

My Secret Guardian

By

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With one hand tucked into my pink panties, a slender finger grinding my sensitive button, I gaze down at the patio from my floor-to-ceiling bedroom windows as the sun is rising over the misty mountains of the dense jungle surrounding our hidden home in the Caribbean country of beautiful Belize.

My mother, Alvara Silva, is performing her habitual sunrise yoga. Her brunette hair, wet from her morning swim, reaches down her lean back to the crack of her round rump. I chew my lower lip, panting with passion, as I admire her bubbled buns bisected by her scarlet thong bikini.

Since my stepfather is away on business, as usual, I'm alone in our large luxurious house and therefore I do not withhold my whimpering whines. I greedily grope one of my perky peaks, pinching a budded nipple, as I adore my mother's big buoyant bosoms while also envying her voluptuousness.

I suppose I take after my birth father since I look nothing like my mother. My hair is strawberry blonde and my eyes are sapphire. My skin tone is alabaster while my mother's is olive. I'm profoundly petite with bantam breasts and an adorable apple-bottom, so basically my mother's opposite.

Our personalities are also divergent. She is a sensual seductress and I'm as timid as a tarsier. Those cute little primates with the big eyes. My stepfather bought me one as a birthday gift but all it does is sleep all day in the trees of our peristyle garden courtyard.

As my mother ascends into a lotus headstand pose, she catches me gawking at her.

I rip my hand from my panties to give her a slight wave as my cheeks flush red with embarrassment. Thankfully, I don't think she realizes what I was doing. I would be mortified, otherwise.

She smirks up at me while holding her inverted pose.

I smile shyly, standing there in nothing but my underwear, and step away from the window, feeling frustrated since I was so near to orgasm. Scampering into my bathroom, I peel off my soiled panties and step into the shower.

Pulling the detachable showerhead down, I twist it to the massage setting and then spread my nether lips with two fingers to expose my clit. I lean back against the wall and shut my eyes as I hold the pulsing showerhead close to my crotch and moan toward the ceiling.

I envision my mother kissing my mouth with gluttonous groans as she rubs my tiny bundle of nerves with pressured circles of a soft fingertip. I imagine the terrific taste of her teasing tongue and the feel of her firm breasts pressed against my own. I relish the thought of squeezing and splaying her plump but taut cheeks as I wallow in her ardent affectation.

My slim legs tremble as I picture my mother sinking into a stoop to seal her luscious lips around my swollen and throbbing nub and I cry out with rapture as I convulse with climax!

My mother serves me an omelet at the marble patio table, still wearing her skimpy scarlet bikini, and I remark, "It smells delicious. Thanks, Mom."

She sits down next to me even though she already drank her breakfast protein shake. "You know, Zara, if you're going to wake up early enough to watch me, you might as well join me. I wouldn't mind teaching you."

"I'd probably break my neck. You know I'm *tragically* uncoordinated."

"That's only because you lounge all day every day with your nose in a book."

"We live in the middle of nowhere, so I don't have much else to do." The library is my life. I'm homeschooled and I'm not allowed to leave the property.

"It's a shame you have the body of a ballerina and yet you refuse to develop the grace or rhythm."

"What would be the point?" I frown. "I'm not even allowed to use social media. No one would ever see."

"You know your stepfather's work makes both of us targets. It's for your own protection."

"I know, Mom. You only remind me every five minutes."

She snorts. "Exaggerate much, sweetheart?"

I retort, "Overprotective much, Mom?"

"Your safety is my priority."

"No siblings and no friends. I'm a lone prisoner here."

She tucks my hair behind an ear. "I'm your friend."

I scoff, "You're my warden."

"Okay," she sighs with surrender, rolling her emerald eyes, "let's take a trip into town."

I embrace her with excitement. "Thank you, Mom, thank you!"

After scarfing down my omelet, I race inside and upstairs to my bedroom to change. I put on a fuchsia bandeau bikini top with matching boyshorts, pull on a peach crochet short-dress, and slip on a pair of beach sandals. Then tie my hair up into pigtails with pink bows.

I meet my mother in the triple garage with beach towels and a cooler of drinks for the long drive. She's wearing a sheer lace cream kimono over her scarlet bikini with her hair tied up into a loose ponytail. I'm sure I'll be utterly invisible standing next to her.

She pinches my pale cheeks. "You look absolutely adorable, sweetheart."

I can't help but glower. "And you look like a Sports Illustrated Swimsuit model, Mom."

"I'll ignore your disapproving tone and take the compliment, Zara."

"Sorry, Mom, I'm just jealous."

"Well, you shouldn't be because you're cute as a bunny. Plus, you're not finished growing."

"Oh, *please*, I'll never be a buxom babe like you."

"Beauty comes in all sizes."

"Easy for you to say," I grimace, "Miss Double D's."

"Actually, they are triple D's."

I deadpan, "I hate you."

She laughs. "Don't be spiteful."

I stomp over to the black armored Jeep Wrangler and climb into the passenger seat. Once my mother starts the engine, I put the bulletproof window down to enjoy the breeze and tune the satellite radio to a pop station. Kicking off my saddles, I put my dainty feet up on the dash to relax.

An hour later, I'm drifting off when my mother slams on the brakes and jerks the wheel hard, skidding the jeep around the opposite direction!

She floors the gas pedal, burning rubber on the asphalt. "Put up your window now!"

Shivering with shock, I obey. "Mom, what is going on?!"

A spattering burst of bullets ricochet off the rear window and I duck my head between

my knees in fright!

The rumble of a motorcycle zooming up beside my window triggers my mother to careen the jeep, smashing into it and I scream in horror!

Another barrage of bullets pepper the rear window and my mother veers off the two-lane highway onto a rutted dirt road into the dense jungle.

"They're only hired scouts, which means our home is uncompromised. I've got to take them out before they can report back to the real threat."

"Mom," I cry, "what the fuck are you talking about?!"

"I'll explain once we're safe. Lock the doors after I get out and don't leave the jeep for any reason."

"No, Mom, don't get out!"

"Trust me, Zara, it's okay. I could handle these amateur mercs with my hands tied."

"Mom, you're not fucking Rambo!"

"No, sweetheart, I'm much worse." She skids to a stop, smacks it into park, leaps out, and slams the door before disappearing into the brush.

Trembling with terror, I lock the doors as a truck full of men come to a halt behind the jeep and they all pile out.

I slap a palm over my gaping mouth in shock as my bikini-clad mother lands atop the truck as if she leapt from a treetop. Barefoot, she kicks a man in the face and his head twists around and he crumbles into a heap as she flips off the truck.

She moves so fast she becomes a motion blur of spinning knees and flying elbows. Each of the men drops with snapped necks without managing to fire a single shot. What the fuck is happening?!

My mother tosses their bodies into the truck as if they were made of straw. She drives the truck around the jeep farther down the road and into the jungle.

I chew my thumb and rock on the edge of my seat until she returns on foot ten minutes later. Unlocking the doors to let her in, I notice that she's breathing normally and she hasn't even broken a sweat!

"Sorry, sweetheart, no beach today." She turns us around and heads back onto the highway.

"Mom, *seriously*, what the fuck?!"

"I know you're upset but there's no need for vulgarity. You're better than that, Zara."

"Mom," I pound my fists on the dash, "how did you do that to them?!"

"Calm down, sweetheart, I'll explain. Let's get home safe first."

I balk, "Shouldn't we go to the embassy in Belmopan?!"

"No, they can't help us."

"Why can't they help us?!"

She strokes my head reassuringly. "Because they're ridiculously unequipped to deal with any nonhuman threat."

I'm still shaking when my mother sits me down on the sofa in our living room and gives me a hot cup of chamomile tea.

"Zara, sweetheart," she purrs, "I have a lot to tell you and all of it is going to be shocking."

"Mom, *please*, just tell me."

“First of all,” she sighs regretfully, “I’m not your mother.” She presses a finger to my lips, stifling my response. “I’ve cared for you since birth and I love you as if you were my own daughter, but we’re not even the same species and I’m not capable of reproduction.”

“What are you talking about?!”

“I was genetically engineered with enhanced strength, speed, and stamina to be an elite warrior. Your true parents were executed.”

Tears pouring down my flushed face, I hurl my teacup, shattering it against the wall. “You are my mother and I will never believe otherwise!”

She gets down on her knees, prostrating herself before me. “You are the last decedent of a royal family and I am your protective guardian. Your birth father, the king, placed you under my care before our kingdom was conquered. I brought you to this world to keep you hidden.”

“Why don’t I remember any of this bullshit you’re spouting?!”

“You were only an infant. If I hadn’t insisted on sleeping in your nursery, I never would have gotten you out when the attack ensued. Your siblings weren’t so fortunate. One of the threats we are facing is shape-shifting reptilians.”

I rise from the sofa, standing over her, fists white-knuckled. “If this sci-fi shit is true then show me the spaceship that got us here!”

“We didn’t travel through space. We traveled from another dimension.”

I stomp my heel infuriated. “Show me the dimension ship!”

“Princess, you’re looking at her.”

“*What*, you’re a fucking ship?!”

“No, I’m not, but I am capable of dimensional travel.”

“Then take me to another fucking dimension to prove it!”

“The chance of fragmenting your mind is far too great.”

“How did you do it when I was a baby?!”

“An infant’s mind is undeveloped.”

“Then prove it another way!”

“Princess, you’ve already seen my enhanced abilities with the scouts.”

“Stop calling me princess and get up off your knees!”

She ascends to her feet. “Zara, please, you must believe. What possible reason could I have to lie to you?”

I sob, “I don’t know!”

She opens her arms to me and I throw myself into to them, crying hysterically. She pecks my crown with gentle kisses of tender affectation.

I cry into her bosom as she holds me tight. “I don’t care who or what you are, you’ll always be my mother to me!”

Taking my chin between thumb and forefinger, she tilts my head to join our gazes. “You can still think of me as your mother but you must understand that I’m bound to obey your commands unless they endanger your life. It is an extraordinary honor to be your humble servant.”

This is the end of the free preview of [My Secret Guardian](#).
The full story is available for purchase at most major eBook retailers.
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