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## Chapter 1

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“**Y**ou’ll never get away with this!”  
“Oh, but I already have. You’re a dead man to everyone now. The word has already spread that you are a traitor, you’ve already disappeared, and have possibly been killed. There’s no trace of you and I know how to keep it that way too. No one will find you, ever.” The sickening laugh that came before the gut wrenching punch made his stomach churn.

He had to have faith in his brothers and friend. They wouldn’t believe he’d betray the Agency and they would find him. He hadn’t been with the Agency as long as they had been, but they knew him better than anyone. They would find him. He had to hold out just a little longer.

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Leah Matthews jerked awake from her curled up position on her run-down, hunter-green couch. Today had been the worst day in her life. But even under the stress of the news,

she had still managed to fall asleep somehow. Until an annoying banging sound pounded in her head.

She shook her head roughly and gasped as the banging continued. Someone was at her front door making a nuisance of themselves. Maybe they had found him. She gathered her wits about herself, got up from her resting place, and headed to the front door. She yanked it open, before looking to see who it was, and let out a gasp. “Kyle?”

“Leah,” the big hunky man groaned out and came into her house, shutting then locking the door. “Don’t you check who’s beating your door down before you answer it?”

She was speechless as she gazed up into the six-four man’s cobalt blue gaze that popped even more from the tan he sported all year round.

“Lee?” he demanded as a scowl worked over his handsome face.

“Kyle?” she whispered. “What are you doing here?”

He glanced around the open living room. “I just... I needed someone.”

She stepped forward, laying a small tan hand against the gray t-shirt that clung to her older brother’s best friend’s chest. “Kyle, have you been drinking?” she asked while searching his face, seeing the slight glaze over his beautiful eyes, her gaze roamed over the rest of the tall, extremely buff man who had captured her heart what felt like eons ago.

“Maybe a little, but I’m entitled.” Kyle Davenport swayed just a fraction.

She grabbed his shirt in her fist and pulled him over to her couch, muting the forty-inch flat screen television. She made Kyle sit on the cushion she had just left shortly

before and let out a yelp when he pulled her down onto his lap.

They gazed at each other for a long moment before Kyle broke the silence. “Where did we go wrong?”

“Don’t, Kyle. You can’t believe what happened, none of it. Donovan has to be somewhere,” she whispered.

She felt his arms wrap around her and pull her flush against the hard planes of his body. He hugged her close as she laid her head against his shoulder, running her skinny fingers through his thick, light brown hair.

“This is why I needed you, you’re so innocent, calming, you believe in the good of people, until it’s proven otherwise.”

She tensed a little. Innocent, naive, kindhearted Leah, yeah that was her. She huffed and went to pull away. “Because I believe proof is required to show innocence or guilt? But honestly, Kyle, we know Donovan better than this, and if you think he’d betray the Agency and us then you don’t know your baby brother very well.”

“What if that’s why he did it? We always refer to him and you as innocent and naive, the babies of the group, but neither one of you have been babies for a long time,” he rasped out as he cupped her cheek in his huge hand.

She trembled at the feel of his rough, gentle hand against her cheek. “Kyle,” she whispered.

“No longer a baby,” he muttered and her eyes darted from his captivating, deep cobalt eyes to the lips that were sinking down to hers.

She leaned toward him, meeting Kyle Davenport’s lips with hers. She could taste the whisky on his lips. His fingers threaded through her cinnamon colored waves. She clutched his shirt in her hands, her dream of kissing him finally coming true. He was six years older than she, same as her older brother, she’d started liking Kyle when she was

fifteen and he was twenty-one. By then he and her brother, Shawn Tammeron, had deployed overseas.

Now, twelve years later, he was a little drunk, desperate to find his brother who was the same age as her, twenty-seven. This was using someone, she knew it, but part of her hoped he knew she wanted him and had for a long time.

The other part was hoping that wasn't the case. If she had thought this could have ever happened she would have chosen something different to wear than her black Boston University hoodie and gray sweatpants. She knew this was wrong, all Kyle wanted was sympathy, someone to tell him his little brother wasn't the traitor he was being labeled as, and comfort, not a roll in bed with her.

She went to pull away from the nerve searing kiss, but Kyle pulled her closer and moved them so she was on her back and he was between her parted thighs, where his arousal pressed against her from behind his delicious butt-hugging jeans he always wore. She let out a light moan as she wrapped her arms around his neck.

Leah couldn't believe this was happening, she arched up into Kyle when his hands sneaked their way up her hoodie. The feel of his rough hands against her soft skin made her tingle all over. He broke the kiss but began to attack her neck with his soft lips.

"Too many clothes," he gritted out and began to push the sweatshirt up and off of her. He smiled down at her. "Just as beautiful as I thought you'd be."

She whimpered as he bent his head to capture her already pointed tips. Her toes curled at the feel of the sucking he was doing. "Kyle," she groaned, as she pulled his gray t-shirt from his jeans and ran her hands up his muscular front, her fingers threading through his chest hair. She felt him tremble against her. He pulled back from

her, yanking her shirt off along with her sweatpants and black thong.

He shucked his jeans and boxers off then came back to her.

“Kyle?” she gazed up into those cobalt eyes.

“Yeah, babe?”

She melted at the endearment, forgetting the protest she was going to give him, she was such a fool. She framed his scruffy cheeks in her hands, she couldn’t mess this up. She just had to keep her mouth shut and take what he wanted to give her, even if it was just for tonight.

She pulled him down to her, sealing their lips as he pressed them together. She let out a squeal of pain that faded as he continued to move against her.

She felt so many sensations as he picked up speed and force. “Kyle, ohmygod.” She dug her nails into his back as the new sensations flowed over her, racking her body, clenching around Kyle, when he all of a sudden plowed into her harder than before, biting down on her neck, convulsing against her.

“God, Leah,” he mumbled right before he rolled them to their sides and passed out.

She felt the tears prick her eyes as she slowly stroked his light brown hair, smoothing it down as he lay there with his head against her chest. She laid her cheek against his soft hair, his legs intertwined with hers as his heat soaked into her.

This was so wrong. After tonight, nothing would happen between them. Her big brother, Shawn, would have a coronary. But she’d have this memory forever.

Kyle Davenport groaned as he stirred a little. He slowly opened his eyes, trying to fight the headache that was forming right above his eyes. He glanced around and saw Leah cuddling him, panic surged through him. They were both naked. What had he done? Shawn was going to kill him. He slowly untangled himself from his best friend's little sister. He yanked on his clothes quickly, pulled the blanket that was hanging over the matching chair to the couch and covered her up gently.

He grazed her cheek with his knuckles. "I'm sorry, Lee. I'm so sorry," he whispered, bent down, pressing his lips to hers then left. His heart ached just as much as his head, but if he didn't show up to talk to Shawn and Davis, he'd be in deep shit.

He gazed back at the tiny yellow house, then headed to his Harley and took off. The attraction between him and Leah had always been dangerous, but she was the one whom he could always count on and now, he'd ruined it like a jackass.

He tore through the streets to head to the Agency. He took a deep breath as he pulled into the parking lot of the mostly glass building. He had to keep his cool and act normal, like nothing happened. As he walked in he found Shawn and Davis standing with the head of Alpha Securities, Director Cunningham. Shawn and Davis were both scowling.

"About time you got here," Shawn growled out.

"Sorry, something came up. I'm here now, so what's the plan?"

"To try to keep Leah out of this." Shawn shot a scowl at their boss.

"What, why? She's the best, Shawn." Man, wasn't she, she had come so alive in his arms just a little bit ago and he

was already wanting her back in his arms, wrapped around him.

“And overworked, I had to make her leave just to get a little bit of sleep tonight.”

He grimaced inwardly, and here he'd gone to her house, seeking the comfort she gave him. “Who's Cunningham on the phone with?”

“He's trying to get a hold of Lee now,” Shawn answered, calling Leah her childhood nickname.

Kyle groaned, why did he do what he did? She didn't deserve to wake up alone and yet he was letting her.

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Leah jerked away when her phone began to ring. “Kyle?” she called out, but he didn't answer. She found her phone. “Director?”

“Leah, I need you to come back in, right now,” the deep voice demanded.

She closed her eyes tightly. “I'm on my way, sir.” She hung up the phone and dragged her clothes back on, ran to her room and got a bra on, and pulled the hoodie over her that almost swallowed her. Maybe that's where Kyle was and why he left. She had to act like nothing had happened. She threw her hair into a bun, grabbed her glasses and bag, then headed to her black truck.

She felt, empty inside, she had hoped things had changed between Kyle and her. Of course, it couldn't happen, she was never going to be in his league, but why had he come over, cuddled her the way he had, and made love to her? Because he was a little drunk. She should have stopped it, but foolishly she hadn't.

She pulled into the parking lot of Alpha Securities, threw the truck in park as she stared at the secured glass

building. The only things that got her a job here was Shawn and the Davenports, yet they always babied her.

Just the way Shawn had when he forced her to leave to get a few hours of sleep. She was in over her head with items she needed to analyze for AS but everything was crucial and important.

Not many knew what AS did, but they were a special forces team that investigated people who were thought to be traitors to the country. That included some deaths when they were connected to the men who were trying to sell guns illegally and intel.

Lately a lot of things were coming at them and Leah couldn't work enough hours or fast enough to break all the codes coming into their grasp. But she couldn't break them yet and she knew she was letting her team down.

She jumped when she heard the rap on her window. She glanced over to see Agent Herz standing beside her truck. She opened the door slowly and slid out. "Agent Herz."

"Leah, you okay? Didn't big brother send you home?"

"Um, yeah he did, but they needed me back, so here I am." She tried to walk past the tall, skinny, dark complected man but he placed a hand against her truck, blocking her path. "Do you need something, Agent Herz?" She shot her gaze up to the dark brown eyes of his, they were so dark they were almost black and made her skin crawl a little.

"Yeah, I wanted to talk to you earlier, before Shawn sent you home, to ask if you would want to get something to eat. The offer still stands."

Leah backed up the other way but Herz blocked her with his other arm. "I'm sorry, I have work to do, I have to go." She went to sneak under his arm but he grabbed her,

pressing her up against the truck a little rougher than necessary. She glared at the fellow agent of AS.

She gripped his hand and bent his arm back. “I said I have to go.” She managed to step around him and headed for the entrance, where she scanned her ID and fingerprint. The glass door slid open, she rushed in and froze when she saw Kyle with his arms wrapped around a tall, leggy blonde, who was in heels and a shorter than necessary skirt.

Like nothing happened between them, it’s what had to be, but the pain still sliced through her naive, kind heart. She rushed past them to go to her domain, where she never should have come out from.

Agent Cooper was closer to her age, the only differences were, she was actually an agent, not some forensic tech and not the little sister who needed babied.

She heard her name but she just kept walking, pulling her phone out. “Director, I’m here.”

“I’ll meet you in the lab.”

Leah let out a sigh. “Yes, sir.” She headed to the steps and began the descent down the brick steps. It was where she belonged, beneath everyone. Sheltered away from everything. She never should have let Kyle in.

As she rushed down the steps a voice called again.

“Leah!” Her arm was grabbed and she was pulled back to face the huge man she’d given everything to a few short hours earlier. “Leah, you need to know Shawn’s already down there, and he’s not happy.”

“Yeah, thanks.” She pulled away from the man who had broken her heart so many times now. She rushed away from him. She had to get her act together before she saw Shawn. He’d know something was wrong.

She flew into her lab and stopped dead when her eyes

landed not only on Shawn, but Davis Davenport and the Director.

She felt someone plow into her, sending her forward, but then a pair of thick, strong arms wrapped around her waist and shoulders pulling her back against the toned, broad chest she had been able to explore with her hands earlier.

“Let go, Kyle,” she began as she nudged him away from her and moved further into her lab. Her gaze darted to the three men in front of her. “What’s going on?”