Billionaire Bodyguard

by Alison Reid

Her phone buzzed, cutting through the quiet.

"Ms. Miller," said the receptionist's voice over the line, polite but vaguely uneasy. "There's a Mr. Chad Morgan here to see you."

Violet's entire body went still.

She hadn't misheard. Couldn't have.

Chad Morgan.

The name hit her like a blow, sudden and sharp, ricocheting off the past and slamming her back into a memory she'd buried five years deep.

What the hell was he doing here?

Her fingers gripped the edge of her desk, breath stalling in her chest.

The last time she'd seen Chad; he'd looked her in the eyes and told her he didn't want her. She'd walked away from him, pride burning through the pain. Walked out with his taste still on her lips, with the echo of a kiss that had wrecked her for months. They had barely touched—but God, it had been everything.

And now he was here?

She should tell reception to send him away.

She should refuse to see him, keep her armour intact, let the years and bitterness do their job.

But instead—dammit—curiosity tugged at her like a thread unravelling something she wasn't ready to face.

Her voice came out cool, clipped. "Send him in."

She ended the call and stood before she could second-guess herself, smoothing her hands over her navy pencil skirt. She caught her reflection in the glass wall—composed, professional, sharp as ever—but her pulse was a wildfire beneath her skin.

A moment later, the door opened.

And there he was.

Chad Morgan.

Broader than she remembered. Harder, somehow—his presence more carved than chiseled, like life had taken a scalpel to him instead of a sculptor's hand. That same unreadable intensity lived in his eyes, the kind that made you feel seen—and judged—without a single word.

He wore dark pants and a fitted black shirt, the top button undone as always. No tie. No pretence. Just lethal confidence wrapped in clean lines and quiet power. The clothes were tailored to perfection, but it was the man inside them who made the air in her office feel too thin.

Still impossibly composed.

Still maddeningly calm.

Still the man who had kissed her like she was the only thing in the world that had ever made him feel anything.

Her throat tightened.

"Violet," he said, his voice like smoke—low, smooth, and entirely uninvited.

She didn't move. Didn't blink. Just stared him down, let him see the ice she'd forged over old wounds. Let him feel the chill she'd sharpened for five long years.

"Why are you here?" she asked, her tone flat, clipped, lethal.

His jaw flexed. "Lance came to see me yesterday."

She blinked.

And just like that, her balance shifted. The ground beneath her tilted, ever so slightly.

Chad's eyes dropped to the bouquet on her desk. "It's about that."

His gaze darkened, his whole posture tightening like a storm was about to break.

She didn't wait for more.

"Get out, Chad," she snapped, her voice rising. "I don't need your help. And I sure as hell don't need your protection."

* * * * * * * *

The wind was nearly knocked out of his lungs.

There she was.

Tall. Strong. God, so beautiful it almost hurt to look at her. The kind of beauty that didn't just turn heads—it stole breath, rewired memories, haunted dreams. But it wasn't just her looks that hit him like a punch to the chest—it was the fire in her eyes, the strength in her posture, the way she held herself like no one would ever knock her down again.

She had changed.

But so had he.

And yet, in that split second, standing in her office doorway, he was thirty again—aching, unworthy, and utterly undone by Violet Miller.

He had an almost violent urge to walk right up to her and kiss her. Not just because he wanted her—he always had—but because he needed to tell her the truth. That he had lied that night. That he had been scared, broken, convinced he had nothing to offer her but damage and regret.

He wanted to tell her that not a day had passed when he hadn't thought about her. Wondered if she was okay. Wondered if she hated him. Hoped she did—because it made it easier.

But he couldn't.

And he wouldn't.

Not when she was looking at him like that. Like he was the last man she ever wanted to see walk through her door.

So, he held the words back. Buried them deep, where they'd lived all these years.

Because this wasn't about his guilt or his longing.

This was about keeping her safe—even if she hated him for it.

"You do need it, and I promised Lance, I would keep you safe."

She turned away, arms crossed, staring out the window like it was easier to face the skyline than him. "You can go," she said flatly. "I was curious about why you were here. I now know. But I don't want you anywhere near me."

"Tough," Chad said, voice low.

She spun around. "Excuse me?"

"I said tough," he repeated, nodding toward the roses on her desk. "These gifts you've been getting. Classic stalker behaviour. You're in danger, even if you don't want to admit it."

"I can take care of myself."

He stepped closer, jaw tight. "Can you? If I walked over there right now and grabbed you—could you fight me off? Do you know self-defence? Do you carry a weapon?"

Her chin lifted, defiant. "I don't need to. Because no one is going to do that. Especially not you."

For a moment, silence crackled between them—charged, electric.

His voice softened, but the intensity didn't waver. "No. Not me. But someone out there might. And you need to be ready for that."

A knock interrupted the tension.

"Come in," she called, without looking away.

The door opened and a young man stepped in, holding a cup of coffee. "Hey, boss—great job this morning. I brought you the coffee I owed you." He paused when he spotted Chad. "Oh, sorry. Didn't realise you had company."

Violet turned to him, her whole face lighting up. "Thanks, Damien. You didn't have to."

That smile—warm, easy, unguarded—hit Chad like a punch to the chest.

She'd never smiled at him like that.

"Anytime," Damien said, setting the cup gently on her desk.

"Thanks for the coffee, Damien," she said again, her voice softer now, the smile still lingering on her lips.

Damien cast a quick glance at Chad—curious, maybe a little wary—before slipping back out the door.

Chad didn't move. His jaw clenched, something sharp and unfamiliar twisting in his gut.

Jealousy. Possessiveness. Regret.

He wasn't sure which felt worse.

Not because the guy had brought her coffee. But because—for a moment—he'd seen the version of her that used to exist before he ruined everything.

She turned her eyes on him, the warmth from moments ago wiped clean. "You can go now, Chad. I can't say it was a pleasure seeing you again. I'll call Lance and tell him to stop worrying. And you—you can go back to forgetting I exist."

"No."

Her brows lifted. "No?"

"I told you—Lance is worried. And honestly, after seeing how quick you are to brush this off, I am too. You need to take this seriously."

"What? Because someone sent me flowers? Because they're interested? That's not a crime, Chad. They haven't threatened me. Haven't done anything but be… polite."

She didn't tell him about the tightness in her chest when she read the note. Didn't mention how the roses—lush, crimson, and pristine—had started to feel less like affection and more like surveillance. Like someone was keeping score. Watching. But she wasn't about to admit that. Not to him. Not after everything.

She didn't want him here.

Not when just looking at him reminded her of the kiss she never forgot.

Not when the sound of his voice still echoed in the part of her that remembered what it felt like to want him.

Chad stepped closer, his tone calm but firm. "This isn't about someone liking you. It's about patterns. You win a case this morning, and by the afternoon, there's a bouquet of roses with a personalised note. I'm guessing it mentioned the verdict."

She said nothing, but the silence was enough.

"That's not flattery, Violet. That's fixation. That's someone tracking you."

She crossed her arms, jaw tight. "Still doesn't mean I need you."

His jaw ticked. When he spoke again, his voice was quieter. "I know you don't want me here. I earned that. But this isn't about us."

"There is no us, Chad. There never was," she snapped.

For a moment, silence stretched between them.

He looked at her—really looked—and she caught the flicker of pain behind the practiced calm. The crack in the armour.

"You think I don't regret how I left things? You think I haven't replayed that day a thousand times, wishing I'd handled it differently?"

"Don't." Her voice hitched before she could catch it. She turned away quickly. "Please. Just go."

Chad's hand hovered in the air between them. He didn't touch her. He never would again.

"I won't leave you alone," he said quietly. "Even if you hate me."

And then he turned, striding for the door.

Violet's breath was unsteady as he stepped through it.

The second it clicked shut behind him, she sank into her chair, face buried in her hands, fighting against the emotions threatening to overwhelm her.

Chad Morgan was back.

And everything she thought she had buried was rising to the surface.

Click here to Buy or Read for FREE with Kindle Unlimited

👉 Billionaire Bodyguard