



MY BROTHER'S LOCKSMITH FRIEND

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**MY BROTHER'S
LOCKSMITH FRIEND**

CONKLIN COUNTY DADDIES: BOOK 3

LENA LITTLE

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PREVIEW

Helping Havana Bradley, my friend and associate's younger sister, break into a stranger's home goes against my code of ethics as a locksmith.

However, not helping this *little girl* find jewelry stolen from her apartment by a shady plumber goes against my code of ethics as a man.

I'll do whatever it takes to make sure she gets back what belongs to her, even if that means confronting someone dangerous from my past.

Anyone who messes with this young, innocent beauty has to deal with me. And anyone who's lived in Conklin County long enough knows better than to want to be on the receiving end of a Haven's wrath.

Nothing and no one will stop me from keeping her safe in her home...or in my bed. I just have to show her how a real man treats his girl, pump her full with my seed, and prove to her that the best place to be...is by my side.

I sense on a primal frequency that she's already mine...even before our mouths even touch.

Us Haven men don't half-ass things. We go big or go home.

And for Havana?

I'm all in.

F*ck everything else.

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R *RRIINNNGGG!!!*
What the hell is it this time?

It's close to midnight when my phone rings.

The life of a locksmith is interesting and never-ending. There isn't a feeling of panic pushing me out of bed, but the possibility of booking an emergency overnight fee to help someone locked out of their car gets me to sit up.

The number flashing on my phone pops up with a picture of a blonde girl with pigtails, and it takes a minute for me to read Havana's name. I answer the call immediately because her brother, Brody, is one of my good friends. He takes bodyguard gigs for my company, and I know he's out of town for the next 18 months.

"Yeah, baby girl." I try to mask the fact she's waking me up from a good night's sleep.

But she understands from the tone of my voice, saying, "Aww. I'm sorry, Mr. Haven. I didn't mean to wake you up."

"Just call me Hendrix," I tell her because calling me Mr. Haven makes me feel much older than the 37 I actually am. "What do you need?"

My mind immediately wishes she says me and this tool I've been wanting to sink into her sweet pussy for a while now. But I'm the kind of man that's going to show up for her no matter what. She needs me, and it's a feeling I can't let go.

“I lost my key in a sewer grate and my landlady isn’t answering the phone. Can you help me get back into my apartment?” She’s begging, and I’m not going to turn her down.

“Anything for you, baby girl. Text me your location. I’ll be there soon.” I end the call and throw on some clothes. It only takes me a few minutes to hop in my truck to reach Havana. She’s standing on a corner down the street from some bar.

I get out of my truck, watching her as people walk up and down the street. The bar must have just let out as guys shout things at her while she stands near the spot where she lost her keys.

Blonde hair falls down to her elbows. Her phone is in one hand while she uses the other to tug down one side of an extremely short dress. She swipes one side of her hair over her shoulder as she looks up and down the street, waiting for me. I won’t keep her waiting.

By the time I hit the median, she spots me, waves with so much energy the low neckline of her dress lets me see her cleavage move up and down. Jesus. Havana Bradley is simply gorgeous and dangerous for my sanity.

When Brody showed up with her in my office, I could feel the floor rushing up to meet me.

I have never seen anyone more beautiful than her in my life. It’s a face and body that demands appreciation. And it’s not even just her beauty. There’s an innocence in her that turns me feral, makes me go crazy with need. The need to have her. The need to make her mine. The primal instinct to strangle anyone who touches her. Because fact is, she belongs to me now.

As I watched her, the whole package stiffened my dick into a crowbar. She saw the tent in my pants, widened her eyes, and gave me a knowing look.

That meeting started this little dance, with her pushing my buttons and testing my wafer-thin control.

The minute I’m within earshot, she starts talking. “I’m sorry to get you out of bed so late. I didn’t know who else to call, but

this is where they fell.”

Before I can tell her not to worry about it, she bends over to flash the light of her phone into the sewer cover. Her dress rises in the back to partially reveal the bottom of her ass, forcing me to get behind her so she stops exposing herself to everyone around us.

I tell her, “Baby girl, you got your pussy on display. Come on now. Don’t make me shoot nobody out here tonight.”

She snaps herself upright and reaches behind to pull her dress down and then back to the front to pull her dress up.

My curiosity gets the better of me as I ask her, “Why you got that napkin on and you don’t have someone to make sure you get home safe?”

“How do you know I didn’t have someone to get me home?” she asks.

“Because I’m here and if you *did* have someone, you don’t anymore. No man in his right mind should leave you out here dressed in that on your own. Let’s get you home.”

There’s a tug in my gut that home means with me, but for now, it doesn’t. I make sure she gets back to her building, and we head up to her third-floor apartment. It doesn’t take me long to fashion a quick replacement key to let her inside.

The aroma of apple pie hits me as soon as she opens the door. Havana holds it open for me to step inside. Dark hardwood floors travel throughout the space, with her living room and kitchen taking up the entire front room of the apartment. There’s a small hallway leading to a linen closet, bathroom straight ahead, and her bedroom on the right.

She tosses her shoes off and shrinks down to her 5’2 height, switching her slim hips in that tiny ass dress, telling me, “Brody’s left a few beers in the fridge if you want one, Hendrix. It’s not much in payment, but it’s my thank you for coming out in the middle of the night.”

“Why is there still beer here? Brody’s been on the road for nearly a month now.”

She ducks inside her room and comes back out wearing nothing but her panties and a matching bra. Shit, she's a bad little girl teasing me like this. And she knows it.

"I'm only 19 and beer is not my drink of choice, Hendrix. I like sweet tea more than anything."

I find myself laughing as she pops a bottle open, handing it to me. Now, she's trying to get me drunk. It's cold, crisp, and goes down smooth. My eyes drag my gaze from her feet up to those lace panties, which give me an eyeful of her soft pink pussy that has my dick waking up.

Licking my lips, I find my voice. "Sweet, indeed. I need to get out of here before I get myself into trouble with a 19-year-old."

She shrugs, saying, "You can stay here if you want. I mean you shouldn't drink and drive. You wouldn't want to set a bad example for me, would you?"

"Baby girl, you have no idea what you're asking for. If I sleep here, you should know ain't much sleep gonna happen."

"We don't have to sleep. We can do whatever you want, Hendrix."

Well, fuck.

I down my beer before closing the gap between us. My hands reach down over her, behind her, grabbing her by the ass and hoisting her into my arms in a way she has to wrap her legs around me. My erection is tight against my jeans, pushing against her crotch as I carry her from the kitchen, down the short hallway, and into her bedroom.

I lay her down on the bed, hovering over, just watching those bold blue eyes scan my face for answers. I lick my lips and move down, licking hers. She moans and I kiss her, tipping my head sideways to get better leverage. My tongue slips inside her mouth, diving in and out until I'm about ready to slide out of my jeans.

My hand dips down between her thighs and cups the center. Her eyes widen and she gasps. It makes me wonder. "How many people have touched this pussy?"

“Just you,” she pants as I rub my fingers over her center through her panties.

I blow out a long breath over my shoulder before turning to face her. A fucking virgin. Shit. This girl is so close to unleashing the beast within me. A beast that I’ve been trying my damndest to keep at bay.

I push myself off of her and step back. “We can’t do this tonight. You ain’t ready for this cock, and I need you to be ready for what comes with giving me that sweet tea of yours.”

She huffs and pouts. “So I’m just supposed to go to sleep feeling ready to explode?”

“Take a cold shower,” I tell her with a smile. “I’m going to go home and take ten of ‘em. Being with me is forever, baby girl. That, and I don’t have the time to break that pussy in right. I got an early day tomorrow. When I take that first sip, I wanna drink you all day. Take a shower and get some rest. We’ll talk about this tomorrow when I get off work.”

I sense her frustration, but it’s damn near two in the morning. I don’t want to leave her, but I want to be sure there’s enough time to treat her the way she’s supposed to be treated. I want her first time with me to be at my house anyhow.

Still, I lean down to give her one more kiss before standing back to take in what I’m walking away from.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, Hendrix,” she says with a smile.

“Yes, you will, baby girl. Yes, you will.”

HAVANA

The longer I look at the minutes ticking away on my phone, the longer I don't feel like moving off my bed to go to work.

There's nothing waiting for me at that clothing boutique except a manager who thinks they're running some high-end store in New York City.

So when the incessant pounding at my front door forces me to start moving, I have hope that it's a reason for me to call out. Maybe it's Hendrix coming back to finish what we started last night. I needed a 20-minute ice-cold shower to get the tension out of my body long enough for me to go to sleep.

Hendrix Haven is by far the sexiest man I've ever seen in my life. With his rugged good looks, I was all but panting the first time I saw him. Dear Lord. Everything about him screams masculine. But...my brother does contract work with him, so I'd never want to jeopardize Brody's situation by throwing myself at his boss. At least, that was my initial plan.

Only, I see how much he wants me—from the way he looks out for me to the way his eyes devour me every chance they get. Each time he does, my insides twist and I feel like melting into a puddle on the floor. No one has ever looked at me that way. And it does something to me—not just something but a lot of things.

That forever stuff he spoke about makes me think about those couples on social media celebrating their 10th, 20th, and 30th anniversaries. That's going to be us in a few decades. I'm sure

of it. I just need Hendrix to understand that I feel this way too. I want him to let go of the notion I don't know what I'm asking for. I know exactly what I want and that's Hendrix. Him and only him.

Eagerness fills my legs as I move through my small one-bedroom apartment toward the front door where I swing it open to see someone who is not Hendrix Haven. Instead of a six-foot locksmith I want making me scream in ecstasy, there's a six-foot greasy-looking guy who I'd cross the street to avoid.

Before I can say anything, my landlady, Lucille, pops her head from behind the man. "Hey, Van. This is Roy. He's going to take a look at the sink and that leak you told me about."

"Um, okay," I sigh and pull out my phone before stepping out of the way to let both of them inside.

While I don't even remember telling her about the leak, it's as good a reason as any to text my manager, telling them I'll be late.

Roy is standing in my small kitchen with his enormous toolbox on the ground. The grimy terry cloth towel he's using to wipe the sweat off his brow drops onto it as he looks at the sink's faucet drip.

My eyes dart between him and Lucille, who looks like she wants him to go as much as I do.

"So, I barely use the sink because it leaves a puddle in the cabinet. I think the dishwasher is fine and the air conditioning unit works when it feels like it," I tell her as the heat decides to double with more people in the intimate space.

"I don't deal with HVAC. Any issues in the bathroom?" Roy's voice sounds like he chews rocks while smoking cigars as he clears his throat and eyes me from head to toe. The grin spreading across his face makes me want to kick him out, but I'm going to let him do his job.

"The shower drips," I tell him, looking at Lucille as he makes his way through the apartment and into the only bathroom, just outside my bedroom door. I turn to Lucille and whisper, "Why

didn't you tell me you were coming this morning? And who is this guy?"

"Van, I sent you an email and I emailed Brody, too. This is Roy Jonas. He's agreed to go over the entire building and fix all the small things before I have him tackle the stuff in the basement. He's going to be the guy you call in case of emergencies," she says.

Like hell I'm calling this guy when I have Hendrix's number.

I can't help but feel skeptical. He's not in a uniform or anything, just a regular guy you'd see at a bar. A guy who's moving around in the back of my apartment but stops just before entering my bedroom because my eyes are following him with every move he makes. He steps back into the bathroom where I hear him moving the shower curtain and fussing with the faucets.

"Okay, but is he like an actual plumber or is this someone trying their best to be useful?"

"Actually, I own Lay Pipe Plumbing off Reading Road," Roy says from behind me and I instantly want to crawl back into bed. He hands me a business card, licking his lips, and tells me, "You can come by the shop and check it out any time. I actually stay in the back apartment if you want to check that out too."

"Roy, leave that girl alone. She's only 19-"

"Lucille," I call her name to stop her from volunteering any more personal information about me than he needs to know.

"Freshly legal," he chuckles. "You must taste delicious."

Please hurry up and leave. I wish Hendrix were here, but no, he has to work all day.

"I'm rotten on the inside," I reply, with disgust piercing through every syllable.

"Well, if you need me to clean your rotten pipes, feel free to come by the shop." Roy gives me another creepy grin before he moves under my sink and comes back up a few minutes

later. He claims to have fixed everything and leaves with Lucille.

Once they're gone, I check my phone to see the reply from my manager:

No need to come in. Please understand this is your fifth lateness, which violates your employee contract. Your employment is terminated effective immediately. Check will be mailed.

Wow.

Whatever.

I delete the phone number and message, thankful to have a brother who pays the rent, but what about the rest of my bills?

I'll figure something out and look down at the trousers and dress shirt I had to buy just to work in that place. It takes me less than a minute to strip out of them, tossing them onto the doorknob of my bedroom door.

There's a closet directly across from my bedroom that holds a stacked washer and dryer. Instead of leaving the clothes, I grab them to put them into the washer instead. I might as well do laundry to have fresh clothes for the interviews I now need to go on.

That's going to be annoying.

The sound of the shower head dripping brings me into the bathroom where I look around to see what sleazy Roy did in here since the shower is still leaking. My eyes scan the room and stop on the empty soap dish above the sink. Reaching up to clutch my bare neck, a gold necklace I normally wear isn't on me or in the dish.

My mind races to retrace everything I did this morning—from my shower to lying in my bed dreading the long day at a job I no longer have. Lucille and Roy were here for all 15 minutes, and now, my necklace is gone.

It's possible that Roy's slimy energy makes me want to accuse him, so instead of letting my mind run off the rails, I turn my

place inside out looking for the only gift I have from my parents.

My arrival was a surprise to everyone in my family with my brother, Brody, being 17 years older than me. He's always there for me like a father, but the necklace is from one of the few times I remember us being a whole family.

I have to find it.

My apartment is a mess when I leave to find Lucille. I don't want to talk to Roy. After rushing downstairs to her apartment on the first floor and knocking on her door, I see her coming into the building's lobby.

"Hey, Lucille, that guy Roy, the plumber... Uhm, I think he may have taken something from my apartment," I tell her frantically.

"Was it money?" she asks immediately.

"No, a necklace. It was in the bathroom, and now it's gone."

She shrugs, telling me, "Van, let it go. Roy isn't the kind of guy you accuse of things. I'm only doing him this favor because it was *strongly* suggested to me. The only alternative is to grab Brody and have a conversation with Roy. Make sure he's carrying."

Lucille ends the conversation there, leaving me alone to figure out how to get my necklace back. Her advice is great because Brody does carry, especially since he does security jobs. He's the perfect person to confront Roy, but he's also traveling the country as the personal security guard for some movie actress.

I'm not going to bother him with this. It's a million things running through my mind as I make my way back to my apartment. It takes me about an hour to go through the entire place again, throw my clothes in the dryer, and spot the card Roy gave me that morning.

Maybe I can swing by his shop and ask. He likes me and this is going to be a funny story that we can laugh at after he makes a bunch of disgusting jokes that make me want to gag.

It's okay. I can do this. If he says he didn't see it, then I can let it go.

I gather every ounce of courage to bring myself down to Reading Road where I stand in front of Lay Pipe Plumbing, but there's no one here when I arrive. A sign on the door says the plumber is out for the day. There's an entrance around the corner, reminding me that Roy lives in the back apartment. I ring the bell and instantly hope Roy doesn't answer.

A wave of relief washes over me when no one comes to the door. I look at the doorknob and jiggle it a few times. Of course, it isn't open. No one leaves without locking their door.

"Locked out again?" A deep voice that makes my nipples hard asks from behind me, and I know the face and sexy mouth it's coming from.

Spinning around, there he is. All six feet-something inches of Hendrix Haven—my favorite locksmith who kissed me senseless last night and left me stirring with desire. Long black hair stops just under his ears with a trim goatee and brown eyes I can stare at all day.

An audible quiver of my voice comes out before I spit out an absolute lie. "Kinda. It's a friend's place. I stepped out and locked myself out. Can you help me get inside?"

Why in the world is Havana lying to me?

Her energy is skittish, and her eyes are looking everywhere but mine. I'm curious as to what's inside this apartment she wants me to break into, but it has to be important, or else, why involve me?

It takes me about ten minutes to mold the lock and make the key. I have this process down to a science by now. Once we're inside, the stench is the first thing that hits me. The second is the messiness of the entire apartment.

It's a studio with an unmade bed and dishes in the sink. There's a dresser and a tall wardrobe in the corner. The door to the bathroom looks like it's ready to come off the hinges.

Havana's face reveals this is the first time she's been in here, and in that moment, I refuse to let this go on any longer.

"Havana, what's going on, baby girl? Don't lie to me."

She looks around unsure of what to do or what to touch. "I'm sorry, but I just had to get inside here and look around."

"Let's go," I tell her and leave the apartment, being sure to lock the door behind us. The sun is beating down on us as Havana paces in circles. There isn't anyone out here, and from the look of the shop in the front of this apartment, the guy who lives here isn't someone worthy of Havana's company.

"So, are you going to tell me whose apartment you just made me break into?" I ask her. "And, why?"

“Hendrix,” she huffs and shakes her head from side to side. “When I got up this morning, my landlady was at my door with this plumber guy. He lives here. He was in my apartment—”

“In your apartment alone? Or with you?” I ask her.

“Lucille didn’t leave me alone with him in the apartment. He’s a bit of a creep.”

“So you had me break into a creep’s apartment. Why?”

She sighs, “Because I think he took my necklace. My parents gave it to me, and well, it’s the only thing I have of them before everything went to shit. Now this piece of shit took it. Stupid Roy.”

“Roy? He got a last name?”

“Jonas. Lay Pipe Plumbing.” She nudges her chin at the shop in the front of the building. “I really didn’t want to have to deal with him again, but I just couldn’t let it go that he came into my apartment and took something.”

“And you thought he’d come right back here with stolen jewelry to hide it in that shitshow in there?”

“That’s my point. I didn’t know. I don’t know what to do, and I just feel so icky about him being inside of my place.”

“I understand. It’s one of the things I come across in my line of work. People need new locks after old ones get busted during robberies. I knew a guy named Roy Jonas when I was around 16. He got me into some shit that got me sent to jail for a few weeks. If it weren’t for my folks sinking money into some hot-shot lawyer, I would have been held a lot longer.”

“From what my landlady said, this Roy guy is bad news. It sounds like he’s forcing her to use his plumbing services. He doesn’t even look like a plumber. You think this is the same guy?” she asks.

I shrug. “Most likely. Ain’t too many people with the same name running around Conklin. And you’re sure he took it?”

“I turned my entire apartment upside down and can’t find it. Unless you want to come back with me to see for yourself.”

“Maybe a second pair of eyes might do some good. Just in case before I start asking around to see if he’s into stealing jewelry or other things. My guess is if he’s forcing his business on folks like your landlady, he’s got some shady dealings going down.”

Havana sighs and lets me take her back to her place, a few blocks from Roy’s building. I don’t want it to be the same guy, but the chances are high that it is. Karma’s been a long time coming, but I don’t want to end up in jail for putting his face through a wall.

Instead of focusing on what I want to do to this lowlife, I go inside with Havana to help her look for her necklace. She’s right. She’s turned her apartment inside out looking for it and this second pair of eyes isn’t catching a glimpse of anything gold, silver, or otherwise.

After we give the apartment a thorough search, I help her put everything back in its place. She eyes me for a second and approaches me, with her eyes taking in every inch of my body.

I wonder if she’s going to start teasing me again, taunting me into taking her virginity. She smiles, telling me, “Thank you for helping me look. I was kind of hoping that I’d overlooked it and you’d spot it. I guess it’s back to Roy.”

“No. I don’t want you talking to anyone like that on your own. Let me talk to him, baby girl.”

“You’d do that for me?” she asks.

My finger hooks under her chin, lifting her face so she can look me in the eyes as I tell her, “I’ll do anything for you.”

“Anything but make love to me.”

“Watch that mouth of yours, Havana. You’ve already lied to me.”

She blushes, taking a step away from me and heading down the hall to her washer and dryer. “You caught me off guard. I didn’t want to waste the opportunity of having a locksmith right outside a door I needed unlocked. How’d you end up finding me anyway?”

“I was driving by and your hair is something I can’t miss. You’d looked like you needed some help. Now, I don’t mind you using me, but be honest with me, Havana. There’s better ways of solving problems like Roy.”

I watch her pull clothes out of the top machine, until she stops, jerking her arm, but it’s not coming out.

“Well, how about helping me solve the problem of getting my hand out of this dryer? I think my bracelet is stuck.” She jerks her hand again and can’t pull it out. After she reaches inside to feel around, I see the frustration building on her face.

My height gives me the advantage of looking inside to see that it’s indeed stuck. A charm caught in a hole in the drum makes it awkward for her, pushing her onto the tips of her toes but not enough to free herself. Being this close to Havana sets my mind and body on a primitive path.

“You are stuck,” I tell her with a smirk.

“Are you going to help me or not?” she huffs.

I stroke the side of her face, dragging my fingers down her silhouette until it reaches the round curves of her small ass. It’s the perfect size, fitting in the palm of my hand.

“I like you like this. Stuck and at my mercy. You owe me an apology for lying to me, Havana,” I tell her, sliding my hand up and down her ass.

“What would you do to get that out of me? Spank me? Spank me like you’re my Daddy.” She flashes me a wicked grin, flirting with me to rile me up and pushing her ass harder against my hand.

“You are going to do more than make Daddy spank you, baby girl,” I tell her, licking my lips.

I can’t stop myself. I’ve wanted her since I laid eyes on her months ago when Brody brought her around my office. Making myself available to her at any time, day or night. Now, here she is doing her damndest to make me take her virginity.

“Well, go ahead and spank me, Daddy.”

HAVANA

The way I ache for Hendrix to look at me, to touch me, to do everything my highly imaginative mind can imagine doesn't make any sense.

His presence, his body, and his hands command my attention every time he's around... And I don't want to fight the urges burning through my body.

If I can't seduce him, then I'll take my chances angering him to the point where he must do something about it. Something like now.

Hendrix's hand rubs the backside of my jeans, but my hand is stuck in the dryer. When I reach to touch him, he moves out of my reach. Wagging his finger at me, he says, "You don't get to touch me until I say so. Is that understood?"

"Yes."

"Go ahead, say it. Call me Daddy, baby girl."

"Yes, Daddy," I say the words with a ripple of pleasure radiating through my body, and I want him to touch me. I need him to do anything to relieve the pent-up lust that's been building for him ever since I saw him that first time...since he left me pining for him.

"Don't move," he tells me, moving behind me, Hendrix reaches around my waist to undo my jeans. He yanks them down to my knees, and I can see him kneeling behind me. I want to turn around to watch what he's doing. I can only feel the dominating energy pulsing from him.

He moans as he rubs my bare ass cheek, and then I feel the heat of his mouth just before the sharp scrape of his teeth over my skin. It's a tingling sensation that shoots up my back and travels back down to sit between my legs.

"You have no idea how long I've been waiting to taste this sweet pussy of yours, baby girl. But what I won't tolerate is you lying to me or trying to manipulate me into doing what you want. You understand me?"

"Yes, Daddy." My heart is racing and my inner walls clench, tight and release, desperate for him to do something, anything to them since he's so close.

"Good girl. Step out of these." He pulls my jeans down to my ankles for me to step out of them, and before I can set my foot down, Hendrix moves between my thighs. The cold slickness of his tongue quickly heats up as he slides it just over my lacy thong.

When he moves my panties out of the way and slips his tongue inside of me, the noises coming from him make me wet. He's salivating over me, tasting my desire for him and I want him in every way I've never had.

The whimpers he pulls out of me with every swipe of his tongue echo into the dryer. My body is anxious, waiting for more when Hendrix stops. He rises to his feet and takes my free hand, putting it on the erection I never saw him pull out.

"Stroke Daddy's dick, baby girl."

I move my hand over the soft skin covering his thick girth and want to know where this is going. How far is he taking this moment? Am I going to lose my virginity stuck in the dryer?

Hendrix pushes his fingers into my hair from the back of my neck. Wrapping the strands in his fist, he yanks me back, turning my face toward him where he plunges his tongue into my mouth, stealing a kiss that makes my toes curl and my pussy even wetter.

I cry out, his mouth muffling the sounds trying to escape me, as I feel his fingers grazing my slit while I stroke his erection.

I barely feel the moment he reaches inside the dryer to free my bracelet from wherever it was snagged.

No sooner than my hand falls free, Hendrix spins me to face him, scooping me into his arms like he did the night before. Only this time, there's a slim piece of lace separating us. I want to feel him bury himself deep inside of me.

He carries me into the bedroom behind us where he lays me down, hovering over me with a grin spreading across his lips. His mouth smells of my juices. He stands up, letting me take him in as he pulls his shirt off, revealing a six-pack of abs, a muscular hairy chest, and that V-taper of his waist down to his erection. It's too heavy to point straight out, but the pulsing vein alongside it tells me he's ready to do something about it.

"Get over here, baby girl." He's demanding and it's a rush. I move to the edge of the bed on my knees where he takes my shirt between his fingertips, feeling the fabric. "You like this shirt?"

I shrug, "It's just a shirt."

"Hold still," he says as he grabs it from the collar and tears it like a piece of paper. "Pull those titties out for Daddy."

Again, I do what he tells me, taking my bra off and holding my breasts in my hands.

"Rub them, baby girl."

"Like this, Daddy?" I ask him, grabbing and massaging my breasts as he begins to stroke his erection.

"Yeah," he moans. "Just like that. Squeeze those nipples for me too."

I do as he says and he strokes himself faster—faster and faster until he spills his climax onto my chest. The milky white liquid drips between my cleavage where I rub my finger in it, swirling it before tasting it off my finger.

I'm waiting for whatever's about to come next, and I can only hope it's me.

HENDRIX

Watching Havana play with my come gets me hard all over again, but I'm certain about where I want her first time with me to be. Still, I couldn't let this opportunity pass without me tasting her. A tease of what's to come.

My eyes take her in, so young and ready for whatever I want her to do, but before I can take this any further, the sound of my phone ringing pulls us both out of the moment. For a second, I consider not answering it. But it may be an emergency—maybe one of my siblings needs help—so I bite back a curse and grit my teeth.

I take a few steps to grab my jeans from her hallway floor, searching the pockets until I find my phone. An unknown number makes me answer the call, only to find it's an emergency job that I need to take.

"I'm sorry, baby girl. I have to get back to work. Don't worry about your necklace. I'm going to ask around about Roy and see what pops up. Don't talk to him on your own."

"I won't, Daddy," she replies with her eyes begging me to stay.

"Are you going to work today?" I ask her.

Havana sulks and shakes her head. "No. I don't have a job anymore. I had to call in late because Roy showed up and my manager texted me back not to come in and that I was terminated effective immediately."

“I’m sorry, baby girl. I can help you out if you need anything until you decide what you want to do.”

“What do you mean?”

I pull my clothes on and sit beside her on the bed. “If you want to find another job, or if you want to go to school, whatever you want to do. I’ll help take care of you until you figure it out, baby girl.”

“What if all I want to do is you?” She giggles.

I lean over and kiss her gently before it morphs into a passionate embrace where I lean her back onto the bed. My hand slips between her thighs, rubbing between her moist folds before I dip my finger inside of her.

Her body responds immediately to my fingers stroking her walls. She writhes against me with every pump of my fingers speeding up to pull an orgasm out of her before I leave.

She whimpers and rolls her hips into my hand, her walls clenching around my fingers. “That’s right, baby girl. Come all over my fingers. Give it all to Daddy.”

She draws her thighs together as the climax racks her body with tremors. When the vibrations settle, I pull my fingers out of her, sucking on them before I lean in for another kiss.

The fire between us can’t be put out, but when my phone rings again, I know I need to stop this.

“Baby girl, you’re going to make me late. Save this pussy for me and I promise you I’ll take good care of you tonight.”

“You promise?” she says, lust pouring from her eyes and tugging me right in the heart. I want Havana more than anything. It’s not even just the sex. Yes, my body goes haywire when she’s around. Yes, the need to drive myself inside her is already making me crazy.

But fuck it. I want more than that. So much more. I want her in my home. In our home. Not just today but every single day. And I want to bind her to me with a ring and my seed inside her.

“I do. Now, let me get out of here before you make me sell my business to lay up with you forever.” I drag myself out of her bed and leave her apartment.

The late afternoon sun beams brightly, taunting me for being out here instead of inside of Havana. But what’s a man who won’t do his job to make an honest living?

I’m just about ready to hop in my truck when I notice a woman sweeping the area next to the steps leading into the building. She’s a bit older than me, and I can’t help but think she’s Havana’s landlady. After letting my customer know I’ll be there shortly, I approach the woman.

“Afternoon, ma’am,” I greet her with a tip of my head.

“Well aren’t you a tall drink of handsome?” she says, eyeing me from head to toe. It happens more often than not, but my mind never entertains the admiration much. She keeps her smile wide as she speaks. “How can I help you?”

“I want to know about the man you had look at the plumbing in this building,” I tell her.

“Oh,” she frowns. “What’s it to you?”

“Havana Bradley lives here. She told me about a very uncomfortable experience she had this morning with someone who looked at the plumbing in her apartment. Something was taken from her as well.”

The woman sighs. “Roy Jonas. He’s some two-bit hustler masquerading as a plumber.”

“So why hire him to work on the building?” I ask.

“Listen, buddy. I only manage the property. I don’t own it. I was told that he’s going to be handling our plumbing and maintenance for the foreseeable future. He’s to be let in to handle repairs, and I’m not allowed to ask any questions.”

“Can I ask you a question?”

She shrugs, “Sure.”

“If I wanted to have a talk with this Roy fella about some items gone missing, where might I find him?”

“If he’s not in his place on Reading Road, the Blackout bar attracts his types better than shit does flies. I wouldn’t go in there with that pretty face of yours, though,” she chuckles and gets back to sweeping the ground.

I find myself laughing too. “Ma’am, my face may be pretty, but my temper is ugly. As long as Havana is living here, I’m gonna be around fixing up whatever she needs. You make sure Roy knows that, and if he has a problem, he should take it up with Hendrix Haven. I’m sure he’ll know how to find me.”

“Will do, Sir.”

“Take care, ma’am.” I leave the woman to her duties and head off to handle my tasks for the day. My last job ends quickly and I’m anxious to get back to Havana, but I find myself driving toward the Blackout bar. It’s like my body and my fists are on their own mission, but I won’t simply accuse a man of being a thief. I just want to size him up a bit.

The bar is full of people, but many move out of my way as I stroll toward the bartender. I’m ready to ask him questions when I spot an all-too-familiar face. Instead of talking to the bartender, I make my way toward the back tables where my brother, Hayden, is sitting alone.

I slide into the booth to his surprise, but to mine, my beloved sister-in-law, Halo, pops up from under the table and sits beside him.

“You two are something else. What are y’all doing here?” I ask with a laugh.

Halo giggles and moves to give me a kiss on my cheek when I stop her, sliding away. “Halo, please no. I don’t want your mouth on me after you’ve probably had it all over him.”

She only laughs and shakes her head.

“Don’t be disrespectful, Jimi,” Hayden says. “She was just picking up something she dropped. What are you doing here? You looked like you were ready to kill somebody the way you parted the crowd like the Red Sea.”

“Roy Jonas.”

“Yuck, that creepy plumber?” Halo asks.

Hayden turns to her. “Now what do you know about a creepy plumber?”

Halo rubs his arm in a gesture to get him to calm down. “He used to do work at Tony’s place before it got raided. I only had to deal with him once and that was enough for me. He was always peddling cheap jewelry to the dancers and stuff.”

“So he’s known for pushing jewelry and things like that?” I ask her.

She nods. “Yeah, I guess so. He and Tony used to have plenty of talks.”

Hayden interjects. “I don’t like the way this sounds. Why are you looking for this guy? Wait a minute...Roy Jonas. Is this the same asshole that got you locked up on that petty burglary charge?”

“I paid Ma and Pop back every dime for that incident, and I’d rather forget about it.”

He huffs and folds his humongous arms across his chest. Hayden’s a bounty hunter and has a rock-solid body to help him with his job. If he wasn’t my brother, I’d be worried if I ever wound up on his target list.

Hayden looks at me and then at the bartender, signaling for a round to the table. “So why are you looking for Roy, now? Seems a bit far out for karma to be in your sights.”

“He muscled his way into someone’s building. He’s got plans to take over plumbing and maintenance, but he stole something from Havana and I intend to get it back.”

Halo’s smile beams. “Ooh, who is Havana?”

I can’t help but match her smile. “Havana’s everything to me.”

“Does she know what that means coming from a Haven boy?” Halo asks, resting her head against Hayden who kisses the top of her head gently.

“She doesn’t,” I admit. “But she will.”

“You know what this Roy guy looks like?” Hayden asks.

I shake my head. “No, nothing recent, but he’s running his plumbing business off a place on the corner of Madden and Reading Road.”

Hayden nods. “Okay, I’ll run a few checks and see what pops up. If I get a picture, maybe I can get my hands on him before you do.”

“What do you think I’m going to do to the guy?” I chuckle.

“The same thing I’d do if someone like that was messing with Halo. Last thing I’d want to do is bail my baby brother out of jail.”

“No need. I just want to have a talk with him. Honest.”

HAVANA

While I'd already wiped Hendrix off me, I'm in desperate need of a shower. I decide to take a nice long one with the hope of Hendrix coming by just as I'm getting out. Surely, we'll have to finish what we've started earlier.

The water is hot enough, but the pressure is sputtering out droplets. Memories flash of Roy tinkering around in here, but my mind can't remember exactly what he said he did. Did he do anything?

When I reach up to adjust the spray, the entire thing comes off, and water splashes everywhere. I immediately move to shut the water off, but when I turn them to the off position, it falls into the tub and the water is still gushing out of the shower.

I'm soaking wet and not in a good way as I move out of the tub and to my phone. My first instinct is to call Lucille, but all she'll do is call Roy. I don't want him in my apartment ever again. I'll call Hendrix, and hopefully, he knows a good plumber.

The phone barely rings twice when he answers. "Hey, baby girl."

"Hendrix," I squeal into the line, unable to hide the increasing panic in my voice.

"What's wrong?" he asks. I hear him moving, undoubtedly making his way to me.

“The shower head came off, and I can’t shut the water off. There’s water spilling everywhere. I don’t want to have to call Lucille or Roy,” my words rush out in a single breath.

“Don’t panic, baby girl. I’m on the way. As long as the drain is still working, you should be fine. I’ll be there in a few minutes,” he says before hanging up.

Sure enough to his word, Hendrix knocks on my door seven minutes later. His hair is pushed out of his face as I back up to let him inside the apartment. He brings his own massive toolkit with him into the bathroom where water’s still gushing.

I watch Hendrix strip out of his shirt and move into my bathroom with a huge wrench. There are a bunch of noises, with Hendrix cursing in between grunts. A few minutes and gallons of water later, he emerges from my bathroom with a grimace and his jeans thoroughly soaking wet.

“I could put you in a calendar just like this,” I smile, approaching him and running a finger down his soaking wet chest.

“You could, but I’d rather put Roy in a barrel and sink him in the nearest ocean.”

I can tell he’s upset, and he has a right to be after fighting my bathroom for the better half of an hour. I begin to put down towels to soak up the water on the floor and turn to him, saying, “I can throw those in the wash if you like...unless you want to spend the night soaking wet.”

His anger subsides as he takes me in from head to toe. Hendrix moves closer to me, inching me back until I stop against the wall. “I’d rather spend the night inside you soaking wet. Throw some things in a bag, baby girl. You’re coming home with me.”

I don’t ask any questions, moving through my bedroom at lightning speed to put some clothes together. I peek over my shoulder, wondering if he’s watching me, but he’s not. One of the few things I managed to afford from the boutique I worked for was a silk babydoll negligee.

There's no way to know if it's going to be useful, but maybe Hendrix will like it. Or at the very least, he'll like taking it off. After I stuff a few essential things in a bag, I look at the bathroom. The entire floor is wet and the towels are full enough. I toss them into a trash can, but Hendrix already has the mop in his hand.

When he finishes cleaning up the bathroom, he takes the bag from my hand and gives me his keys, saying, "Can you start my truck, baby girl? I have a feeling Roy's going to be making an appearance tonight."

"How do you figure that?" I ask him.

"The hatchet job on those pipes was quick and clumsy, but the purpose is plain as day to me. He makes sure something breaks and has to get called back out here for the emergency. You're in the middle of cleaning up the mess, and he gets to steal whatever else he has his eyes on."

The anger is simmering inside Hendrix, and I can tell that he'll do something awful if he gets his hands on Roy tonight. I grab my bag, toss it on my living room floor, and plop down on my couch.

"What do you think you're doing?" He asks.

"I'm staying here because this is where I'd rather be since you plan on spending the night in jail."

"Aw, baby girl. I told you you're coming home with me and I meant that."

"Well, I can see the look in your eyes. Remember that Brody is my brother and all you protective types get that same energy. You're going to put Roy in the hospital and then you're gonna spend the night in jail, which means I'd rather be here than in your house without you there."

Hendrix sighs with the corner of his mouth turning up. "You're right, baby girl. I wasn't thinking. Come on and let's get you home."

He picks my bag up and holds his hand out, which I take as he leads me out of my apartment and down the stairs. We happen

to pass Lucille on the way out, who's standing in front of the mailboxes, pacing in a circle.

"Wait a minute, Hendrix," I tell him, stopping in front of Lucille. "Hey, is everything alright?"

She shrugs. "I don't know, Van. I think so. I just got a call that told me to stay awake in case there was an emergency tonight."

That gets Hendrix's attention. "Oh yeah? And what are you supposed to do when this emergency happens?"

"Call the number and then our plumber slash handyman comes out to save the day," she sighs and looks up to the floors above.

"Well, I can tell you right now that it won't be from my apartment. I don't want anyone in there without me being home, Lucille." I tell her again to be sure she hears me, "I mean it. No one goes inside my apartment, especially Roy."

Lucille looks like she's considering my words when Hendrix pulls me to the side. "I don't think she can make that promise, baby girl. Come on. I have an idea."

Hendrix walks me outside, opening the passenger side door of his truck for me to get in. He goes into the back seat, rummaging through more toolboxes and crates until he pulls something out. He has a handful of what looks like black golf balls. There are six of them in his hand and he pulls out a small case where there are nearly a dozen others.

"Let me have your keys, baby girl. I'm going to put in these cameras so we can see if Roy goes back inside your apartment. Don't tell your landlady, either. It's only going to take me a minute."

Hendrix takes my keys and dashes back inside the building. It takes him about ten minutes before he returns with a smile on his face. Inside the truck, we take off into the night.

"You hungry? We can grab something on the way," Hendrix asks.

With the way this night is going, late-night food seems like a good way to let Hendrix relax and release his anger toward Roy. There's a great barbecue place not too far from where we are, and it's usually quick service.

When Hendrix parks in front of the restaurant, there are a few people milling around the entrance. We walk inside to place our order when I notice my phone isn't in any of my pockets. I wonder if it's in the truck when Hendrix hands me the keys for me to go check.

Thankfully, it's sitting on the seat when I get there because going back to my apartment building with the possibility of running into Roy isn't how this night needs to end. I begin to make my way toward the entrance when a group of guys exits. They force me to take a few steps back, and I give them plenty of space, but one turns to me with an eerie grin on his face.

"Hey fellas, hold on a sec," he says, and then eyes me while licking his lips. "Why don't you come party with us, sugar?"

"I'm already here with someone, but thanks." Always mindful to be polite around the drunk guys, even when they're sober because boys will be ... no, some people are just assholes.

"Come on, sugar. You are far too sweet not to come hang with us. Just a beer or two. Let's see where the night takes us," he continues his attempt to persuade me into going with them.

Confusion washes over me as I tip my head to the side. "I see exactly where a night with you guys will take me, and I promise it's nowhere I want to go."

"Oh, don't be like that," he says and reaches to grab my arm. I pull back immediately, snatching myself away from him, but I can't get inside to Hendrix unless this guy moves out of the way.

"Don't touch me," I grit out and close my eyes to breathe deeply, knowing all too well how these situations can go from fun and annoying to outright dangerous.

Thankfully, I'm not in danger as Hendrix pushes through the group and circles around to find me between the restaurant's wall, the door, and the guy who isn't taking no for an answer.

Hendrix holds the bag with our food in one hand and uses his arm to insert himself between me and the insistent stranger. Hendrix tells him. “Hey man, my lady doesn’t want to be bothered and she don’t like being touched by strangers.”

“Well, why don’t you let me pay you a few bucks to look the other way, and then me and my guys can show her how much she likes being touched by strangers?”

Hendrix hands me the bag of food, and I take a few steps back because I know how this is going to end.

I can see every muscle in Hendrix’s body lock and release as he shakes himself a bit before lacing his fingers together in front of him, telling the guy, “Bro, it’s your lucky night.”

“Hey, man. He’s sorry, Hen-” One of the guys moves in to intervene, but Hendrix holds his hand to stop him.

“No, don’t save your friend. He’s clearly asking for this because my lady told him several times to leave her alone and to not touch her. He can’t understand that so I’m going to help him remember his manners, especially when talking to a woman.”

“Man, fuck you and that stuck-up bitch, thinking she too good.” The insistent asshole turns into a drunk belligerent one just as Hendrix unlocks his fingers to wrap them around the outspoken guy’s throat. His friends sigh and disperse, with two hanging around looking ready to come to his aid.

“You don’t want to do that, boys,” Hendrix tells the men approaching. He nudges his chin toward the men who are retreating, “Ask *them* why it’s a bad idea.”

My heart is racing as Hendrix turns his attention to the disrespectful guy, still struggling to wrench free from Hendrix’s massive hand around his throat.

“You ignored her when she turned you down. You then said very disrespectful things to me and to her. Now, you can make a choice here, buddy. You can apologize and leave with your friends or you don’t have to and you can leave in an ambulance.”

The color drains from the guy's face as Hendrix releases his grip. The man, visibly shaking, looks at me and winces, "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said any of that stuff. I was a bit drunk but I'm sober now. No hard feelings."

Hendrix grunts and folds his thick arms over his chest, giving the guy a head start that he takes, running toward his buddies who hop into their cars to drive away. He then turns to me, holding out his hand so I can walk back to his truck where he holds the door open for me to get inside.

"I'm sorry about that, baby girl. I don't want you to see me like that."

Reaching over, I touch the top of his leg. "It doesn't bother me at all. Brody gets the same way, but he's always off on the road somewhere. I'm glad I have you."

Hendrix picks up my hand, kisses the back, and never lets it go as we drive the rest of the way to his house. It's almost 11 when we pull into a driveway on the outskirts of Conklin.

The house is simple, sleek, and beautiful. It's a large black rectangular shape with large glass windows, letting me see directly into the living room.

When we walk up to the door, Hendrix puts in a code and the door unlocks. We step inside and the lights come on, showing a beautiful home.

"This doesn't look like the house of someone who changes locks and makes spare keys for a living," I mumble to myself, but he hears me.

Hendrix grins. "I know. Most of my work is actually large contract security system installations. I have a group of guys, your brother included, who I send out all over the country to do security work. If it needs protecting, I got you covered."

"Wow, you have it all figured out."

He chuckles, "Baby girl, if I had it all figured out, I would have had you in my life months ago. Come on, let me show you around."

The home is only one level, but the massive living room flows into a beautiful kitchen with equally large floor-to-ceiling windows that show the backyard and the most beautiful mountains in the distance. It looks like an ominous shadow in the moonlight with the stars twinkling brightly against the violet-blue night. They feel so close it feels like I can reach out and grab one.

There's a lap pool, dim lights surrounding it, and spear-shaped trees lining the fence around the yard.

"There's so much land out here. It feels like we're miles away from Conklin, from anywhere."

He comes up behind me, wrapping his arms around my waist and nuzzling against my hair. "It's not that far out. My family owns the land out here. My brother, Hudson, is about 15 minutes down the road. He runs Heaven's Haven Retreat with his wife Heather, and our oldest brother lives closer to town with his wife, Halo."

"I fit right in with a name like Havana, don't I?" I jokingly mention, but there's something in his eyes as he turns me around to face him.

"You're the perfect fit for me, baby girl."

HENDRIX

I set the food on the dining table, watching Havana take in everything around us.

My home feels complete with her here. I never want her to leave. I can protect her here. There's too many assholes out there for her to walk around in this city without the Haven name protecting her. Without ME protecting her.

It gives me visions of a future together. Because this is exactly where she belongs. And if there's one thing my siblings and I live by, it's that family always comes first. Always. And Havana? She'll soon become a Haven. That I do not doubt.

Our immediate future, however, has me wanting to spread her on this table like the food she's setting out.

"Your house is very beautiful, Hendrix. It's not too big, but the windows make me feel like we're outside."

I smile. "That's what I like most about it. It's one of the reasons I live outside of the crowded neighborhoods of Conklin. Only thing missing is someone to share it with."

She blushes, moving her hair behind her ear.

"I need to change, baby girl. You mind if I hop in the shower? You can go ahead and eat or feel free to look around," I tell her and move down the long way to my bedroom.

It's the most tranquil part of my day, stepping into my bedroom. The walk-through closet leads into the master bath where I cut the shower on and take off my grimy clothes.

Steaming hot water pours down over me, fogging the glass partition and misting the beige tiles on the walls. My anger from this night washes down the drain as I realize I have the woman of my dreams in my house—pure, untouched, and waiting for me.

Once I finish in the shower, I step out from behind the glass to see Havana sitting on the sink in nothing but a bra and panties. Oh, fuck. Here she goes again, but she's not shying away from my cock. There was shock in her eyes before, but now there's only excitement.

“I should put one of those cameras from my place in here,” she says, biting her bottom lip. “You, that face, and that body really need to be on a calendar or something. I can't believe there's someone like you just walking around Conklin.”

“Baby girl, I'm just a homegrown country boy. You, on the other hand, have no business walking these streets looking as good as you do. You are just perfect.”

She spreads her legs at the sound of that, drawing me closer to her, where I can grab that sweet pussy. My hand immediately begins moving up and down against the thin fabric of her panties. I'm ready to tear these shits off with my teeth.

My hard staff rises with every stroke of my hand over her. There's no way I'm not going to fill her with every throbbing inch. I kiss her, moving my hand from between her thighs, wrapping around to grab her ass, and pulling her into my arms.

I carry Havana out of the bathroom and toss her onto the bed. I'm like a madman on a mission as I move in close, hovering my naked frame above her and grabbing her panties to drag them off her body while she takes her bra off.

I toss them over my shoulder before diving between her legs to taste what I've been thinking about all day. My tongue covers her folds before sliding between them and settling on her clit. I suck it gently, kiss it tenderly, and proceed to dine on her like she's a cold piece of watermelon on a hot summer day.

Her juices run down my chin. Fuckin' delicious.

Her body writhes with pleasure, and her walls are wet and ready for me. There isn't any hesitation as I move from between her thighs and rub the tip of my cock at her entrance. Pushing myself inside of her feels like the ultimate release of tension.

Havana gasps, wincing as she spreads to fit me inside of her.

"Fuck, baby girl. You're perfect for me," I tell her as I begin to stroke her. The ripples of her warmth make me want to release myself inside of her, but we have time. I want this feeling to last as long as possible.

Every roll of my hips into her feels better than the last, but I don't want to come yet. So I pull out abruptly to catch my breath, stroking myself with my hand, but before I can slide back into her, Havana moves to take me into her mouth.

A shudder rips through my body as she inhales my cock. Her tongue runs along the bottom, but the scraping of her teeth along my shaft sends a sharp spear of pain shooting up and down my body.

I suck in a gulp of air through clenched teeth, wrap my hands in her hair, and pull it back. "Nah, baby girl. Watch those teeth. Use your lips and open up wide."

She listens and the motions become smoother, wetter, and pushes me to want to come in her mouth. My hand in her hair unleashes this primitive side that I can no longer contain. I grab her head with both hands, pushing my cock inside her mouth until it hits the back of her throat.

She gags a bit and then moans. My eyes nearly roll to the back of my head. For fuck's sake, she's amazing. I've always known it. But this...this is something else.

"You like sucking Daddy's dick?"

"Mmmhmm," she hums with those brilliant blue eyes wide and then tearing just a bit.

"Fuck yeah, baby girl. Suck that shit. Spit on it," I tell her, yanking her off frantically as she spits onto the tip and I shove my hard inches back inside her mouth.

Sounds of her slurping, gagging, gulping, and sucking on me fill the room's silence, and I can barely take it as I pull her off me and turn her onto her stomach. I grip her around the waist, pulling her onto her knees and sinking myself inside that soft pussy again.

I can't stop gripping her waist, her flesh mixing in shades of red and white as I begin to pummel her from behind. It feels like I'm chasing my orgasm while trying to keep it at bay.

My hand comes across her backside with a large slap. Havana yelps, moans, and groans. Seeing her juices coat my shaft makes my nipples hard. It makes me want to feel hers as I reach around to grab both of her tits. Squeezing them while I drive myself in and out of her feels amazing.

With her face so close to mine, I run my tongue over her ear while moving one of my hands to rub her clit. She's gasping, crying out in pleasure, every inch of her body turning red as the climax takes over her body.

"That's right, baby girl. Come all over Daddy's big dick. Come on it. Give it all to me, baby girl."

"Oh, yes, Daddy," she whimpers out with her syllables stuttering to the same rhythm as our bodies.

This is our first time, and I continue to ram forward over and over again until Havana's body tenses for another orgasm. She cries out as the tension releases and she comes again.

I make her turn to the side to kiss her as my own climax nears, and I'm mad it's almost over. Every pump gets me closer, but I want to look into her eyes when I do. I pull out and let Havana move onto her back.

I spread her legs and drive myself back inside of her as she arches her back. I move my arm underneath to support her, gazing into her eyes.

"I ain't ever letting you go, baby girl," I tell her, our eyes never moving away from one another.

"Don't you ever even think about it, Daddy," she replies, which sends me to a place where I zone out to truly feel the

depth, warmth, and pleasure of these final strokes of her tight walls coaxing me to my finish.

My heart's thumping against my chest as I collapse onto the bed beside Havana, pulling her into my side. This is where she belongs, and I have no plans on letting her go.

"Was that too rough?" I ask her after we have a moment to catch our breaths.

"No, Daddy. That was perfect. Can I ask you something?" Her voice is calm as she twirls her finger in my chest hair.

"Anything."

"What if next time I want you to spank me more and go a little harder?"

A low growl escapes my throat as I feel my dick gearing up for round two. "I'll go as hard as you want me to, baby girl, but you're a tiny, little thing. I don't want to hurt you."

"Daddy," she props herself up onto her elbow. "I'm small, not fragile."

Havana moves over me to kiss me, delicately at first before she gets more passionate, riling me up and taking what she wants. She slips her tongue inside my mouth and pushes her fingers into my hair while tossing her leg over so she straddles me.

I can't stop the erection from coming as she moves her body against me and Havana takes charge. She pushes herself up, anchoring one hand to my chest and reaching behind her to stroke me into another full erection.

The blood flows from my body to my cock, and she flashes a devilish grin. I can stare at her all day and all night. Her slender fingers moving up and down my shaft pull sounds out of me I'd never want anyone else but her to hear.

I watch Havana as she moves back, hovers over me, and sinks onto my dick. She holds still for a minute. I don't think she realizes she needs to rest, but clearly, that's not on her mind as she begins to move up and down, back and forth.

My mind races. My body's nerves are firing on all cylinders.
She's moving slowly and it's driving me insane.

HAVANA

I can see the emotional turmoil rippling across Hendrix's face.

He wants me to go faster, but I want to get him to a point where he makes me lose my mind. Soft and sweet is nice, but the thrill shooting through my body from when he slaps my ass is a feeling I'm chasing.

I want it. I want him. I need him.

So I taunt him, moving slowly to give myself time to get wet all over again and letting his energy build to do what I want. I don't know where this is coming from. I just know that I want to feel this rage simmering inside of him, or is it inside of me?

I lean down, taking his nipples into my mouth and tugging them gently with my teeth. I hear him suck in a sharp breath, and soon, he's shifting us so he sits up with me still straddling him.

The feeling of his large hands controlling my body's movements sends me into a state of euphoria. I don't want this to end, but I know it has to.

Hendrix moves me slowly at first and then abruptly juts into me, our pelvises colliding and his hair flailing around his face like a wild man.

"This is what you wanted?" he rasps, breathing heavily.

"Yes, Daddy," I whimper, letting out a slow exhale.

“Hold on, baby girl,” he tells me, making me throw my arms around his neck. Hendrix swings his legs off the bed and onto the floor, standing with my ass perfectly sitting in the palms of his hands.

What comes next is me. Me and my ass slamming against Hendrix as he drives that delicious cock of his in and out of me with wild abandon. He takes me standing up, but I feel us traveling as he pushes me against the wall, driving in and out with the wall behind us as leverage.

His lips find mine as he continues to push himself in and out of me until I hear his low growls, signaling he’s about to come.

I scrape his scalp with my nails before grabbing a handful of his hair to yank his mouth off mine. His dark brown eyes are dilating like he’s high—high on me. “Come in my mouth, Daddy.”

“Fuck yeah,” he pants, pulling out and letting me down to my knees where I open my mouth for him.

He can’t help the words spilling out of him as he thrusts in and out of my mouth. “Fuck yes, baby girl. You take it so well.”

I take it all, every inch and every drop of his climax as he throbs inside of my mouth. Hendrix has to lean against the wall, his body sweating and so is mine.

I feel him softening inside my mouth, and he pulls out of me and then hoists me to my feet. There’s barely a beat before his mouth claims mine, his tongue scouring my mouth, tasting what we taste like together.

When he finally pulls away, we stare at each other, knowing there’s no going back from this. It feels too good, too right being together.

“You hungry, baby girl?” he asks with a lazy smile that could melt my panties off if they weren’t already on the floor.

“Yeah, Daddy.”

“Can you walk?” he asks, that same smile making me wet and wondering if I can get him hard again.

“Of course I can,” I tell him, not realizing what he means until he takes a step back. He holds his hand out for me to demonstrate, but the minute I step away from the wall, my knees buckle.

He wraps an arm around me to steady me and brings me to the bed. “You’d better sit down, baby girl. Let Daddy take care of you.”

I let him. Of course, I let him.

Hendrix takes his time serving me food and making sure I’m comfortable as we eat, laugh, and talk about pretty much anything and everything. It’s a shame we’re only meeting now, but now that we do have each other, there’s no way we’re going to stop.

It’s effortless, and most of all, I feel safe. No one outside of Brody makes me feel as safe as Hendrix. Even when Brody is concerned, there’s usually a lecture of some sort that comes whenever he has to intervene. With Hendrix, he just lets me be me and he makes me feel like that alone is good enough.

When we settle into his bed for the night, I curl into him and he holds me tight. Sleep finds us easily, and it’s restful to the point I nearly forget where I am when I open my eyes to see the sun rising over the mountains.

The bedroom windows mirror the large ones in the front of the house, but that view is stunning. I can look at it forever...that is until he grunts and pulls me back into bed with him.

It’s only when his phone starts ringing that someone pulls us out of this cozy bubble. He groans, holding me tighter before giving me a slow kiss. The device won’t shut off as he stretches his long arms to grab it off the nightstand.

He answers the call without looking at it. “What?”

Whoever’s on the line makes Hendrix open his eyes and look at the phone. He pulls the phone away from his face, pushes a button, and sets the phone down on the bed, pushing himself to sit up.

The deep voice speaks with far too much energy for this time of day. “Hendrix, get up and listen to me, man. That Roy guy

is bad news. It hasn't gotten any better since you were kids."

"I'm up, Hayden," Hendrix growls, wiping his face with his hand before smoothing his hair toward the back of his head. He has so many muscles in his back, I want to lick them all, tracing their outlines and committing them to memory.

Hayden—I think that's the brother he mentioned yesterday. He continues to talk about Roy, plumber creepster of the year. "He's been locked up a few times for petty theft, kidnapping, larceny, breaking and entering, and a slew of other shit. Make sure you're carrying if you talk to this guy."

Hendrix clears his throat and stretches with a loud yawn. "I don't need bullets to put his face through a wall. Honestly, I'm not looking for violence on this. I just want to have a conversation with the guy and make sure he knows not to mess with Havana. And whatever he's taken from her needs to be returned immediately."

"Right, because talking to any guy who's got a problem with your girl is going to go the nonviolent way. I'll keep bail money set aside for you," Hayden says with a laugh.

"Aww, thanks, greatest brother in the world. Seriously though, Hayden, thanks. I'll keep Betty on me instead of the glove box."

"Be safe, Jimi. Don't make Ma upset with me after you get into some shit."

Hendrix laughs. "Right, because my safety only matters as long as it keeps you out of trouble with Ma. Got it, asshole."

Hendrix ends the call and looks over his shoulder at me.

"Mornin', Daddy."

"Mornin', baby girl."

"What time do you have to start working today?" I ask him.

"I can actually take the day off. I told you that once I take a sip, I want to drink that pussy all day."

"You can't be serious," I tell him, yawning and stretching just enough for the cover to slide off me.

The gleam in his eyes and smirk on his face tell me he's very serious as he leans over, taking one of my nipples in his mouth, sucking and kissing on it before slipping his hand under the blanket and between my thighs. I'm already wet.

Hendrix moans, "Waking up wet for me, baby girl. You gonna make me call out for the rest of the week."

I giggle until I feel his fingers begin to stroke me, sliding inside my walls. My pulse speeds up and Hendrix moves from the edge of the bed over me, already hard.

The sound of his phone ringing pierces the moment where we both eye it as if it has evil intentions.

"Do you have to get that?" I whine.

"I probably should," he sighs. "Might be an actual emergency."

He grabs the phone to answer it. "Man, what could have possibly happened in the two minutes since we got off the phone?"

Ah, Hayden again.

Hendrix listens closely and growls as he pushes himself away from me and onto his feet. The conversation continues as Hendrix abandons our wake-up sex session, and I find myself wondering what I'm going to do all day.

"I do need a new job," I mumble as I push myself out of his bed and to my feet. I think I'll set that as my focus for today. *Operation: Get Van A Job* will be all I think about.

Just as the notion crosses my mind, Hendrix crosses the room in a pair of loose pajama pants that hang beautifully off his waist.

Ooooookay.

So I'm going to focus on getting a job *and* Hendrix pounding the life out of me. I wonder if he'll have sex with me while he's at work. Or sex in his truck?

"Baby girl?" Hendrix's voice cuts into my early morning fantasies.

“Yeah, I’m sorry. Did you say something?”

He laughs, “I said, did you want to get in the shower with me? We can finish what we started, and this way if the phone rings, we can let it ring. I want you wet and dripping all over me.”

I smile and practically skip into the bathroom where the water’s already running. He slaps my ass when I pass him. “I wouldn’t miss it for anything in the world, Daddy.”

The best mornings should always begin with a shower, and if it's a shower with Havana soon-to-be Haven, it's even better. The way she just fits into my life, the way I fit into hers, it's a dream come true. I can't wait to make her a Haven.

Before we can ride off into a sunset of any kind, I need to make sure Roy's not going to be a problem for her. I won't make her leave that apartment, but I don't want her staying there as long as Roy gets unlimited access to the building and the tenants' belongings.

Thankfully, Hayden's been doing what he does best, finding people and getting answers. After a few rounds of making love to Havana, I have a few appointments around Conklin.

She's moving around the kitchen, humming and cooking up breakfast for us. Hash, bacon, and eggs go down easy with fresh coffee and Havana eating with me. I have every thought to put Havana on this table to have her for breakfast.

She notices the gleam in my eye. "You know you should wait at least 20 minutes after eating before performing strenuous activity."

"That's swimming, baby girl. Eating you is not strenuous at all. As a matter of fact, I think it's dessert for breakfast."

She giggles and blushes, "You are never going to get enough are you?"

"Of you? Never."

“I don’t want you to be late for work. I feel like I’m already putting you out. You’ve been my repairman and bodyguard—”

I cut her off. “And there’s nothing I won’t do for you. You’re welcome to anything of mine, baby girl. As far as work goes, I can afford to take a day off here and there. Besides, I can send one of my guys out if there’s an emergency. What we should do today is head over to this pawn shop.”

“A pawn shop?”

I nod. “Yeah, those phone calls from my brother, Hayden, this morning were about a pawn shop that fences stolen property. I think we should go there and see if anything of yours is in the shop.”

“Is it dangerous?” she asks.

“It’s only dangerous if we’re trying to rob the place. I promise we’re only going to take a look.”

It takes a few minutes to clean up the kitchen and get ourselves to the west side of Conklin. There are a bunch of warehouses and junkyards on this side of town. We pass an impound lot that Hayden swears is run by human slime and make our way down the road to one of the few businesses on this side of town.

The sign is huge, black with gold lining every letter—Castle’s Pawns. The front window has a variety of items in it—from a record player to a mannequin wearing a wedding dress. I hate the feeling of this place, but Hayden insists that we might find Havana’s necklace here.

The bell chimes above the door when we go inside where a guy looks nervous. Glancing around the shop, it looks like there’s been a fight, with some display cases broken and others moved out of the way.

I look at him, wondering if Havana’s question is going to come back to haunt me. “Mornin’,” I say to the man. “Name’s Hendrix. You okay?”

He nods gingerly. “Yeah, sorry. Some guy tried to rob me this morning. Police just left, and I’m still shaken up a bit.”

“That’s bad business. You should probably close up for the day,” I tell him. I can feel Havana gripping the back of my shirt, trying to get my attention. I look over my shoulder where she points toward a jewelry display case. “Go ahead, baby girl. Have a look.”

I walk over to the guy behind the counter, making sure to scan the room for any surprises.

“Sorry ‘bout your shop, buddy,” I tell him. “My lady was robbed the other day, and we’re looking for her necklace. Someone may have brought it in here for a quick buck.”

“All the jewelry’s in that case over there where the young lady is looking now,” he says, still with nervousness in his voice.

I continue to look around and something isn’t sitting right with me. “Listen, are you sure you’re okay? For someone trying to rob the place, they left every flashy piece of jewelry here, didn’t touch the gun rack back there or anything. What’s going on?”

“I don’t want any more trouble,” he says.

I’m adamant as I tell him, “I ain’t gonna cause you any trouble.”

“It’s here, Hendrix. Look,” Havana interrupts and pulls my attention away from the jittery guy near the perfectly intact register.

Something’s definitely fishy about this shop. I walk over to the display case where she points out a slender gold necklace with a flower pendant. It’s a gold flower holding a small pearl in the center.

The guy at the register walks over, forcing a smile. “That’s a darling necklace. It’s worth about five hundred, but I can let it go for half that.”

“And if it’s stolen?” I ask him.

He blanches, closes his eyes, and tries to hold his smile steady. “My business is a respectable establishment and we don’t deal in stolen goods.”

“Well, that’s a lie because that necklace was in my house two days ago when Roy came to *fix* my plumbing. He didn’t fix anything, but he helped himself to my jewelry,” Havana states.

I can see the anger rising, and if she decides to hit this poor guy, I wouldn’t blame her.

“How often does Roy come in here with stuff to pawn?” I ask him.

“I don’t keep much track of customers let alone the likes of Roy Jonas.”

I hold my hand out to Havana, moving her closer to me as I look the guy in his eyes. “Now, how did you know that was Roy’s last name if you don’t keep track of customers like that?”

“Uh, well.”

My eyes wander around the trashed store once again. “I’d say you had a run-in with Mr. Jonas earlier today. I guess he didn’t like the fact of your respectable establishment refusing to deal in stolen goods.”

“I don’t want any more trouble. He brought that thing in with some other stuff last night. Just take the necklace and leave,” he says.

“We’ll leave, but what kind of deal do you have with Roy?” I ask.

The man scoffs. “What deal? He gets cash upfront every week and unloads worthless junk here that he says were gifted to him. I get to keep whatever I get off the goods, which is barely anything. This morning, he came in, and when I didn’t have enough cash for him, he decided to rearrange my store. He said it could use a makeover to attract more customers.”

I pull out a few bills and hand the guy \$250. His face lights up as he takes the money to the register.

“Hendrix, you shouldn’t have paid for the necklace,” Havana whispers to me.

I turn to her, tipping her chin up to kiss me. “Baby girl, there’s no police report.”

“So what? Roy was in my apartment, and now my necklace is here. What if someone else came and bought it before we got down here?” she asks, eyebrows pulled together.

“There’s no police report saying it’s stolen and there’s no evidence that you didn’t give the necklace to Roy for him to come pawn it here. If someone would have come down here, then this guy would still have 250 in the till. It’s not right that he be asked to pay for Roy’s crimes. He’s being rode hard by Roy and so is your landlady. I’m sick of Roy, and it’s about time someone taught him a lesson.”

The man removes the necklace from the display case and offers to clean it before handing it over. Relief washes over Havana as she finally holds the piece of jewelry Roy took from her apartment.

“How did you know to come down here?” the guy asks me.

“I’m sorry to tell you this, but while you think this respectable establishment of yours is only known as a pawn shop, other people think otherwise. My brother sent me down here because you’re known to move stolen goods.”

The man sulks. “He said he wouldn’t tell anyone. So not only does he get to bust up my place and extort money out of me every week, but he’s ruining my reputation.”

“You already got some money out of me, so you don’t have to sell it. I imagine Roy’s not the only person helping spread that reputation or else why would Hayden know about it?”

“Hayden?” he asks.

I laugh. “His last name you act like you don’t know. Hayden Haven, the bounty hunter.”

“You know Hayden?” he asks.

“I’m his brother,” I tell him with a smile.

“Shit.”

“Exactly. You’re not all that innocent, but lucky for you, we’re only here about the necklace. I do suggest calling the police if Mr. Jonas shows up to collect again.”

The guy doesn't have much else to say as I escort Havana out of the shop. Once we're outside, she looks at me before throwing her arms around me in a warm embrace.

"Thank you, Hendrix. I didn't think I'd actually get this back."

I kiss her and tuck a loose strand of hair behind her ear. "Baby girl, I'm always going to do everything in my power to keep you happy. Now that we have this, we should make sure that nothing else gets taken from your apartment or anyone else's."

"How are we going to do that?" she asks. "I don't want you getting into any trouble over this. You'll end up in jail or something if you just go up to Roy and beat the crap out of him."

"I promise, baby girl, that what I have in mind is only going to get Roy thrown into jail. Come on, let's go to your apartment. I want to see exactly what Roy's been up to in your building. Tell your landlady I want to speak to her as well."

HAVANA

My mind jumps to a million different conclusions about Hendrix and his plan to stop Roy from being a menace to everyone that seems to cross his path. I can see the gears grinding in his head as we drive to my building, where I ask Lucille to meet us at my apartment.

She agrees, thinking it's about a repair, but the minute she spots Hendrix with me, her face pales.

"I don't know what's going on, but leave me out of this," Lucille says before we reach my door.

"Why are you so nervous, ma'am?" Hendrix asks her as we get closer.

I unlock the door and head inside, and Lucille follows.

"I really don't want any trouble. I can pay for whatever Roy took out of here," Lucille says.

Hendrix sighs heavily, "Ma'am, we don't want your money. We want to help you help us."

"What do you have in mind?" Lucille asks him.

My curiosity is chomping at the bit too.

Hendrix points to different areas of the living room where both of us look and don't see anything. He tells us, "I have cameras in here, and I have a few more I want to put around the apartment. The best way to get rid of Roy is to catch him in the act."

Lucille's voice drips with fret and worry. "I don't know if that's a good idea. What if whatever you're cooking up doesn't work? If Roy finds out he's trying to be set up, he can come back. I can't have that. I won't."

I approach Lucille, taking her hands into mine. "Lucille, listen to me. Hendrix isn't going to let anything happen to you or to me. Look at him."

She takes a moment, letting her eyes scale his entire frame, and shifts her gaze back to me. "Are you sure? It's just that you weren't here when he insisted on becoming the permanent repairman."

Hendrix approaches us. "Ma'am, look at me. Does it look like Roy Jonas can intimidate me?"

"Well, no—" she stammers.

Hendrix nods and continues. "If it helps put you at ease, I have two brothers who will help in this plan and the police will be on standby."

His phone rings, and he picks it up with a quick grin, holding it out for us to see, "And that's one of my brothers now."

Hendrix answers the call immediately. "River, good. I need you. I'm texting you the address."

I look around my space and wonder what exactly Hendrix has in mind, but I don't have to wait long before there's a heavy knock on my door. Hendrix opens it for two men who look strikingly identical to him. In my apartment, they seem to take up the entire space.

"Hayden, Hudson, this is Miss Lucille, and this is my Havana," Hendrix introduces us to his brothers.

Lucille gulps as Hayden takes her hand. "Ma'am."

Hudson repeats the gesture, "Lovely to meet you."

They both turn to me with a smile and glance at each other, an inside joke in their eyes, but I truly want to get to the bottom of what Hendrix has in mind.

“So Jimi,” Hudson starts, equally tall but his hair’s dark brown compared to Hendrix’s black, same length. Hayden stands a few inches taller than his brothers, clean cut, and his dark brown hair looks as if it’s gotten a fresh trim.

Hudson smiles. “What are we doing?”

“I’m not running across this building’s roof,” Hayden replies with finality.

Hendrix laughs. “I’m not asking you to do anything like that. We just want to catch a rat in a trap, boys. Roy’s been busy and I think I have his racket down. He muscles his way into buildings like this one, where Miss Lucille here can’t and won’t put up a fight. He takes over *repairs* and makes sure there’s constant emergencies in folks’ apartments.”

Hayden nods. “Yeah, like a dirty mechanic, always breaking something while supposedly fixing something else to give you a reason to go back to him.”

Hudson chimes in, “Or in this case, gives y’all a reason to call him back inside the apartments. He pinches what he can and takes it to that pawn shop.”

Lucille looks hopeless. “So what are we going to do? Can’t we just call the police to handle this?”

“Ma’am,” Hendrix gives her an assuring smile. “We are calling the police, but we want to be sure he’s going away for a while. We don’t want them wasting time tracking a petty criminal like Roy for him to get locked up and released in a few months.”

“Yeah,” Hayden says. “And I have some friends of mine looking into warrants he may have in other counties and states. I’m sure if he’s done it here, he’s done it wherever else he’s lived because his history only goes back four years in Conklin.”

Hendrix takes control of the conversation again. “I think he served time when we were young and then got himself caught up on a federal charge that took him to Texas.”

Hayden laughs, “So much for not thinking about karma, right?”

Hendrix shrugs, “Just because I haven’t beaten the man into the cement doesn’t mean I haven’t thought about it. Besides, I have someone very interested in keeping me out of prison. Not you, Hayden.”

Hendrix’s eyes shift to me with a slight lick of his lips that makes me remember my initial plan for today—think about him and all the sex we’re going to have. It makes me look at his brothers, wondering if they can sense the tension between us.

“That’s all well and good,” Lucille speaks up. “What are we going to do to trap Roy?”

Hendrix looks around and says, “We’re going to box up most of this apartment. You’re going to tell Roy that Miss Bradley is moving.”

“I’m moving?” I ask him.

His gaze pierces into me with an honesty I can’t ignore. “Eventually, yes you are, baby girl. For now, it’s just going to be a setup. We’re going to pack up this apartment and Miss Lucille’s going to tell Roy that Havana’s trying to skip out on the rest of her lease. She’s then going to ask Roy to come in and make sure the apartment is in working order because you two had a big blow-up about raising the rent or whatever landlords and tenants argue about.”

“What happens when Roy gets here?” Lucille asks. “I don’t want to be alone in the apartment with him.”

“No worries, ma’am,” Hendrix tells her. “We’ll have Hudson in the apartment as a mover, and we’ll be watching the security cameras. Hayden will be outside, making sure the guy doesn’t try to make a run for it when we corner him.”

“When is all of this supposed to happen?” Lucille asks.

“I’m thinking me and my brothers can take some time to put the apartment in order tonight. Miss Lucille, if we can have some boxes and crates you might have lying around, we’d be appreciative. Baby girl, how about you grab us some food?” Hendrix says, turning to me.

I don't mind at all. Hendrix pulls out his wallet to fish out a few bills and hands it to me.

"What are you guys in the mood for?" I ask them as Hudson and Hayden begin making plans for moving furniture out of my apartment. There's a feeling washing over me that I can't quite pinpoint.

I know this is a part of the plan, but this feels too real, like I'm ending a portion of my life and speeding into the next phase. Is that what's happening?

I look at Hendrix, who's still motioning to different pieces in my tiny living room. I think my entire apartment fits into his bedroom. When he catches me staring at them, he approaches. Lucille is silent, stewing on the plan no doubt.

We walk into the hallway where anxiety begins to take over. I don't know what to do with this energy, but Hendrix takes me into his arms. The strength of him holding me around the waist makes me relax. He makes me feel safe, sure that everything is going to go to plan.

"You're okay with this, baby girl?" he asks.

"I am. I just wish there was another way to catch Roy in the act and get him locked up."

He nods. "I get that. We can take our suspicions to the police and let them handle it."

"What are they going to do about what we tell them?" I ask him.

He shrugs. "Honestly, I don't know. Just playing devil's advocate, Roy hasn't committed a crime we can prove."

"He stole my necklace, and who knows what else from the other apartments he's bullying his way into."

"How do we prove that, baby girl?" he asks me. His tone isn't condescending but genuinely seeking answers.

Hendrix tilts my face up to his and kisses me so tenderly, I melt against him. His tongue slips effortlessly into my mouth, softly probing as if he can taste the depths of my fears, instantly soothing them.

When he pulls away from me, I want him to simply take me away back to his house where we can relax and forget about all of this. His eyes have this way of pulling me into him and drowning out the world around us.

“I don’t know,” I admit.

“Havana, if there was a way to speed this up, I would do it for you, baby girl. The cold truth is we don’t have enough to bring to the police without Roy having a way to explain it as a misunderstanding. He can say it’s retaliation for a plumbing bill or anything.”

“What about the neighbors? If we come together to say he stole from us.”

Hendrix opens the door to my apartment, “Miss Lucille, ma’am, has there been any other complaints about items taken after Roy’s been inside the apartment?”

“No,” she sighs. “He’s only been here a few hours yesterday and the day before.”

“Thank you, ma’am,” Hendrix says and turns back to me. “Well, baby girl, it’s your word against his. We can still box up your place and move you out of here. You’ll never have to see Roy again.”

That notion triggers a sense of guilt in me, forcing me to look at the doors of my neighboring apartments.

“No, let’s just do it your way.”

“Oh, I like the sound of that,” he grins. “Is that just for tonight or does that apply to everything else I have in mind for us?”

“I’ll do it your way whenever you want, Daddy.”

HENDRIX

There's a feeling growing inside of me that I can't ignore.

Havana has a hold over me that makes me want to do whatever it takes to make her happy, to make her feel safe. I can tell she doesn't want to rock the boat. But, I won't be able to see myself as a real man if I can't get this asshole out of her life.

I give Havana the keys to my truck for her to grab food for us while my brothers and I begin to get her apartment boxed up. Her landlady, still a bit shaky about the plan, decides to leave us to it, heading back to her apartment on the first floor.

Hudson and Hayden start boxing up books and other items around the living room and in the kitchen. The more we put away in boxes, the more it feels like this is going to be a permanent change of address for Havana.

"One thing about Haven men," Hayden says from the kitchen. "We will move mountains for our women...or in this case, furniture."

Hudson laughs. "Ain't that the truth? At least we have each other to help move the mountains. I got a question for ya, Jimi."

I look at Hudson, River to me, and I'm Jimi to him—a reflection of our names at the peak of their popularity. Don't know when the nicknames came, but they're relics from our teenage years.

"Shoot," I reply.

Hudson says, "I know this ain't revenge or anything because I know you. You don't care that much about Roy Jonas."

I stop moving around the apartment, focusing on him. "You're right, I don't. I wasn't exactly an angel when I got caught up with him. I'm just happy I had my family to help change the way my life was headed."

Hudson waves his hand, brushing off my comment. "Yeah, yeah, family, but to my point, this little girl has you ready to put this guy in the ground and what I want to know is how far do you want us to let you go."

I shrug. "It's not something I'm thinking about. He stole her necklace so that might be worth a broken jaw, a hand at the very least. It depends on him. If he gets disrespectful, my temper and fists may match his energy. How about you guys don't stop shit and let the cops roll in to do that?"

"So we should have the cops on standby?" Hayden asks with a grin.

I look at him. "Yes, because that's what we promised Miss Lucille. But again, if Roy decides to be an asshole, we'll see what happens."

We get back to work setting up Havana's apartment just as she arrives with a ton of food for us. She piles burgers and fries along with some beers on the counter. I look at her and tap the beers, "How'd you swing these, baby girl?"

She giggles, "One of the guys at the store is good friends with Brody who doesn't know that Brody's out of town, so I tell the guy at the store it's for Brody and his buddies. He lets me grab two cases of good ole American lager and here you are. Don't ask too many questions. Enjoy the beer. I'm not drinking it. Remember, I prefer sweet tea."

Havana pushes onto her toes to give me a kiss, and I'm ready to do so much more, but my brothers are here.

Thankfully, my brothers notice, taking their food and leaving us alone in Havana's apartment.

"Thank you, baby girl," I tell her with a wicked grin. The space looks completely different from earlier. There aren't any

pictures hanging on the walls or books lining random shelves. Her furniture is on one side of the room to make it easier for us to carry out, and the only thing left to pack up is her bedroom.

“You guys move really fast,” she says, looking around. “This really feels like more than trying to trap a guy who likes to steal from unsuspecting tenants. Well, I won’t say that they don’t suspect him. He’s definitely someone where you judge the book by its cover.”

“It can be whatever you want it to be, baby girl. If you want us to put everything back where it was, we can do that. If you want to burn it all because Roy’s seen it and has been in this apartment, there’s a lake and a fire pit on Hudson’s property. We can torch the lot of it.”

She smiles and sighs, resting her head against my chest. I find myself swaying with her in my arms from side to side. The space is so open we could probably tango if I didn’t have two left feet. So a simple sway side to side is doing us just nicely.

“What if I go through it and take what I want to your place?” she asks, her baby blues looking up at me, still with her face against my chest.

My chest cracks open, pulse pumping madly. “I’m with you no matter where you want to go, baby girl.”

Holding Havana in my arms is nothing like I ever felt before. She belongs with me. She belongs to me. If I have my way, she’ll be in my house forever by my side tonight. We look around a bit at the organized mess.

Havana makes her way to the corner of the living room where the sofa is directly in front of her bookcase. There’s barely six inches of space between the two pieces when I notice her looking over the back of the sofa.

“What’s the matter?” I ask her, making my way toward her.

“There’s like this photo book thing. It’s more like a pamphlet since there’s only about ten pictures in it, but it’s sentimental, you know? I know it fell behind the bookshelf forever ago and

I want to see if it's still back there or if you guys tossed it in one of these boxes.”

I raise an eyebrow and try to stop her. “Baby girl, you don't have to squeeze back there. Let me move this stuff out of the way for you.”

“No, no, I can see and reach just fine,” she says as she leans that perfectly plump ass over the back of the couch. “Shit, dammit. Uh...”

“Uh-huh.” I walk over and stand at the end of the couch not pressed against the wall. Her bracelet is the culprit yet again. The charm is snagging a thread on the back of the sofa. “You can have me move the couch like I offered or I can leave you stuck there as punishment for not listening.”

She starts moving her other arm around to free herself when I move quickly. Behind her, I can't help that my mind is running crazy with fantasies. The fabric of her shirt is as flimsy as the one from the other night. I grab the bottom edge of it, which gets her to stop moving.

“What do you think you're doing?” she laughs.

“That's not one of the options I offered, baby girl,” I tell her with a swift swat of her ass.

She sucks in a sharp breath, tossing her bright blonde hair over her shoulder to give me a scathing look of defiance.

Ever the stubborn goddess, she begins to move faster, trying to free herself without breaking her bracelet or using my help. My hands are quicker as I tear the bottom of her shirt. It splits up the middle like a sheet of paper.

Before she can gather what I'm doing, I have her hand lassoed in her own shirt. Reaching around, I undo her jeans and slip my hand inside her panties, rubbing her clit in slow circles.

“See why you should listen to me, baby girl?” I ask her, applying more pressure between her folds, now letting my finger circle the entrance to her walls.

“No,” she giggles and whimpers.

“You’re in this vulnerable position where I can have my way with you and there’s not much you can do about it.”

I’m still rubbing circles around her entrance. Without warning, I plunged one finger and then another inside of her, stroking her and hooking them against the top of her canal. I know what I’m doing, but seeing her body react to me makes my dick as hard as a rock. Look at how good I make Havana feel.

She’s breathing heavily, like she’s trying to fight against the orgasm threatening to make her scream out.

“I told you before...I-I’ll do whatever you want your way, Daddy.”

My cock is raring to go as I pull it out, stroking it to calm my urges from making this pass too quickly. I know a better way to make this last longer. Pulling my fingers out of her, I pull Havana’s jeans and panties off at the same time. I hike her foot onto the cushion and bury my face against her.

I have to spread her ass for me to lick her wet slit up to that tight entrance. I want to claim every inch of her. My tongue laps over her mound, with my hands gripping her tight. My face moves in the curves of her body, tasting the orgasm she’s trying to hold back.

“Let it go, baby girl. Come for Daddy.”

She’s panting, skin reddening from the building lust and explosion of passion that’s coming. “I don’t want to ruin the couch.”

I pull my face from her pussy, positioning myself behind her and sinking my shaft inside of her warm walls, telling her, “Baby girl, fuck this couch.”

HAVANA

Fuck this couch.

Words to live by as Hendrix pumps inside of me with such power I think I'm going to fall forward into the bookshelf. Every thrust gets me wetter than the last, and I can't get enough.

My walls swell around him, and I clench to try to keep him inside of me longer, which draws out of him a deep guttural moan. He slaps my ass and speaks low with dominance. "Squeeze it again, baby girl."

I do as he says when he moves inside of me.

He sucks in a breath through clenched teeth, slapping my ass again. The sting makes my nipples hard, my mouth dry, and I want to do something other than take it. I want to touch him.

"Yeah, baby girl, keep doing that shit. Fuck, you feel so damn good." He pulls out and looks down before slamming inside of me again. My eyes nearly roll to the back of my head. He feels so good inside me. His voice only adds to the sensations coursing over my body.

Hendrix moves my leg onto his shoulder, angling my body in a way that I'm doing a side split as he drills in and out of me until I'm shaking with one orgasm after another.

"Fuck, Daddy," I manage to squeak out.

My brain isn't working. Words are not coming, but I am. Hendrix releases my shirt and then reaches over to snap the threads holding my bracelet hostage. He picks me up and spins

me around before sitting on the couch and placing me on his dick.

“Ride me, baby girl.”

His command gets me going as I wrap my arms around his neck to bounce up and down on his lap. The slight curve of his cock in this position hits me in just the right spot, making me come again.

“You feel how wet Daddy makes you, baby girl?”

“Yes. I love it, Daddy. I love the way you feel inside of me.”

He grabs my face and pulls me in for a kiss. I get to run my fingers through his hair, raking my nails across his scalp and pulling his hair while his hands grip my ass and speed up my pace. I anchor my feet against the cushions beside him.

Hendrix takes my body and continues to stroke me in and out, up and down. The sounds of our bodies slapping together fill the room. He holds me tight and stands up. I think we’re going to continue standing up, but he carries me into the bedroom without slipping out.

When he lays me on the bed, he starts to move in and out of me slower than before. My hands are still in his hair and his hands are still gripping me from behind. He can push himself in so deep it feels like he’s trying to split me like a wishbone.

The waves of euphoric pleasure crash over me as he deliberately strokes me with slow, methodical, powerful movements. I never want this to stop, but Hendrix pulls out of me, slightly out of breath.

He drops back and buries his face between my thighs, lapping at me and making sure I don’t lose the feeling. He doesn’t stay there long as he comes back up and dives back inside of me, every stroke bringing us closer and closer to his climax. I wrap my legs around him, never wanting him to leave me, but the longer he stays in, I know he’s going to finish soon.

His body tenses and his pace quickens. His grunts come in faster, lower and he wraps his arms under me to grab my shoulders in a way to hold me steady. Every stroke is intense

until I feel the sweet release of his climax dripping inside of me.

His body quivers and shakes a bit until he lets out one hefty exhale and falls onto the bed beside me.

“Shit. That’s the best sex I’ve ever had,” I pant next to him.

Hendrix smiles and chuckles. “Baby girl, this is only the beginning.”

“Is that so?”

“We got things to try, chandeliers to swing from, and places to go. We can get a map and fuck in every vacation spot.”

I laugh at the notion and curl into him. “Have you been to a lot of countries?”

“Not many, a few states here and there helping my brother chase down bail jumpers. We can get out and see the world, travel to different countries, or stay right here in Conklin. I’m sure there’s plenty of places nearby that we can see.”

“I’d love to get out of Conklin. Brody always talks about the places he gets to see, especially on tour with this gig you set up for him.”

“I bet he does. Bridgette is getting a crazy amount of publicity since she just turned 18. It’s kind of crazy how the media follows her around like that. She’s lucky to have Brody with her. He’ll protect her.”

I nod. “I know better than anybody. He sinks his fists into a few faces defending me growing up, but I’ve been on good behavior.”

“Good behavior like sweet-talking innocent store owners into selling you beer?”

I crack up, forgetting I told him that. “That doesn’t count.”

“Yes it does,” he teases and taunts. “You’re a bad little girl, doing what you want to get what you want.”

“That’s extreme, isn’t it?” I tell him, shoving him playfully.

Hendrix props himself up onto his elbow, letting his hair fall to one side. He looks every bit like the hot 90s hunk. My nipples are getting hard just thinking about him and the way he makes love to me. I can't wait to go again.

“You're thinking dirty thoughts right now, baby girl. I can tell by the way you're looking at me. Besides, if I remember correctly, you stripped for me the other night, tried to get me drunk, and insisted I stay here.”

“How do you know what I'm thinking?” I ask him.

“Because you do this thing where you bite the bottom corner of your lip and your nipples get hard.”

I look at him, releasing my bottom lip and running my fingers through his hair.

“It's your fault. You look like you and look at me like that.”

That smile of his can win awards. He levels it on me and leans down to capture my mouth in a kiss that makes me want to go for round two. The groans that come from his throat as he kisses me make me wet and spread my legs for him to slip his fingers in me where we start each other up.

By the time we finish, sleep finds us both easily. When the morning sun pokes through my sheer curtains, I turn over to find myself alone in bed. I'm slow in getting up, but the scent of food cooking is a great motivator.

I grab a quick shower and head into the kitchen where Hendrix is shuffling around to finish making breakfast.

“Baby girl, you know what I realized last night?” he asks as I sit down to have a cup of coffee.

“What?”

He points to the living room. “Cameras.”

My eyes go wide as my heart plummets to the pit of my stomach. “Oh my god, Hendrix. How many people have access to them? People at your job? Brody?!”

My mind races with how many people are going to see us making love.

He leans over the table with a spoon of scrambled eggs that he feeds to me. “No, baby girl. No one has access to those cameras except us. If you want, I can download the video from last night and delete it from the server. You know, in case you want to watch it back.”

“What do you mean watch it back? Like a porno?”

“Yes, like a film starring you, me, and that fucking couch that’s not ruined,” he says with a laugh.

“I’m a little sentimental about things here.”

“I know,” he says, sliding a plate in front of me. “Whatever you want to do after that business with Roy, I will do, baby girl.”

“What time is that supposed to happen?” I ask him, looking around and not wanting to see Roy ever again.

“We can do whatever works for you and Miss Lucille.”

“You and your brothers are so respectful and polite,” I tell him, wondering if he can see the vastly different sides of himself that I get to see unraveling right in front of me.

He sighs as he sits across from me with a plate of food of his own. “My folks raised us boys with principles and morals. I can’t say that we always stuck to the code, but I learned a good hard lesson fairly early on.”

“Are you talking about what happened between you and Roy?”

He nods. “Yeah. I was about 16 and school really wasn’t a top priority for me. My dad didn’t mind all that much, but the rule was if you’re not going to school, then you’d better get a job. He wasn’t raising any sons who couldn’t make a way for themselves in this world.”

“I get that. My dad wasn’t much of a father since he skipped out early. I want to say when I was about four or five and then my mother chased some guy to Florida when I was about 10 and we haven’t seen her since.” I hold the necklace up with a thumb. “This was a gift from both my parents on my 11th birthday. Though, now that I think about it, it’s probably from

Brody, but he made it seem like it was from them and that we'd celebrate together."

"Well, it's a good thing we got it back, baby girl. Family is important, no matter how big or how small, if you're born into one or if you choose one yourself. I got caught up thinking I was choosing a better family for what I thought I wanted back then. I already had the family I needed. Roy was always into theft, and he gave me something to hold onto for him. I didn't know that he'd given me stolen property and then told the cops I was the mastermind."

"Seems like he's always been a snake and this has been a long time coming."

He shrugs, "I got off with a few weeks in jail and community service after a lawyer argued my case for me. If Roy never got me tangled up in his mess, I would have gotten myself into deeper shit, and who knows where I would have ended up? On the other side, he can rot in hell next to a baboon's ass for messing with people I care about. He's not going to get away with this, baby girl. That I promise you."

HENDRIX

There's nothing inside of me that wants Roy to get the easy way out after stealing from Havana.

We decide to put my plan into action. She moves through the apartment, setting things out that look worthy of stealing, and making sure to box up everything else.

I check the angles of the cameras and make sure our video from last night isn't stored in the history, but it is on my phone. I'm getting hard just thinking about it, watching it with her later while she gags on my sturdy rod.

It takes a few seconds for me to remind myself I have work to do, and I can't spend this time fascinating about all the ways I want to make Havana come. After making sure the cameras are in position, we make our way downstairs to speak with her landlady.

Miss Lucille steps into the lobby wearing her anxiety on her face. She pulls out her phone and puts it on speaker. She wants to be sure I can coach her through the call in case Roy does anything to derail what we have set up.

The phone rings a few times before Roy answers. "Who is this?"

Her voice is jittery as she says, "Um, Roy. It's Lucille."

"Oh, right, right. I love Lucy. You got something for me?" He sounds like he's in a good mood, but that can obviously change at the drop of a dime.

“Yeah, um, remember that apartment on the third floor, the one with the young girl?” she starts.

Roy groans. “Yeah, she was a tasty little piece. You calling to give me her number or something? She come around?”

This motherfucker. If he was here, I would’ve slammed his head to the ground. Without batting an eye. Nobody talks about my girl like that. Especially not a useless piece of shit like him.

“Uh, no,” Lucille huffs out a sigh of exhaustion. “Actually, we had a blow-up because there was some sort of emergency and she didn’t tell me about the repairs she did. I told her I’d have to add the costs onto her rent.”

“Okay,” Roy says with apprehension. “What do you have for me? Come on out with it. I don’t have all day.”

Lucille continues, “Well, she’s threatening to skip out on the rest of her lease. Can you come by and take a look at her apartment again? If there’s anything wrong, or if she’s undone any of your repairs, I want to be sure I add it to the list of damages for when I take her to court.”

I nod at Lucille. She plays the landlady very well.

Roy sounds giddy as he tells her, “Oh, nice. Yeah, let’s take that stuck-up bitch to court. I can actually tack on some additional repairs if you want to inflate the bill.”

I’m clenching my fists, knuckles white. I can’t wait to do serious damage to this scumbag. I have to breathe slowly so as not to lose it. We’ve gone this far.

“Let’s just see what’s going on and take it from there. How soon can you get here?” she asks him.

“Give me an hour,” Roy replies and ends the call.

Miss Lucille looks at me with worry in her eyes.

I assure her, “Just let Roy do whatever Roy does. You don’t have to do anything else but be yourself. Okay? I’m going to be in my truck until you guys head up to the apartment. Just stand by the door while he heads inside.”

“Okay, and this is going to work?” she asks.

“It’s going to work,” I tell her even though there’s no way to predict Roy’s behavior.

Outside, Havana is standing beside my truck as my brothers arrive. Hayden decides to wait in his car, and I take my truck with Havana in the passenger seat down the street. I don’t want Roy to see any of us and get spooked to the point he doesn’t go inside.

Hudson makes his way inside the building, taking a look at the electrical work since it’s actually something he does for a living. It gives him a reason to be inside when Roy arrives. Sure enough, the greedy bastard shows up a little over an hour later. Havana ducks down into the passenger seat after pointing him out.

He’s taller than I remember and has about 30 pounds of weight over me, matching my height. Roy doesn’t look the part of a plumber as he heads inside with a toolbox, only wearing jeans and a leather jacket. It looks as if he’s coming in from a night out.

I send out a text when I see him walk inside and show her the app where she can watch and listen to him through the security cameras. With her safe in the truck, I head inside the building just as Roy and the landlady walk into the apartment.

Hudson follows me and hangs out on the stairs a floor above us while I wait just outside the apartment door. I can hear them as Lucille left the door open slightly, using her hand to keep it like that. My guess is to make a quick escape.

Roy sounds disgustingly cocky as he walks around while I watch through the cameras.

“She’s definitely going to sneak out of here soon. I’m glad you called, Lucy,” Roy says. “How about we flood the kitchen and add it to her bill?”

Miss Lucille desperately tries to stop that from happening. “Roy, that’s going to take too much time to repair. I want to get a new tenant in here as soon as I’m sure she’s gone. Just see if the repairs are intact.”

“Alright, alright, let me take a look in the bathroom,” he tells her and walks down the hall. He peeks inside the washer and dryer, even going as far as to pull out the lint trap and a tray at the bottom to reveal an array of lost socks and cash that Havana’s lost in her wash.

He smiles as he stands to count what he’s found. After shoving the cash and coins in his pocket, Roy moves into the bathroom where he messes around with the shower and pipes in the tub. There’s confusion on his face.

He shouts to Miss Lucille, “Has anyone else been in here with her?!”

The landlady calls out, “I don’t know, maybe? I don’t keep track of who comes in and out of the apartments. As long as the rent’s paid on time, why should I care?”

“Well, obviously you care if I’m here now.”

“Only because there’s a threat of rent not being paid. Please finish up, Roy. I don’t want her to come back here and see us. She’s already stated that she doesn’t want anyone here while she’s not home. That could make any additional expenses harder to tack on if she decides to slap me with an unlawful entry suit.”

Damn. She’s good.

“Alright, I’m just going to check out the radiator in the bedroom, okay?” he calls out to her.

“I thought you don’t do HVAC?” Miss Lucille asks.

“I’m looking into it and can handle some minimal things. I just want to be sure the pipes aren’t cracked or anything,” Roy tells her, already entering the bedroom.

My blood boils as he runs his hands over the top of her bed. He leans down and smells it before he begins to look over the boxes on her dresser. The jewelry is still out, looking like Havana has to pack it up in a separate box.

Roy does what I expect him to do and swipes it. He makes his way into the kitchen and goes under the sink. He messes

around under there for a while and pops back up with a smile on his face.

“If little miss comes to you talking about something’s been taken, I’m sure she’s going to have some movers come in to help her with the furniture and stuff. Blame it on them and make sure you tell her that whoever fixed the bathroom pipes cracked it.”

That’s a lie. Those pipes are in perfectly good working order.

I give a signal to Hudson when I hear them about to leave. As soon as the door opens, Roy’s face reveals I’m the last person he’s expecting to see.

“Hey, Miss Lucille,” I tell her as she lets the door close behind her.

“Morning, Mr. Haven. Um, Roy, this is Hendrix. He’s been helping Van these past few days,” she fakes the introduction.

Roy sizes me up and I tip my head to the side, letting it sink in who I truly am.

“Oh, shit. Henny, bro, it’s been such a long time. How are you?” Roy says as if we have some catching up to do.

“I’ll be a lot better if you empty your pockets,” I tell him.

He laughs. “You’re not serious, right? This is my spot. I’m working this building—”

“Do you actually believe I’m still in that life?”

“I mean look at you. Why wouldn’t you be?” he scoffs and gestures at my height.

“Don’t make this harder on yourself, Roy. Give me the jewels you just snatched,” I demand and watch him.

To my surprise, Roy shoves me back and starts running down the stairs and out of the building. I steady myself and take off after him, hoping to catch him before he disappears into the early afternoon.

HAVANA

I can hardly believe what I'm watching as Roy molests my bed sheets. Burn those.

It makes me think of Hendrix's option of setting it all ablaze on his brother's property. At least it's something to look forward to as I continue to watch Roy scour my apartment for whatever he can shove into his pockets.

When he finally leaves, I let out a sigh of relief, knowing that Hendrix will take care of it. So I get out of the car and begin making my way to the building, hoping that the police are arriving soon.

Everything seems to unfold in slow motion as I reach the bottom of the steps leading into my apartment building. Roy comes bursting through the lobby door, taking the steps in a single leap, and ready to plow over me.

"You stupid bitch! This is all your fault," he shouts and spins around me, throwing an arm around my torso. He pins my arms to my side and pulls a knife out, holding it to my throat.

Hendrix comes out seconds later and immediately turns a shade of red. It's like I can feel his rage from where I'm standing, and I know everything is going to be alright.

"Drop it, Roy," Hendrix commands, his voice menacingly low.

"Ha! Right, like I'm going to do that. No, what you're going to do is back off while me and this sweet little thing go for a ride. I'll let her go before I get out of Conklin."

My eyes scan our surroundings, taking stumbling steps with Roy at my back. He snarls in my ear, “Do anything funny and you’ll regret it. I’ll slice you up.”

I take a deep breath when I see Hayden moving closer to us from the dark alleyway separating my building from the building next door.

“You’re alright, Havana,” Hendrix tells me with certainty in his voice that makes me relax.

“Hey,” Hayden calls out before throwing something with deadly accuracy in Roy’s direction. It’s a knife that sticks to the telephone pole just behind us, but it does what Hayden and Hendrix need it to do. It distracts Roy just enough for me to spin away from him.

Hendrix takes three large steps to get to us. Roy decides to run instead of hanging around.

Hendrix shouts to Hayden, “Watch her.”

I watch him take off down the street, his hair flying behind him as he catches up to Roy and slams him into the concrete. There’s a blur of fists flying, arguing, and shouting as Hendrix deals blow after blow until the police arrive.

Hayden stands beside me with his arms folded over his chest and wearing a large smile.

“Aren’t you going to help him?” I ask.

“Who?” he laughs. “The junk plumber? Jimi’s fine. Look.”

I turn again to see Hendrix dragging an unconscious Roy back toward us where officers swarm around him.

“Now, I’ll help,” Hayden tells me and steps forward. “Hey fellas, I have some footage y’all should see.”

“This your bounty?” one of the officers asks Hayden.

The eldest Haven brother shakes his head. “No, but if he skips bail, he might be. This one’s fresh. Got him on camera stealing and I’m sure those cameras across the street have him holding this young lady hostage at knifepoint.”

“Alright, we’ll take it from here. I’m going to need y’all to come to the station and make a statement for the reports and all,” the cop tells us as he puts Roy into the back of his police car.

Once we finish talking to them, Hendrix takes my face into his hands, looking me over, and I grab his fingers. “I’m fine. I swear. I’m not hurt.”

“Good,” he huffs. “I would have had to kill him.”

“I thought you were going to for a second,” I admit.

“I might have if I didn’t think about you.” He kisses me softly. “Baby girl, there’s nothing in this world that’s going to take me away from you. Not even that jackass.”

The security I feel in his embrace lets me know that he means every single word. When he lets me go, Hayden and Hudson approach with Lucille close behind them.

“You think this is over?” Lucille asks.

I think so, telling her, “I think him trying to take me hostage along with attacking that pawn store clerk and his behavior here should help keep him locked up, right?”

Hayden looks to Hendrix. “I’m going to talk to a few people and see what we can add to be sure he’s not a threat to anyone else.”

“Thank you, Van,” Lucille says timidly. “And thank you to you fellas.”

She walks away, leaving us alone, and I turn to Hendrix. “So now what? It doesn’t make much sense to unpack that stuff. What do you think I should do?”

He shrugs. “You can do whatever you want, baby girl. I told you I’ll do anything you want and I meant that.”

“Okay. Let’s leave the furniture and I can bring my stuff to your house?” I ask him.

“Sounds like a great idea to me,” he says with a quick kiss.

Hendrix and his brothers head inside to get my stuff, and I decide to put in a call to my brother. Brody answers almost

immediately.

“Hey, Van. What’s up?” he asks.

“A whole lot. So, I’m seeing somebody.”

“Okay.”

I let out a soft laugh. “Is that all you have to say? Okay? Where’s the interrogation? The how old is he? What does he do for a living? Where are his parents? What kind of family does he come from?”

Brody laughs a little himself this time. “Van, I choose not to answer questions I already know the answer to.”

“What do you know?” I ask with curiosity beaming.

“I know that when I brought you to the office months ago, Hendrix mentioned wanting to take you out. We hashed out our differences back then. He’s a good guy, Van, and I know he’ll protect you and take good care of you. I like not having to worry about you when I’m traveling around ... Wait, hold on a second,” he says and shouts at someone near him, “Don’t be a brat, Bridge. I told you to wait so you’re going to wait, dammit.”

“What the hell is a brat bridge?”

“Bridge is short for Bridgette who is absolutely being a spoiled brat,” he sighs heavily. “My client seems to think that just because she’s a brand new adult on a multimillion-dollar worldwide press tour for this movie premier, she can tell me how to do my job.”

“Oh. It sounds like you have your hands full.”

“Yeah, but I’m happy for you, Van. Let him take care of you, okay?” Brody says and we end the call with a promise to talk again in a few days.

It’s crazy to think how fast all of this is happening. I don’t want to imagine my life or dealing with Roy if I never thought to call Hendrix after losing my keys. This is the best thing to ever happen to me, and I can’t wait to see what’s next.

The next few days have me settling into Hendrix's place, and it only makes me realize that I don't have much to bring into his life. The weight of this all sits on my shoulders like a boulder.

Even after everything is put in a place that blends our lives seamlessly, I can't help but wonder what I can add to his life. Hendrix arrives home around the same time every night. I make sure dinner is made, and sometimes, he takes me out to eat or to a movie.

We fall into a rhythm, but he can tell that something's off with me. "Baby girl, you want to tell me what's bothering you?"

"I feel like a leech. I don't even know what I want to do with my life, let alone how to add to yours," I finally say the words aloud. While it's a weight lifted, I don't know what he's going to say about it.

He pulls me into his massive arms, reaching around and scooping me up to wrap my legs around his waist. I can't stop the smile spreading across my lips. "You can't just think sex is going to make me feel better."

"I know, baby girl. It's just a start," he says with a mischievous grin. "Seriously, I want to show you something."

"I've seen that, and I have to tell you that as much as I love your cock inside of me and out, it's not the future I had in mind."

He puts me down, swatting me on the ass, and saying, "Go throw something on and hurry up. I want to take you somewhere and show you what I've been working on. It might help you feel better about what you add to my life."

I do as he tells me and throw some clothes on for him to drive us back to the apartment building. Weeks have gone by and I have no idea what this place has left for me.

When we head inside the old apartment, it's empty except for dozens of candles lighting the place in a soft amber light. My heart swells at how beautiful it all looks.

"What is going on?" I ask him.

That damn panty-dropping smile of his makes me want to go back home for the sex I dismissed.

He holds his hand out for me to walk down the hall, stopping me in front of the washer and dryer.

“You left something in there,” he says, pointing to the dryer.

I open the door to see nothing inside, but when I turn back to face Hendrix, he’s down on bended knee. Oh god.

“What do you think you’re doing?” I ask him, heart beating wildly in my chest.

“I’m showing you just how much you add to my life. Never take for granted the calm in the storm you are for me. You keep me grounded and help me make sure my temper is under control. I know that you feel like you don’t add enough to my life, but there’s so much more living for us to do. I’ve been thinking about you stuck all over this apartment and then I wondered what it would be like if you were stuck with me... forever.”

Hendrix pulls a ring out of his pocket. It matches my necklace, but the diamond in the center is huge. He slips it onto my finger and says, “Being blessed with a family like mine saved me once, but being blessed with a woman like you saved me twice. I don’t want to think about my life without you in it, and to make sure you know how much I love you, Havana Bradley, will you marry me?”

“Yes,” I tell him. “I will. I love you so much, Hendrix.”

“I love you too, Havana. Now you know that we’re stuck together in this, relax and take your time figuring out what you want to do. Until that happens, you can be my wife and hold the key to this locksmith’s heart.”

EPILOGUE

One Year Later

“**F**or the last time, Daddy, he is fine,” Havana says, dragging me to the table where an array of pamphlets sit on display for us to choose a destination.

“I just like making sure my boy’s sleeping good. He’s been colicky, ya know,” I tell her as if she doesn’t.

I don’t know which one of us is obsessed more with our son. Hawk Haven sleeps soundly in a room where we let the cool night air blow, which seems to work best for him.

After making sure the tablet on the table is open to the baby cam app, I shift my attention to the brochures on the table. Havana sits across from me and taps on a few mountain getaways in Pennsylvania.

“So, River and Hayden both agree that the mountains are a good spot for everyone. We can find one of those massive cabins that sleeps at least a dozen,” she laughs.

“I just want to be sure that our room is soundproof,” I tell her, moving closer to her, nuzzling against her neck and kissing the bottom of her earlobe.

“Daddy, focus.”

“I am focused.”

She turns to kiss me as if that’s going to be enough. “Your focus is going to have me pregnant again in record time. Let’s pick a place. They gave us the final vote.”

“They only gave it to us because if it sucks, all the blame falls on me.”

She shakes her head. “Don’t be like that, babe. This is the first time that all the Haven men are happily married and in love. It would be nice for you guys to actually take some time off work and let the kids get together.”

“We can put all four of the cousins in a playpen while the adults have a great time.”

“Outside of Conklin?” she asks.

I sigh and sit down. “Fine. Pick a place, baby girl. I’m happy as long as you’re happy.”

She turns to give me a deep kiss, running her hands through my hair and grazing my scalp, which gets me hard in seconds. Her tongue swirls around mine, moving softly in and out of my mouth. I moan and grab her ass to make her sit on my lap.

Havana straddles me, and it doesn’t take much for me to move her loose shorts aside. I slip my cock out and inside of her with ease, pushing up into her.

She moans between thrusts. “This is not how to pick a family vacation.”

I move her to the top of the table where the brochures will have to wait until we’re finished.

She’s panting as I bury myself inside of her. “Daddy, you’re going to ruin the brochures.”

I stop for a moment to look her in the eyes. “Baby girl, fuck these brochures.”

Finding a minute to please my wife is hard to do with a newborn. With Hawk finally sleeping peacefully and life giving us a moment to enjoy each other, I take it. I take her over and over again for as much as my body will allow.

I can’t believe how lucky I am to have a woman like Havana.

She keeps me calm and focused. I work hard for her to have the freedom to be herself. She’s the best thing that’s ever

happened to me, and bringing my son into this world makes me all the more grateful for her.

We have our entire lives ahead of us, and I can't wait to see what's next.

EXTENDED EPILOGUE

HAVANA

Fifteen Years Later

“Roll call,” Honour Haven shouts from the top of the steps of a massive cabin in the wooded mountains of Pennsylvania where the annual Haven Hideaway is kicking off.

Mrs. Honour Haven, mother to the Haven men who make young women fall in love with them, calls her brood of grandchildren to the steps. The sun is setting, and there’s a fire roaring in the pit. Her husband, my father-in-law, Hank, is grilling an assortment of meats while Halo, my sweet sister and Hayden’s wife, is inside fixing sides.

Heather is out with the kids and our husbands doing who knows what, and I’m still standing in our room deciding what to wear. I can see and hear them from the large window overlooking the back deck.

I love watching everyone come out of random corners of the property to coral in front of Honour.

They’re all in camouflage and fatigues, armed and loaded with water balloons. I decide to sit this game out as the balloons aren’t just filled with water but touches of paint or nail polish to see who hit the most targets. The targets are each other.

“Hana, Haley, and Harriet,” Honour calls out Hayden’s children first. The girls giggle with their matching pigtails. All the kids are close in age from 15 to 17 years between them, with Hayden’s troop being the oldest.

“Here,” the three answer their grandmother.

“Y’all head inside and get cleaned up. Finish helping your mama put the food out.”

“Yes, ma’am,” they answer and head inside.

Honour looks at the twins, Harlow and Hazel, with their younger brother, Hudson Jr, coming in behind them. He’s guarding their back, like he’s waiting for their parents to pounce. Hudson and Heather have a wild thing where they like to wrestle and whoever’s close is liable to get sucked into their madness.

“Y’all set the table and plates up out here, and don’t get that colored water all over the floors. Put the tarp down,” Honour says.

“Yes, ma’am,” they reply and head off to their duties.

“Hawk, Hilary, Henry, and Houston, y’all stayed in the roped-off area?” she asks.

My not-so-baby boy Hawk steps forward, answering for his siblings, “Yes ma’am. I already went through to pick up the balloon pieces. Dad, Uncle River, and Aunt Heather are going over it to make sure we got it all.”

“Very good. Y’all head inside and wash up. Clean up those bathrooms so your cousins can take turns and get ready for dinner.” Honour smiles at them as they all head inside.

The sound of trampling feet fills the massive house that I can’t believe belongs to our massive family. This is far more than I can ever imagine, and I’m happy to be a part of it. Yet, when I back away from the window, I look at the dresses laid out and some other pieces of clothes to choose from.

I don’t want to wear any of it.

Hendrix comes in, clearly in need of a shower with his hair in a low ponytail and his clothes soaked with multiple colors from their balloon warfare.

“You should have come out with us, baby girl. Hilary’s got a mean arm on her. That girl needs to be on a pitching mound.”

“Or in a boxing ring,” I joke. “Remember we got to go up to the school before they head back in for the fall.”

Hendrix doesn't care about repercussions when it comes to self-defense. "It's her senior year and that asshole deserved the ass-whoopin' he got. He's lucky Hawk wasn't there or he'd still be in the hospital. But don't worry about that. Let's enjoy these last two weeks of summer with our family. Why ain't you dressed yet?"

I sigh and look at the clothes again, and then at myself in the mirror. "I'm enormous and don't fit anything."

"Now, baby girl. You are not enormous. You look amazing and I love every inch, pound, ounce that makes you my wife, mother to our beautiful kids, and most of all you, Havana Haven. If you want, you can wear absolutely nothing and I'll gladly stay up here to eat you for dinner."

He walks over and picks up a pair of denim shorts and a simple tank top. His hand comes down swiftly to swat me on the ass.

"Go and throw this on so I can have some fun taking it off you later," he says with a devious grin.

"Everybody in this house will hear us," I hiss as he approaches me, dirty and threatening me with a good time.

"Baby girl, you should know by now that I don't give a fuck about nothing else when it comes to making you happy. Our world stops and we will adjust because you are the center of it all, baby girl. Our kids know that and our family knows that. You're gorgeous, and I love you more and more every day. Come get in this shower with me so my cock can show you how much."

"You're insatiable."

"And you're stuck with me forever, Mrs. Haven."

The End. Thanks for reading!

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