



**MY  
BODYGUARD**

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## CHAPTER 1

"Watch out, Madam!" I almost miss the step as he grabs me deftly by the waist, his strong arms rippling beneath my weight.

My face is an inch apart from his, nose to nose, and my heart jumps capriciously; quite unusual.

"I know you'll protect me so why should I?" I breathe my oh-I-lost-count of margarita shots I had tonight, barely holding my vision. The only thing I see is his ever serious face, smile-less, and the curly raven hair blocking the side of his forehead.

How hot!

Do I want to touch him? His hair? To tug it aside so I can see his eyes clearly? *For fuck's sake, Mia, you can't succumb to the alcohol! You're a lady!* I gulp.

"Let me help you to your room," he whispers, his firm Adam's apple bobbing as he sighs.

"Whatever." I clam my eyes and instantly I'm in the air, his grip so enticing. I hold his neck, hugging him tightly as my head rests in the hollow of his neck. "You smell wild," I blurt, unable to decipher his scent that I could recognize even from miles away.

Does he wear cologne? Nah, he's not the type. So what is it?

"You're drunk, Madam." His voice is gentle yet firm. He takes the long snaked staircase with ease, carrying me securely.

"Madam," I murmur. I could roll my eyes if I had any strength left. "I hate this name." I hug him tighter, relishing his warmth. I hope the stairs don't end. They shouldn't.

Not tonight when I feel like the world is crumbling to my feet.

In my unnecessarily big bedroom, he lays me down carefully. On the king-size plush with so many pillows, a white duvet covers me upon his will. I suck in a deep breath, watching his every move despite my blurred vision.

He softly raises my head, and then places a pillow beneath it. I feel comfortable enough. My drunken eyes battle to stay awake, to watch him, his ember eyes that reminds me of the blazing sun in the hot summer.

"Can I . . . take your shoes off?" he asks hesitantly. "Madam?" he adds steadfastly, his gaze on the bronze gladiator heels I'm wearing, a perfect match to my little black dress.

I shift with difficulty, unfolding my legs so he can easily access my feet. He sits on the bed, taking both of my feet on his lap. I gulp again, a strange wave of arousal filling my body.

*What the heck, Mia! He's your employee, for crying out loud! Since when do you get to feel the shit about him? Or anyone who isn't Patrick Kingston? Oh, Patrick.*

Mia Kingston, my fucked-up name, the legal wife of the prominent business Mogul in Portland. How do I dare forget about this title every woman in my cycle envies? I smirk, rued.

He takes my last shoe, gently, and slowly he rises up. His tall frame stands beside my bed, and as always he doesn't utter a syllable. He's busy making sure everything around me is in order.

The windows seem well shut; the AC is running to my liking, and other security details he affirms; only he understands. I just watch him as he does it all. But fuck, I need to get out of this dress. It's too tight.

"Damn," I mutter while sitting up. My head is heavy, wobbling. How will I make it to my dressing room? I try to get up, but the dizziness is real. "Ugh!" I growl.

"Madam!" He rushes back speedily. Once again I'm into his arms, his chest thumping high, and his breath quickens as my face collides with his.

I shudder at his grip. My body doesn't listen to his perilous breath. I'm scorched, and his lips harden as he scowls at me . . . Or whatever it is.

"I need to undress," I breathe. His gaze falters befuddled. "Can you help me?" I quiz haphazardly.

He's astonished, but his poker face stays unmoved. "Madam—"

"Just unzip my dress and I'll do the rest," I interject, and he looks appalled. "It's an order." I don't mean this, but it's my only option. I can't even move with my free will, let alone taking the zip off which is always a challenge.

"Yes, Madam," he croaks, and gently takes me to his chest, as though he's hugging me.

I can feel the acceleration of my heartbeat, and I pant mildly. He's only trying to secure my balance, I know this much, but why am I beguiled nonetheless? It's as though I'm yearning for something more.

Something I shouldn't do.

My face is closer to his chin. His small beard scratches my forehead as I stay still. I can feel his breath, and it drives me nuts, my carnal disturbed. *What is this?* I flex as his strong fingers clutch the zipper, grazing my soft skin.

I sharply gaze up at him, and our eyes meet. I'm panting soundly. His impetuous eyes remain firm, indescribable gleam settling in them. He slides the zipper smoothly, which goes down to my buttocks. He gulps once again as his hand stops right there.

"It's done," he tells me, his voice husky.

I don't move; neither does he. His lips part slightly, and mine seem to so badly want to mingle with his. *Fuck! What's happening to me? What am I thinking? Or imagining? What the hell, Mia!*

"Thank you," I whisper softly, my voice barely audible. My eyes refuse to leave his illusive face, so dark and mysterious. I see the bruise on his jaw and my heart shatters. "I-I am sorry for dragging you into trouble earlier," I whisper.

The last thing I want is anyone getting hurt at my expense; I hate the feeling left behind and I know it by heart.

"It's my job to protect you, Madam," he returns. More than a sense of accountability, it's the tone of his voice that turns me nuts. It's like he can die for me, and it's as exciting as the scary it is.

Sometimes when I'm down I become a trouble maker. I went to a club and we got attacked, once again. Not my fault though. I'm not sure who wants to harm me, but he took care of five guys by himself so as to protect me.

"Does it hurt?" I try to touch his face but he winces back.

"No, it doesn't." His voice is monotonous; not that I'm surprised.

Adamantly I hold his face with my palm. He doesn't move this time. Tentatively, my fingers reach for the bruise and touch it without putting pressure. He flexes a bit, but he shows no sign of pain.

Instead, he's transfixed as he stares down at me, as though thawing in my touch on his bruise. I gently tug the fallen bang from his forehead, freeing his one eye that always hides behind.

*Oh God!* His face is so arresting.

Am I drunk? Am I really drunk? Yes, I am drunk that's why I'm doing this. Or else what is this? I want to kiss him. Fuck, I so want to taste his sexy lips that hardly let out the words.

My lips are getting closer to his when I hear, "You need to rest, Madam." He pulls back, his breath heavy. He doesn't look me in the eyes, but he is highly affected.

I tug myself out of his grip, my feet jelly. "Go," I say, deadpan.

"Good night." He walks toward the door and my dress falls down after I peel it off swiftly.

He holds his stance, hesitant to move upon hearing the fall of my dress. He knows I'm naked; wearing nothing but a pair of fine black lingerie, my light brown skin glowing resplendently. I'm sure of it.

I mean no temptation to him, however; I just feel out of my damn mind. I fall into bed unceremoniously, and he nearly turns around, but stops midway. I pull the covers to my neck and shut my eyes.

I hear the door closing, and he's out of my room.

## CHAPTER 2

I wake stoutly at the feel of being watched. Lately I've become overly sensitive with everything. I get scared even from my own shadow sometimes.

It's only natural, right? Someone is out there to kill me. I'm not sure who it is, but three attempts have been made already. I should be insane by now.

"What the hell?" I murmur, waving away the smoke of cigar wafting in my nose. "I hate that. At least do your smoking outside." I pull the duvet up to my chest, blocking the lustrous look thrown on my body.

Patrick rises from the bed nonchalantly, still dressed in his neat white suit with a black unbuttoned shirt. I see his hairy chest, and perhaps the twenty years old me would be enthralled.

My husband is super rich— that's his immediate description. He's got a fair body for his age of forty six; maybe he looks younger even. His average frame towers around me, eye-fucking me, and I'm scowling hard. *Pervert!*

"I heard what happened." His thick southern accent makes him more priggish than he actually is. "Didn't I fucking tell you to stay at home? Do you realize what I had to postpone just so I can get back here?" he lashes, his face arctic.

Can't he just shut up!

My head hurts. I shut my eyes momentarily, and the flashback of last night adds more to the migraine. The gunshots in the club, the screams, and people running everywhere, it all comes back.

Patrick is disgusted by my hangover face. He hates it when I drink. But where was he when I needed him the most? As always he's busy making more money . . . Closing big deals.

"Patrick, I don't wanna argue with you." I slowly scramble out of bed, still feeling beat.

He drops the cigar on the ashtray lying on the table and seizes me briskly into his arms, hugging my naked body from behind. I shriek, for his touch feels like a punishment nowadays.

Breathing into my hair, he says, "I also don't wanna fight you, Mia. I missed this sexy ass." He slaps my barely covered behind, and his lips graze on my neck, nuzzling my skin.

*Please, don't touch me.* A bile rises in my throat. I wanna throw up.

"I need to shower and brush my teeth," I whisper, trying to free myself from this horny bastard I have for a husband.

He's been probably banging some cheap model the whole night and now he's here trying to pour his leftover semen into my precious vagina. Damn him! Not that I care whom he fucks or get fucked with; I just demand my respect.

"I don't have time, Mia. I'm flying to Geneva in two hours," he says, his voice intoxicated, and I feel his dick throbbing already.

*Old insatiable beast!* Does he use Viagra? I glower mentally, my libido deeply asleep. I no longer desire fucking him as I used to before, ever since I caught him banging his ex-wife. I'm disgusted by him.

And he's leaving again? I pull out of his arms immediately, glaring at his silvery, sultry eyes. The bastard is smirking. The audacity! Ugh, how do women stand their cheating husbands?

"Again to Geneva?" I demand, the typical housewife rant on full track. "Why?" My face crunches.

"A big transaction needs to be settled. I'm tired of incompetent assholes so I'm gonna see through it myself." His phone buzzes and he's quick to answer it. He frowns as he snaps, "What?" to the person on the call.

What kind of business is he dealing with that he always uses the Swiss bank? I ponder as I watch him casting an impatient glare on his gold and diamond Rolex, snapping at whoever is on the phone. He's pissed already.

But I know he deals with everything. He's into agriculture, technology, export and imports, real estate, and other stuff that makes his bank accounts read so many zeroes after a decent digit. He's super loaded.

"That's what I'm paying you for!" he barks while tugging me back to his dominion. His hand crosses my chest so I stay put, squeezing my right breast. "Get the asshole and lock him up until he says who sent him!" He hangs up and throws his phone on the bed.

Am I even surprised? Not really. I've seen weirder, and I've heard worse. Patrick is the type of a man who doesn't allow snitches, and much less traitors. I wonder if he's never killed someone.

"Are you going with your secretary?" I ask, for I'm sure he wouldn't miss the chance of taking his mistress with him.

Yes, the bastard is fucking his secretary. He's never admitted this to me, and I've got no proof, but a woman's instinct is hardly wrong. At least mine isn't, I believe.

"She's my Personal Assistant, Mia. So yes she's coming with me," he breathes, tugging the lace fabric of my bra cup lower, releasing my breast. "And don't start that boring old song please!" He bites on my earlobe, and I moan at the tinge.

My eyes clam as he kisses me roughly, his mouth demanding. My husband is a vicious player, one of the reasons why I fell in love with him upon our first night together back in Paris. It was hot and I was a naive little girl from the suburbs of New Orleans.

I was just a nineteen years old model and amateur designer, and he a thirty-six years old hunk: copper hair that stayed ruffled mostly, silver eyes that devoured my young and inviting body on the catwalk, with a very intimidating personality that drew me in instantly.

He was my first.

"Why aren't you screaming yet, huh?" he rasps, cupping my sex. I hold my breath tightly, the nicotine breath from his lips so revolting. "I want you to scream my name, Mia! Fuck, I don't wanna imagine someone else touching what's mine!" He clasps my panties and eases his finger deep inside me.

"Argh!" I grunt, tossing my head onto his shoulder.

"Yes. Like that. I love you screaming like that. And you're so wet for me, baby. So wet." He strokes me mercilessly.

I am wet, but not for him. What kind of dream was I having again? I can't remember the details but I'm sure it was wild.

"No!" I whimper as he speeds up, thrusting another finger. Why do I feel strange? I want him to stop. "Patrick, no!" I yank out of his grip.

He's startled. I've never said no to his sexual advancement toward me. I always fall easily into his ploy no matter how much we fight and argue over several unresolved issues.

"What the fuck, Mia!" He growls, shooting me the how-dare-you glare. I fix my bra, panting. He strides over and grabs my throat. He's menacing, his eyes dark and bemused, but he never hurts me physically. "You don't want me to fuck you, do you?" he demands, purely angered.

*No, I don't.* I don't even want him to kiss me. I simply want him away from my body.

I catch my breath. "Let's not pretend like everything is fine with us, Patrick. Putting on the public appearance that we're a great couple is enough! I don't have to put up with it even in private!" I snap and pull out of his grip.

"Mia . . ." He's rattled. Whenever I bring the subject that lingers my possibility of leaving him he cowers. I'm his little trophy, his most precious possession as he shamelessly declares, and he won't let me go easily.

But I want my divorce.

"I'm going to the country house for a few days." I pick my shoes and dress as I say this. He's still up to his feet, watching me. "I need a break, Patrick. Far from the media, I want to be alone." I gaze up at him.

"We're gonna settle this when I come back! I'll write you a cheque so you can solve your mess with the investors. Your bodyguard will be with you in the country house." He gets his phone from the bed.

"Don't bother. I'll solve my own mess," I retort.

He snorts. "You're fucked!" he says as he scurries toward the dressing room. And into the phone he snaps, "We're leaving. Tell Red to call me later. I've got no time to wait." He's off my sight.

Red.

At the mention of the name my breath slides away. My life's a mess and I can't recognize who I am anymore. Everything is chaotic. A good shower and heavy breakfast is all I need.

I'm into a maxi dress, my hair in a ponytail, as I barrel into the kitchen. Patrick is gone. That's his style; coming and going. I hope Butler Lucas has had the cook prepare something decent.

"Oh my head!" I grimace. Reaching the door, I suddenly hold my steps at the sight of *him* standing near the fridge, uncapping the bottle of drinking water after a seemingly intense workout he's just finished.

The sweat smears his skin, his curly hair drenched, the muscles of his strong biceps rippling tensely, and that sexy Adam's apple tips as the water slides in his throat. My breath quickens.

## CHAPTER 3

How does a man look this aphrodisiac! Feeling my cheeks burning, I clear my throat to announce my presence. My Bodyguard cocks his head stoutly, and oxygen finds its way into my lungs, finally. He caps the water bottle as he catches his breath.

"Good morning," I greet him, taking my stride toward the breakfast table.

*Don't look, Mia. Don't look!* I try my best to avoid his distracting frame, a pair of grey shorts and black loose vest covering his reserves. *How hot!*

And his legs . . . Damn he's got amazing legs, strong and firm, a bit hairy, and the white trainers he's wearing adds much to my profaned imagination.

"Morning, Madam," he answers gently, his voice carefully guarded. "How are you feeling this morning?" he asks.

My gaze refuses to acquiesce with my previous want. I look up at him upon his touching question, and his face is apprehensive. A small, grateful smile touches my lips at the worry he exudes over my state.

It's the question I should've heard from my husband when I woke up. But no, I get to hear it from my Bodyguard, and he seems utterly curious of my well-being.

"I'm good," I breathe, taking a seat graciously. But suddenly it hits the back of my mind that I might've done something unusual under the influence of alcohol.

Fuck! I didn't try to molest him last night, did I? I bite my bottom lip, my eyes on his.

But no, I didn't, hopefully. I usually don't have terrible drinking habits. I might've fantasized of him a tad bit from here and there, but doing something unladylike?

*Are you sure, Mia?* My face crunches as all the pieces fit together. Fuck!

I pull myself together and say, "I'm going to the country house. But before that, I think I have a trip to Seattle." My voice is monotonous, proving to him that I'm still the lady of the house even if he got to witness the sleazy side of me.

"At what time?" He's still reverent, showing no sign of any retaliation from my last night's bitchy acts.

"Um . . ." I wither under his intense scrutiny, the whiskey colored eyes of his staring at me steadfastly. *God!* "In three hours."

"Okay, Madam." He nods and wanders toward the exit.

"Red," I call him gently.

He whirls around instantly. "Madam."

"Thank you," I mutter, meaning it from the deepest part of my heart. Bemusement is evident in his eyes, probably pondering the connotation behind my gratitude. "For saving my life," I clear up, suddenly overwhelmed with fear . . . the same fright I'm doing all it takes to forsake.

"I'm only doing my job," he replies coolly. Tiredly, I nod. "Excuse me." He walks away.

*Ugh!* I groan mentally, rolling my eyes. Can't he ever take a compliment? Jeez!

"I'm just doing my job," I mimic his voice, laughing to myself. "What a piece of work!" I get up ungraciously; ready to scramble for food, which is what I need the most after my cup of coffee.

Butler Lucas returns from wherever he'd been hiding. "Breakfast is served in the dining room, my dear," he says in his worldly manners. The old man has been all over the fancy cities of the world, and Paris is where I stole him.

He's like a distant grandpa.

I smile sweetly at him while fixing myself a cup of coffee. "You know I don't like eating in there. Here in the kitchen the food tastes better." I take a sip nonchalantly.

Hmm . . . I so needed the caffeine. I'm not great with making coffee, or cooking, but I adore what I'm making for myself right now because the hangover is killing me.

"Well then. Allow me to bring your breakfast right here, my dear," Butler Lucas offers.

"By all means." I smile my gratitude.

**My hair is into a messy bun, my** body into a light blue shirtdress with a white sash, and black thigh-high boots hold my long legs gorgeously. I put on the black sunglasses as I pick my shoulder bag.

Inside the kitchen Red is finishing his breakfast, stood up with a coffee mug while listening at the maid's giggles over something he's just said. There are two other maids, but the giggling one makes me scowl hard.

"Oh, they are super strong! Do you have a girlfriend, Red?" She rubs my bodyguard's biceps, and he pulls out uncomfortably. But he doesn't move.

I huff quietly in a seemingly annoyed disposition. My fresh perfume is strong enough to announce my presence; that I'm sure of. They all turn around.

"Um, ma'am, I—" The giggling maid stutters.

Sophie? Anne? I can't remember her name but I think I'm going to when I get to hear it this time. Blonde? Are they his type?

My slyly attitude is on as Red holds my gaze. He was having fun surrounded with girls, wasn't he? *Hah! All men are just the same and he's no exception.*

I say no word; I turn around and head towards the main door. It takes a few seconds and Red is behind me as we near the blue Lexus LS; my favorite travel car.

"Morning, Ma'am," Bill, my driver, regards me by clutching the backdoor handle.

He's a strong and tall brunette, around Red's age. He flings the door open for me.

"Morning," I reply gruffly, throwing my bag in the backseat, and slowly climb in. He shuts the door afterwards.

Bill starts the car and Red is right beside him on the passenger seat. Silently, the car pulls out of the enormous metal gates of my mansion and the ride begins.

The trip from Portland to Seattle is usually exhilarating. I get to see the beautiful Oregon landscapes and cheer myself up while I listen to country music. But that's not the case today, because I'm feeling restless.

I'm on my way to seal my career fate, that's why. I have to personally meet Mr. Thompson and convince him to keep his partnership with MK, my fashion brand. He's my last card.

My tummy is tight knots because he can be an asshole just like the others. If he also casts me aside then I'll be forced to back down from making clothes unless I ask Patrick for help.

And I don't want that, even though I know fully well that my husband would be enthralled if I become a housewife he can finally support with pleasure. Imagining it, I get sick.

Seattle skyline springs into view about three hours later. I like this city; the water, the mountains, and its evergreen forests— it's all enchanting. I yawn, stretching up.

"We're here, Ma'am," Bill announces after pulling over right in front of Thompson's largest fashion outlet.

Red opens the backdoor and stretches his big hand towards me. I naturally accept his gesture and eject myself from the seat. A deep breath escapes my lungs as my eyes rest on the tall building standing before me.

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