



Kane's Kind of Trouble

(Obsessive Protectors #1)

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Category: Romance

Description: The former SEAL is her father's enforcer. She's the innocent temptation he can't resist. When a storm traps them in close quarters, obsession turns dangerous.

Kane Mathews Former SEAL

I wasn't hired to keep her safe. Im a weapon. Paid by her father to enforce the rules.

Then Eagle walked into my life, wild and untouchable. A spark in a world of shadows, she's deadly in a whole new way.

Too young, too innocent, too forbidden.

Every time she near, all strength and raw sweetness, I lose another piece of my control.

Those flushed cheeks, that curious gaze...she stirs every dark, hungry instinct I've tried to cage.

Obsession isn't a strong enough word for this feeling.

I want to own her, corrupt her, make her beg for everything she doesn't even know she wants.

My job didn't include falling for her. Now, all I care about is getting her under me and keeping her as mine.

Her father's thinks he's got the upper hand.

But he's never dealt with a man like me.

I will not stop until Eagle is safe forever.

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ONE

Kane

She's close. I can sense her, catch the faint whiff of Eagle's unique, mesmerizing aroma.

I have to see her. The need to make sure Eagle is safe thrums inside me like a war machine.

Look only, Kane.

The boss's angry voice echoes off the marble floor, escaping the confines of his office, slithering from beneath the heavy wooden door.

I'm wondering who the unlucky victim is this time when the yelled name makes my temples throb with anger.

"Eagle!" the man bellows. "I swear to God, if you leave this compound, I'm chaining you up in the basement for a month!"

My pace goes from casual to full-steam stomping. I close the distance, my fists clenched, ready for battle.

"Motherfucker," I rumble, my vision wavering from corked-up rage.

I'm D.O.N.E. with this shit.

The door swings open, nearly cracking me in the face.

Carried on a rush of fragranced air is the object of my fantasies. Eagle McKenna. Too young. Too pretty, with her youthful attitude and wild spirit.

Like dominoes tumbling, my body cinches up, strung tight from my knees to my Adam's apple.

"That man!" With a hiss, she slams her father's office door so hard a naked statue falls out of an alcove ten feet down the hallway. Pieces of ceramic ricochet everywhere.

"Oh! Kane." Surprise taking over her features, she stumbles over her own feet, bumping into my shoulder, color shooting up her already flushed neck. "I didn't know you were here."

"Are you okay, doll?"

I took the job for money, so I could fund my sister's company for her. It took me twenty-four hours to decide I was going to quit—but then I experienced the Eagle effect.

"Huh, sweetheart?" Fuck, my voice is rough and low, and full of all the dirty thoughts she elicits any time I'm within a half-mile of her.

"Just furious." Fanning her heated face, she glares at the door. "The usual, but he's getting worse. He won't even let me go to class today."

Stiffening my spine, I quell the urge to twist her father's head off—for now at least. I'm too busy being near Eagle.

Close but too far.

Only I know better than to get too close. With a grunt of displeasure, I command my muscles not to allow me to lean forward, to inhale that strawberry and cream scent she hypnotizes me with every damned time she breezes through her father's mansion.

Keep it together, Kane.

There are about a million reasons why I can't have this woman.

The fact that I work for her father is way down on the list. But until she's out of his grasp, I'll be here. Watching. Protecting.

Watching being the operative word. But hell if I can stop myself from asking a personal question. "What's his reason this time?"

Because I know there is a reason. Eagle McKenna's name is synonymous with trouble. The kind that begs for a spanking, gets so far under a man's skin that he tears her sweet little cunt up working out his frustration.

Another damned reason she's firmly in the hands-off category.

I'd break her.

Looking up at me, she shrugs a delicate, tan shoulder, pushing her thick mahogany hair back, making me bite the lining of my jaw like I'm chewing steak.

I want to devour the girl.

My body is producing enough testosterone to power an army. Inside my pants, my dick is inching down my leg, a heat-seeking missile with the target in range.

Fuck. She's a virgin. Quit that shit.

"I... well," she pauses, giving me a look that's somehow embarrassed and defiant. "I told him I'm selling my car. I don't want it. It's too much. I just want something simple."

"Simple..." My eyes disobey and drop down, and down, and down. Past the delicate gold chain with the little heart pendant circling her tender neck, over the high-end clothing, all the way to the cherry red nail polish on her toes.

"Nothing about you is simple, Eagle. You're a goddamned diamond in a sea of rocks."

She gulps. I fight a groan.

Watching her shift restlessly, her nipples hardening below that thin shirt in reaction to me, makes me shove my hand in my pocket, pressing my dick down for relief.

"That's so sweet, Kane."

Wrong. Not a damned thing about me is sweet. Especially not the turgid beast that's shredding my boxer briefs.

For a beat, those luminous hazel eyes of hers stray southbound on me as well. Burning my skin below my tactical clothing. Locking on the stacks of muscle. Tracing the veins.

Eagle's knees drift together, her rough swallow making her tender, youthful throat bob. "I really like this rugged-looking Jeep that I saw in town."

My brain locks onto that, cogs spinning, chest laboring at the very thought: Is virgin

Eagle throwing out a sexual innuendo?

The hallway is ten degrees hotter and a fuck of a lot smaller than it was two minutes ago.

Demanding hormones are gushing through me now, and I like it very fucking much. My brows go up as my voice goes lower.

“Yeah?” I grind out, “You saw something you like?”

A smile ghosts over her pretty, kissable mouth.

I’ll be her rugged Jeep. I’m sure as hell not a Porsche like the one she wants to ditch. There is nothing luxury about me. Except maybe a ride on my dick in the early morning hours when I’m drunk off her warmth and sated from the night before.

Fuck. Yeah. I want that.

Eagle sounds a little breathless as she speaks, undoubtedly because the fire we are kindling is burning all the oxygen. “It’s sturdy, and capable. And a ride like that wouldn’t make people look at me like I’m wealthy?—”

“You are rich,” I rumble, the last acidic word coating my tongue. “Ready to slum with the likes of a mean fucker like me, princess?”

She blinks, a flicker of disbelief widening her eyes. “You’re not slumming, Kane. I mean, I don’t know you well, but you’re such a good employee. Loyal and skilled.”

At killing.

My laugh is dry, humorless. I lean into the space between us. “You have no idea what

I'm doing, Eagle."

She blinks innocently, lips parting.

That's right. Eye-fucking her innocent little ass all goddamned day is what I'm doing. And she's too damned naive to know it when she sees the writing on the wall.

I'm sprung for this girl, and my interest doesn't stop at a passing visual inspection. Obsession is thrumming through my wiring—fuel that's ready to ignite and blow our very dissimilar worlds sky high.

"What do you mean?" she asks, whisper-soft words driving into me like hot nails from a compressed air nail gun.

"I'm dangerously close to raking my thumb over that freshly bitten lower lip of yours and letting my tongue do what my dick can't."

"Oh! Really?"

"Yep." I'm reaching for her when the door to her father's office bangs open.

So much for not snapping his head off. Now he's gonna get it. For. Fucking. Sure.

As I straighten and turn with a war march in my ears, Eagle flattens herself to the wall behind me, her breath escaping in a rush, hitting my skin with teasing heat.

"Don't do anything dumb, Kane."

Dumb? I think taking her father out is the best idea I've had in eons. When she hooks her delicate hand into the back of my belt, she drives her point home, tugging, pleading. "Please."

Dammit.

It's physically impossible for me to ignore her wishes when Paul McKenna explodes into the hallway, blustery expression, dead eyes flicking around, cell phone glued to his ear.

Usual asshole CEO shit.

"Kane! Follow me, I need you to deal with something."

His loafers click like high heels on the hall floor, quickly fading as I turn to rest my hand on the wall above his twenty-year-old daughter's pretty head.

This is an epically bad idea. But since when did I do what was right? Pretty much never.

Pinning Eagle beneath my angled lean puts me at the perfect angle to take what I'm hungry for.

"Don't push your father, little girl. I'll have to kill him if he hurts you. I don't think you'd really want that."

"Kane," she whispers in shock, worry tensing her delicate, young face. "You think he'd really hurt me?"

In truth, I don't know. But I trust the man less every day, and her safety is all that matters.

"Don't find out," I warn as I wrap a locket of glossy, thick hair around my finger and tug her closer, my mouth thirsting for hers. "Be a good girl for me, Eagle."

She inhales sharply. “Aren’t I always?”

The girl knows how to needle her father into madness. Most of the time, making me laugh. She’s just trying to be free of his ridiculous repression, his need for ultimate control.

But the dark side of me wants to control her too. Command all her attention. Capture all that sweet, spirited light just for me.

The steady dilation of her pupils hits me, knocking my heart up into my throat. A sledgehammer to the balls would have less effect than seeing arousal in the girl’s eyes.

“No. You’re not. Give me your phone.”

“What? Why?” she stammers, her gaze rapidly searching my face. But she digs into the waist of her tights and produces a cell phone with a gold, sparkly case.

Light and bright. That’s Eagle.

“You are to call me and only me if he upsets you. Got it?”

“Okay.” Her hand shakes with a tiny tremor as she passes the iPhone to me. “Thank you. That makes me feel better. I like knowing I can call you.”

Every number I thumb into the phone feels like one more click on a dial that’s sealing our fate.

Fuck. I’m doing it. I’m crossing the line.

“There,” I rumble when I’m done. I bunch up her shirt and slide the phone back into

the band of fabric against her hip. “Memorize it in case he takes your phone or some bullshit like that. I saved it under KC Chief.”

She looks up at me, still a little confused, almost dazed. Is my touch having the same effect on her that it is on me?

“Why did you do that?” she asks quietly.

“Because he could have software that can monitor your phone.”

“Oh my God, really?”

I’m not sure how I’m having a coherent conversation because my fingers are still resting against warm, creamy smooth skin. The static charge of touching her is gluing my hand in place.

“Yeah. All that shit you see on Netflix, that’s more real than you know.”

Expression falling, she swallows nervously, her shoulders shuddering in a shiver. “I didn’t know. But I’m worried, I don’t want you to get in trouble. You should go.”

Reaching into my pocket, I find my key fob. “Keep this on you. I’ve got a spare.”

“What’s this to?”

“My truck. It’s out back every day. You need to get out of here, you take it.”

Forming a little ‘o’ with her mouth, she stares at the black plastic fob. “What man gives a girl like me the key to their truck?”

“Someone that cares that you’ve got a way out any time you need it.”

Looking me in the eyes, she tucks the fob into her cleavage. “I’ll hide it here.”

Oh. Fuck.

I nod, but don’t move. I’m already in trouble, and it doesn’t have anything to do with her father yet.

Eagle McKenna, innocent, beautiful, young Eagle, is temptation incarnate and I’m caught in the woman’s snare.

If I get close to her again, she’s going to be on her back and beneath me before she can blink those goddamned long lashes.

“Be good, Mischief. I’ll be back.”

Rocked, I shove off the wall, folding my other hand to keep the heat from her skin, and stride away.

I need to stay AWAY. Or I’ll defile something too sweet for a fucked up man like me.

Now I just need to figure out how to arrange to get her away from this hellhole so she can have the life she deserves.

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TWO

Eagle

It takes a long time before I can unglue myself from the wall because I don't trust my knees. Or any part of my body, for that matter. All my joints feel disconnected.

Pressing my fingers to my lips, I realize I'm trembling too. Kane Mathews is...

A force of nature.

"Girl," I chastise myself, "he can't really be into you."

But a thrill races through me. He gave me his number. And trusted me with his truck key.

Now I sound like a teenager. But God, Kane represents everything I crave. A protector. A man who walks to his own drum. The air around him crackles with confidence. Not the kind that comes from his bank account.

Everything my father and the people in his lane aren't.

Voices—obnoxious and loud—carry to me from the east end of the mansion. Some of my father's associates, lurking. Hanging out in his billiards room. Probably talking about women and the way they only see them as arm candy, something to be paraded around, not really loved.

Ick. A shudder hits me. They're gross.

The way they watch me makes my skin crawl. As if I could be one of those women. I want to live. Not wait on some man to?—

With a sigh, I push off the wall and head in the opposite direction. Not being allowed to go to class today means I'll have to stay upstairs, or risk running into trouble.

“Eagle!”

My skin shrinks, dread pooling in my mouth until I have to swallow. Pasting a disinterested look on my face, I turn to find Charles Bonnet walking toward me, smoothing his tie down. “I didn't expect you to be home today, sweetheart.”

Sweetheart. Hearing it come from Charles's cracked lips sounds like nails against a chalkboard. But when Kane called me that, a hungry chasm opened up in my tummy.

“My father wouldn't let me go to class.”

“Really?” His eyes do something weird, bouncing between my lips and my breasts, before he grins. “Finally figured it out, didn't he?”

I know better than to ask, but I can't stop myself. “What?”

“That your looks are the only thing you'll ever need.”

Both of my hands curl into fists next to my thighs. “I'm glad you believe that, Charles, but I have plans.”

“That involve my bed?”

I gasp, my heart cartwheeling in alarm. “No!”

His hand goes to the wall above my shoulder. “I like you, Eagle. I could show you the world. Paris. Venice. Monaco. I need someone like you to round out my appearance.”

“That’s disgusting.” When he reaches up, hand nearing my face, I slap it away. “Don’t touch me.”

He chuckles. “I like your spirit, beautiful. It’s gonna be fun to break.”

The heel of my tennis shoe makes a satisfying impact with Charles’s loafer.

His bellow echoes off the polished marble floor as I run.

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THREE

Kane

Six hours later

The call didn't come from Eagle. It came from her asshole father.

Go get my daughter.

I already knew she was in the wind. The tracker on my truck showed me exactly where she was heading. But I don't know why.

Eagle didn't call me. She took my truck and left.

There's a part deep inside my head that knows where this train wreck is going. Balls deep somewhere I should never fucking go.

Cueing up my sister's number, I hit send.

"Bethany Matthews," she answers.

"Don't you look at caller ID before you answer?"

"Lighten up, Kane. I did, I was just joking with you. What's up, big brother?"

Ugh.

“Everything,” I rumble. “Look, I’m in trouble.”

Whatever she was doing in the background stops abruptly, a nervous sound that I recognize well coming from her as she clears her throat. “You didn’t get arrested again?”

“No. But I could be.”

“Oh, Kane!” She goes silent for a beat and I can see her pinching the bridge of her nose. “What’s happened?”

“Nothing yet.”

“Thank God,” she breathes. “Where are you?”

“About to be out of cell service. I’m in the mountains and I probably won’t be able to answer for a couple days if I’m there. Look, I need some advice.”

Bethany makes a choked sound. “Wait. I have to clean out my ears. Did my former SEAL alpha male, hero brother just ask his little sister for advice?”

“All right, smart ass. Yes, I did.” I force my hands to loosen on the wheel before I break it. “What’s that word they use when there are a lot of years between a man and a woman?”

Fuck, I can’t believe I’m asking my younger sister about this.

“Age gap. Technically two words. What about it?”

I gulp as I realize Eagle probably hasn’t even heard the music I listen to when I’m working out.

“What do you think of the idea?” I choke out, my stomach making a weird twisting motion.

“It’s kind of sexy. I mean, not when he’s one foot in the grave, but you know, men just take so much longer to mature.”

“Bethany.”

She laughs lightly, “You’re an exception. And Kane, are you asking because you met a younger woman?”

There’s definitely excitement growing in her tone.

“I’m freaking the fuck out.”

More laughter. “You never freak out, I wish I could see your face right now.”

“No. You don’t. Now, what do you think is too many,” I have to force out the last word, “years?”

Thinking, she starts making some kind of noise in the background again.

“What’s that sound?”

“I’m putting together some new crates that got donated. One day I’ll have mobile rescue trucks, with built-in cages, and an airplane, but for now, these little crates are great for rescuing smaller animals.”

Bethany’s determination and heart never cease to amaze me. “You’re gonna do something amazing, sis.”

“Well, it’s all about getting in front of the right people now.

There’s not much more I can do without a serious cash infusion to buy the first truck.

Oh, I forgot to tell you, I got another anonymous donation of twenty thousand dollars.

It was enough to save some horses from an abuser and pay for their medical care.”

Lead settles in my stomach. Paul McKenna pays big. Enough for me to buy that truck with cash—my plan, but...

I’ve got to get another fucking job. Yesterday.

“So, who is this young mystery woman?”

The tendons in my hands ache and I realize I’ve got the wheel in a death grip again.

“She’s too young.”

“Is she younger than me?”

I bash my fist into my forehead. I didn’t even think of that. “Goddamn.”

“She is!”

“Please stop sounding excited. I’m dying over here.”

“Kane,” Bethany says softly, “I’m so happy for you. You’ve been alone too long.”

“I’m gonna fuck her world up.”

That gets a rise out of my spitfire sister. “You are not. That’s impossible. A man like

you is what every woman wants, Kane. You just can't see it. Now promise me you'll give it a chance."

"Look, I gotta go." I reach for the console to end the call. "Stay safe, little one."

"Wait! When are you going to see her again?"

"I'm going to pick her up now. And you were supposed to talk some sense into me."

"Don't forget to wear a condom. Unless you're planning on being a baby daddy."

Her laughter is so raucous, I have to end the call before my head explodes.

I don't have any condoms.

Flexing my hands on the wheel, I rage at myself. No one to blame but me. I've lost my damned mind to get involved with Eagle. If I was sane, I'd have sent someone else to get her.

Weston, my second-in-command, would have done the job. He's oblivious to Eagle. Smitten with his pregnant wife. He'd have been the safe bet to go talk her into coming back.

But no. I couldn't let him go, because even as much as I logically know Weston is a claimed man, he's male and I don't want anyone with balls near Eagle. Ever.

She's too sexy. Too mine.

Growling, I shove my aching dick around, trying to find a comfortable spot inside my tactical pants for the ten-inch crowbar. Right. Like that's going to happen.

“Fuck.” I smash the volume button on the console of the estate-owned Range Rover’s dash to kill the sound. My head’s full of enough rage metal as is.

The final bend on the tree-lined dirt road comes into sight, making my balls tighten, my breath rasps, and every nerve ending from my scalp to my knees turn on like a neon sign.

She’s right up there. Just a mile ahead.

The only time I’ve felt this sensation—a swarming feeling of dread, adrenaline, and anticipation—before taking the job was in the war.

Except... every time I’m around my boss’s barely legal daughter. Long-legged, big-tit, fine-assed, virgin, Eagle.

Total smoke show. She’s nuclear hot. And she has the penchant for flashing pale hazel eyes my way before she blushes like a goddamned flower in springtime.

I’m so fucked.

And the sickest part of all...I’m elated. Fucking hysterically happy to be this close to the chaos.

You’re sick.

She’s twenty, for Christ’s sake. I’m double her age.

Slowing the luxury vehicle, I lower the window, raking the cold air into my lungs to slow my speeding blood. My heart’s so loud, I almost miss the chirp of a text message on my phone.

Paul McKenna: Do you have her?

Me: Negative. Closing in now.

Him: Let me know when you have her locked down.

I don't reply.

This SUV needs to be turned around. Only my dick is pointing in her direction like a compass needle. Her little pink honeypot is true north and I'm locked and loaded. Driving my ass straight to the brink of destruction.

McKenna is frothing to get his one and only heir under control. Good fucking luck. Eagle McKenna isn't the kind of girl—woman—you just shove into a corner and forget about.

She's got dreams, and if I have anything to do with it, she'll get to live those, free of her father.

Which is why I'm seventy-three miles off the main road in BFE Idaho. Sent to retrieve the bane of my existence like some kind of Labrador retriever. Son of a bitch could have sent anyone.

But no. He sends me. The tatted-up, pierced, felon who lives hard and fucks harder.

With a ragged moan, I drag my open hand over my mouth. McKenna knows I don't ever fail at a mission. I clean up his world. Make people fall into line. Do it with a shark's smile, and a clean, blank conscience. Roughing up bad men doesn't affect me in the fucking least.

But this...I'm affected. Afflicted. Addicted, and I haven't even tasted the goods.

Unless I can get this monster under control, I'll be filling his college-age daughter's tight little pussy with cum so deep she'll never stop leaking my seed.

This time my phone rings. Goddamn. Micro-managing asshole. "What, McKenna?" I never talk to him like this, but my dick is choking my patience right now.

"Kane, I want you to teach her a lesson."

No.

But the palm of my dominant hand starts throbbing, ready, willing and able to spank Eagle's grade-A ass cheeks. "What do you mean?" I ask, my tone strangled.

"Shut her down, Kane. Get her back here so fast her head spins and make her regret taking off like some teenage brat. Treat her like you treat everyone else you deal with for me. Show her that monster you hide behind your soulless eyes."

His words are a direct hit. Acid rolling through my stomach, leaching out to my extremities. A sick realization makes me want to vomit—like sees like.

Eagle's old man knows I'm a bastard.

He just doesn't know the depth of how fucked up I am. Starving for a taste of sweet that has no business being in my world. My sister's wrong.

The more shit McKenna talks, the more I want to steal Eagle out from under his nose. So I can fuck her silly.

Keep her drunk on dick for days while I get my fix, while he pulls his hair transplants out looking for us.

A dark chuckle rumbles through me. God, I love that idea.

Then what?

I'd never be able to take her back to him.

Tugging at my collar, I curse. "You're a fucking idiot, Kane." Cold sweat wraps around my neck, a yoke of guilt.

Eagle deserves someone better than me to be her first. Which is why I should have gotten some black market drugs—the opposite of Viagra. Whatever the fuck that is.

I'm sure there's something out there that would...take the edge off.

I shove the aching rod in my boxers roughly down again.

Lightning cracks behind me. If I hadn't had the storm chasing my ass all the way here, I'd have beat the shit out of my dick on the side of the road. But when Mother Nature unleashes in less than thirty minutes, this whole damned mountain will be lethal, and Eagle needs to be somewhere safe.

A gust rocks the Rover to the side as the sky presses in, the high-tech headlights slicing the ink-black. The electric white beams flash along the tall trees on either side of the strip of dirt that leads one place. Whispering Pines—old man McKenna's hunting cabin.

The next ground zero.

Fuck. Fucking. Fuck. I laugh darkly, then choke on the sound before the wind snatches the echo out the window. I don't know exactly how this will play out. Eagle's a wildcard, but I spent enough time as a SEAL to know that something's

about to blow up.

“Oh. Shit!” Slamming my foot on the brake pedal, the Rover shudders to a stop, skidding sideways, my exploding heart throwing itself into my mouth.

No. No!

My truck is upside down, the taillights flashing, blinding red beacons in the eerie stillness.

I’m sprinting before my brain even registers I’m out of the SUV. “Eagle!”

Sliding in, rocky earth collides with my knees as I skid to a stop next to the truck.

“Eagle!” Reaching blindly through the broken window, I raggedly shout, “Can you hear me?”

When I grab air instead of her, I shudder in relief, but then realize she might have been thrown free from the car.

Where is she? The driver’s seat is empty, the belt dangling, ghostly-white, deflated airbags fill the cabin.

Jesus. Jesus.

“Eagle, if you can hear me, cry out. I’ll turn this car over with my bare hands.”

“I’m right here.” A soft touch lands on my shoulder and I nearly collapse onto the dirt, my vision wavering, my throat spasming with overwhelming relief.

She’s a mess, dirty, scraped up. But alive.

“Thank you. Thank you, God.” Before she can react, I’m dragging her down, folding her into the cavern of my body, rasping her name against her temple. “Eagle. Fuck, baby.”

“I’m okay, I just hurt your truck. I’m sorry...” She shivers in my arms, her pale eyes widening as she looks up at me. “I ruined your truck, I know you’re furious.”

“I’m only worried about you.” My gravelly words claw out around the lump in my throat.

“It was really scary. I’m so glad you are here.”

My Eagle was scared.

If a goddamned deer caused this, I’m going to hunt that fucker down and murder it, shredding it into ribbons with my teeth like a rabid wolf. It could have killed Eagle.

“Are you hurt, sweetheart?”

Shaky, my hands fly over her—over those curves that have taunted and teased, and made me insane every single day for six long months. When she groans, the knot in the bottom of my stomach twists inside out, slicing me from groin to throat.

“What’s wrong? Tell me!” I bark.

“Your hands are so warm. They just feel good. I’ve been outside for a long time. I didn’t bring the right kind of coat.”

God.

“Tuck into me, baby.” I nuzzle her close and stand up, compressing her tightly in my

arms. “I’ll get you warm. You promise you’re not injured?”

“Nothing hurts,” she whispers against my neck as I double-time to the Rover, jerk open the back seat and climb in with her in my lap. Her plump, sweet ass cheeks nest in, right where they fucking belong.

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FOUR

Eagle

He's not mad.

Relief makes me dizzy. Or maybe it's his leather and peppermint scent. Kane Matthews is the kind of man who is impossible to ignore, but with all his heat and muscles and... what is that pressing into my thigh?

I'm so aware of him, it's like my cells are meshing with his, a web of electrical entanglement.

Somehow, he holds me tight and manages to reach the heat controls without even jostling me. Although I'm not sure I need the heat now that I've got him.

No. I do not have him. But lord, how I wish I could. Have to keep.

"I'm so glad you came along."

He growls, looking me in the eyes, something dark and unreadable in Kane's battle-hardened expression. The color of his eyes is midnight. Sometimes denim. Sometimes lapis-blue. Tonight, they're oceans, dark and calling me into their depths.

"How did you find me?"

The muscles along his stubbled jaw tick, sending little quivers into my stomach.

“I’ll always find you, Eagle.”

Stop.

My heart wants that to be true. Aches, skips. Craves Kane to mean that. But he’s a man and I’m a girl, and he’s... an enigma.

Just stop, Eagle. I give myself a little shake, closing my eyes to find my center.

He’s just saying that because he’s paid to find you.

This isn’t the first time a man who worked for my father looked at me like dessert, but this is the first time I wanted that scorching, bone-rattling attention.

Kane is different.

Something changed inside me when the former SEAL took the job at our home. When he came to work for the man I despise, the man who controls my every move, I strangely felt safe.

“Somehow I believe that’s true. I know you were taught how to track people in the service. It might have saved my life tonight.”

A sound—almost pained—scratches inside his throat. “Don’t say that.”

When I drop my head to his chest, I pretend it’s home. Not a place where you put your shoes at the end of the day, but the kind of home that’s safe and protective and sees you as something other than a burden.

That’s all I want.

Sighing, I nestle closer, tears pricking at the back of my eyes like the heat from sparklers. I'll never have that.

His chest rumbles below my ear, and arms so thick my hands couldn't band them give me a tight embrace.

Yes. Breathless, I wiggle closer.

"Oh fuck, Eagle, you can't be grinding that perfect ass against me like that. I'm no saint, sweetheart, and you do not want the kind of fucking I need to be satisfied."

Shock makes me wheeze, "You like my ass?"

Kane swallows hard. Breathes like a dragon for a minute. He makes a choked sound as his hips shift below mine. "Your ass is a goddamned masterpiece. It should be illegal to wear tight pants, Eagle. You're a criminal for making me so fucking hard."

Oh. Wow.

Golden warmth spreads low inside my belly. The vision of Kane naked, thrusting, god-like above me swims through me so fast my head spins.

Where did that scene in my mind come from? I've never even watched those kinds of movies.

"I'm dying from blue balls, you little hot tease."

"Oh. I'm sorry... I think."

I'm not a complete fool, but I'm still in dismay that I could have any effect on a man like Kane. A man. Not a guy. Not an idiot like Charles.

Kane's one hundred percent breeding stock.

Oh my god. I've lost my mind.

"What did I do?" I whisper.

"You know what you do, baby doll. I'm—" his hips thrust upward, pressing a monstrous ridge against me. "I'm five seconds from ripping a hole in those hundred-dollar cock-tease pants and stuffing you ten inches full."

My Adam's apple feels stuck. Oh god. I'm so vexed I say the most random thing. "What's wrong with these tights?"

He leans down, grating his teeth across the shell of my ear. "They're in my goddamned way."

He lifts his hips again in a thrust while he simultaneously grinds me down harder on his lap by tightening his arms. "Do you understand what you're doing to me now?"

No. Yes. Maybe. Lord help me. Virgin alarm is very real.

"I'm sorry, I just wanted to get warm."

He presses his open mouth against my temple, inhaling raggedly. "You're already scorching, Eagle. Too fucking hot for a virgin."

My face flames, my chest does something weird, contracting and expanding so fast my nipples try to saw through my shirt.

He knows I'm aroused. The way his eyes light, his expression going feral.

I'm stumbling through what to say next when a bolt of lightning splits the sky in half.

Kane's head falls back, a growl shaking his chest. "The storm. Dammit. I got so caught up in you, I forgot the incoming weather. We've got to move out, now."

Gently, he lifts me off his lap, sliding me into the seat, buckling me up with his peppermint-laced breath intoxicating me. "Stay here, angel. I'll drive us to the cabin."

"But your truck?"

"Nothing matters but getting you safe." A fierce look passes over him as he double-checks the latch on my belt, his entire body tensing—muscles popping out along his arms. "Nothing," he repeats.

Wow.

Do not even go there, Eagle. He's doing his job.

Neck muscles corded, Kane shuts the door, moves to the driver's seat, and spits gravel as he tears away, fisting the wheel as he drives like a madman.

Heading right into the downpour and directly toward my father's hunting cabin and its one, single-size bed.

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FIVE

Kane

Every protective instinct in me is screaming. Shelter. Food. Heat. Safe. Eagle must be safe.

The cabin is dark, almost eerie in the slashing light of the headlights, with the trees whipping violently above it. “The storm’s coming in fast.”

“Is it going to be bad?” Eagle asks from the back seat.

Lungs working double-time because of her mouthwatering scent, I grunt. “Bad enough that you will not be going outside until I say it’s safe.”

Keeping her out of the storm is something I can do. Too bad I don’t know if I can keep her protected from me.

I might very well be the biggest threat in Eagle’s world.

Her father... I don’t know what he’s capable of yet. But I have my suspicions. Only, I know what I want, and it will leave Eagle with scars, inside and out.

She’ll lose her virginity to a bastard, her mind screwed up by my obsession because she doesn’t understand the world yet.

Getting her warm, curvy body in my arms was right up there with the fucked-up

mistake that landed me in prison after getting out of the U.S. Navy. I should have let the cops deal with my sister's attacker... but fuck that.

Just like I can't regret holding Eagle. At last.

"I didn't know it was going to be that bad. Guess I should have been better about planning my escape."

"If I was in the city and knew you were up here all alone in this weather, I'd be freaking the fuck out." I get winded just thinking about that and can't go on until I clear my throat.

"We're gonna talk about what the hell you were thinking when you left, but not right now. Gotta get you warm and comfortable first."

"Okay," she breathes, reaching around the driver's seat to rest her small hand on my chest. Right above the tattoo of the golden eagle... the one I got because of her.

Oh god. This is bad. It's like we're connected by some energetic tether already.

For months I've shot my cum into my fist with visions of her fevered lips on my skin there in that very spot. Eagle beneath me, her tits smashed against me, my cock buried in that taboo heaven between her young, lithe legs.

But I got it wrong. She felt even better than I could ever imagine when she was sitting on my lap, and we've both still got our clothes on.

Jeezus.

Unclenching my stomach, I force a deep breath. "I'll be back. Gonna clear the place. Lock the doors until I get back."

When I look in the rearview mirror, she's wide-eyed.

"Understand?"

"I'm pretty sure I'm safe?—"

"Eagle!"

"Okay!"

Growling, baring my teeth like some kind of depraved animal, I stomp to the cabin, retrieve the hidden key—don't even get me started—and fling open the door.

Only after I check the rooms like I'm searching for armed dust bunnies in all three of the small rooms, I build a fire and start the propane water heater.

I'm still jacked up... maybe more so when I take the steps three at a time down to the driveway.

Eagle's pretty face is illuminated by the porch light. She locked the doors. The click of her unlocking them makes me grin when I approach.

She shivers when I open the back door, a blush racing up her cheeks that sends me into a feeding frenzy. "Good girl, come on, I'm carrying you. Don't even think about protesting because you're gonna figure out that I'm an immovable object."

"My feet work fine."

"So do my arms." I scoop her up, instantly making my body vibrate. There's probably a sound coming out of me like those power stations with all the warning signs on them.

Wind grabs at us, tossing her hair around, the strands catching on my five-o'clock shadow.

Her laugh is soft as she plucks the strands, the sound working some kind of dark magic on me. Chipping another giant hole in the barrier I've been trying to keep up between us.

"My hair likes your face."

"My face likes your hair."

Yeah, I fucking said that. I kick open the door and carry her over the threshold. The meaning does not escape me, making some kind of weird possessiveness cram itself up behind my sternum.

"I'll draw you a bath, just rest here." Reluctantly, I lower her down, making sure she's steady. But it's impossible to move.

Eagle stares at me a little, letting her gaze trace the cords of my neck, the edge of my tattoo rising up above the collar of my T-shirt. "You've done too much already."

"Never, there's never too much when it comes to you," I tell her hoarsely, fighting the urge to press my hand to my chest to ease the building tension.

With a sigh, Eagle glances down, tangling her fingers together before she meets my gaze again. "Kane, you don't have to pamper me. I know your job is to just get me and take me back."

Yes. No. I don't know the answer to what my job is anymore. The lines got blurred months ago.

When I force myself to move away, I pause by the open doorway to the bathroom.

But I can't look back at her slight form standing there in the rustic cabin.

In the kind of place I like, not some fucking antique-filled multi-million dollar mansion.

Scrubbing my hand over the back of my neck, I try not to remember how Eagle felt nuzzled against me. Warm and trusting.

She needs to know who I am.

My voice goes rough. "Sometimes doing the job right requires a lot more."

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SIX

Eagle

Kane walks out, leaving me staring.

What is happening? Why does my heart feel this way? I don't know why he makes me so breathless, so reckless.

Spinning, I push both hands into my hair, only to wince. Ouch. My body hurts. Tonight wasn't supposed to be like this.

I needed space. Room to plan something... anything to get me away from Dad and men like Charles.

Moving closer to the fire, I kneel on the floor, staring at the leaping flames. Kane built a fire. The men I'm used to being around wouldn't know how to start a fire if they were dying of hypothermia. They have people for that. Just like they have women for...

Show? Of course they'd expect sex, just like Charles said. He wanted me in his bed.

But I don't want that. I want passion. I want... love.

"Why did you come out here tonight?"

I look up at Kane, his impossibly tall form standing by the hearth. A Viking

warrior—that’s what he reminds me of. I start to speak, but catch a sad sound in my throat instead. Dashing my forearm across my misty eyes, I shake my head. “I just had to get away from the house.”

Kane lowers himself onto his knee. My mouth dries—almost painful—when he lays his palm against my cheek, turning me to look at him. Kane’s hand is warm and large, the length of his fingers reaching all the way around the back of my neck.

“What happened? I need to know.”

“It was...” Fighting to keep all the bad feelings at bay, I whisper, “Nothing.”

This makes Kane tense, his fingers twitching against my neck. “You said it. So something happened. Tell me now, baby.”

Baby?

A sensation zooms through me. I love it. But I hate this conversation.

“Charles just said some things.”

“That motherfucker,” Kane grates out, “I’ll break?—”

“Please don’t do anything rash. He was just being his usual idiotic self.”

There’s an unnatural glow in Kane’s gaze. As if he could breathe fire any second. “I don’t like leaving when you’re in the house with your father’s friends.”

But I barely hear what he says; his thumb is stroking over my face, getting closer and closer to my bottom lip. A tremble hits my mouth, making me touch the corner with my tongue.

“God damn.” Kane’s fingers dig into my hair, forcing my head back until we’re eye to eye, inches apart. “Do you know how desperate you make me?”

“No. N-no.”

He leans down until we’re forehead to forehead, his mouth a fraction of an inch from mine, the tease of his exhales making me nearly weep.

“I want things from you, Eagle.”

Surprising myself with how husky my voice is, with words that come from deep inside me, I reply, “I want you.”

A man of action, Kane doesn’t waste one more single breath; he drags his mouth across mine, cursing, “Fuck, I can’t stop myself from kissing you.”

He draws me closer, his other hand nestling against my lower back, the fingers nading into me. This time he opens his mouth against mine, tasting me. Slicking his tongue against mine, making my insides quiver.

Every stroke is deeper, the grip in my hair tightening, the rasp of Kane’s breathing getting faster. Sounds start to come out of me. Whiny little moans, and the more my body makes them, the rougher Kane gets until he tears away from me.

“Oh fuck.” His pupils are gigantic, swallowing the blue of his eyes. “I’m not a good man, sweetheart. We have to stop that right fucking now.”

I climb up to my feet, my hand going to the hem of my shirt. Kane’s staring at me so hard, his hands clenched into two iron fists.

When I draw the material up and over my head, a rush of cool air makes me

goosebump all over.

“What,” he rasps, his mouth hinging open as he clutches his chest, “are you doing?”

“I’m going to take a bath, the water’s probably getting cold. But I think you should help me take the rest of my clothes off.”

He sways, his hand going to the gigantic ridge inside his jeans. “You won’t make it to the bath if I touch you.”

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SEVEN

Kane

“Then I’ll just have to stay dirty.”

I shoot to my feet, catching Eagle around the waist, my hungry eyes devouring the sight of her breasts perched in her lace bra. “You like to play dangerous games?”

She presses her lips together, hiding a grin. “I like seeing you out of control.”

I toss her over my shoulder, my free hand gripping her tight ass. “You’re lucky I’m not really out of control, I’d destroy your tight little pussy.”

She squirms in my hold, laughing as I carry her from the small living room to the equally small bathroom where I have no business being. “There’s no way we’ll both fit in that tub.”

“Can we try?”

“If it means I get to be skin to skin with you, I’d fucking try to take a bath in the kitchen sink.” I drop her down, skimming every inch of her along my body. Soft curves making my muscles quake.

“You’re dangerous, woman.”

Flattening her hand against my chest, she hums. “Maybe.”

Then she looks up at me. Goddamn. Eagle's face arrests my heart. She's beaming. Her smile dazzling, so fucking bright my brain warps. I've never seen her so... happy.

Dragging her roughly up, I take her mouth in a bruising kiss. My hand searching for the waist of her jeans. Fuck, of all nights for her to have on jeans. I tangle with the button, fight the zipper, my hand aching to feel the soft, smooth skin of her stomach.

"Ah, god. Yes," I breathe against her mouth. "Your skin is like silk."

Eagle digs her fingers into my shoulders, her stomach quivering below my fingertips.

"Anyone ever touched you here before, sweetheart?"

"No. Only you."

Nearly choking on the desire storming through me, I slide my hand down into the forbidden confines of her panties. "Bet your pussy's softer than heaven."

"Kane—"

"God." I swallow so hard it hurts all the way to my balls when I reach the little strip of curls. "You've got a landing strip, Eagle. A fucking landing strip."

I pant for a solid minute.

"Is it okay?"

"Okay? I love it. Mayday, I'm going down. About to crash land, baby."

Her sweet laugh makes my brain throb like something's going to break in there. "Are

you coming in hot?”

I shank her pants all the way to her ankles. Her panties follow, and I hook them both with my boot and tug them completely off. “Face first.”

She squeals when I hoist her off the floor, planting that pretty ass on the bathroom counter. Her hands fist the shoulders of my shirt as I plant both hands inside her thighs and press her tan, open. The prettiest pussy on the face of the earth reveals herself to me.

All dewy and untouched.

My balls snap around inside my sack, making me grunt as I drop to my knees. “Holy fuck. Never gonna think of the words spread eagle the same again.”

“Are you going to put your mouth on me?”

I meet her gaze, loving the open curiosity I find there. I am so gone for this girl. So bad that my lungs are trying to crawl out of my chest to get air. “Only if you want me to.”

With surprising force, she tugs me forward. “Yes, Kane. Tell me what to do.”

There aren’t just cracks and holes in the wall I’ve been trying to keep between us—now the whole damn thing is crumbling.

“I’ll take care of you, sweetheart.” Kissing the inside of her knee, I savor her quick inhale. “Your only job is to tell me what you like. Faster. Slower. Harder. Softer.”

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EIGHT

Eagle

I didn't know what it would be like. Had no idea that I could feel sexy, but that's exactly how I feel. My breasts are heavy, the nipples rasping against the lace of my bra.

But with Kane looking up at me, I feel completely and utterly goddess-like.

When his lips brush my inner thigh, flames race to the point where my legs meet.

Oh. Heavens. Kane is going to put his mouth... THERE.

I've heard about this, but as his breath spills over my skin, his eyes focused on my sex, something new begins to happen. My womanly organs fill with liquid heat.

"Oh CHRIST, honey, your little slit is just begging for my tongue. Glistening for me."

"I am?" My voice rockets up when Kane licks my clit. Wow!

Okay. Ooookay. My heart is galloping already. Breathe.

Kane's thumbs slide up my legs until he's got them on either side of my sex, where he starts to gently rub them up and down, finally spreading me open.

He bites his lower lip so hard, the skin blanches.

Then he moves in and I can't breathe at all.

He laves my clit slowly with the broad width of his tongue.

The hot, rough pressure, the scruff of his beard growth against me... It all feels so amazing.

“Oh. Oh... goodness, Kane.”

Circling, rubbing, dragging his tongue through my wetness, his massive shoulders bunch under my hands. The muscles are knotting, vibrating, heating as his husky groans grow ragged.

His licking, biting at me, gets even more insistent. I'm being ravished.

I almost scream from the intensity of the pleasure.

“Mmmmm, fuck, I love your taste. Just like I knew it would be. Mmmmm.” He hums, sending shockwaves of vibration through me as he works his right thumb along my seam. “You're so tiny, babe, I don't know how the hell I'm gonna fit.”

An awareness hits me like lightning. Kane is a big man, standing a head above all the other guards who work for my father. A giant among giants.

Given that I have no experience with male anatomy beyond books and random dick pics that have popped up on my feed, I have no idea what to expect.

Without realizing it, I must tense. And not in a good way. Kane freezes, his gaze snapping to my face. “Did I hurt you, baby?”

“No.”

“What’s wrong?” He gathers me closer, his expression locked in concern. “Talk to me.”

When he brushes my hair back and kisses the spot above my heart, I know that I’m in serious trouble. Kane isn’t just big and protective, he’s so gentle and attentive. He’s so perfect I decide I have to be totally honest with him.

“I’m nervous about...” Whew, this is HARD to talk about. “How this is going to work? You’re so much bigger than me.”

For a beat he stares at me, cogs turning in his mind. “Oh, fuck, sweetheart. I should have explained.”

Grimacing, my face starts to tingle with heat. “I mean, I know it works—people of all sizes have sex together.”

His large hands are wrapped around my bare waist now, and my gaze falls there, where he spans my whole body. Gulp. He’s a beast. “Will it...”

Kane loops my legs around his waist, moving into the space between my spread thighs, cradling me to his warm chest. His beard prickles my cheek as he puts his mouth near my ear. For a beat, he just holds me.

There’s a hot press of tingles behind my eyes. So this is what intimacy feels like?

Heart cartwheeling, I’m glued to him, anticipation and uncertainty unfurling all the way to my belly.

Then he begins to speak in a low, warm tone. “You’re perfect, Eagle. I’ll help you

relax, and you're going to take me like a dream. It's natural to be worried, but I promise I'll take care of you."

The cartwheeling inside me stops. A single throb passes through my heart. Sure. Knowing.

In that instant everything changes. The worry vanishes.

I've never felt more safe in my life, even though I'm naked and he's not. I'm smaller and he's strong and big, rough around all his edges, built like a modern-day warrior.

"I trust you. I'm sorry, I just got in my head."

He chuffs, "You didn't do anything wrong. It's on me. I'm the experienced one. I should have been more aware of your feelings. This is all new to you."

Not scared, but a little shy, I whisper, "I don't want you to stop."

He shifts, taking my face between his palms. "I don't want to stop either."

There's a full-body sensation sweeping through me like warm honey when he kisses me this time. My confidence grows as it seeps out and out to my fingertips.

Kane rumbles when I find the bottom of his T-shirt, desperate to feel the rows of his abs that are visible through his clothing.

Thankfully, the man helps me get his shirt off. He's grinning when I inhale swiftly at the sight of him.

"My god."

Kane isn't just big, he's rows and rows of muscle, covered with a dusting of dark hair that leads down to the gigantic prize below his belt buckle.

"Got me rock hard," he rumbles. "Put your hands on me before I die."

"Yes, sir." I breathe, and he closes his eyes with a curse.

"God help me. It's all I can do not to throw you down and slake this dangerous hunger."

"I like that I make you like this." It's empowering to know I turn Kane into an animal. "Let's see what happens when I do this..."

There's a pulse of energy coming through my fingertips as I drag a fingertip inside the waist of his pants. It feels like a big move to me.

"Fuck, baby. Yeah." Breath hisses out through his teeth as I explore that warm, taut skin, my mouth going dry, my vagina growing wetter.

Warmth rises, blanketing my face. My eyes mist with desire. Awe. That's what this is.

"You should see yourself, sweetheart. You're sexy as fuck right now, all glassy-eyed, blushing, and locked around my waist."

"Well, I feel sexy. But I still don't know what to do."

He chuckles, the warm sound tickling my heart. "What do you want to do?"

"Lick you."

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NINE

Kane

Two words turn my world upside down. Nothing is going as planned.

I wasn't going to do this. Just this morning, I swore I was going to keep Eagle at arm's distance.

I was NOT going to take her virginity.

Even when I was talking to my sister, I was still trying to convince myself that this is WRONG. So fucking wrong.

But Eagle's innocent curiosity—her visible arousal—is more than I can take. I'm strong. I'm not a robot.

Fuck. I'm probably already going to hell anyway.

Scooping Eagle off the counter, I kiss her like my body demands. Thoroughly. Deeper. Letting her know that I'm more than okay with her licking me. I fucking need it like I need food and water for sustenance.

No, now she is my sustenance.

“Taking you to bed, sweetheart, where we can take things nice and slow.”

She whimpers into my mouth, her supple thighs tightening on my waist. Making the madness even worse.

This is unknown territory for me. She might be the virgin, but I'm learning that sex before was... nothing.

When I walk into the small living-room-bedroom combo, I stumble to a stop. Goddamned single bed. I need room to work.

"Hang on, babe."

I lean over, clutching her to me as I drag the mattress, bedding and all, off the bed onto the floor, positioning it by the fireplace. "That's better."

Sweet laughter fills the tiny gap between us when I flip back the blanket and lay her down.

"Is the single bed too small for you?"

"Damn right it is. I've got work to do."

"I thought I was going to do the work... to lick you," Eagle whispers, embarrassment in her tone.

Rolling so we're on our sides, her front to my front, I pull her leg over my waist as I murmur, "I'm excellent at multi-tasking."

Sixty-nine comes to mind. But what would a virgin think of that?

"Oh, um, how should I..." She licks the seam of her lips.

“Do anything you want.”

“I want to kiss your stomach.”

Christ. My gut ripples, my cock getting impossibly long. “Go for it.”

I roll to my back, savoring the slow perusal she gives my abs as she scoots down my length.

I clock the instant she realizes what my chest tattoo is. Her eyes widen, her lips parting as her nipples get even harder.

“This is an eagle tattoo...”

Here goes everything.

“I wanted something that made me think of you. I knew if I couldn’t have you, at least I could hang onto the memory of how you make me feel.”

Staring at my ink, her eyes get misty. The first brush of her lips over the tattoo’s wing rips a ragged moan from my throat and a split through my heart.

By the time she kisses lower, her tongue dragging tentatively over my Adonis belt, dipping into my navel, I’m panting. It feels like I’m sprinting.

My cock is on fire. Seed slamming up toward my head like a battering ram.

“You’re gonna make me bust, sweetheart. That feels so fucking good.”

When her hand cups my shaft through my jeans, I turn into a human electrical wire.

“God, babe. I can’t take it any more. Rub my dick through my pants, you’ve got to relieve the pressure.”

“What if I take it out first?”

“Don’t!” I bark. “No. Do not take it out. Not until you’re ready because I’m battling for control right now. If that barrier is gone between my dick and your dripping wet pussy, I’m gonna be too rough on you.”

She looks startled for a second. “Why does that turn me on?”

I stare at the ceiling, trying to get my heart back inside my ribcage. “How about we not talk about that right now.”

“Okay,” she breathes, but then Eagle climbs her sweet, sleek body on top of me, her mouth crashing into mine.

It’s on. It’s so fucking on. My hands grasp her ass as she kisses me wildly, testing the way to use her tongue to make me even more insane.

The woman is trying to break me.

When my fingertips reach all the way around to her pussy, she shudders in my arms, never breaking the kiss. She’s ripe as a fucking peach.

I have to get inside of her. Now. Now. Now.

Easing my finger into her heat, I slick through her folds, my hips bucking when that warm, wet channel locks around me.

“Kane, that feels so good,” she breathes against my mouth. “I’m fluttering inside.”

Oh god. God. I'm about to fuck a twenty-year-old. My boss's daughter. My obsession. The woman I symbolized with a tattoo over most of my chest.

And I've got a lot of work to do to get that tight little hole ready. To do that best, I need her below me.

"Gonna put you on your back now, beautiful."

She whimpers when I drag her off of me, settling her below me. Her legs snap open, like she's allowed me in a thousand times before.

"That's my girl." Leaning over her, I brace myself on one hand, letting the other feel the weight of her tits, drawing the peaks between my fingers. Then my lips. "I'm gonna eat you until you melt."

The way her breathing speeds, her body beginning to writhe, causes agony inside of my briefs.

Slow. Take it fucking slow, Kane. The reward will be so damned sweet.

When I kiss her stomach, Eagle whimpers my name. When I slide a finger inside while I suck on her clit, she gets silent, but the rock of her hips is the only indication I need that she's on board.

My cock pulses hard.

And I remember—**FUCKING HELL**—I don't have a condom.

"Babe," I rasp, "you on the pill?" Please say yes. Please.

"No."

An icepick sticks into my brain. “No birth control?”

She looks up at me, dazed. “I’ve got an IUD.”

When I laugh, almost deliriously, she grins. “Guess I should have told you that.”

“You okay with bareback?” I check myself. Eagle probably doesn’t know what that means. “No condom.”

“Of course, it’s you, Kane. I totally trust you.”

Of course. She trusts me.

If I could punch myself in the face and still keep my fingers inside her, and my arm bracing me above her, I would.

“You’re gonna feel so good,” I squeeze out between my locked vocal cords. “I need you to come first.”

And that’s what she does. I plant my shoulders between her legs, and go for broke. Loving Eagle with my tongue, my lips, my fingers, until she unravels on a low, throaty cry.

Something shifts in my chest as I unbuckle my belt, open my fly, and rise over her again.

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TEN

Eagle

Kane's expression is fierce. His muscles corded. Veins crisscrossing his arms, his chest, even his forehead as he stares straight into my soul. "I need you so fucking bad, Eagle. This is not just about fucking you."

My mind feels vaporous. Intoxicated, like the time I drank my father's wine—but so much better. The high from Kane's touch is otherworldly. I want him to feel this same thing too.

When I reach for his open jeans, he exhales in a rush.

"I need you too, Kane. Let me help you. I'm ready."

He watches me free his rigid length. Moans, hardly, when I wrap my fingers around the massive girth of him for the first time. "Careful, don't stroke me too much. I'm a loaded weapon."

"And I'm your target?"

He chuckles, the sound rough and intimate, as I pull him toward me, using the heated length of his cock to lure him forward. "I can show you the spot."

"Fuck, yes," he rumbles, his breath gushing over me.

I widen my thighs to take the immense size of his pelvis. Kane slides a hand below my ass, the calluses deliciously chafing my sensitized skin as he lifts my hips off the bed, aligning me with his crown.

“Relax for me, baby.”

“I’m trying.” I gulp when he nudges against me.

“Rub your fingers over your clit, beautiful.”

This has never occurred to me, that I would touch myself while we have sex, but it’s hot. Really hot. Especially when his mouth hinges open as he pants, watching me.

“Goddamn,” he moans, “You make me fucking crazy.”

Then he’s pressing into me. Sliding his cock up and down against my labia until he’s notched into that aching, hungry spot that’s never had any penetration until Kane’s fingers went inside me.

Wet sounds fill the silence. Suddenly I feel very full. A heavy weight spreading me, and a rush of pleasure makes my fingers fumble.

Kane’s watching, mesmerized by the sight of his cock pressing into me. His throat working abruptly, a strangled sound rumbling through him.

I feel it through me as I lay, fascinated, whimpering with pleasure. Watching the bunch and shudder of his muscular chest as he slowly fills me.

“Oh god, I’m—” I don’t know what’s happening, but waves overtake me, my head throwing back. Pleasure ignites inside of me, so overwhelming that tears rush from my eyes, sobs lurching inside my chest.

Kane falls onto me with a grunt, his hand squeezing my butt brutally as he murmurs, “Oh, fuck. Baby. God. Yes. I took that fucking cherry, now soak my dick with your virgin honey.”

I’m so out of my head, my hands limp by my sides, I can’t even form a coherent sound. But Kane knows just what to do. He holds me, banding me in his strength and praises me.

Raining kisses over my face, my neck, he tells me I’m beautiful. I’m perfect. I’m his.

He kisses me, deeply, his chest heaving against mine, slicking my body with sweat.

The kiss goes on and on, even when he starts to move, driving short, hard strokes at first. The thrusting grows longer, rougher, until I’m coming back to my body and my hands dig into his muscular, sweat-slicked back.

“Wrap your legs around me, tight.”

I’m shaky, so trembly, high as the clouds, when I manage to do what he says. Kane levers up on both hands, and drives into me, hitting someplace he’s never touched before.

Oh. Heaven above. “That’s so good. Don’t. Stop.”

“Never. Fucking, never stopping,” he growls. Punching his hips until I’m filled completely with his massive length. There’s pain. There’s delicious heat. The heavy size of him filling a place that was made for him.

“Oh goddamn, I’m coming, Eagle. Filling you with my cum, baby, just like the universe demanded. Fate. This is fucking fate.”

His rough, possessive words fill my head, my spasming heart, kicking me right over the edge.

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ELEVEN

Kane

There's a storm raging outside, but inside my mind there's a calm I've never known.

Maybe it's the release. All the built-up tension of wanting something... denying myself.

Then having it. Having her.

Shifting, I look down at Eagle. Bathed by firelight, warm, tucked beneath my arm, her head resting on my shoulder. Her hand on the eagle tattoo.

My heart is in a state of shock. Why does she feel like home?

"Kane?" she whispers.

"What is it, sweetheart?" I rasp, my throat full of pins and needles. "You okay?"

"I just needed to make sure I wasn't dreaming."

God. "I'm here. Not going anywhere."

She mmmm's and squeezes closer, trapping my leg with hers.

I'm swamped by emotion that crowds into my throat. No matter how many times I

swallow, it stays there. Growing.

Staring at the ceiling, I stroke her back until she's asleep again. Until the fire grows cool, and I face the inner battle. Break the connection and get up to stoke the fire, or...

Roll over and take my sweet angel again.

Yeah. That's what I want to do.

No. She'll be sore. I made sure she was ready, but I was too rough on her. But, god, when Eagle and I hit our stride, our sex is going to be wild and rough. I just know this based on the way Eagle is in everything she does.

It's one of the things I've always loved about her. She's passionate. About school. About every class she takes. Even passionate about running on the treadmill. Everything she does, she pours her heart and body into.

Now I need to know what she really wants from life, because I'm going to make sure she gets to chase that dream like wildfire.

A flash of light crosses the windows, making my rambling thoughts slam closed.

What was that light?

It's been a while since lightning flashed, but this feels wrong.

My sixth sense starts to needle under my skin. "Sweetheart, I need you to get up."

"What?" Eagle yawns. "Is something wrong?"

“I don’t know yet.” Sitting her up, I reach for her clothing, getting her ready before I pull on my jeans.

It’s raining hard, the windows a blur of water and rain. But I can feel it. Not it. Someone.

“We’ve got company.”

Eagle gasps, fumbling with her clothing, her voice going up. “Who would be here?”

“It’s okay. Whoever it is, I’ll handle it. I’m more than equipped to deal with them, but I want you to go into the kitchen, out of sight. Arm yourself with a knife.”

She jerks on her shirt, shimmies into her jeans, eyes wide with concern.

Boots clunk on the porch. As a knock rings through the cabin, I’m going out the back window, taking advantage of the element of surprise.

Paul McKenna, the new guy on our security detail, and the fucking prick—Charles—are standing on the porch shaking out their coats when they realize I’ve got a gun pointed at them.

After momentarily looking shocked, Eagle’s father tries to save face by seeming undeterred.

“Well, well.” Paul says, glaring at my bare chest as his mouth compresses into a frown. “Looks like you’ve been cozy in my home.”

I’ve always disliked the man. Never trusted him. But right now, I fucking hate him because he’s been psychologically abusive to my Eagle.

“What do you want, McKenna?”

He glances at Charles. “We’re here because Eagle is leaving with Charles for a trip. He couldn’t wait for you to bring her back. Because?—”

The blood pressure in my veins is stratospheric. “Eagle isn’t going any fucking where.”

Charles blinks at me with disbelief as he puffs up in his designer raincoat. “She’s going with me to France. My jet is waiting at a private airstrip nearby. As soon as this storm passes, we’ll be?—”

Charles croaks, clawing at his throat when I lock my fingers around his skinny neck.

“Eagle isn’t yours and never will be.”

Paul’s mouth is hanging open. The new guard, Tice—a former SEAL also—holds up both hands. A satisfied grin cants on his battle-worn face. “You do you, man. I’m here for ya.”

“She decides where she goes and when.” I shove Charles into the wooden rocking chair so hard the legs bust. In a tangle of broken wood, he flops backward off the porch, landing in a gigantic puddle. As he squeals like a little pig.

“Now,” I turn to face Paul McKenna. “I’m sending a truck to get Eagle’s belongings.”

His face flushes like an eggplant. “She’s not moving in with you!”

“Didn’t say she was. Eagle’s going to live wherever she wants. I’m sure as hell hoping that’s with me, but that’s her call.”

“You want me to live with you?”

Eagle’s voice makes me snap to attention. Our gazes lock, the knife falls from her hands, and she lurches forward, wrapping her arms around my waist.

“I promise to treat you like you deserve to be treated.”

She nods against me, tightening her arms. “I know you will. And I’d love to move in with you, Kane. There’s nowhere else I want to be but in your bed.”

“Wait a fucking minute!”

Paul’s arms flail out to the sides when Tice snatches him up by the collar of his coat, frog-marching him off the porch.

“See ya around,” Tice calls as he shoves Paul—spitting mad—into the company SUV.

Charles, covered in mud, hair hanging limply down his face, scuttles to the car, slamming the door once he’s inside.

“Let’s go back to bed, sweetheart.” I scoop Eagle up, kissing her neck. “We’ve got a lot to talk about.”

TWELVE

Eagle

I step back, looking at the carefully organized clothes in the closet. My clothes. “Are you sure? I mean, you hardly have any room.”

Kane shakes his head. “I wear the same thing. Cargo pants, T-shirts, and workout shorts. This closet has never been one-tenth full.” He hangs one of my shirts, putting it exactly between the colors that are one shade lighter and one shade darker than its adjacent neighbors.

He grins, making a satisfied sound. “There.”

The heat inside my chest is nearly overwhelming. And when he turns, making a rough sound, I melt even more. “Sweetheart,” he murmurs. “I don’t want you to cry.”

“These are happy tears.”

His palm cradles my head as he stares at me. “Are you sure this house is... enough?”

“It’s beautiful, Kane.” I look around again, hardly believing how gorgeous Kane’s home is. The house he built by hand over years, any time he could get home on leave from the SEAL teams. “I love it here.”

“Thank fuck.” His words are gravel, but his eyes are soft, softer than I’ve ever seen them. “I’d move if you wanted to.”

Standing on my tiptoes, I kiss Kane Mathews. The man who has, in a matter of days—no, months—become the only man I can imagine myself with.

“No, this is perfect, and I can go to college just down the road. I can’t believe I finally get to take the jewelry design classes I’ve always wanted to take.”

All those months when he was working for my father, I was falling more and more. Just as he was. “I think we should... um, see if we can both fit in your tub. We haven’t tried that yet.”

Although we have had sex in the kitchen, with my hips perched on his kitchen counter, and twice in his gigantic king-size bed—where Kane had more than enough room to work.

“Aren’t you sore, sweetheart?”

I tug his hand, leading my gigantic alpha hero toward his heavenly bathroom. “Deliciously so. I was thinking we could try something new.”

“New?” He makes a choked sound. “What exactly?”

God. I’m so hot, my face is burning, my pussy clenching. “Well, when you...” I hide my face in my hand.

He drags me to a stop, picking me up, burying his scruffy face against my neck. “Never be embarrassed to tell me what you want.”

When he kisses my neck, bites the super-sensitive spot below my ear, I moan. “Okay. But... this feels so risqué. I can’t believe I’m even thinking it.”

But Kane has been teaching me all the ways I can feel incredible during sex.

“You want me to put my cock in your ass, Eagle?”

When I shiver and whisper, yes, he moans, a hoarse sound leaving him. But then he’s moving toward the bathroom, his warm laugh shaking us both. “I’m your man.”

He snags the bottle of lube he bought for me off the counter as we go.

THIRTEEN

Kane

Oh, this is not happening here. “We fit in this tub fine, babe, but I need you in my bed.”

“Not enough room to work?” she teases.

“I need to see everything. Feel me?”

I think of the mirrored door on his closet, and start panting. “Okay.”

Carrying me into the bedroom seems effortless for Kane. He lowers me to my feet, carefully placing each of my hands on the footboard, positioning my butt in front of his hips, right in front of the rigid length of his cock.

I gasp when he drops several beads of lube between my cheeks, rumbling his pleasure at the sight.

Nudging my feet apart with his foot, he rests a hand over my mound, his middle finger sliding along my clit.

Instantly, I’m struggling to catch my breath. Kane always does this to me, turns me on so much I’m barely able to function.

“Every inch of you, sweetheart. Love every damned inch. And this...” He dips his

finger into my channel. “Sweetest fucking pussy. But your little back entrance is gonna be pure heaven.”

Somehow Kane keeps pressure on my clit, curls his finger into my g-spot—a new place he taught me about—and uses his other fingers to glide up and down between my cheeks. The tease is so perfect, my butt naturally lifts toward him.

“More,” I breathe.

He lubes me up, then slips a finger through, deep, making me shiver and whisper, “Yes.”

I’m edging closer, higher, heat pooling in new places, craving something I am not familiar with.

Kane’s breathing hard. His fingers dip, stroke, moving over my clit and my pussy when he takes hold of his cock with his fist.

This is when I see him in the mirror. God, he’s gorgeous. Every single bit of his focus on me, looking down, his face rigid, strained.

I’m shocked at what I see when I shift my focus to me. My hair is loose and wavy from the steam in the bathroom, but it’s the look in my eyes. Dreamy, aroused. Hungry.

Breasts swinging, my body is glistening, nipples peaked. We’re hot. Erotic even. I never knew the appeal of mirrors before, but now I get it.

“Putting my head inside you now, Eagle. Breathe through it, I’ll be really fucking gentle.”

My lips part, my heart galloping. I watch Kane as he pushes into me, sliding easily, lube easing his way.

His throat works, and he meets my eyes in the mirror. There's fire in his gaze.

Love is in his eyes. Exploding.

"That's it," he murmurs, his cock pulsing inside of me. "So good, you're made for me."

"I know." I do know. I think I've always known it. It's almost inexplicable. But it's real and it's big. We're tied now by an invisible cord as strong as steel.

He watches me unravel. Taking him. His expression more possessive than ever.

I cry his name, a throaty gush of air tearing out of my burning throat, as my vision wavers. And like always, Kane shouts, strains, follows me, folding me into his arms.

Only this time, when he gathers me up and carries me to the bed, he presses his mouth against my ear and whispers, "I love you, Eagle."

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FOURTEEN

Kane

Two weeks later

Eagle's in the kitchen when I find her. The sight trips my heart, making my throat tight. God, I love seeing her here.

I want to buy one of those signs now—the ones that say home —because with Eagle here, that's how this house feels now.

“Hey,” I murmur against her ear as I catch her around the waist from behind, lifting her off the floor. “You want to go with me to town?”

Leaning back against me, she sighs happily. “Where you going?”

“Picking up a new truck.”

She wiggles in my arms, her heels kicking at my knees. “You’ve got to let me help pay for that, Kane. I’m the one who wrecked your truck.”

I plant her back on the ground, kissing her temple. “We’ve already had this conversation.”

“Ugh,” she protests, spinning in my arms. “But I don’t like you having to pay for the deductible and the rental car.”

I squeeze her hip, my cock already stirring and we just had sex an hour ago. Long enough for us to shower and me to hit the gym. “It’s fine, babe. I’ve got plenty of money. Besides, I told you, you don’t have to use any of that money your old man used to give you. You’re mine to take care of now.”

She frowns, crunching her delicate eyebrows hard enough to make my alarm system go off. I don’t like seeing Eagle worried, upset, stressed, or... anything but happy.

“But you lost your job.”

“I’ve got something lined up with Tice. He just secured a big consulting contract. It’s gonna be great. Plus, I had saved up a lot of money—I was planning to buy a special truck for my sister’s animal rescue company.”

She blinks, her brows rocking upward. “Wait. You have a sister?”

Uh.

“I do.” Feeling a bit ashamed of the fact that we haven’t really talked about much other than getting Eagle set up in my home, I add, “A younger sister.”

“How old is she?”

Remarkably, I feel good about this, not distressed like I did before. “She’s four years older than you.”

“Cool.” Eagle smiles, warmth radiating from her pretty face as she traces the back of my neck, weaving her fingers into my hair at my nape. “When can I meet her?”

“You’d like that?”

She nods right as my phone rings, exactly the same time as Tice knocks, his bulky frame filling the window beside the front door. “Will you let Tice in, sweetheart? That’s my sister’s ringtone.”

Popping up on her tiptoes, Eagle kisses my cheek. “On it, boss.”

Jesus. Boss?

I shove my cock down as she skips off to the door and I hit Accept on my phone screen.

“Kane,” my sister rushes out. “I’ve got a problem.”

A switch flips in my head, activating High Alert Mode.

Tice follows Eagle into my kitchen, instantly tuning into my concerned expression.

“What’s up, B?”

She makes a sound—a lot like a snuffle. “Someone broke into my house.”

Clenching the countertop hard enough to break it, I roar, “brOKE into your house?”

Tice takes the phone from my hand, hitting the speaker icon. “Hi, I’m Tice, a former SEAL like your brother. He’s occupied right now, looking like his blood vessels are going to pop, so why don’t you tell me if you’re safe right now and exactly what happened.”

“I’m safe, I’m in a coffee shop right now,” she sniffs again. “But I’m a mess. When I woke up this morning someone had been in my house.”

Holy fuck. Anger whips along my spine. My entire field of vision crackles, hazing over. “You were asleep when they got in?”

“Yeah, and now... I’m not sure what they took or if I can stay here by myself.”

Tice is already moving toward the front door, his voice deep, assertive. “Give me the address where you are, baby girl. I’m on the way. I’ll protect you.”

Eagle shoves me into motion with a small hand on my back. “Does he know her?”

“No. But I don’t like the way he called her baby girl.”

She smiles up at me as she tugs me out the front door. “I’m not smiling about what happened to your sister. That’s just scary. But I know you’ll keep her safe and get to the bottom of it. But... this thing with Tice should be interesting.”

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Kane

Three Years Later

The ache behind the tattoo on my chest is permanent now. It has different flavors, but it's always there. Today it's pride.

Wrapping Eagle in my arms, I smudge her lip gloss with a deep kiss. "Proud of you, baby."

She fans her face. "Kane Matthews, you can't be kissing me like that when I have to speak in front of the public."

I drag my thumb across her lower lip, stealing the rest of the shimmery gloss—I'm probably wearing it now too. "You're going to do great. Just like you do at everything."

She's glowing. "You make my ego gigantic, honey."

"That's my job."

She takes another kiss and pulls out of my arms. "Now don't look at me like you're undressing me while I'm up there in front of everyone."

"Impossible."

She ducks out of the way before I can whisper something filthy in her ear, laughing

as she joins Bethany.

“Gather around, everyone!” my sister calls, her face alight with happiness as she holds up a gigantic pair of gold scissors.

I’m not the only one with the awe-struck expression on his face. Bethany’s fiancé looks the same. Owned.

I chuckle at his dazed expression, shaking my head as I move toward the giant ribbon that’s strung across the entrance to the Love Wins Animal Rescue Complex.

Bethany looks between me and her man, then clears her throat.

“At one time, my dreams seemed so far away, but thanks to the special people in my life, this happened.” She reaches over and grabs Eagle’s hand, holding it in the air.

“This woman, Eagle Mathews, is our rockstar. While she was in college, she figured out the magic formula to raise two million dollars to buy this amazing farm.”

Bethany passes the giant scissors to Eagle. “So, she gets to cut the ribbon.”

“What?” Eagle blinks at my sister. “No, you.”

“Girls,” I call out, “why don’t you both do it?”

Bethany swipes at the tears brimming in her eyes. “Kane, you’re always so logical.”

“Not always,” I reply with a laugh and wink at Eagle. “But I won the prize when I wasn’t.”

“God,” someone groans. “You guys are so sappy.”

I turn to find my cousin strolling up. He slaps me on the back. “Good job, Kane.”

Bethany’s laughing now too. “Okay, okay. Back to business here. Let’s cut this ribbon.

We’ve got margarita cupcakes, cold sparkling water, and dog treats inside for everyone.

But first, I want to thank Kane, my brother, for everything he’s done—for the sacrifices, for listening to my vision, for always believing in me. Thanks, big brother.”

My heart expands uncomfortably, pushing up into my throat as I watch my fiancée and my sister cut the ribbon.

But nothing can compare to the feeling I get when Eagle gives me a bite of cupcake later.

“I like feeding you cake.” Leaning in to put her sexy mouth next to my ear, she plants a kiss, whispers, “I’m ready to get married now, Kane. Are you?”