in line I can tell something is off. I don't hesitate to drop to the ground and roll. Yeah, I could come off looking like a complete idiot who just lost his mind but at least I will be alive to be that idiot.

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I take the woman with me. Thankfully when we where switching places she was already in a good position for me to grab her by the hips and pull her back, nestling her ass deeper into me. And, wow, what an ass. We've hit the floor by the time the man has his gun up and firing. I make sure I take most of the force of the fall by landing under her. Two more men come in behind him and start shooting as well. We've rolled under the swinging half door that separates the counter space from the front of the café but that is not going to keep us safe for long.

During our roll, I've ended up on top of her and somehow she's flipped over so that I can look down into brown pools of melted chocolate laced with fear. This is not the time to have a fucking hard-on but my body has told me to fuck off and got one anyway. If I'm fucking extremely lucky she's in shock, which will make it a lot easier to control her movements and actions. And possibly hide the little fucker in my pants. Behind the counter, I force myself to push off of her and crawl to the barista who's served me coffee every day for years. She's dead, shot through the head with her eyes still open.

She was a college kid who just wanted a date for a football game coming up at the end of the month. She had dreams and hopes and now she is lying on the floor, a puddle of blood spreading from the back of her head. I make a silent promise to her and all of the other dead bodies littering the floor that I will end the people responsible for this.

I reach for the gun the café keeps behind the counter checking to make sure it's loaded. The men who opened fire on the dining area are shouting at one another trying to decide who is going to look in the bathrooms and the back of the store. My time is running out and so is hers.

She sat up, but doesn't move any further. I grab her by the hand and pull her closer to the door leading into the back of the store where they keep their supplies and a small kitchen is set up. She lets me slide her along the linoleum. I'm trying to think of a way to go in the back without them knowing the door has swung open when a man comes through the back.

He has a café logo on his shirt and must have been in the back office when the men came in. As he's walking out I grab the woman and run for the door before it closes back while remaining low. Wood chips are raining down on us from the door frame and the guy who just came out is about to drop fast. I push her ahead of me and slap her on the ass to make her move faster.

Once we're behind the door we can hear the sporadic blasts of gunfire dampened by silencers. I run to the office and shut and lock the door behind us. The deadbolt should keep them busy for a little while, at least until they search for the key in the dead manager's pockets. There's a small window up off the ground and both of us may be able to slip through, although it would be a tight squeeze for me. I know they have others outside waiting for people to come out. I know because that's what I would do if I was hitting a place like this. Hell, it's what I have done when I excelled at my past profession.

I worked for my government for years before power changed hands and the new people in charge felt I was too dangerous to be allowed to walk free. So they came for me, and I killed a lot of them. They finally arrested me and threw me in a high-security Russian prison. But you don't put dark things in dark places and expect them to rot away and die. Let's just say I was very well received in prison for my skill set with improvised weapons. Killing for the mob is not so different than killing for your government; both are corrupt and full of and backstabbers waiting for the first scent of blood to hit the air.

I got away from that; okay I broke out and ran from that, and now look at where I am. Inside a box with people trying to kill me and my life depending on if I can improvise

my way out of shit. America was supposed to be my big change, my retirement from pain and violence. So you can bet I am more than a little pissed that fuckweasles like these guys come in and hit my favorite café. There will be hell to pay.

First I have to get us to a safer place than the back office. The gunmen will be here any minute and I feel each of those minutes ticking by as I look for a way out or a weapon to fight my way out. My eyes take in everything about the room. The window, the desk, the stack of crap in the corner that I'm guessing is product of some kind, bingo - the attic door in the ceiling.

Wide brown eyes watch me as she hunkers down in front of the door. She's trembling and silent tears are slipping down her cheeks making her mascara run in black tracks down her face. Why the hell does that get me hard? It has to be the adrenaline. My body is so used to having it pump through my veins from before that now it's remembering it like an old lover blowing through town. Or maybe because she would look the same with my dick shoved so deep tears are running down her face and she can't take her next breath without me controlling it by taking it out for her.

Whatever the fuck it is, it's pissing me off. So when I go to stand in front of her and speak my voice comes out like rusty nails. "If you are going to stay with me, you are going to have to keep up. Can you?"

Lovely way to make a first impression Ivan, oh and the accent is thicker because your pissed your dick is up after years of not fucking working for anything other than your hand. Sure, take it out on her.

She looks at me for all of a split second and then gives me a big nod that has more tears running down her face.

"We go up, then over, yes?" I need her to understand what the goal is so we don't have to stop in the middle of being killed for me to explain what the fuck is going on.

Again she nods but she doesn't stand up. I hold my hand out for her and she slips hers into mine which is all I need to pull her up and yank her to me. I half drag, half walk her to the desk. I hop up on it and move the piece of tile that is made to look like any other. If you didn't know what the fuck you are looking for you would miss it. I stick my head up first to make sure no one is in there. When all I see is dust and boxes I reach down to pull her on the desk with me.

"You need to lose the heels, princess." She wasn't going to be able to do a lot in those things.

For the first time the Ice Queen speaks, "No." What the hell just happened? Did she just tell me no? I've killed people for that, not for a while but I can remember doing it.

"Are you fucking kidding me? You do realize we have to be fucking quiet? You can't climb in those and if we get caught you damn sure aren't going to be able to run and I will leave your ass behind."

"You'd be surprised by what I can do in heels." Her chin goes up like I just issued a fucking challenge to her instead of a threat and she carries herself even more like royalty above the commoner than before. While her back is turned I adjust myself and go to help her. She's trying to reach the edge of the hole but can't reach even in her heels. I take her by the waist and lift her so that she can grab the bottom and pull herself up. I don't waste time, following her and replacing the tile.

"Don't move!" I am aware of how thin these fucking floors are, the sound of footsteps are going to sound like a marching band to the people we don't want knowing where we are. I army crawl over to a box and check how heavy it is. It's pretty heavy. I lay back and use my legs to push the box over the tile slowly. When I'm done I reach for the woman taking her by the ankle to pull her to me.

The look she gives me tells me she's wondering what the hell I think I'm doing

pulling her ass across a dusty floor. "It's a lot quicker than telling you what to do and having you tell me 'no'."

I still can't believe she told me no. I crawl and pull her all the way over until we're at the roof access that can be used in case of fires. Not sure who would be going up during a fire, but it is what it is. I grab her close to me and use the wall to push both of us into a standing position near the window that's been permalocked by layers of old paint and time. So much dust is covering the thing I'm not too worried about anyone from street level seeing in.

No, the only worry I have is a nice tight ass rubbing my cock and trying not to think about how long it's been since I sank my dick into a woman. I also have to think of the easiest, quickest way to get her sweet little ass up to the roof now that I'm all out of desks.