

MM-CC

The kindergartners had calmed down for the moment, but not for long. Something needed to be done before there was another accident.

“I beg your pardon,” he said, his eyes narrowing. There he went again, the officer had looked him up and down.

Was he undressing him or was it just Nicholas’s wild imagination and the fact that he hadn’t gotten laid in months?

Walking over to the first batch of kids, Officer Dean pointed at them. “You and you, sit down.”

Without a moment’s hesitation, the kids did what they were told. They sat in Indian style with perfect posture, waiting for their next orders.

“You, stop picking your nose... You, stop pulling her hair,” he said, instructing each child what to do. The little tykes’ eyes widened, but they obeyed.

The teacher’s assistant was visibly flustered, his arms alternating from being crossed and down by his sides. “Officer, I don’t think it’s your place to—”

“—And you,” said Dean, taking the crying little girl from the teacher’s assistant’s arms. “You know better, ladybug.”

Nicholas crossed his arms. “It’s not your right to—”

“Okay, Daddy,” the little girl said, hugging his neck as he kissed her on the forehead.

His daughter was a handful, but she should have known better. This behavior was never tolerated at home.

The young teacher’s assistant’s mouth was agape. Dean shot him a wink. “Yes?”

The shocked look on his flawless face was priceless, but all he could think of was how he had to get to know this man.

[SHOULD YOU APOLOGIZE? CLICK HERE.](#)

[SHOULD YOU KEEP YOUR PRIDE AND NOT SAY A WORD? CLICK HERE](#)