



Sexy Bodyguard (Femme Fatale)

Author: *Lena Little*

Category: Action&Adventure

Description: Lana Casey

When showing up to a job interview ends with me thwarting a kidnap attempt, I earn the respect and lustful admiration of the victims single father.

Billionaire FinTech mogul Aiden Archer wants me to guard his seven-year-old son while trying to narrow down his list of enemies, which includes his ex-wives parents. Aiden turns to me, his newly hired lethal nanny, to protect his son, Jeremy, as he fights a custody battle and enemies unknown.

He doesn't just test my skills and patience, though, but also the ability to resist the passion exploding between us.

But I take my job deathly seriously.

The secrets of Aidens enemy reveal the shock of a lifetime, but nothing shocks me more than my feelings for this new family weve created. Ill do anything to protect them. Even if that means risking my life to get rid of someone he used to know.

I can only hope that love doesnt get in my way.

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LANA

A line of cars creeps along the curb outside Avon Preparatory Academy just before 8 AM. Children hop out of the vehicles to walk, skip, or begrudgingly stroll toward the front doors of the prestigious elementary school. My years doing security for a diplomat's daughter have every nerve in my body tingling.

There aren't any security guards at the entrance, but one sits lazily at a desk when I step inside.

My voice snags his attention, but not for long, as he looks down in his lap while I speak. "Good morning, I'm Lana Casey. I have an appointment with the principal, Mr. Drummond."

The guard sighs, peers up at me, and points to the ledger sitting on top of the desk. "Please sign in."

"Don't you want to see any identification?" I ask him.

He huffs and shrugs. "If you want. The guards at the front gate should have checked it."

The guards at the gated entrance to the school's parking lot aren't following protocol either. My car is sitting in the parking lot like I'm already a part of the staff.

Instead of fussing over the lax security measures, I sign the ledger and make my way to the administration office a few feet away. Anxiety sparks as this is probably my thirtieth job interview in the past six months.

None of my achievements seem to matter. My experience doesn't inspire these companies to pay me what I'm worth. I'm a few weeks away from taking my talents onto the criminal side of things. Everyone wants to be protected, but there aren't as many openings for private security personnel as expected.

"Where are we going? Dad's on his way to work already," a child says from behind me, forcing me to glance over my shoulder.

Something feels off as I watch a woman in an Avon Preparatory blazer grip the child by the wrist. They're pulling the young boy toward the desk, where the lazy security guard sits, his eyes glued to the phone in his lap.

"Miss Casey?" Mr. Drummond emerges from his office, steering my attention back to him and the reason I'm here this morning.

"Yes, Mr. Drummond. It's a pleasure to meet you?"

He interrupts me before I can get my greeting out. "Oh dear, I'm sorry. I thought you got the email I sent. The position's been filled."

Mr. Drummond's voice trails off as I walk away from him without another word. Fuck him and this job. I can tell they don't take the proper precautions, which would make any job I do here an absolute nightmare.

Following my gut, I hustle toward the door. The woman's now tugging the child out of the front entrance. I can't let it go.

The sun's glare isn't enough to hide the panicked woman frantically looking around, scanning her surroundings. Her hand trembles as she fumbles with her phone while the small boy pulls away from her. They're too far for me to hear what's happening, but everything about this is wrong.

The navy blue blazer with the school's crest on the breast pocket sways loosely around her torso. The sleeves swallow her hands as she fights with her phone and the kid. Every nerve ending tickles as I pick up my pace to get closer.

I'm only five steps away when an SUV with windows tinted too dark to be street-legal pulls up to the curb. The engine is still running as the back door opens.

"Excuse me, ma'am," I call out to her, but the fear in her eyes is the only thing I see.

My pulse skyrockets as she hoists the child under her arm and takes off in a mad dash for the SUV. I immediately give chase, gaining on her easily, and jumping forward to grab the boy.

My arms get a firm grip around his legs as I pull him out of her grasp and down to the ground. The force of my back hitting the concrete knocks the wind out of me, and I land with a thud, the boy landing against me. I kick my leg out to trip the woman to stop her from fleeing the scene.

The woman stumbles onto her hands and knees as the waiting SUV shuts the door, speeds away, and nearly crashes through the front gate of the school's parking lot. I pull out my phone just as Mr. Drummond and the lazy security guard run out of the building. The would-be abductor doesn't wait for them to reach us before she takes off in the same direction as the SUV.

After helping the boy to his feet, I stand beside him, protective and scrutinizing our surroundings.

"Are you okay?" I ask the young boy who clings to my arm. I gently pull my arm away from him and ask, "What's your name?"

"Jeremy." His voice trembles as a shade of crimson blankets his little face. Panic and fear pour out of him. It triggers something maternal inside of me. He reminds me of my teenage years when I had to take care of my little brother.

I kneel beside him to grab his attention from the staff running toward us. There's something inside of me that needs to ease his fears. I attempt to put on my most soothing tone when I speak. "Thank you, Jeremy. You really saved me a minute ago. Thanks for being really brave."

"You're welcome?" Jeremy says, unable to hide that he doesn't believe me. He spares a glance at my black leather boots and offers me a timid smile for my attempt to get his mind off how scary this is.

Mr. Drummond keels over at the waist, putting his hands on his knees to catch his breath as he pushes out a few words. "My goodness, you're okay, Jeremy. That's good."

"Okay? Good?" I question angrily.

Mr. Drummond's noticeably taken by surprise at my tone. I'm not going to minimize what happened.

The rage growing inside of me laces every word. "What is so good about someone being able to simply put on a blazer and waltz through your halls? What's okay about someone who can take a kid and walk out of any exit? No one stopped her. No one said anything. Especially not that lazy piece of shit next to you. Sorry, kid."

Jeremy chuckles at my apology for cursing in front of him.

"I'd like to know the answer to that as well." A dark voice speaks harshly from behind me.

"Dad!" Jeremy releases me to run to his father.

The man gazes sternly in my direction. Handsome and stunning are an understatement. His devil-arched eyebrows are set in a scowl above his light blue eyes. A thin and pristinely trimmed goatee accentuates his angular jawline. Thick wafts of dark brown hair are gelled down and slicked back.

The charcoal gray suit he's wearing fits his body perfectly. The anger riding his face fits this situation perfectly, and it's definitely a face worth riding.

"You see, um," Mr. Drummond stutters. "Mr. Archer, I was in the process of grabbing young Jeremy out of his classroom when-"

Mr. Archer is menacing with his icy glare and height towering over me and Mr. Drummond.

Mr. Archer says, "Why were you going to get Jeremy when I called to tell you he was already traveling away from his classroom?"

Mr. Drummond hesitates, unable to find any words to excuse his actions, letting his lips tremble before clamping them shut.

Mr. Archer's annoyance with Mr. Drummond is palpable as he turns to me. His menacing glare fades to gratitude. "Good morning, I'm Aiden Archer. Thank you for what you did."

"I'm Lana Casey, and it's not a problem," I reply, extending my hand to shake his.

"A beautiful name for a beautiful woman. It's a pleasure to meet you, Lana." Aiden's voice is low, his gaze dropping to my mouth. Maybe he's simply happy I kept his son safe.

Either way, the moment his hand wraps around mine to shake it, a shock of sexual anticipation ricochets across my body. My eyes dart to his to see the same glimmer of seductive surprise.

Aiden breaks the tension between us as he says, "I'd love to take you to lunch to thank you. Surely, Mr. Drummond doesn't have an issue with one of his guards taking an early break?"

"I don't know her. She doesn't work here," Mr. Drummond says frantically.

"So, not only did you allow strangers to enter the building, you let one take my son while another was able to identify this kidnap attempt? But she's not on your payroll?" Aiden questions. He nods slowly, considering what he's just learned. "Interesting. In that case, Miss Casey, if you have some time, I'd love to get to know you. Perhaps we can talk about an opportunity for you to work for me."

"I'd love to. Thank you."

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AIDEN

Lana Casey is one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen, with jet-black hair sitting in a low ponytail at the nape of her long neck. The way her olive-green eyes dart around shows me vigilance, how she's always on guard. I wonder if that guard of hers is up personally, too.

I can't ignore the rapid thrumming of her pulse beating in the hollow of her neck. She keeps one hand at her side, the other moving inside the back of her jacket. I'm sure she's carrying a firearm. The protective energy rolling off her piques my curiosity.

"I understand if you'd like to take Jeremy home early." Mr. Drummond's voice breaks into my thoughts, reminding me how angry I am at this situation.

There's a subtle way to strike fear in most men. When they expect anger, rage, they want you to yell. But becoming a man like me requires a deliberate amount of restraint. I turn to Mr. Drummond and tell him, "Don't move from that spot, Mr. Drummond."

"Uh, excuse me? Why?" the principal replies.

"Because you allowed my son to be kidnapped. Don't fucking move from that spot, Carl, or I will beat your face into the grass you're standing on." My voice is stern, without any anger or room for misinterpretation. "I'll be right back."

I walk away, placing my hand behind Lana while extending the other toward my car. She accepts my touchless encouragement and walks a few steps in front of me while Jeremy wraps his small hand around mine.

Jeremy is so small at this age. I remember the way I idolized my dad when I was seven. He was a giant amongst men, and now Jeremy looks at me with the same adoration in his eyes. I can't stop myself from scooping him into my arms and carrying him to my car.

Normally, he fights me when I want a hug, but not right now. Fortunately for me, he still wants to feel safe with his dad, safe in my arms. I rub his back as we walk to the car, and Lana opens the door for us. She steps aside to let me put him into his booster seat, which he'll be too big for in the coming months. Still, it's a reminder that he can't protect himself yet.

"Hey, bud." I rub his light brown curls and look straight into blue eyes that mirror mine. "Are you hurt?"

"No, Dad." He shakes his head, voice barely audible.

"I'm going to take you home, and we're going to change a few things. Okay? I'm going to do a much better job at keeping you safe."

"I'm okay, Dad. I promise I'm all right." He flashes me the fakest smile I've ever seen, but I'm happy to see he's trying to put me at ease.

I nod with appreciation, taking a step back and turning to Lana. "Can you spare the rest of your day today?"

"Of course," she says. "I'm sure the police are going to have a lot of questions."

“Yes, they will. Please wait here with Jeremy,” I tell her. She nods and takes a stance like she’s waiting to coordinate with a team. Lana’s background in security is obvious. Curiosity has a million questions bouncing around my head as I walk back to the principal, who’s in the same spot I left him.

Good boy.

“Mr. Archer, I swear—” Mr. Drummond’s lip quivers as he pleads for me not to be the man he understands I am outside of this suit.

“What are you swearing about, Carl?” Every time I say his name, it reminds him of the day he realized I knew it before he told it to me. The day he promised me that my son would be safe at this prestigious institution. For the past three years, Jeremy has been safe.

He stammers and trips over his words. “As soon as you called me about Jeremy leaving his classroom, I went to make sure there wasn’t a mistake.”

“Do you think I’d call you about my son leaving his classroom if I didn’t know it was an emergency? If I didn’t know something was wrong? There’s no reason for my son to walk out of his class with someone in a faculty blazer eighteen minutes after I walked him into the building.”

One of the security measures I insist upon when it comes to Jeremy is that he wears a watch that’s digitally tethered to my phone. I can see him through his camera and always know his location.

“Mr. Archer, please.” Mr. Drummond’s eyes well with tears. “I don’t think she’s one of my staff members. There’s no way?—”

I silence him with a hand. “The police are on their way. You’re going to give them

your complete cooperation. You're also going to send me a copy of the security footage. If anyone asks, Jeremy's transferred schools, and you have not been updated on his whereabouts. Have all his files sent to my office, digital and physical copies, by the end of the day."

"Won't the police want those records?" he asks.

"That's what copies are for Mr. Drummond. Give them the duplicates and send the originals to me. If there are any issues or further questions, you know how to get in touch with me. One more thing, Carl."

"Yes, Mr. Archer?" His shoulders sulk, his eyes plastered to the ground.

"I expect the other parents to be made aware of what happened here this morning and for the security measures to be updated accordingly. Just because Jeremy won't be returning doesn't mean the students should remain at risk. That's all."

My tone is dismissive, forcing him to retreat inside the school to do as I command. After dealing with him, I head back to the car, where Lana continues to stand guard.

"Thank you again for what you did today," I say, reaching out to shake her hand once again. There's an allure to Lana that draws me to her, making me want to touch her constantly. Her strength is admirable. Her courage to act is undeniable.

The softness of Lana's skin against mine reminds me of how long it's been. Burying myself in work these past few years while taking care of Jeremy has me blind to the touch I desire in the quietest moments of the night. The way Lana's eyes lock onto mine makes me miss those intimate moments, if even for a second. Unfortunately, I must put it out of my head.

There's a subtle raspiness to her voice when she speaks. "It's no problem, really. I'm

just happy I was here to do something about it. This school has too many holes in its security operations, but I get it. This cozy little town dulls the senses and provides a false level of safety.”

I agree, and I’m ready to leave this illusion of security. “Can you meet me at my office in about an hour?”

After fishing out a business card, it gives me another reason to touch her as our fingers graze each other. She pulls her hand away instinctively, like I’ve electrocuted her, and I have to stop myself from reaching for her again.

This sudden, intense emotion takes me by surprise. Perhaps it’s from the earlier adrenaline and anxiety of almost losing Jeremy. Or perhaps it’s something more.

She tells me, “I’ll be there.”

I watch the confident sway of Lana’s slender hips, walking away from me toward the parking lot. Her car moves slow enough for me to catch a glimpse of her license plate. It only takes a few seconds for me to jot it down to look up later.

I like Lana. I need to have her vetted to see how well she’ll fit into our daily routine. Today is proof that Jeremy needs a bodyguard for now. If that guard can have a nurturing side, that’s even better. I know my boy can learn a lot from someone like her.

“Where are we going, Dad?” Jeremy’s voice cuts into my thoughts.

“We’re going to my office, bud. I need to go to work, but I want you to be safe, too. I don’t want you coming back here or going to any other school until I know this won’t happen again. Do you remember anything about the woman who walked you out of the school?”

I don't want to pressure him. I damn sure don't want him to see the fear nestling in the pit of my stomach. Our eyes meet through the rearview mirror, and Jeremy shrugs.

"She's the new library teacher, I think. I don't see her a lot," he says, his gaze shifting to look outside. I nod as we drive to my office in the heart of Downtown Avonia, a cozy mid-sized town along the coast of North Carolina.

"Do you remember her name?" I ask him.

"Miss Ashley. She kept telling me you were outside and brought me lunch. But I knew she was lying, Dad."

"Oh yeah? How did you know?"

"Because you never just bring me lunch. You show up at lunchtime and buy lunch for everybody. You also tell me the days you're going to do that so I can tell everybody to leave room for pizza."

That gets a soft laugh out of me, along with a pause of relief that my little guy is observant. Observation skills aren't enough anymore. He needs some sort of self-defense training. I'd do it myself, but I fear I'd hold back too much to be effective.

By the time we arrive at my office, there are a dozen messages and meetings that I'm late for. I don't hesitate to reschedule them and set Jeremy up in the empty office beside mine. My secretary adores him enough and sees to it that he's busy any time I bring him in.

I'm not in the office long before there's a call from the security guard in the lobby. Lana's on her way up, and hearing her name alone makes my heart slam against my ribcage. I have to stop myself from checking whether I look okay. Fuck me.

There aren't many who fill me with this much excitement to see them. When she steps into my office, I can see why.

Gone are the black pants and collared blouse she wore at the school this morning. Lana's standing in my office, wearing a black pencil skirt and a low-cut lavender shirt that shines in the sunlight beaming through my large office windows.

Legs for days that I wouldn't mind wrapping around my face. Instead of giving in to the almost overwhelming urge to pull her to me and taste her full lips, I hold out my hand for her to take a seat in front of my desk.

"Thank you for coming. I'd like to discuss how well you'd fit around me."

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LANA

“E xcuse me?” I ask Aiden, arching my eyebrow.

The tall windows behind him give a fantastic view of the coastline and Downtown Avonia. Light gray carpet blankets the floor to muffle any sounds coming from this office. He removes his jacket with a subtle flair that draws my eyes to the exquisite body hiding under a light blue shirt.

I am not one to ogle men. It’s never my style, but for some reason, everything Aiden does makes my body react.

I gulp down my attraction with the hope of remaining professional, but Aiden’s words penetrate my intangible armor. The way the corner of his lip turns up reveals he knows exactly what he’s doing. My heart thumps against my chest as I wait for him to clarify.

“I want to see how well you fit around me and my son. Tell me about your security experience,” Aiden says.

“I’ve spent the past five years on the security detail for the U.S. ambassador’s daughter in Belize. When she turned eighteen, she decided to step away from the political arena. I helped get her settled and returned to the States.”

“How many languages do you speak?”

“Six, and I’m studying Mandarin.”

“What are the other six?”

“English, Italian, Spanish, French, German, and Portuguese,” I proudly tell him.

His subtle grin brings out a hidden dimple on his right cheek, and I know he’s impressed, as he should be since I learned all those languages as a teenager.

He nods in approval but changes the subject. “I pulled into the parking lot a few moments before that SUV did and saw you grab Jeremy out of that woman’s hands. You’re fast.”

I nod. “I’m strong too. I had to be so I could defend my client against some formidable men. I know my height is misleading, but even at 5’6, I can bench and squat 225 pounds.”

That raises those devil-arched brows of his. “I’d love to see that. That skirt is deceptive, hiding those powerful legs. I assume I can verify that?”

“How much do you weigh?” I ask him, knowing I could easily lift him off his feet. But still, I’d like to gauge how much effort it takes to prove my strength. I enjoy showing men that I can overpower them with the drop of a hat.

Aiden laughs. “There’s no way in hell I’m going to let you throw me over your shoulders to squat me. No. If either one of us lifts the other, it will be me lifting you to sit?—”

... to sit on his cock...

My mind’s a dirty place to be right now. Men giving me attention isn’t abnormal.

Aiden's wanton gaze isn't abnormal, but it would get in the way of me doing my job. I don't want the distraction, but Aiden looks like he might be worth it. At least while I'm searching for a new job.

He stops speaking, and I'm sure he notices my flushed cheeks as images of him doing just that flood my mind. Now, I can't stop imagining him lifting me on that desk and doing God-knows-what to me in this office. The conflicting emotions riling the pent-up sexual tension inside of me increase every minute I'm alone with him.

Aiden clears his throat and runs his fingers through his hair, causing a few strands to fall out of place in a way that's too sexy to ignore. A slight whimper escapes my throat, but I shake it off and straighten my posture.

I shift the conversation to ease my desire for him. "You've been the CEO of Apex International for over a decade, listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and rumored to bring in nearly a billion dollars in annual revenue. What exactly does your company do? And do its operations give you any enemies that might want to kidnap Jeremy?"

"We specialize in a few areas, but the main one is corporate mediation regarding mergers and acquisitions. Our company basically sets the terms in hostile takeovers to make them less hostile."

"And that nets over a billion dollars in profit?"

He shrugs, lacing his fingers together on his desk. "It's a portion of our revenue, yes, but the consultant fees on those deals come with other perks. Stocks, options, and information that we've been able to capitalize on."

"Sounds like insider trading," I blurt out but clamp my mouth shut.

“Those are dirty words in this office, Lana. I’m no criminal, but I’m not exactly a superhero either. I’m considerate when I exploit the weaknesses of other businesses to my company’s benefit. I like to think of it as necessary growing pains for other corporations.”

“That brings me back to my previous question, Mr. Archer. Have any of those corporations with those growing pains become a pain in the ass?” My mind immediately drifts to him, bringing pain to my ass with a slap from those massive hands.

Shit. I have to stop thinking about him like this, especially if he’s shaping up to be my new boss.

“You’ll have all the information you need to do your job, Lana, once you’re vetted for this position.”

“What’s the position exactly?” I ask him.

On my knees?

My back?

Against the wall?

Aiden nods. “I’d like you to come on?—”

Your tongue? I’d love to.

“I’m sorry, what was that?” I ask him to get my mind back into the conversation.

“I’d like you to come on as my head of personal security. Once I have your

background check on my desk later, you'll be salaried and able to pick your team. You'll have access to my security resources to hire whoever you feel is suitable."

"What's my budget?"

"You'll have as much money as you need to protect my son. I'm sending our meeting notes to HR now. Everything should run smoothly when you head down there."

I nod. "Thank you. Can I ask that I surveil you and Jeremy for the next week to get an idea of the kind of people I'd need to hire?"

"Of course."

"Where's Jeremy now?"

He tips his head to the wall. "In the office next door with my secretary."

"Okay, and as I gather this information, is it possible for me to teach Jeremy some self-defense tactics to help him handle situations like today?"

"I wouldn't have it any other way, except..." He pauses, dragging his eyes up and down my body with a questioning glare that appears to mix with his own desires.

"Except?"

"I want to see how you defend yourself against someone like me. I wanted to train Jeremy myself, but I'm not in a space to give it my all. The person training him can't hold back the way I would."

"I don't hold back because this training is what can keep him alive or at least give him enough time to get away. Is there a Mrs. Archer that I need to show defense

moves to as well?”

“No. As a matter of fact, I have a list of people who aren’t allowed to step foot near Jeremy without my knowledge or my consent. His mother is number one on that list.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. You’re not the one who abandoned Jeremy to go on a six-day bender after I threatened divorce if she didn’t stop fucking her personal trainer.”

My eyes widen at the open admission.

Aiden huffs, pinching the bridge of his slender nose. “I apologize. I hate how angry she makes me, but she’s made it perfectly clear that she only gave birth to Jeremy to keep her hooks into me financially. She didn’t expect that my lawyer would be better than hers. I have full custody, but she gets supervised visitation that must be pre-arranged. She’s yet to arrange a visit.”

Poor Jeremy. My eyes glance at the wall separating me from the young boy who clung to me after I pulled him away from the woman trying to get him into that SUV.

“Wait, did you happen to get a look at the woman I tripped?” I ask him.

Aiden gets up from his chair to look out the large window before walking around his desk to pace behind me. “It wasn’t his mother. I doubt his mother is even in the country. I pay her enough alimony to keep her living lavishly, and I think her quiet conceit is leaving me and Jeremy alone.”

“Okay. When would you like to test my abilities?”

“Now.”

“I’m in a skirt.”

He shrugs. “You were in pants at the school.”

“I went home to shower and change before coming here. I didn’t think it was appropriate to show up in my scuffed-up suit.”

“You’d be right, Lana. However, you’re not always going to be in comfortable clothes. I think this is the perfect opportunity to give me an idea of what you can do.”

Before I can reply, I feel Aiden moving behind me. He’s fast as he grabs me from behind and lifts me out of my seat. He takes me by surprise, but it’s not enough to throw all my years of combat training out the window.

I throw all of my weight down to the ground, forcing myself to drop like a stone. I push back between Aiden’s wide stance and use a bit of restraint to knock the back of his knee. It brings him down on that leg and gives me enough time to get to my feet.

Now that I’m behind him, I pause with uncertainty.

Hesitation gets you killed in this job. My apprehension evaporates as I wrap my arm around his neck to put him in a headlock. Aiden doesn’t let me get the better of him for long. He uses his strength and height to push himself to his feet, bringing my feet off the ground as he stands. I’m hanging around his neck like a cape.

In one swift move, he slides me around his torso. We spin and grapple while my skirt’s elasticity clings to my frame for dear life. I push off him, hike it up, and charge back at Aiden at full speed.

My shoulder lowers as I try to rush him like a linebacker, but he drops as well. When Aiden comes up, he’s able to grab me around my waist, picking me up to pin me on

my back against the window.

Our adrenaline, lust, and physicality collide.

Our eyes dart back and forth until Aiden breaks the sexual tension with a kiss.

The soft but firm slickness of his tongue dipping between my lips gets me wet and willing to do anything for this job. His hands ravage my body, desperate to feel every curve and muscle I work day and night to sculpt.

When he moans, I slide one knee up to give him room. He takes the invitation to slip his hand between my legs and stroke my clit over my panties. The low, long moan from my own mouth surprises me.

When he slides my panties to the side, I'm eager for him. He works me with his fingers and swallows each guttural sound I make. My body has never felt this alive. Never. I want it to take longer, but my body has other ideas, and orgasm hits me like a freight train.

I come almost as quickly as when I do it myself.

4

AIDEN

Soft ripples of warm flesh clench and release around my fingers. Lana's walls welcome me, and my cock is desperate to be inside of her. Fuck, this isn't how I wanted this to go, but the way she fights ... her strength and agility ignite the primitive urges inside of me like no woman's ever done before.

I could sense she was taking it easy on me since I caught her by surprise. Her skills are better than most of the guys I know in the field, and I want her. I want her so badly I can taste it.

I pull my fingers out of her pussy and suck her juices off them. She whimpers for more. I push up onto one elbow, using the finger coated in her climax to pull her lower lip down. She opens her mouth for me, taking my fingers and curving her tongue around them.

Fuck me.

She mimics the act of sucking my cock and nearly brings me to climax in my pants, but I restrain myself.

"Dirty girl with a dirty mouth," I whisper into her ear.

She chuckles with her lips still around my fingers and sucks them even more aggressively.

“You keep this up and I’m liable to have come stains all over my pants, Lana,” I warn her.

She pulls her mouth off my fingers with a pop. “So leave your come stains in my mouth, Aiden.”

FUCKING FUCK.

She doesn’t have to ask me twice as I hastily undo my zipper to let my erection spring free. Lana nudges me into the chair and inhales my shaft down to the hilt. Her tongue wraps around the head and sucks. My legs spread wide as my hands find the sides of her face to guide her movements.

The slurps and sucking noises blend with pants and groans of satisfaction. I’m not going to last long. She knows what she’s doing with me. Her mouth moves up and down like it’s custom-made for my dick.

Lana pulls away from me with a pop. She grips my shaft with her small, delicate hand and strokes it up and down as she reaches her other hand into my trousers to caress my balls. I have to white knuckle the arms of the chair to stop myself from fucking her pretty face. Fucking that pretty little mouth of hers. I want to slam my cock down her throat, but I keep my composure and let her stay in control.

My teeth bite down on my lower lip as she sucks the come out of me, drinking my essence down her throat like she’s sipping a fine wine. She keeps me in her mouth until she’s got every last drop between her lips and swallows.

I pull her up to kiss her; the scent of my body on her mouth has me getting hard all over again. Our mouths crash against one another, unable to fight this tension and carnal lust.

I push myself out of the seat, hoisting Lana into my arms and carrying her to the desk, where I lay her flat on her back. I spread her legs to return the favor. Her back bows off the moment my tongue flattens on her slit. She tastes as sweet as I hoped, and I waste no time devouring her and worshiping this heaven between her legs.

She moans too loudly, and I'm forced to use one hand to cover her mouth while I let mine coax another orgasm out of her. When I drag my tongue up her slit, she grips the back of my head to thrust her pelvis into me. Good girl. Her climax coats my chin, and it makes me feral.

"Fuck. Fuck me, Aiden. Please."

I know it's too little too late to hold back, but I'm not going to do that just yet. I use my free hand to slip two of my fingers inside of her while sucking on her clit, stroking the top of her walls with a come-hither motion to hit her G-spot.

Lana's moans of pleasure are growing too loud for my hand to muffle. I have to pull my mouth away from her to silence her with a kiss. She strokes my cock and guides me to her entrance, and that's when I realize I can't resist her even if I try.

I let her pull my cock inside of her soft pussy and nearly come as soon as I thrust inside of her. Gritting my teeth and fighting for control, I move my hips, and my eyes roll to the back of my head when she begins meeting my drives.

In and out...

Back and forth...

Up and down...

I fuck the shit out of Lana on top of my desk until it sounds like we're two animals

rutting in a forest. The desk moves, and the phone falls off while anything not heavy enough to stay in its place rolls to the floor.

Her pussy envelops my cock, squeezing it to a climax I can't stop.

"Fuck, your pussy was made for me. Where have you been?" I ask her between panting breaths.

She kisses me gently as I deliver my spend. "Belize."

That draws soft laughter out of both of us, and I pull out of her, careful not to smear my seed on either of our clothes. Thankfully, I have an executive bathroom suite where we clean up.

With our clothes back on and my office somewhat put back together, the scent of our sex lingers in the air, which brings a smile to my face. I spare a glance at Lana as she smooths her skirt down and sits in the chair.

I sit behind my desk and adjust my tie.

Lana smirks. "Now that we've got that out of the way, how long does it take for you to vet someone for the position you have in mind for me?"

I'm ready to position her over the edge of this desk, rub the curves of that firm ass, and slide my cock back inside of her. Yet, I know that's not what she's talking about. I appreciate her professionalism.

"I'll have HR fingerprint you and honor everything we've discussed about this role. Whatever you need will be granted so long as you pass your background check. I should have all the information I need by tonight to make a permanent decision."

The sound of my phone ringing breaks my train of thought, and a call and email come through at the same time. Scoffing at the name and number, I send Carl to voicemail, opting to read his email instead.

“Great, the security footage is here,” I tell her, pulling it up on my computer. “Come take a look. Maybe your expert eye can tell me anything I’m not seeing.”

Lana walks around and leans over my shoulder as I play the video. She’s close enough for me to breathe in the soft notes of vanilla and lilacs wafting off her hair. The ponytail is gone, and her black strands cascade over her shoulder. I want to wrap my hand in it, pull it back, and shove every inch of myself into her mouth again.

Deep breaths help me focus on the task in front of us.

Lana scrutinizes the video, opening her mouth to speak but closing it, letting out soft grunts of frustration instead. I move to the side and put her hand over the square mouse pad to let her navigate the video.

“This spans the entire week?” She sounds surprised.

“Yeah. Carl is efficient most of the time when I tell him to do something.”

“What’s the deal with you two?” She glances at me for a moment, studying my face as if our history’s playing on my forehead.

“When I first registered Jeremy for school, I showed up to a parent meeting. Carl treated me like I was some benefactor there for a viral moment. When I shrugged that off and asked about the programs in the school, he brushed me off and promised to send me literature.”

“That doesn’t sound too bad.”

I nod. “It doesn't, except the literature he sent were donation packages for big-dollar donors to the school. I could have a hall built and named after me with a large enough donation that would secure my son's spot once the school year began. He even joked that a guy like me could pay someone on his staff to pay attention for me. I lost my temper that anyone would reduce what I feel for my son to the money I make for a living.”

“Yikes. Nothing like academic extortion.” She shakes her head. “Did you lose your temper with him physically?”

“Yeah, but luckily for Carl, my fist went through his wall and not his face.”

“Lucky for him indeed, but look at this.” Lana points to the monitor, showing a woman walking by the security guard at the front desk. “That's her. That's the woman I saw. That security guard is shitty at his job. I think the entire security staff should be questioned. Why do they just let anyone come and go?”

“Because the more money you have, the more freedom they give you. The parents and guardians complain about annoying security protocols, like showing their ID. The staff should know everyone coming in and out of the building since there's only two hundred students at the school.”

“Money only goes so far.” She sighs. “Can you get Mr. Drummond to send you that woman's employee records? And how's your security at home?”

“It might be better if you see it for yourself.”

“Is there somewhere Jeremy can stay for tonight at least? With one thwarted attempt, they might try again. I want to be sure your car isn't being tracked and that they're not hacking into your system at home.”

“I’ll have my mother come get him.” Curiosity pricks at me. “What would you do?”

“What do you mean?”

“If you were Jeremy’s bodyguard and this morning happened. You stopped the kidnap attempt and are now reviewing the footage. What would be your next move if you already had the job?”

“If I’m being honest, Aiden, the way I felt about my last client ... The way Jeremy clung to my arm after I saved him, I’d probably have my team find these people and then handle them myself. No police. No bodies.” She sucks her bottom lip, her gaze narrowing. “I’m not just strong, Aiden. I’m lethal.”

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5

LANA

“Lethal is useful,” Aiden says, “but I’m hoping it will never go that far when my son is involved.”

“Of course not. No one ever hopes for death when children are involved. I just wanted you to know I could take care of whatever comes our way. I won’t hesitate.”

He grins. “I know you won’t. You handled yourself and, uh, me very well.”

“That’s not going to interfere with my job, is it?”

Yes. It’s stupid to fuck your potential boss on his desk before the interview’s even over, but Aiden has this charisma about him. He gets what he wants. He gets who he wants. Power like that draws me to him. But how he answers my question will determine if I stay drawn to him.

“No, it won’t.”

“I think I have a better idea.”

He raises that sexy eyebrow of his, those light blue eyes hypnotizing me into a speechless trance. An immediate replay of his cock driving in and out of me has my nipples hardening and walls clenching for another round. Fortunately, I’m able to snap myself out of it.

“I’m listening.” He smirks, the corner of his mouth tipping up.

“Instead of hiring me full-time, what if we make this a contract position?” I suggest, and he leans back into his chair, pressing his fingertips together as he thinks it over. The silence urges me to continue. “Your connections and referral would allow me to do security for anyone, private or corporate.”

“And if you’re only a temporary employee...” He nods that he understands where I’m going.

I finish the statement for him. “Then you can fuck me from here to Belize and back without it affecting my work for you. Once we resolve this kidnapping issue and I get a team in place, we can pick up where we left off. If that’s what you want.”

“That’s what I want. I can’t put my finger on it, Lana?—”

“Well, you’ve put your finger in it, Aiden.”

He chuckles. “I’ll do even more if you keep taunting me with that mouth of yours.”

“Promises, promises.” I laugh as his phone rings.

Aiden takes the call and isn’t on the phone long before he hangs up. “That would be my mother coming to get Jeremy. Would you like to meet her?”

My pulse races. “Sure. If I’m going to be handling your new security detail, she should know who I am and expect to see me around.”

“She’s going to do more than just see you around if I have my way,” he says with a wink.

Aiden gets out of his seat, rounding his desk and stopping beside my chair with his hand out. I oblige and let my hand slide into his palm so he could help me out of my seat. For every pound of weight that I can toss around, Aiden's treating me like it doesn't matter. Gentle even after the pummeling of my pussy that I'll replay in my mind while fingering myself to sleep.

Just outside the door, I hear young Jeremy shouting with joy. "Nan, you should have seen her. She ran up and tackled the lady, grabbed me like a football, and saved me like a real superhero. Then Dad showed up, and we're going to get pizza."

"We are?" Aiden asks with a smile as he holds his other hand out to his mother. She's a regal woman, almost as tall as him, with a warmth exuding out of her.

"Dad, you promised," Jeremy squeaks out.

"Lana Casey, this is my mother, Evelyn Archer. Mother, this is Lana Casey, the superhero." Aiden brings us closer together as he turns his attention to Jeremy, stooping down to speak to him quietly.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Archer," I greet the woman who shakes my hand firmly.

"I get it." She eyes me from head to toe with a stoic expression. "You're like Wonder Woman. Thank you for keeping my grandson safe."

"I'm happy to help."

Mrs. Archer doesn't say anything else but offers me a head tilt of gratitude as she leads Jeremy to the elevators. With Jeremy safe for now, Aiden sends me to Human Resources while he starts his workday.

I'm not sure what to expect, but the process is straightforward. The woman at the desk takes my fingerprints and has me sign a few documents. I have to sit through some long presentation about sexual harassment in the workplace, which draws a giggle out of me and causes the woman to glance in my direction.

Of course, she has no idea what's funny. It's ironic that having consensual sex with the CEO isn't harassment, but if anyone heard us and decided to report it ... Then Aiden and I would both be in this office for entirely different reasons.

The Human Resources Department has an unwelcoming energy that settles on everything and everyone in the space. It makes me eager to leave. Fortunately, I don't have to wait for long as Aiden comes to retrieve me himself.

As soon as he steps into the office, everyone stiffens up. It simply shows me that I was never meant to be an employee. I don't want anyone to have that kind of power over me, to be able to shift my behavior out of fear.

Fear of what?

Not having a job to clock into every day is jarring. My savings aren't going to stretch for much longer. The idea of the boss not seeing me and my colleagues working hard enough is not the kind of place I want to work.

I'd much rather fuck Aiden than work for a company like this. I'm happy to see he recognizes that, too. As soon as I step out of the Human Resources Department, he's waiting for me.

The way he leans against the wall accentuates his towering height. The way his eyes smile more than his lips has a way of luring me closer to him.

"All done?" He tips his head toward the department.

“Yeah. Thank you for this opportunity.”

“It’s not a problem. The more I thought about your proposal, the more it made sense to have you on as an independent contractor. You can show me how good you are at the job, and we can take it from there. You get paid, I get security, and hopefully by the time this run is up, the danger of these kidnappers will be a memory.”

“That’s the plan,” I tell him. “When would you like me to take a look at your home security system?”

“Now,” he says, to my surprise. “I’ve shuffled my schedule around to make sure we have enough time together.”

I certainly enjoy spending time with Aiden, but I don’t want my attraction to him to interfere with my job. However, I am a professional. We leave the office, and I follow him in my car to a home not too far away from the downtown area of this little town.

It’s a beautiful ranch with travertine stones stacked around the perimeter and a black iron fence perched on top. The hunter-green lawn is cut so precisely that it almost looks like a carpet. When Aiden pulls his car through the massive front gate, the driveway is the same travertine tile that leads toward a circular path in front of the house.

Aiden moves toward my door once I park my car behind his, opens it for me, and again takes my hand to help me out of my seat. A gentleman through and through.

“How many people have the access code to the front gate?” I ask him, my mind desperate to focus on work to stop fantasizing about his cock driving in and out of me on top of his desk.

“Three people.”

“Is there remote access like if I wanted to get through the gate and you weren’t here?”

He nods. “There’s a feature, but I rarely use it.”

We walk toward the front door, where he inputs a code into a hidden keypad beside it. The lock slides out of place, and he lets me inside.

It’s spacious for a home with only one floor.

“Is there a basement?” I ask him immediately, scanning the ceilings and corners for cameras.

“No. I didn’t want any stairs for Jeremy to trip or fall when he started walking. There’s a garage out back with some ATVs and landscaping equipment, but the front and back doors are the only ways to get in and out of here.”

“And the windows,” I tell him, thinking like someone who could break into this home. “Are there motion sensors?”

“There’s lighting around the fence that’s attached to motion sensors. The alarm keeps the house secure, but we don’t like motion sensors on the actual property to disrupt wildlife.”

Aiden continues to show me around the home. There are a few things I’d change, but for the most part, it’s secure. The tour ends abruptly when Aiden’s phone rings. Sounds of panic come from the phone’s speaker.

“Someone’s following us. I’m already in my garage. Aiden! What are we supposed to do?” Mrs. Archer shouts.

Aiden glances at me and points toward the front door. We're going to get them.

6

AIDEN

My pulse intensifies, and my chest tightens with fear and rage. Lana's right on my heels as we race out of the house. She grabs a tactical duffel bag out of her car before hopping into the passenger seat of mine.

My parents don't live too far from me, but my father's out of town on business. He can't do anything to help. I don't think the police can get to their property in time to do anything, either. I'm trying my best to keep my composure, but this is insane. I need to get to the bottom of what's going on.

When my phone rings, I answer it immediately as we drive full speed to my parents' home.

"Where are you?" I ask with a side glance at Lana, who's changing out of her skirt.

My mother's voice comes in just above a whisper. "We're in the pantry inside the garage."

"How's Jeremy doing?"

"Jer-Bear is doing fine. He's looking for snacks to keep our minds off what's happening until the police get here."

"How long ago did you call them?" I ask her.

“I called them right before I called you. They told me to hide if I couldn’t get back into my car. There aren’t any officers available to check on us right now because, technically, following me isn’t enough evidence of a crime being committed. Oh, Aiden, I don’t know what else to do.”

The panic in her voice sends shots of adrenaline through my body. I speed up.

“Sit tight, Mom. Barricade that door shut, and I’ll be there with help in a few minutes.”

We arrive at the house to see a van on the street, a few yards in front of the driveway. The road is empty, and farmland on both sides of the house keeps neighbors at least ten minutes away in both directions.

“Keep driving,” Lana commands as she adjusts her clothes. She’s in black cargo pants, a shirt, and a tactical belt looping around her waist like a tool belt. She puts on a shoulder holster and loads a gun into each side. The way she moves is mechanical, without an ounce of fear coming from her. She’s perfect.

As soon as she’s done, she peers over at me. “Let me out here. I’m going to get a look at what we’re dealing with. Keep this car out of sight. Do you have any weapons?”

“I have a gun safe in the trunk. There’s some other equipment in there that might come in handy.”

Lana nods. “Arm yourself. I’m going to flatten those tires so whoever’s here doesn’t have the chance to get away. We’re going to get to the bottom of this.”

“Yes. We are,” I agree as she slips out of the car and scurries back toward the sloped driveway of my parents’ home.

While Lana stabs the tires of the van blocking the garage, I grab two Glockes out of my gun safe and some zip ties. A gun safe doesn't seem like the smartest purchase in a small city like Avonia. However, owning as many acres as my family does, keeping wildlife at bay is the main reason for my mini arsenal.

The guns in my car were never brought to deter crime or to stop anyone from trying to kidnap my son.

Armed and ready for whatever's waiting for us, I catch up to Lana.

"Let's circle the house," she whispers. "How many ways can you get inside the garage?"

"There's only one door that leads inside the house. We can get in through a side door along that path leading to the backyard."

Lana scans our surroundings as we crouch down to sneak around the perimeter of the house. There's a pane of glass missing in the back door that leads into the kitchen. I twist the knob gently to let us inside. I can hear whispers.

Lana holds up two fingers, signaling that there are two people in the house so far. It's a one-floor ranch-style home like mine. I can see the reflection of one intruder through a mirror hanging in the living room. The open floor plan between the two rooms doesn't give these guys much room to hide.

The island in the center of the kitchen gives us enough cover to sneak around. It only takes Lana a few seconds to get the upper hand on one intruder, while the other tries to drill through the door leading into the garage. It's obvious they can't hear us.

Lana wraps an arm around the intruder's neck and uses her free hand to muffle his cries. She's quick, hitting him behind the leg to force him onto his knees. She

squeezes the headlock tighter and uses her legs to keep him still.

Her tussle with the intruder draws the attention of his partner, who turns around. He drops the drill and rushes toward Lana, ignoring his surroundings. It only takes me a split second to reach him from the island and knock him unconscious with the butt of my gun.

Two unconscious intruders sprawl out in the middle of the living room floor. The zip ties come in handy as I secure their wrists and ankles together. Lana pulls their ski masks off. She looks to me for answers, but all I can do is shrug my shoulders.

“I’ve never seen these guys before,” I tell her.

“That’s okay,” she says. “I have something that will help them tell us exactly who they are. Why don’t you check on your mom and Jeremy?”

I walk into the garage, tap on the pantry door, and call out to them. “It’s me. It’s okay to come out.”

My mother unlocks the pantry door with a weary look on her face. Jeremy, on the other hand, is eating a croissant slathered in strawberry jam. The sticky remnants of it coat his mouth and cheeks as he flashes his bright smile, his one front tooth missing.

“Dad, Nan made jam again. It’s so good. You want some?” he asks, offering me a bite of his croissant.

“No thanks, bud. You finish that. How about you and Nan pack a few things and head to the beach house?” She simply nods before wrapping her arms around me. I console her as she trembles. “Everything is going to be fine. Go to my house, grab some stuff for Jeremy. Take my Jeep and head to the beach house. Okay?”

She nods and sniffs back tears as she pulls away from me. “Please be careful, Aiden.”

“I always am. Go on. Don’t go through the house; just get in your car and go. If you don’t want to stop by my place first, that’s fine. Here’s one of my credit cards to get anything you need to hide out for a few days while I figure out what’s going on.”

She takes the card and pockets it.

Jeremy’s eyes widen. “We get to go to the beach too? This is the best day ever. Dad, are you coming to the beach?”

“I’ll come as soon as I finish up a few things. Keep Nan safe, okay?”

“Okay, Dad.” Jeremy beams as he hugs me and gives me a thumbs up. My mother gets him back into her car and flees the garage. I feel an instance of relief, and then I remember what’s waiting for me inside the house.

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7

LANA

The weight of one intruder is easy enough to manage as I squat down, pull him up by the zip ties, and hoist him over my head to lay across my shoulders.

“Fuck, you are strong.” Aiden smiles as he walks in to grab the other guy. He mimics the same movement, deadlifting and snatching the intruder to get him across his back like a weighted barbell.

We carry them out to the garage and drop them in a heap in the middle of the cement floor. I pull out a vial and syringe from one of the pockets in my tactical belt. I inject one of the intruders with synthetic adrenaline to wake him up.

He takes a deep breath, gasping and struggling to break through his zip ties.

“Fuck, get this shit off me,” he snarls.

Aiden takes a step back before getting enough leverage to kick the hell out of him. “You think you can just break into my house and threaten my family? Who sent you?”

The man groans in pain but manages to hiss out his words. “Fuck you.”

The words enrage Aiden, sending him into a fit of fury and unleashing blows and kicks against the intruder. The other guy tries to curl into a fetal position, but it’s

useless. Aiden delivers blow after blow until I move into the line of fire to stop him.

“We can’t get answers if you break his jaw, Aiden.” I hold my hands up to show him I’m not the enemy, to break through his blind rage.

“Fine,” Aiden huffs, flexing his fingers into a fist and releasing them. His knuckles are bloody and bruising. The intruder gurgles a bit and coughs up blood.

“Fuck. Tell him what he wants to know, or I’ll be forced to finish what he’s started,” I warn the guy.

The intruder snuffles and cries. “Okay, fine. Someone named Sam, Sam Rogers, hired us. We’re supposed to grab the kid and meet up later.”

“How many more of you are there looking for the kid?” I ask him.

“It’s just us two. That’s it. That’s all I know.” He whimpers and lets his head rest on the ground. The adrenaline is wearing off.

Sirens blare in the distance, and Aiden storms out of the garage. I follow him outside just as the police arrive. He paces in a circle while the officers get out of the car. There are only two, but that’s more than enough to haul these guys away.

Aiden tells them what’s happening but leaves out the information we got from the one intruder, who’s now unconscious. The police thank us for our effort and leave us with the two perpetrators in the back seat of their squad car.

“So, are you going to tell me who Sam Rogers is, Aiden?” I ask him once we’re inside his car.

“Jeremy’s mother, Samantha,” he growls.

“What? I thought she didn’t want anything to do with you or Jeremy.”

Aiden’s jaw clenches, grinding his teeth as we drive at breakneck speed back into town. “She doesn’t. It doesn’t make sense why she’s trying this kind of shit now.”

“Where are we going?” I ask him. “And can we slow down?”

“There’s a gated community just outside of Avonia. Her mother has a house out there. It’s where I caught her the first time.” Aiden grimaces, white-knuckling the steering wheel as he continues speeding toward our destination.

“The first time?”

He snaps his neck, glaring at me for a moment before he refocuses on the road. “The first time I caught her cheating on me. She fucked the landscaping guy, and I saw through the window. I think she enjoyed knowing that I watched her.”

“So if she’s there, what do you have in mind? Police or would you like to handle it on our own?”

“I’d like to handle it myself?—”

I cut him off. “No, you don’t. Aiden, listen to me. Technically, she’s only been implicated. We looked at the security footage from the school. She’s not in any of it from the past week. Although, I’d like to go back further and look. But if you see her in this state, you’re liable to kill her.”

“So what?”

“What about Jeremy, Aiden?” I ask him with the hope of getting through. I need him to dial back his anger to be reasonable. “I can take care of it. When we see her, let me

handle it, Aiden. Please.”

I touch his hand on the gear shift, but he remains silent. The rest of the drive is quiet until we pull up to a security booth outside of some cookie-cutter townhouse neighborhood that looks like it was pulled right out of the 1950s.

Aiden talks to the guard, who immediately lets us into the community. We drive for a minute or so before turning down one dead-end street. He pulls the car into a driveway and shuts it off.

“Who lives here?” I ask him, hoping this isn’t the house his ex happens to be inside.

“No one. I rent it out and a few other houses here. I bought it years ago so my private investigator could use it to spy on Sam and the people she cheated with. The house she stays in is two streets over. There’s a shortcut through these yards.”

He doesn’t wait for me as he checks the clip in his gun, holsters it in his waistband, and stalks between two houses. I stay about a foot behind him as he weaves around hedges and stoops down once we’re close to the house he undoubtedly plans to break into.

“It’s this one right here.” Aiden’s voice is low. “Thank you, Lana.”

“Don’t thank me yet. Let’s see if she’s in there and take it from there. Thank me after all three of us leave this place alive.”

I tip my head forward, giving him a signal that I’m ready to go inside if he is. Aiden skulks toward a side door and tries slipping a key off his keychain into the lock. When it doesn’t work, he nods.

“It was worth a shot to see if she ever changed the lock,” he says.

“Let me take a crack at it,” I tell him, and he steps aside. I pick the lock easily and let us inside. The inside is normal enough. It’s nowhere near as big as Aiden’s home or his parents, but that’s a good thing.

We take our time, quietly moving through the house. My heart races as we get closer to the sound of two people talking. The woman’s voice is loud and clear as she says, “What do you mean they were arrested?”

“I mean, I saw them getting hauled away in the back of a police car. They’ll probably call me for bail and a lawyer,” a deeper voice replies to her. “Sam, this isn’t what I signed up for. You said we were getting your kid from his abusive father. The kid looked fine, and now my people are behind bars. I’m out of here.”

Aiden pulls his gun out, cocks it, ready to fire, and forces me to do the same.

“What the hell?” The woman, Samantha Rogers, puts her hands up immediately.

“I told you this was going to end badly. I told you that this morning after that bitch fucked up the plan at the school, Sam. I told you—” Her accomplice shakes his head.

“The police are on the way, but I want to know why you did this,” Aiden growls at the woman.

She shrugs and rolls her eyes. “You have everything and left me with nothing.”

Aiden shakes his head. “What are you talking about? You get money from me every month.”

“It’s not enough,” she shouts.

I keep my gun trained on the guy while Aiden has his on her. Her accomplice takes a

step to the side and forces me to follow him.

“Stop moving,” I command him.

“This has nothing to do with me. I’m only the middleman. I set up a meeting for a conversation. That’s it.” Her accomplice takes another step away from Sam.

“Don’t move,” I warn him.

“This is your new bitch, huh?” Sam spits.

“Security,” I reply with my gun sticking to her accomplice.

“Of course, you have private security. You closed on that consulting deal, and our agreement says I can’t take you back to court for an alimony adjustment. Jeremy wasn’t going to get hurt, Aiden. I swear. I was going to hold him until you paid a ransom, and then you’d never see me again,” Sam explains.

However, her explanation only infuriates Aiden. Samantha’s accomplice takes another step toward the front door. I squeeze off a shot that stops him. Samantha shrieks, and Aiden moves closer to her accomplice, knocking him out before he tries to escape.

The sound of her accomplice collapsing onto the floor draws an agonizing screech out of Samantha. She scurries over to the man lying in a heap, crying and hovering over him.

“Aiden, back up,” I tell him, but my words come too late as Samantha jumps up to knock Aiden backward. She goes for his gun, but I move swiftly. I knock her back as Aiden sidesteps her attack.

The sound of me releasing the clip and sliding it back into place is enough to get Samantha to stop moving. But it's not enough for me as I ball my fist and knock her out, forcing her to slump over her accomplice.

"Thank you, Lana. You saved me from ruining my life by stopping me from taking hers." Aiden's voice is low but full of gratitude.

"Come on, Aiden. I hear the police coming." I pull him away from the criminals.

I hate that it came to this, but I'm glad it's over.

AIDEN

S parks go off in my head as I dip my tongue into Lana's warm mouth. Back in my bedroom after a long talk with the police, we have all the answers to what happened at Jeremy's school. It's finally time to relax, and it feels good to tell my mother she can relax now, too.

"Fuck," I growl as Lana slides her mouth down my torso. She doesn't stop until she has her lips wrapping around the tip of my cock. Her tongue runs along the ridge before curving around the shaft and sucking me in slowly.

Her hair is soft against my hands as I palm the back of her head to guide her rhythm. She hums while sucking me off, and I can barely stand it. A few seconds in, and I'm already so close to the edge, it's not even funny.

She saved me from ruining my life, and now I just want her by my side.

Lana increases her speed, sucking, slurping, and gagging to the point she releases me with a pop. She spits on the tip and goes back to working her mouth over it like it's always belonged to her. Just when I'm about to explode, she stops and pulls away.

"Bring that pussy back here, Lana."

She does as I tell her. With me sitting on the edge of my bed, she rubs my throbbing erection at her entrance. The slick fold of her sex takes me in effortlessly as she slides

down on top of me. Her hips move back and forth, gyrating as she uses her thighs—her strong-ass thighs—to push herself up and down over my manhood.

Her inner walls squeeze my cock, and I throw my head back, swallowing hard and trying to get myself under control. With her straddling my cock, I slap her ass as she moves over me.

“Yes, do that again,” she says, panting and sucking in the air after I paddle her ass again with my hand.

I can’t stop myself from grabbing her cheeks with both hands, kneading them, and driving my cock in and out of her. I stop her from moving long enough to flip her onto her back and pound into that sweet pussy of hers until her whole body stiffens under me, and she shakes, gasping out my name.

I can’t look away. She looks glorious.

“That’s right, Lana. Come for me. Come all over me. This dick is yours. Use me.” I drag my tongue along her collarbone and lightly bite her shoulder.

She reaches up to grab my hair from behind, yanking my head back, and uses her other hand to grab my ass. She tries to pull me in deeper. I use my fists to anchor myself to the bed and give myself enough room to bring her to another orgasm.

Once I see she’s thoroughly satisfied, I stroke her walls until they milk my erection flaccid. Collapsing beside her, I pull Lana into my side, and we fall asleep in each other’s arms.

When I wake up a few hours later to the aroma of coffee and pancakes, I have to remind myself where I am. The spot beside me is cold, and I get out of bed, tossing on a pair of pajama pants to see where Lana is.

The scene I walk in on is something out of a movie. Jeremy is sitting on the kitchen counter picking out blueberries to drop them in the pancake batter. My mother is on the sofa with a blanket pulled up to her chin, and Lana is moving around the kitchen like she owns it. She looks good in my kitchen and my life.

“What is going on here?” I ask as the music plays softly, and Jeremy’s happiness wafts through the kitchen like the scent of maple syrup.

“We’re making pancakes, Dad. Nan said she needed to rest after the day we’ve had. We didn’t even go to the beach,” Jeremy says.

I nod, moving closer to him and Lana. “I’m sorry about that, bud. How about we go tomorrow? We can stay for the week.”

“Can Lana come with us too?” Jeremy asks. “She’s going to teach me how to kick a knee out.”

Laughter comes out of me at the idea of my little boy crippling an attacker. I tousle his hair, and he tosses a blueberry at me that I manage to catch and eat. Lana smiles, winks at me over her shoulder, and goes back to flipping pancakes.

“This is not what I had in mind when I asked you to be a consultant on my security measures.” I can’t stop myself from smiling.

“Oh?” Lana returns a similar grin. “What would you like to see happen, Aiden?”

“I’d like to see you marry me,” I tell her.

Lana stops and turns around to face me, her forehead scrunching. “You’re kidding.”

“Dad doesn’t kid,” Jeremy says for me.

I raise an eyebrow and smile. “It’s soon, but I know what I want. You don’t get to run a multi-billion-dollar company without taking risks and without knowing what you want. I want you, Lana. I want you to be more than a freelance security consultant. I want you to help me keep Jeremy safe. I want you to help me love again. You don’t have to say yes right now, but I want you to be a part of our family.”

“Are you going to be a part of our family, Lana?” Jeremy asks with so much joy that Lana’s smile matches his same energy.

She scoops him off the counter. “I’m going to be a part of your family. I’m going to help keep you safe and keep your dad out of trouble. My answer is yes.”

“To marrying me?” I ask her.

She giggles. “Yes, to marrying you and becoming a part of the Archer family. It won’t be right away, but I know I’m going to love you, boys.”

“Did you hear her, Dad? She loves us already. I’m going to go tell Nan.” Jeremy hops off the counter and sprints into the living room to tell my mother the good news.

While he tries his hardest to wake her, I wrap my arms around Lana’s waist. She continues to cook and pile up food so we can have breakfast for dinner, with a promise of discussing what the future holds for us.

“You’re dangerous, strong, and happen to hold my heart in your hands, Lana.” I kiss her temple and breathe her in. “I never would have thought that some maniac trying to kidnap my son would end with you stealing my heart. I know you may not believe in love at first sight?—”

She turns to me and loops her arms around my neck. “I don’t, but I believe in love at first sight. I feel everything you’re talking about and more, Aiden. I’ve never been

more certain about loving you and Jeremy. I can't wait to be your wife."

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LANA

Five Years Later

“Mrs. Archer, the property is secure,” Aiden says in a low tone. “Will you let me bring the twins inside?”

I sigh. “Fine, but try not to wake them.”

“If I wake up our babies, I promise that I will stay up with the both of them until they drift off back to dreamland.”

“I’ll help him too, Mom,” Jeremy says from beside the car seat. “Can I go surfing after we finish unpacking?”

“Yes, Jer-Bear,” I tell him. Old habits die hard, and my eyes scan every possible hole that can be exploited in our new vacation beach home. However, the peace of my family settling in takes my mind off threats unknown and probably nonexistent.

After our testimony put Samantha away all those years ago, Aiden trusted me to build a security team that we never had to use. Now that we have our babies, Isla and Mason, I wonder if we should bring them back.

“What’s bothering you, Lana?” Aiden’s voice breaks into my thoughts.

A sigh pushes past my lips. “I don’t feel as good as I used to. I’m not as strong.”

“You’re right,” he says. “You’re stronger. Don’t beat yourself up, babe. There’s no race to become who you used to be because I’m completely in love with the woman you are now.”

“Even with the extra weight?” I ask him.

“Don’t do that. Don’t pick at yourself and diminish what you’ve gone through. I love you. Jeremy loves you. Our twins love you. Our families love us . I’m the luckiest guy in the world. We’re safe here, and you are safe with me.”

“And I love you. All of you.” I nuzzle my face against his. He kisses the side of my forehead before dropping his mouth to kiss me gently on the lips. A kiss to cement his feelings for me. How I love him so much and to think of how we got here.

Aiden is right. We’re safe here, and my heart is safe with him.

The End

Thanks for reading!