

POSSESSIVE RANCHER

AMAZON BESTSELLING AUTHOR
LENA LITTLE

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CONKLIN COUNTY DADDIES: BOOK 2

LENA LITTLE

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PREVIEW

Posting a drunken “Help Wanted” ad has the most beautiful *little girl* I’ve ever laid eyes on waking me out of my sleep.

Heather needs the job, and I need the help turning my land into an experience customers want to pay for. She’s perfect in every way. That face. That body. That spirit. She has no idea how feverish my skin turns at her touch. And I want to burn.

She’s applying for a manager, but I have a different position in mind for her. Something more stable and...long-term. Something that will have her living at the main house...with me...and our kids.

But she’s running away from someone who’s just as possessive of her as me. The difference between me and this scumbag? She’s actually mine, not a figment of my imagination.

I will keep her safe and show her how she deserves to be treated. No one ever mistreats women around me. No one lives in fear under my roof.

So when trouble finally shows up, it doesn’t take long for him to realize he should’ve left her alone and run screaming the other way. Because in this household, anyone who crosses me will always pay a price.

No one f*cks with us Havens and gets away with it.

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Needed: Small B & B Manager to oversee employees and create experiences for guests. 65-acre property with mountain views. Sign-on bonus to start ASAP. Email HeavensHaven@ranch.com

The ability to watch the sun set behind a mountain range a few miles south of Conklin is worth every penny I'm sinking into the Haven family ranch. While my folks want to sell the property, I have a vision that can transform these few dozen acres into something glorious.

The problem?

I'm in Conklin and the small town doesn't exactly draw in hordes of tourists. Still, I know I have something here. Even Hayden brings his wife around every few weekends to enjoy the renovations, but I need a consistent flow of paying customers.

Instead of slamming my head against a wall for ideas, I decide to crack open a beer, and another, and then another. By the time my thoughts are swimming, the answer strikes me like a sailor tossing an anchor overboard.

My eyes look around the massive place I've called home since I could crawl. I can see it as a destination for retreats or quiet getaways. The ideas flow from my drunk fingers into a Help Wanted ad.

The words flow naturally, and in my mind, it looks like the thing still says draft. So I leave it with the idea of using sober eyes to go over it in the morning.

The first time my phone pings with a notification, it reads like someone's answering the ad, but that can't be because it's just a draft. It's probably just an admin of the site getting clarity. I wonder if I should tell the person on the opposite side of the screen that I've had one too many beers. I'm in no mood to answer questions and emails. This is why I need a manager to handle them things.

After I message the person back and forth a bit, I put my phone away. Sleep finds me much sooner than I expect. However, the incessant ringing of the doorbell jolts me out of my slumber.

"Shit," I groan, dragging myself out of bed to see the sun shining bright in the morning sky. The bell rings again.

Fuckin' hell.

I imagine it's one of my brothers coming to request use of the renovated cabins on the property. Each push of the damn bell makes me want to rip it out. I only need another hour of sleep or so. When it rings a fourth time, my frustration mounts as it dawns on me that none of my siblings would ring the bell.

Great. Someone is probably trying to sell me something.

When I pull the door open, I'm instantly wide awake, feeling like someone just dumped a bucket full of ice-cold water on me.

Beauty stands in front of me with a suitcase sitting beside her feet. Red wavy hair with a scattering of freckles across her cheeks that reach up to her cloudy gray eyes, and that smile... that smile makes my heart pound like a fist on a drum.

Sleepiness makes my tone a lot deeper than I want, but I still offer her a friendly greeting. "Mornin', ma'am. What can I do ya for?"

She's giggling and blushing, raising a timid hand over that gorgeous grin as she turns her head slightly.

"Um, I'm Heather Marsden. I'm here about the bed and breakfast management position. Are you Hudson Haven?"

"I am," I tell her and suddenly realize why she's blushing.

Answering the door in a pair of boxers isn't the best way to greet a potential employee. Shit. I ain't one to shy away from nothing, but still, it's not the most professional way to behave.

"My apologies, ma'am. Why don't you come on in and I'll get myself together."

"Sure, and please no need to call me ma'am. I'm barely 21," she chuckles as she steps inside.

I grab her bag and close the door behind us. At 16 years my junior, she's got a nice little body, and I don't mind scoping out every inch of it. She's beautiful—the most beautiful girl I've ever laid eyes on—but there's something mysterious about her.

"Just sit tight. I'll be right back." I take the steps two at a time up to the second floor and throw on a pair of dungarees and shirt to head back down to where she's standing in the living room.

Heather's eyes are looking around, but I see the questions behind them. The kitchen is the perfect place to conduct this interview, and the more I think about it, there are a few questions I have myself.

"So, uh, Heather," my voice draws her attention and her body to me. "How did you find this place?"

"Your ad and our messages, Mr. Haven—"

"Please call me Hudson."

"Hudson," she sighs and continues to look around. "Where are the other employees? You said I'd be in charge of experiences and delegating tasks."

I pull out my phone and search through my messages to see nothing, but when I see my emails, a pit forms in my stomach. Drunk emails. Drunk emails have this little girl on my doorstep looking for a job that doesn't exist yet.

Running a hand across my face, I sigh audibly. "I need to apologize to you, Heather. You see, I didn't realize I posted the ad. I thought it was someone from the site looking for clarity

on it when we exchanged messages. I can pay you for your time and travel-”

This time, she cuts me off. “Listen. I don’t know what you have going on here, but the place is huge, and I know I can help turn this into the bed and breakfast of your dreams. I just need a chance. Besides, I can’t exactly go back to my last job.”

“So much for references, huh?”

She huffs out a breath. “This is a bit unorthodox, so let’s make a deal. Gimme a week or two to show you what I can do in this position, and I won’t ask for a paycheck.”

“Ma’am, you’re not about to work for free on my property.”

“Well, I won’t be working for free. If you can provide me with a place to stay, food, and be a reference for me, that will be enough to get me to my next job. What do ya say?” she asks, extending her hand.

I take her hand in mine, not knowing that letting her on this property and into my life is going to change everything for me. The spark between us as our skin touches sends a bolt of pleasure coursing over my body. My blood rushes south and all I wanna do is flatten her to a wall and devour her.

I want her. I don’t want her to work for me. I want Heather writhing under me, taking every inch of this dick I can stuff into that little body of hers.

Fuck. This isn’t right, but now that she’s here, I don’t want to let her leave without knowing how she affects me.

“You got yourself a deal, Heather. Why don’t I show you around the place?”

“Okay, Hudson.”

“So on this first floor, you see the kitchen, of course, opens into the living room, and around that corner is another room I’m going to use as an office. Follow me.” I hook a finger to beckon her to my side. She follows silently, taking in everything I’m showing her.

From the first floor, I take her upstairs to the second where I put her suitcase in the room beside mine.

“There’s three bedrooms on this floor. I stay in this one. The other two have to share a bathroom, and the attic upstairs was converted into two master suites. My idea was to have this main house for staff who stay on the property. I want the cabins out in the pastures to be for the guests. That allows them to be as loud as they want without disturbing whoever’s here.”

“That’s pretty cool. I can see how that works. So this is more coming out here for a specific reason rather than hoping for tourists to come by?”

“Yeah, cuz let’s call a spade a spade. Nothing about Conklin screams tourist attraction, but with a pretty face like yours talking about all the things they can do out here, they’re likely to book out the experience.”

It doesn’t take long to show her the rest of the house, but when I take her out back, that’s the moment her jaw drops.

“This view is stunning, Hudson,” she says with a hand over her heart. That’s the exact moment I look at her, with the morning sun bouncing off her hair.

She’s too beautiful to be real, like a fairy I’m lucky enough to see in daylight. I have to physically lock in my arms to avoid reaching out and touching her. Jesus.

“You’re stunning,” I tell her.

“Thank you,” she says with those gray eyes looking everywhere but at me.

Can’t have that now, can we?

I move around for her to stop dodging my gaze. “Now don’t tell me someone as beautiful as you doesn’t hear something like that every day.”

“Well...um...It’s just that men like you don’t usually take interest in girls like me.”

“Who have you been around? I will say that I’ve been kinda tunnel-sighted when it comes to this place, so women haven’t been on my mind or around for a while, but you’ve got my attention, Heather.”

She shakes her head, shades of crimson rising into her cheeks. “You wouldn’t be interested in me once you found out I was a virgin, so it’s good you’re only looking for a hotel manager. I’d be a horrible anything else.”

Whoa. What? A virgin? This beautiful girl who already looks like she belongs here?

She is perfect, and now she’s giving me another reason to stake my claim...because there’s absolutely no way I’ll let another man have her, be her first. She doesn’t know it yet but she’s mine...All of her.

“You’re a virgin?”

“Yes, and I know that kind of inexperience can be a major turn-off.”

“Why don’t you let me be the judge of that, little girl?” We fall into this rhythm way too easily, like we’ve been wandering in search of one another. Here we are. Hotel manager or not, Heather’s mine. I don’t know her past or what her future plans are, but she’ll stay here beside me...no place else.

A day ago, the only thing on my mind was this ranch. But now, somehow, I’m tortured by visions of having Heather here...as my wife...with my seed inside her...pregnant with my child.

Dammit. What’s going on with me? It’s like I woke up to a different version of myself, someone who’s suddenly obsessed with this girl one second after meeting her.

“What about the cabins you mentioned?” She looks out to the pasture beyond the backyard.

I point at the tree line. “I like to keep the landscape clean around the house and in the pasture right there so it looks inviting. There are three cabins deeper in the woods, and I’m looking to put up three more. There’s a lake out there and two of the cabins are near that. Folks can hike or drive into the mountains from the roads out there. There’s a few turns off the main that leads to those properties.”

“How do ya keep folks from just hanging out around there?” she asks.

“Security cameras and the road is blocked by this fence. The entire property is lined with this stone wall and iron fence, motion sensors, and everything. Driveway gate with the passcode opens to the road for the cabins. Whoever rents will get the code, and I can change the codes from my phone.”

“Okay, so you’re not completely locked in the stone age. I know you older folks-”

“Older folks?” I chuckle. “Ma’am, I’ll give you a run for your money. I ain’t even 40 yet.”

“My apologies, Hudson.”

“Besides, there’s a lot of things you can learn from an older guy like me.”

That makes her smile and giggle, sweeping a piece of that brilliant red hair behind her ear. I’m going to teach her things no boss should want to do with their employee.

HEATHER

My momma always told me about men like Hudson.

Tall, handsome, polite...well it's not exactly polite to answer the door in boxers, but my goodness, that man has a body on him that don't quit. Yeah, men like him will sweep you off your feet.

I want him to do exactly that, sweep me into his arms and never put me down.

Hudson looks like he takes care of every inch of this property on his own. The muscles on top of muscles prove it. Dark brown hair lies just under his ears. The sun hits his gorgeous brown eyes like coffee waiting to give me the boost of energy I need to get through any day. The slow drawl of his voice stays with me like a song I can't forget.

I'm happy I'm the first one who showed up. Otherwise, some other lucky girl gets to interview with him. No, Hudson is all mine.

I want this job. I need it. It's leaps and bounds better than my last position. My gut tells me that working here is the best move, and I want Hudson to want me in more ways than one.

The way his dark brown eyes zero in on me. His focus is unwavering when I speak to him, and the flitters of attraction give me hope that my virginity doesn't turn him off. I can't get enough of him, especially as his hair blows in the morning breeze.

He has no right to look this ruggedly handsome.

Hudson's square jawline and stubble around his chin give him every cowboy vibe a girl loves. His voice is deep and his rough hands look like they can handle anything. The minute I feel them wrap around mine, my apex twitches with desire for him to touch me all over.

It's crazy how someone I only met a few minutes ago makes me imagine a happily ever after. The age difference doesn't faze me in the least.

The mountains as a backdrop to this amazing piece of land give me ideas that I'm certain will make me indispensable to Hudson. I'm not going anywhere. After this little trial period is up, I'm going to show him how valuable I'll be to his operation.

While his drunken miscommunication is clear, one thing is even clearer. There's a future here at Heaven's Haven, and I want to be a part of it. It's definitely not a bed-and-breakfast, but it has a lot of potential.

"How do we get to the cabins? Should I drive my car around?" I ask, looking over my shoulder as if I can see through the home to the front where my car sits.

"This way." He leads me to a garage just off the side of the house. I notice the driveway from the front circles back to it. There's another single-lane road traveling through the next pasture and into the woods beyond.

Inside the garage are four ATVs, a large mower, and a bunch of other supplies that go into the care of the landscape. Hudson flashes me a smile as he pulls a helmet off a shelf and hands it to me. "You know how to drive one of these things?"

"Sure do. I ain't no virgin when it comes to driving this stick." Immediately, I want to take it back as I'm too comfortable talking to Hudson like he's not in a position of authority over me.

Hmm...Over me, his body flexing, moving, doing things I've never done before makes me press my thighs together. What is it about Hudson that makes my body go crazy?

“Careful, little girl, before that mouth gets you into trouble.” His warning is sexy even if it’s not meant to be.

I give him a quick wink, throwing a leg over the wide seat of the ATV and telling him, “I’m sure that whatever trouble my mouth gets me into, my mouth will get me out of.”

I don’t wait for him to say anything as I start the engine and ready myself to take off. He matches my grin as he eases onto his own ATV and drives out of the garage.

The mini-tour is exhilarating. The views are breathtaking, and the transition from a wide-open pasture into densely wooded areas makes a perfect track for the ATVs.

The path is exciting with hills and valleys that take us through the trees and into a small clearing. There’s a scent of pine and a touch of sweetness in the air, most likely from Sycamore trees beyond the treeline.

The first cabin we reach looks stylish and modern. The entire front is made of windows that wrap around to the side. There’s an open area for a few cars to park and a road that approaches from behind, with another that takes off in another direction away from the main house.

We get off and I sit my helmet on the seat as I look at the cozy cabin. The air is fresh and it makes me think how this tranquil place is still a part of Conklin.

“This is so beautiful, Hudson. Is that a fire pit?” I ask, walking over to a seating area. There are large boulders surrounding a pit that’s about a foot deep into the ground.

Hudson nods while pointing everything out. “These boulders can’t be moved. These are just the tops I jackhammered and polished into seating. I try to keep the brush and tree line clear so folks will be able to use the pit when they’re out this way.”

“Is this completely off the grid?” I ask, running my hands over the smooth finish of the seats he’s etched into the boulders. There’s room for at least six to sit around a fire. It must be amazing camping out here.

He nods. “There’s solar panels on the roof and a system I got running from the lake for water and electricity too.”

“What do you want, Hudson?” I ask him, the question coming from out of nowhere.

The moment I feel his hand on the small of my back, my heart skips a beat as I lean into his touch. He leads me around the cabin to the back where I can see the mountains even closer and the lake off in the distance.

“I want anyone staying out here to fall in love with this place as much as I have. I had to fight my siblings and parents to not sell it. They let me have it, but now that I’ve sunk a few hundred thousand into it, I want folks to come.”

“I’m sure you have no issues making folks come.” Again, I’m letting myself be too comfortable flirting with him. I need to get myself together around Hudson, but I can’t help it. He makes me want to say any and every dirty little thing that crosses my mind.

“Little girl, that mouth of yours is working on stirring up something. You gonna mess around and lose that virginity of yours.”

The need to challenge him rises inside of me. “What if I want you to be the one to find it?”

Completely out in the wilderness, this guy can do what he wants to me out here and no one would ever know, but there’s no danger around him towards me. On the contrary, he makes me feel safe. He’s not giving me weird vibes, and I have no doubt that I can trust him to be a gentleman.

“Oh, that mouth of yours. I’m gonna have to teach you a lesson about making promises you don’t intend to keep. I’m not someone you want to give that gift to, Heather.”

“I think that’s my choice to make,” I tell him confidently.

Hudson moves in front of me, making sure I see his immense frame, a wall of muscled masculinity standing firm. His 6’2 height forces me to look up at him as he licks his lips. “Little girl, best believe if you give that to me, you’re mine.”

Shit. How bad is it that I want to be his?

“Let’s head to the lake and then I’ll show you the property lines. We can head back to the main house before this storm rolls in.”

I look to the sky and it’s clear from what I can see. “You a weatherman too?”

He laughs as he tosses his thick denim-clad leg over the seat. “Nah, just a good ole farm boy. I can smell it. There’s something about the wind blowing off them mountain tops that just tells me when there’s extra water in the air. Come on. It gets nasty out here and I’d hate for us to have to walk back.”

I nod my head and put on my helmet. We take off to see the other two cabins. One is close to the shore, clearly bigger than the other with its own deck and dock. The other is about a half mile away with a deck, but no entry into the water outside of a tire swing.

Hudson points out the features of each and how he maintains them all by himself. Granted, he hasn’t had any guests outside of his family, but I can see why he needs a manager.

I want this job.

I want him.

The feel of my phone ringing in my pocket pulls me out of the moment, slamming reality back into my face. The number on the screen isn’t saved, but I already know who it is. I reject the call and shove the device back into my pocket.

“You can take that if you need to,” Hudson tells me with a warm smile.

I don’t need to take that call. I need that caller to fall into this lake and never be found again. Hopefully, that’s someone I never have to see again, but I’m not going to unload my problems onto Hudson.

Nope.

I’ll just flirt and do the job to the best of my ability.

“It’s not a call worth taking,” I tell him with a smile, hoping to hide the anxiety that comes every time I see that number. I jump back into what we’re doing to change the subject. “How

are the guests going to get out here if they come through the main house's driveway? Or what if they want to come to the main house for an event?"

"I'm working on getting some golf carts to carry people and luggage around the property. But I'm still mapping out the roadways I want to put down. I like keeping the cabins private and separate from one another, and I'm keen on the main house being for staff only."

This feels right.

I can't exactly pinpoint what it is about Hudson. From the passion in his voice as he talks about what he wants to the desire in his eyes when he talks about me and this mouth. One way or another, I have every intention of letting this mouth of mine get me into a world of trouble, and Hudson Haven's at the center of it.

HUDSON

Heather is a little spitfire with me in her sights, and I'm liable to give her everything she's silently asking for and then some.

Dark denim jeans hug her curves, and watching the bend of her ass as she straddles the ATV makes me jealous of that seat.

She can straddle my face with that untouched pussy for me to show her how this mouth of mine can cause a little bit more trouble than she's expecting. I want trouble.

The low rumble of thunder cracks through the air as the storm clouds roll in from behind the mountains. They're as gray as her eyes, but they're far more liable to mood swings than any woman. Another roar of thunder cracks through the air with a flash of lightning.

"Let's hit it. We gotta get off this trail," I tell her because there aren't any designated paths paved, and the ATVs tend to get stuck in the soft dirt or snag on tree roots.

Things are still moving along to turn this place into a luxury estate, but it's still under construction in some parts. With Heather onboard, I'm sure I can take it to the destination of hospitality it needs to be to prove I'm right about keeping it in the family.

We're barely away from the lake by the time the first raindrops fall. The rain doesn't wait for us to get closer as the skies open up to pour buckets of water on us. I keep looking over my shoulder to make sure she's keeping up, but I can see her struggling to navigate the path.

I pull my ATV to a stop and so does she. I hop off and trot back to her. “Listen, I’m gonna ride you in and tow mine behind us. Alright?”

“You sure?” she asks, her voice tiny and muffled from behind the helmet.

“Yeah, move back,” I tell her before I fish some rope out of a compartment. It’s not the first time I had to drag one of these things back to the shed. It won’t be the last either. Only this time, I’m not out here alone.

Heather wraps her arms around me, and after I’m sure everything’s set, we take off toward the main house. The trails get dicey, but we make it back safely, which is all I can ask for with Heather.

After I lock up the ATVs, we head toward the back door, but something grabs her attention.

“Even in the rain, it’s gorgeous,” she murmurs.

“You a city girl?” I ask her.

“I grew up in Conklin, but I’ve been out East since high school. My mom had a job out in Maryland, but I couldn’t stay out there. I was heading back here when I came across your ad.”

“Let’s head inside and we can talk some more. Careful-”

Before I can even get the sentence out, Heather twists, but the wetness of the grass catches her off guard and she slips. I reach out to grab her, but she still ends up flat on her butt with a slight splash.

I do the gentlemanly thing to help her up, keeping her steady as we head back inside the house. She’s limping slightly so I make her sit on a stool at the large island in the kitchen.

“Let’s get this off and see what’s what,” I tell her as I pull a wet shoe off her tiny foot.

She winces as I examine it, but when I press gently around her ankle, there’s only some mild swelling.

“A doctor too?”

I let out a laugh. “Just enough to know when we have to call ahead to the hospital or not. Can you stand on it?”

She stands up gingerly and I find my hand on the side of her stomach to keep her steady. “I won’t be tumbling around on it or anything, but it’s not bad. I can be such a klutz at times.”

“That’s perfectly fine. I’m here to catch you.” I look at the stairs and the freshly cleaned floors. Suddenly, it all makes sense why Ma yelled to high heavens every time we trampled through the house.

“Listen,” I begin, “I’m gonna take off this wet gear and leave it by the door. I don’t want to track all this mud across the floors. Just giving you fair warning if you dirty this place up, ain’t no staff here to clean up after you.”

She puts her hands up with a smile, “Relax, Daddy. I’ve got a dirty mouth and a dirty mind, but a dirty home was never an issue.”

Daddy. Shit. That sounds about right.

That single word causes something to shift inside me. Her tone is full of sarcasm, sure, but hearing her call me Daddy makes me certain that Heather is the right woman for me. I wonder how long it’s going to take for her to realize that.

“You’re okay with me stripping down here?” she asks without waiting for me to answer.

Heather peels her clothes off and I drag mine off too. My dick won’t cooperate with my other head as I watch her waltz across the open space to the stairs.

She pulls those soaking-wet red curls into a ponytail as she heads upstairs. A quick glance at me and my rising erection makes her blush and look away, taking her time up the steps.

My mind won’t stop imagining her slender legs wrapping around me, her hands clutching me the same way she did on the ATV. I have to count to a hundred before I calm myself down enough to follow her upstairs.

As I move around my room, grabbing a towel to wrap around my waist, I remember the lack of linens in the closet. She’s

going to need fresh towels, so I hustle to grab her some and bring them into the room.

I push the door open after I hear the shower running—only I walk in to see a stark naked Heather.

“Fuck. I’m sorry, ma’am.” I turn around to stop myself from glaring at her naked body, but I’ve seen enough to let my imagination fill in the blanks.

“I’m not,” she giggles. “And if you go back to that ma’am business, I’ll be forced to call you Mr. Haven.”

“I liked it better when you called me Daddy.” I put the towels down on the dresser and walk out of her room.

“You know that’s not fair, right?” she calls from the doorway after shutting the shower off. I just know she’s still naked, tempting me to do things I have no business doing with my future employee.

Wife? Absolutely. The line between her titles and her future with me is blurring in the short time we’ve been together.

“What’s not fair?” I ask her, turning around to show her I’m not ashamed or scared to look over that beautiful body she’s flaunting.

Soft peaks of tender breasts, begging for me to taste them, lavish them with my mouth. Her nipples are the same shade of ginger as her freckles and that sweet pussy is hiding behind a trim triangle of hair that matches her eyebrows. Fucking glorious.

“You get to see mine when do I get to see yours?” she asks, her eyes traveling down until she stops on my crotch. My erection is beginning to stare back harder and harder from behind the towel, making her smile.

I can’t let this moment go, walking back toward her. Heather stands in the doorway refusing to move, refusing to let my energy push her around. She’s fierce, fiery in every way I like in a woman.

Her boldness is attractive and the level of comfort we seem to slip into around one another isn’t something I can overlook. It

feels right, even as I pin her to the doorframe with a single look.

I look her over and take her ponytail down, letting her hair fall over her freckled breasts. My eyes trace the contours of her body before I let my hands slide into her hair, grazing her scalp and tipping her face up toward mine.

Her fingers grab onto the sides of my torso, and I bite my lip just as I dip my mouth down to claim her. I don't care about this damn job. Shit was never supposed to be posted, but I'm happy my drunk ass did it because this is better than anything I thought would have shown up on my doorstep.

Heather's lips taste like bubblegum and oranges, making me salivate for more. I want to know what she tastes like everywhere. Thunder booms and lightning cracks, but nothing's going to pull me out of this kiss.

My tongue swipes over hers and she returns the same amount of passion. The more we get into the kiss, the harder I get. My dick wants this to end one way, but I know better than that.

I break away from the kiss. I lick her lips for good measure and shake my head. "Little girl, the only time you're gonna see mine is when you're ready to put it inside of you. Now go on and wash up before I taste that pussy you got on display. Might as well put it on a plate for me."

"Well, shit." She pants out of breath and stares at me with lust in her eyes. "Eat me up, Daddy."

HEATHER

Hudson's cock tenting under his towel does something to me.

I've never wanted someone more. He takes my turn of phrase to heart, dropping to his knees right in front of me. We're still standing in the doorway.

A drive through the night, touring his land on ATVs, and my uncontrollable flirting has my pussy inches away from his face. I don't want him to taste me like this.

"I need a shower," I tell him.

"Hush," he answers with a sly smile. "You need a good lickin' for the way that mouth of yours runs on a rampage."

I gulp and wonder what the sensation will feel like. Hudson leans in close, so close I can feel his breath on my clit.

"Go on and spread them legs for Daddy."

Oh god, he's hot. That voice commands obedience like none I've ever heard before. I part them and he moves his face closer. When I feel the firm press of his mouth against my clit, I'm ready to crumble.

I have to hold onto his shoulders as he moves his mouth over my mound, licking between my folds and then sliding inside of my entrance.

My voice stutters as I try to find the words to say how good this feels when he abruptly pulls his mouth off me. He stands up, erection hard, and a wet spot where the tip of his cock is.

I want to touch it, see it, feel it.

“There, now we’re even,” he says with a smile and a wink.

“Wait a minute. What?” My confusion mingles with this pent-up sexual energy that needs release, and I want him to release it.

“If I’m going to my room hard as a rock, it’s only right you feel the same. It’s fair now. Isn’t that what you wanted?” he teases and walks into his room.

Oh no, he didn’t.

I storm after him, charging into the room. He’s sitting on his bed, legs spread and cock on full display. I narrow my gaze and excitement charges through the air. It’s at least seven, maybe eight inches of firm flesh luring me to get closer.

There’s no way I can let him get the best of me. He’s had a taste and it’s only right I have mine.

“I know that look in your eyes, little girl. You ain’t gonna win. Not only do I outweigh you, you’d probably hurt yourself trying to fight me just to get your lick back.”

“I’m tougher and stronger than you think,” I tell him. It’s more than a lick I want. It’s a yearning I can’t put my finger on, but I want to taste him, lick him, swallow every inch of his thick cock until I choke on it.

“Oh, I know it. You got some fight in ya. It takes grit to drive all the way out here to Conklin for an interview at a place you ain’t bother to research. Just taking my drunk word for it. Now go on and get your shower before you start something you ain’t ready to finish.”

“Make me,” I challenge him.

Hudson brings his tall frame to his feet and comes toward me. The adrenaline coursing through my veins is pumping blood everywhere. My nipples are hard and I’m soaking wet. Whatever he’s about to do, I don’t care so long as it involves him touching me.

“I’m gonna have to do something about that mouth of yours, little girl.” He hooks his finger toward me, but I duck under

him and dodge inside the room beside his bed.

Hudson closes the door behind him and grins seductively. He stalks me, taking a few steps to close the distance, and there's nowhere for me to go except across the bed.

The minute I try to jump on and across it, the softness takes me by surprise. It gives Hudson just enough time to grip me by the ankles and pull me toward the edge.

"You caught me now, Daddy. What are you gonna do about it?" I tease him, moving my hair away from my breasts, hoping to distract him. I don't know what game this is we're playing, but I want to win.

"I'm gonna give you that lickin' I promised." Hudson moves swiftly, yanking me toward him so he can scoop me into his arms. His fingers tickle me along the side of my belly, which sends me into a fit of giggles.

I wriggle uncontrollably to get him to let me go, but he manages to keep me still enough where he sits on the edge of the bed and lays me on his lap. His dick presses against my stomach and my bare ass bends over the side of his legs.

The first swat of his hand across my backside mimics the thunder of the storm raging outside, but there's something already brewing between us. I let out a startling gasp because I enjoy it.

"You dirty little girl," he mumbles, rubbing the freshly spanked cheek that I'm sure is as red as the freckles covering it. He swats my ass again and rubs the area, moving down to my exposed pussy.

He groans out, with his voice deep, "Tell me how much you like it."

I can barely get the words out, but still, I tell him, "I like it."

I whimper under his touch just as he spanks me again. This time, when he rubs, he runs his fingers through my moistening slit, dipping one inside and drawing out a gasp and moan of pleasure I never knew my body was capable of feeling.

“This isn’t fair,” my words finally find my voice. “Don’t leave me like this, Daddy.”

“You started this, but I’ll finish it.” Hudson moves me off his lap and onto the bed where he grips me by my thighs, wrapping his arms under them and bringing me to the edge.

His mouth descends on my pussy like he’s never going to eat another meal. He tastes me, letting his tongue do wild movements that make me want to unleash the dams of an orgasm held back by the levies of my virginity.

The sheets are coming off the corners of the mattress as I grip them with every gushing feeling of ecstasy Hudson delivers with his tongue.

His mouth is a magical tool that I want to use over and over again. When he darts it in and out of my entrance before dropping down to taste me everywhere, my eyes close and I give in to the flooding sensations of orgasmic bliss.

My back arches, and when I can no longer remember how many times he’s made my thighs tremble with the release, he pulls his mouth away from me and stands up.

“I told ya that I’d finish this,” he says, but he walks over to his dresser and grabs his towel to wrap around his waist. “But you ain’t ready for this, little girl. You’re gonna be thinking about my mouth and this tongue for a while. Go on and get cleaned up. For the record, I like my pussy with a little bit of the day on it. I’m gonna shower and get lunch together.”

He walks away from me, quivering on his bed and like an addict desperate for more. I don’t know if he’s turning me on or pissing me off. Either way, this isn’t over and I’m almost certain that this is going to end with me in a position like no other job I’ve ever had before.

My body takes a minute to recover, and I stumble down the hallway into my room. It’s a great room and the windows show the mountains in the distance, but the gray skies make it seem later than it is.

I decide to heed his advice and take a shower. The water is great, hot and ready like me. How does Hudson end up being

the only man to let me let my guard down? He likes to have as much fun as I do, and he's just out here on this land by himself.

I want to talk to him, fuck him, feed him, and do everything else it takes to keep a man like that happy. I start to wonder if this interview is turning into something for a more long-term position.

Heather Haven has a good ring to it. Mrs. Heather Haven.

Oh god. I need to get it together. I'm fantasizing about something that's probably far from his mind. I'm borderline crazy for just thinking about it. We've only known each other for a few hours, and here I am walking us down the aisle.

It's no matter. I decide to be on my best behavior and throw on a simple dress. Well, maybe not my best behavior as the dress stops above my knees, and I'm not wearing anything underneath it.

I find Hudson in the kitchen, cooking up a storm, and I tilt my head to the side as the aroma of breakfast meat, eggs, and pancakes takes over the entire first floor.

"That smells delicious," I tell him, taking a seat on the island.

"It's gonna taste delicious too," he says with a wink as he plates up a heaping pile of food. He slides the plate in front of me. I'm ready to dig in, but I wait for him to sit down with his own plate.

"Would you offer your talents to the guests?"

He grabs some juice from the fridge, raising an eyebrow as he places it on the counter before getting some glasses from the cabinet.

"You want me eatin' the guests' pussy? I ain't running that type of establishment, Heather."

I nearly choke at the idea before bursting into laughter. "Don't be an ass. I mean the cooking. This has gotta be better than sex."

Each and every bite touches my senses. Savory, sweet, decadent, fruity. Hudson is sitting there with a smile on his

face, watching me eat. “Little girl, you ain’t had sex to make that statement. I’m telling you right now, my sex is better than breakfast.”

“You’re going to have to prove that to me, Daddy.”

“That little fuckin’ mouth of yours ain’t gonna be satisfied until it’s stuffed with my cock.”

I smirk with a shrug of my shoulders. “I’d be happy about that, but satisfied? I’m not sure. I might have to try it a few times before I’m fully satisfied.”

He shakes his head, and I think I’m making him blush.

“You have no idea what you’re signing up for. I told ya, little girl. Once you give that pussy to me, I ain’t never letting it go.”

HUDSON

Heather's hellbent on getting what she wants out of me.

I love how she goes after exactly what she wants, especially if my manhood's on the receiving end of her desire. It's still rock hard as I shower, thinking about what I want to do to that little girl.

The grip I have on it loosens as I start to move while the water beats down on me. It doesn't take long to rub out my sexual angst and get out of the bathroom. I don't want her trying to ambush me. Lord knows what that woman will do once I let her taste this dick.

It's alright. I'll show her the kind of man I am. She doesn't get to just have her way with me. We're going to have to make a few things clear before we go down that road.

The rain's still coming down pretty hard after I head downstairs. It doesn't seem like it'll let up any time soon. I move through the kitchen to put lunch together, turning on the lights as I go.

Looking at the time, it's more of an early dinner, so I figure some chili will do. It's nice to have something warm in the belly as the rain cools down the world around us.

After I get the food on the stove, I wait for Heather to make her way into the kitchen. She doesn't take long, and while a part of me wishes she's still naked, she is in a pair of jeans and a tank top. No bra, which makes my member twitch.

It makes me wonder if she knows how sexy she is to me, how crazy I am over her. I've never felt anything remotely close to this...ever.

Family has always come first for me. And now...now I want her to be a part of it. My partner for life.

"It's really coming down out there," she says, taking a seat on a stool at the island counter.

"Yeah. It will probably take a few days to dry out, but we should be fine."

"So, what's there to actually do out here when it rains? What can we plan for our guests?" she asks.

I look at her over my shoulder, seasoning the pot of chili and shrugging because I don't have the slightest idea.

"Come on, Hudson. I haven't been out here since I was about ten, only coming back to visit friends here and there, so my idea of fun in the rain is a bit juvenile."

"I don't know about that, darlin'. Let's hear it."

"Mudslides were always fun. I don't know if you know the Guard family. They got a place not too far from here. Got a bunch of kids, foster, adopted, about a dozen or so. They'd let us run around, and when it rained, we got to make mud puddles and did this slip-and-slide thing that was a ton of fun. Then they'd hose us down, give us lunch, and we'd wait til our parents come to pick us up."

"That's a good start, but let's make it something fun for the adults. How about we add a spa of some sort to the lake house maybe?"

Her eyes widen. It's like I can see that beautiful brain of hers churning. "You know what, that would be a great idea. We can do like a smaller place, about the size of the garage. We can add in a sauna and maybe a hot tub. Oh and some massage chairs? It can be a self-service spa. We'd tack on the cleaning fee and upcharge if guests want access to it. We can call in a masseuse if necessary. Again, make it a package so the costs are covered by the rate."

“I like it. Let’s go with it,” I tell her and she pulls out her phone. The way her face falls when she looks at the screen makes me worry a bit. I don’t like seeing her upset. I gesture with my chin toward it. “Everything alright?”

“Um, yeah. Just some stuff trying to follow me from Maryland. No worries, Daddy.”

I stop cooking, turn the heat low and walk over to her. “If you don’t want me to worry, tell me what or who is on their way from Maryland. You get into something out there?”

“No. I swear, it’s nothing. I was working at this cheap little motel out by the airport. We had a customer who took a liking to me and got really weird about it,” she shrugs.

“How weird? What do you mean?”

She tries to laugh it off, but I can sense how uncomfortable she is. “He really liked me. It started off by sending me flowers, presents, gifts like lingerie, and weird things. I quit after a girlfriend out here said she was going away to school and didn’t want to lose her apartment. Only by the time I got out here, she’d changed her mind. Lucky for me, you posted that ad and here I am.”

“You think he’s going to follow you all the way out here?” I ask her.

“No, he wouldn’t even know where I am or where I went. It’s not like I told a bunch of folks when I quit how to get a hold of me. I’m just getting messages from one of the guys that used to work there, saying they want to mail me my check.”

“What’s wrong with that?”

“I got direct deposit. They’re saying they can’t do it electronically since it’s my last check. I have to either pick it up or they can mail it to me. I gave them my mother’s address at work so they can mail it to her and she’ll send it.”

“You need me to look into anybody or anything? I don’t want you uneasy. I can turn on every security feature this place has. The motion sensors turn on obnoxiously bright flood lights along the perimeter. There’s some alarms and things that get set off out by the cabins.”

She laughs. “Thank you, but no, I think I’m just overthinking it.”

I tip her chin up to look her in the eyes. “Ain’t nothing stronger than a woman’s intuition. You let me know if you’re truly worried. I’ll turn everything on for you. Okay?”

“Yes, Daddy.” She smiles, stroking the side of my face. It soothes me for now, but thunder booms, and a massive bolt of lightning flashes across the sky. The lights flicker before they blaze brightly and shut off.

“For fuck’s sake,” I growl and look out at the shed. Thankfully, the stove is still on, but I’m certain that the entire house is out.

Heather starts to giggle before she falls into a fit of laughter. “I guess the weather has other plans for all of your security features.”

“No, just for the house. The main here is the only place still on County power. The cabins and security are running off my own little generator. I haven’t gotten around to getting the house here off the grid. I figured I could dig a trench from here out to the cabins to run the lines and then cover it with the roadways for the golf carts.”

“I like it, and what about lunch? Dinner? Can we bring this food out to the cabins? I wouldn’t want all of your hard work to go to waste.”

“I can pack this up and put it in the fridge. Power’s usually not out for more than a day. As long as I keep it shut, it should stay.”

Heather’s shoulders relax, and she looks around. “You’ve really thought of everything.”

“I don’t know about that. I still need you to do the managing thing once we’re ready to start taking in guests.”

“There’s no way to get out to the guests during storms?” she asks, getting up to look out the back door.

“The ATVs need new tires, that’s why I had to tow ya back in. The treads ain’t deep enough. Just another thing on my To-Do

list. I'll figure it out once we get the lines run out here to the main and the roads out there to the cabins. For now, we can ride my truck the long way around to one of the turn-offs. What do ya say, Heather? Wanna head into town and grab a bite?"

"Why do I feel like you're trying to get me out of the house?"

I am. I'll end up fucking her in every room, on every surface, and I won't stop until I make sure she knows that sweet pussy of hers belongs to me.

HEATHER

Hudson deciding to get me out of the house is probably the best idea of the day.

We don't waste too much time hanging around Heaven's Haven as Hudson leads me outside to his truck. He opens the door for me to get in before running around to the driver's side.

"We can call this market research," he says with a smile. "It'll be like those books that recommend the best places to eat in town."

"We should try them all," I tell him. "We can have our own little list of Best of Conklin that we leave in the cabins."

"All is a stretch, Heather. There's three places at best. We're going to the Black Box."

I laugh a bit and look at him. "Really? I think you're forgetting something, Hudson."

"What's that?"

"*Barely 21*, which means the Black Box ain't gonna serve me. Bar and dance club?"

"Shit. You're young, ain't ya? Don't worry about it. You won't drink and neither will I. We'll just go out and have a good time. Besides, I don't think anyone in this town has the gall to say no to a Haven."

"Oh really? Why's that now?"

“Well, my older brother, Hayden, is a bounty hunter. He’s had his hands around the roughest throats in the county, hauling them in for one reason or another. My younger brother, Hendrix, is the best locksmith in the tri-county area. Pissing him off is bad for business.”

We pull up to the club. Even though there’s a mix of businesses with their lights out, others are still up and running like there isn’t a storm barreling through Conklin. It’s a mad dash to get inside the Black Box where a few dozen folks have the same idea as us.

There’s soft country rock playing in the background as the lights are a bit dim around the tables. We’re shown to a booth that’s not far from the dance floor. There’s a bar along one wall and a small area where a jukebox dictates the ambiance.

After putting our order in, I lean over to Hudson, asking, “And what about you?”

“What about me?” he grins, all-masculine, alluring, and sexy. I have his attention, but I notice how the women in here look at him. He’s a hot commodity, and he wants me.

“You told me why no one would tell your brothers no, but you haven’t told me why you have that kind of pull around here.”

The server comes to put down a huge basket of fries and two burgers for us. I grab a fry to dip in some ketchup, catching Hudson watching me eat. He pulls my hand toward him and sucks a dab of ketchup off it.

“People are going to see us, Hudson.”

“I know,” he gazes at me, lust building between us. “I need folks to know that you’re with me. And to answer your question. I’m the reason this place has lights while the other two places on our Best of Conklin list will have to wait for County power to get their shit together.”

I look around and stare in amazement.

“I put in hybrid systems for a few businesses so they can work even if the power gets shaky.”

“Sounds like hospitals out here can use your expertise.”

“Actually, that’s where I got the idea from. I used to do some electrical work, contracting, and whatnot for utilities. They gave me the idea and it’s what keeps me in the green until I can get customers out to the ranch.”

I sigh, eyeing him with admiration. “Is there anything you can’t do?”

He leans in close, whispering against my ear, “I can’t wait to get inside that sweet pussy of yours.”

“You could have if we stayed home, but no, you wanted to get me out of the house.”

He plops back against the seat, “You and that mouth.”

“Want you to do unspeakable things to it. Number one on my list is stuffing it with your cock, I believe.”

He nearly chokes on his drink, gripping my thigh under the table and pulling me closer to him. “Don’t make a show of it out here. You’d be mistaken to think I won’t bend your tight little ass over this table to spank you before I fuck that pussy for the first time.”

“I’m hoping you do.”

“You like to push all the right buttons, don’t you?”

I shrug. “It keeps things interesting, doesn’t it? I’m not sure how much more interesting it will get once you’ve conquered being my first.”

The playfulness disappears from his face as he twists me to make sure I’m facing him. It’s like we’re the only people in the room.

His voice is low as he speaks, commanding my attention. “Listen to me, little girl, because I’m not going to say this again. Once you give that delicate gift to me, you belong to me. You’re mine to fuck, protect, and that’s forever. If you have a problem with that, you best make that decision now. Getting in bed with me means there’s no turning back.”

Oh god, I want to be his. Forever’s a long time, but what if he gets tired of me?

He takes my hand in his, kissing the top of it and lifting my chin to him. I don't even realize I'm staring at the fries. "Heather, tell me you want whatever this is or we can stop it now before we take it any further. It's up to you."

Hudson gets up from his seat and looks around, "I'm gonna grab us some more drinks and change the song on the jukebox."

He walks away and every woman's eyes follow him as he crosses the room. I have to get up and do something. I want him to want me, but this intensely, this soon is far more than I ever thought possible. Why me?

I make my way to the ladies' room where there's two women standing in front of the mirror. I imagine they're going to say something to me about not being woman enough for Hudson, but they don't. They finish up and head out the door to leave me alone with a decision to make.

Giving my virginity to Hudson means I'm all in. I have to give this a go and he's right. It's an important choice I have to make. When I step out of the restroom, I know what I want and what I want to do.

The music's more upbeat by the time I make it to the dance floor. There's a few people swaying to the beat as I try to maneuver around them back to the table.

One guy locks eyes with me and moves erratically with a smile and a beer in his hand. He humps the air with his arms moving from side to side, shuffling over to me.

Great.

"Come on and give us a dance," he says, now moving his waist in a circular motion.

"No thanks," I chuckle and dodge him trying to move against me.

"Don't be that way. It's wet outside and I'm just trying to make you wet. Come on, don't be a stick in the mud. Loosen up and have some fun." He takes a swig of his beer and reaches out to grab me.

I duck under his arm, but he grabs me by the wrist, stopping me from heading to my table.

“Let go of me. I said no.” I look around for Hudson, and when I don’t see him, my heart races.

He yanks me back into him, forcing his beer to spill. “Fuck! Look what you made me do you stupid cu-”

The size of Hudson’s hands is impressive when they hold my thighs in place as he eats my pussy, but even more impressive as they grip this loud mouth asshole around his jaw.

“I know you weren’t about to call this beautiful young lady something other than her name,” Hudson growls and the man’s eyes dart between us and then to others who aren’t paying attention to us yet.

The man shakes his head vigorously.

Hudson continues to chastise him. “Now, this is Heather. Heather is here with me and Heather said she does not want to dance with you. I’m going to move my hand and you’re going to tell me what it means when a woman says no.”

Hudson drops his hand and the man blubbers, “I’m sorry. I’m sorry. Huds-”

Hudson puts his hand back over the man’s mouth and this time his other hand reaches up to grab him by the back of the neck. “That’s not the answer to my question. You understand this isn’t going to go well for you if you don’t cooperate. I’ll clean this bar with your face and then we can get noisy out back while I beat the answers out of you. Once again.”

The man is gripping Hudson, trying to loosen his hands. Even at Hudson’s height and a little heavier, he’s failing at removing Hudson’s hands from his jaw.

Hudson shakes him a bit. “Once again, what does it mean when a woman says no?”

Hudson drops one hand but keeps the other on the back of his neck. The man gulps and looks at me. “No means no.”

“Perfect. Now apologize for ruining her clothes,” Hudson tells him.

“I’m sorry for spilling my beer on you. Why don’t you let me pay for the dry cleaning?” He’s jittery as he fishes through his pockets for a few dollars and holds them out to me.

I graciously decline, “It’s okay, just let girls alone if they don’t feel like dancing.”

“Of course. From now on, rest of the night, I’m on my best behavior,” he rambles.

Hudson finally releases him with two hearty pats on the back. “Good boy. Go sit down and grab yourself another beer.”

Hudson takes the man’s hand and pushes it back into his chest before turning to me and holding his hand out toward our table. The people move out of our way as he leads me back to our seats.

“I’d guess that’s one of the reasons why people won’t tell you no,” I giggle.

His eyes are so soft as he looks me over. “Are you okay?”

“I’m okay,” I nod.

“I should have kept you in the house,” he groans, taking a sip of his drink.

“Hudson, I run into people like that everywhere. One of the *perks* of being a woman. You can’t beat them all up and make them apologize for disturbing me.”

“He wasn’t disturbing you. That’s harassment. I got a baby sister. Don’t nobody talk to or touch any woman without her permission around me or my brothers. Our father raised us that way and for good reason. It’s too many assholes like that and not enough men to put them in their place. He may not stop, but I bet you he won’t try that shit in here for the rest of the night.”

“I didn’t know you have a little sister.” I imagine a young version of Hudson giving people hell all over Conklin.

“Well, she ain’t exactly little, just the youngest of the Haven brood. Harper’s a vet in the next county over. She took her love of animals to the highest level and runs a rescue and hospital.”

“Hudson?”

“Yeah, Heather.”

“I think we should head back home.”

“Home?” he grins, acknowledging that I’m calling his place home like it belongs to the both of us. Hopefully, it will one day.

“Yeah, home. If you’re going to be the one to take my virginity, I think it’s only right I start calling Heaven’s Haven home.”

HUDSON

Heather and I decide to leave the place before I have to rearrange someone else's face.

I don't like behaving like that in front of her, but there's no room for disrespecting any woman while I'm around.

"Thank you, Hudson," Heather's voice is quiet as we pull out of the parking lot. "No one's ever stood up for me like that."

"You're welcome, but you should be able to move from one side of a restaurant to another without being pushed and pulled around by some guy who can't take no for an answer. I'm sorry I wasn't there sooner."

"It's okay. I'm just happy you were there at all." She turns to look out of the window. The rain's still coming down pretty hard. I can see a lot of places that still don't have power, which doesn't give me hope for the main house.

"We can crash in the lake house tonight if you want. We don't have to stay in the main. No electricity means no hot water."

"That's a great idea. It will give me the chance to get a feel for how guests can enjoy the space in this kind of weather. Have you ever thought about putting like attractions or something on the property?"

"What do you mean? Like a Ferris wheel or something?" I ask her, thinking about how something that tall and clunky would mess up the view of the mountains. "I don't think I'd want that. I'm not exactly advertising this place for kids. Too much of a liability."

She chuckles and turns to me. “Children would be a liability for you?”

“Not *our* children, but other peoples’ would. I’m sure my brother’s working on giving me a niece or nephew any day now, but when they get here, they’ll have the run of the place like we did growing up. Guests, on the other hand, we’ll have to keep it worded so while children aren’t necessarily banned, I don’t want that to be the main draw. It takes a lot.”

She nods. “I get that. They eat a lot too, don’t they?”

“Yes. Children eat like they haven’t had meals in six days and seven nights. We’d have to keep extra stock of food, and cleaning supplies, and my insurance premiums would likely triple just to be sure if one of them gets hurt on the property, we can cover that expense.”

“Okay, well that’s good to know as it gives me a target age group to focus on. So we’re looking for post-college graduate types. We can take on the occasional college coeds, but I’ve partied with them out in Baltimore. You don’t want them at the lake house without supervision.”

I smile, taking a quick glance at her, studying her features. Heather gets this intense look in her eyes, staring into the distance like she’s jotting down notes in a book only she can see.

“You must have learned a lot at that last job of yours.”

She comes out of her trance after I mention her job. There’s an uncomfortable energy shift, and she simply laughs it off. “Yeah, I learned more than enough about running specials and targeting specific guests. I was going to be a great manager, until-”

Her voice trails off and she sulks a bit.

“Until what?” I ask her.

“Remember that weird customer I told you about?” She asks.

“Yeah.”

“I think he got me fired.” Her face drops and I can feel the sadness washing over her. The wetness of her eyes tells me

enough that I need to pull over. “I got called into the manager’s office one day last week, and they said someone filed a complaint against me.”

I shift in my seat to face her. “What kind of complaint?”

“They said they saw me going into hotel rooms in the middle of the night and not leaving until early in the morning. They were hinting that I was sleeping with guests for extra tips. But that’s not true. They didn’t believe me. They took the word of some stranger because in the words of my manager, ‘Who would make something like that up?’”

“Come here.” I pull her into my arms, feeling the wave of emotions crashing over her. She needs some rest, someone to believe her, and someone to protect her. I’m going to be all of that and then some for her.

“You know the worst part about it?” she asks, pulling away to look me in the eyes. “When I told my mother what happened, she took their side too. She even insisted that I pay her back rent or leave.”

“Aw hell, Heather. That shit ain’t right. I’m sorry you had to go through that, but the thing is, it landed you right on my doorstep. This is where you belong anyhow.”

“You’re right, Daddy,” she sighs into me and I let her go so we can get back on the road. There’s a part of me that wants to ask her more questions, like what this guy looks like, his name, and any other information about him.

There isn’t a doubt in my mind that my brother Hayden can find him. As a bounty hunter, he’s able to find the toughest criminals who are hellbent on keeping their location secret. I doubt the guy who did all this to her is trying to disguise himself.

I’ll make sure to ask her more about it another day. For now, I think I just want to make her feel good, safe, and like she can relax. I hit the turnoff from the road to head toward the deeper acres of my land.

It’s a dead end that stops at the entry gate onto the property. Rain is still barreling down, but thankfully, technology allows

me to open the gate from my phone. The lake house is about two minutes away as we pull onto the parking pad covered in gravel.

We get out to head inside. Every time I walk into the lake house, my heart skips a beat. I kind of wish I were the one living out here, but the main house is good enough for me.

There's a large living room and kitchen area that opens onto a back deck. There's a bit of grass before the embankment drops into the lake.

It took me a few months to get the dock finished, and I'm thinking about adding a boathouse.

"Hudson, I love the way this entire wall of windows lets us see outside. The moon and stars bouncing off the lake with those mountains in the back make this look like a scene out of a country western song. All you need is a cowboy hat and your trusty horse."

"Cowboy hats can be arranged and maybe even horses too. I think I'll wait til I've made some money back off this place before I start bringing animals on. They're almost as problematic as having kids running all over the place. They eat twice as much too."

She laughs as we move into the living room where I can turn on the fireplace. "It's not like you'd open up a petting zoo. A pair of horses would be nice, though. I'm sure we can still attract enough guests, especially after we put the spa in. Where would that go?"

I shrug. "I think the best would be to attach it on the left side of the house here. Have this back deck wrap around it and put an outdoor shower and massage table between."

"How good are you at massages?" she asks with a seductive grin.

Heather has her mind set on me taking her virginity, and she's using every bit of her body to sway me into making the first move. That's okay. I can play this game she's playing, but at least we both win in the end.

I tell her, pulling my shirt over my head, “I think that’s something you’d have to judge for yourself.”

Her eyes scan the room. There isn’t much in the lake house other than a few standard pieces of furniture. A sectional, bear skin rug, oak coffee table, and its matching dining table that seats up to eight people. It runs along the back of the house next to the kitchen, so when the glass doors open, it’s like an extended seating area for the deck out back.

Heather moves closer to the table, running her fingers along the edge, her red wavy hair cascading down her back, letting me watch her perfect breasts as she walks.

“You think this will be sturdy enough?” she smirks, leaning her weight onto the table.

“It depends on what you plan on putting on top of that thing. I see where your mind is going, little girl. I’m not going to test the durability of that table under both our weights. I do have an idea. Follow me.” I hold my hand out for her to come to me and she obliges.

I lead Heather by the hand back into the living room where I begin to rearrange the sectional. There’s a piece underneath that pulls out, turning it into a decent-sized bed. The fire crackling along with the sounds of rain against the windows makes this the perfect moment.

“Take these off, little girl. Let Daddy make you feel good,” I growl, running my finger along the inside of her waistband.

Heather takes a step back, facing away from me as she wriggles out of her jeans. I have to readjust myself, my erection pressing firmly against the back of the zipper in my pants.

She lies down with her lace panties curving perfectly over her tight little ass. I’m going to claim that hole too. Probably not tonight, but I have no doubt this little minx wants to explore her sexuality with me leading the way.

I wouldn’t be surprised if she teaches me a thing or two. I’m looking forward to everything the future has in store for us.

Business and pleasure, I want it all. She may not understand completely that she belongs to me once I take her virginity, but she will. I'm falling for her faster than a stone tossed in the lake.

"Don't move," I tell her. "I'm going to find something to help us along here."

I know what I'm looking for, and it doesn't take long for me to grab a bottle of lotion out of an upstairs bathroom. After connecting my phone to the home's wifi network, I play some music to complement the mood.

With everything set, I move toward Heather and pull my jeans off, tossing them onto the floor behind me. My gaze traces her every inch, desperate to deliver on every seductive promise I've made to her.

She's in for a night she won't forget.

HEATHER

Hudson moves through the home before returning to the living room where I'm making myself comfortable. I lie on my stomach, waiting to feel what he's about to do. He sets a bottle of lotion down beside me as *Tennessee Whiskey* plays softly against the rain.

The roughness of Hudson's hands as they grip my feet mixed with his strong touch sends soothing sensations traveling up and down my body. He uses his thumb to push against the arch of one foot before making sure to apply the same pressure to the other.

I can't stop the groans coming out of me as he moves from my feet to my calves. The strength of his fingers moving up the backs of my legs makes my walls moisten as I want him to touch me between my slits and folds. I want him to take my virginity swiftly.

It's possible the tension building throughout my body doesn't need quick release as it just needs satisfaction. Angst and practical desperation have me arching my back, spreading my legs to give him room to move inside of me.

Hudson swats my backside before rubbing it. "Keep still, little girl. You're not the one in charge here. Relax."

I inhale deeply and exhale a breath as he begins to palm my ass, spreading, kneading, and using his thumbs to rub over the curve into my lower back. He takes his time moving back and forth over my ass before he travels up my back.

When Hudson reaches the back of my neck, the strength of his fingers grazing my scalp draws out a low, long moan.

“That’s right, little girl. Let Daddy make you feel good. Turn over.”

Shit.

I do as he tells me. There has to be some sort of aphrodisiac in Hudson’s voice. The bass in his tone travels straight to my nipples. I want him talking dirty to me all the time.

Facing him as he hovers over my body, straddling me with his thick legs and even thicker cock staring at me as he leans forward. His mouth finds mine, tongue pushing and pulling against me. His lips passionately taste my mouth while his hands massage my breasts.

The anticipation is thick in the air as his hand dances down my torso, inching closer and closer to the apex between my thighs. His mouth still moves over mine. I can feel him smiling as he kisses me.

“Do it, Daddy. Please,” I beg, wanting to feel him touch me, to satisfy me in ways I never expect of any man.

“Is this what you want?” he rasps, lips speaking against mine, with his tongue licking me gently and swiftly across the lips. His finger grazes my clit, rubbing circles around it before he dips it lower to my entrance.

Slickness gathers the more he rubs against me. Hudson grins as I squirm, waiting for him to enter the warmth of my walls. He teases me with blissful anxiety. I want him inside of me, spreading my legs, but I can’t go much wider than they are as he still straddles above me.

“Yes, Daddy, please.”

When Hudson plunges his finger inside of me, I inhale sharply at the pressure, knowing it will be even better when it’s his cock inching inside of me.

The steady strokes of his finger begin rhythmically, coaxing an orgasm out of me. Such sweet release coats his finger. Hudson

pulls it out, dragging it between our mouths. We kiss around the flavor of my climax.

When I reach down to touch him, he doesn't stop me. Hudson lets me grip his shaft, and I tighten my hold before I move my hand up and down.

"You're not playing fair," I whisper to him.

"You don't listen, little girl. I told you to be still and relax. You want this cock so bad, don't you?"

"More than you know."

Hudson moves back so he ends up sitting behind my feet. I can see the grin on his face as he pulls himself back against the arm of the sofa.

He hooks a finger, beckoning me to come to him. "Come here, little girl, so I can give you what you've been asking for."

I sit up and crawl over to him where Hudson reaches for my face. His hands wrap themselves in my hair like he's going to put it in a ponytail, but he grips it tight. He yanks it a bit to get my attention, my eyes finding his.

"Grab that dick, little girl. Breathe out as you go down. Suck it."

My core is twitching with excitement. I love the way he sounds, commanding me, dominating this moment.

I open my mouth after holding it in both hands and lower my mouth. The smoothness of the tip takes me by surprise. I run my tongue over the edge and under the shaft, sucking as I come up, exhaling on the way down.

I'm slow at first, still sucking with uncertainty.

Hudson's voice breaks the silence. "That's my good little girl. Suck a little harder. Get it wet, baby."

I listen, spit gathers, slurp, gulp, choke, and soon, I pick up my pace. Bobbing up and down on his shaft brings out noises, hissing, and a few curses.

"Yes, baby girl. Just like that. Suck this dick, baby. It's yours."

Oh shit. Mine.

The words set something off inside of me that lets me get into this moment so intensely I'm forgetting about my virginity. I just want him to come in my mouth.

Mmhmm.

Every motion has me humming and moaning, responding to his pleasure with sounds of my own. Hudson's excitement gets the better of him as he begins to buck his hips, using his hands in my hair to quicken his pace.

It gets to the point where I don't have to move.

"Just keep that mouth open, little girl," he says before he begins to thrust against the back of my throat. A shallow tear falls from one eye, with me trying to catch my breath in an attempt to keep up with him.

The gagging noises mingle with the soundtrack of music playing over the thunderstorm.

Hudson's climax is coming. I can hear it in his voice. I can feel it in his thrusts, but he stops short, pulling me off of him with a pop. He yanks my face toward him, kissing me with burning intensity.

My inner muscles clench as Hudson feverishly moves me onto my back, slides between my legs, and pushes his thick girth into my entrance. I cry out from the final relief of him being inside of me.

"Shit," we both huff out simultaneously.

Hudson stays still for a moment, breathing heavily, his cock pulsating inside of me.

"Little girl, you feel so fucking good." Hudson's words fill my heart as his tool fills me up, and he starts to move.

It isn't slow. It's a hurried dragging motion as my walls coat him with one orgasm after another. There's so much tension I feel like I'm about to pee. I need him. I want him. I can't get enough of him.

Every thrust is powerful. Hudson moves back, his hands out of my hair as he pushes my legs wider. I see every flexing muscle of his torso as he dives in and out of me. His thumb finds my clit as he slows his pace to turn me onto my side.

This angle shifts the feeling immensely. Hudson drives into me with one leg under him and the other over his shoulder. He rubs my tit while he continues to push in and out of me. We're only like this for a minute or two before he flips me onto my stomach.

"I've been waiting to get you like this since the moment I laid eyes on you," he murmurs and slaps my ass as he drives into me from behind. I let out a yelp, a mixture of the sting from his swat coupling with the pleasure of his strokes.

He wraps my hair around his hand, pulling it taut so I'm upright with my back against his chest. The way he moves in and out of me feels like we were always meant to be like this.

I'm his.

Hudson is mine.

He reaches around to rub my clit as he yanks my head back again by the hair, kissing me intensely once again. Oh god. I don't want him to stop. I feel like I'm about to explode.

Hudson releases my hair to grab my breasts while he slams into my walls and holds me still for a second. It's like he wants this moment to last a bit longer. It passes, and he finds his rhythm again.

Light from the fire flickers.

Sounds of our bodies clashing together take over the other noises around the room.

Hudson drills his manhood in and out of me, making me come over and over again.

He groans, swatting my ass cheek again before gripping me by the waist. The same way he took my face, he moves my entire body on and off of him with ease. The speed picks up, and I can't help the dam of pleasure waiting to burst.

He brings me over the edge one more explosive time as I come all over him, and he releases himself inside of me. I think he's done, but he's still stroking me through his orgasm.

My body is so spent I feel like my bones have turned into melted wax. But I'm already looking forward to him taking me again like a man possessed.

HUDSON

I have no idea what kind of spell Heather has over me that lets me come inside of her and still leave me hard as fuck.

I can't get enough of this untouched pussy. Well, it ain't untouched anymore.

Fuck. I have to get off this couch. I have too much sexual energy to burn. I pull out of her, seeing my liquid climax drip out of her only makes me harder. A roar erupts as I pull out of her, stroking myself to not lose this extra push.

"Stand up for me, baby girl," I tell her and she's a bit spent. The glaze over her eyes from a thorough fucking makes me grin from ear to ear. "Come wrap your arms around my neck."

She smirks, following my command. I hike one of her legs around my waist and slide my tool back inside her. She's still wet, willing, and ready, taking me in stride. When I scoop her other leg into my arms, I can slide myself in and out of her with force.

Her ass bouncing up and down against my thighs while my fingers grip her small ass to keep her steady. My mouth finds hers. Kissing as I fuck her with as much power and force I can muster, standing up.

My legs are growing weary, but Heather seems to find her second wind. She bucks a bit, riding me up and down, arching her back in and out to feel the steady stride of my member rubbing inside of her walls.

“You feel so good inside of me, Daddy. I love the way you feel inside of me.”

“You’re a dream the way you feel around me, baby girl. Ride Daddy’s dick just like that.” I can barely keep my heart from exploding nearly out of my chest. I fall back onto the couch, Heather still hanging on, with me burying every inch inside of her.

She’s straddling me now as we continue to move, chasing the orgasm that will get me soft again. With my hands around her backside, I’m able to spread her cheeks to guide her. Up and down while she moves herself back and forth. Fuck me.

I can’t stop myself from reaching for the second hole, rubbing around the puckering muscle. Her eyes widen as she smiles. I rub the entrance, just rimming around her ass.

While I want to drive myself into that forbidden area, I restrain myself, holding back for another time when we can have yet another first together. Instead, I wrap my arms around her, pulling her close as our bodies move together for me to reach my second climax of the night.

I can feel our release, dripping down my deflating shaft as Heather rests her head on my shoulder. We’re both sweaty and as I look out the windows, staring out to the lake, the rainstorm is over.

It takes a while for both of us to come down off this erotic high. I don’t remember when we fell asleep but we did. Lying in each other’s arms anxious for the next moment we get to enjoy the rhythm of our lust.

I can’t even remember sleeping so soundly. The warmth of Heather purring beside me asleep in my arms feels right, and I never want to let her go.

I can’t stay asleep long. The gleaming light bouncing off my phone tells me to get up. I gently move Heather off me, letting her body shift to stretch out a bit. I find a blanket to drape over her.

It takes a few seconds for me to find my phone through the pile of clothes and slip on my jeans while I sort through the

notifications. Something's triggering the main gate's motion sensors.

The security app doesn't take long to open, and I don't want to have this conversation with Heather sleeping so soundly. I move outside of the lake house, staring at my truck, wondering if I should have listened to Hayden about keeping a shotgun in it at all times.

Putting the thought out of my mind, I use the mic and speaker feature to call the person hovering in front of the gate.

"How can I help you?" I ask the stranger.

He's wet with a raincoat on and looking into the camera. "Sorry to bother you. I've been driving through the night and need a bit of a push. The rain seems to have pushed me into a ditch of sorts. Can't get my back tire out."

"I'll drive around and meet you at your vehicle." I imagine it's not too many vehicles stuck on the side of the road. Besides after the rain, it's not many folks who can navigate these parts without getting stuck in a ditch or two.

I try to make my way around the house quietly, putting the rest of my clothes on.

Heather stirs, moaning and rubbing her tits. "Daddy, come lie down with me."

"Christ, little girl. You're gonna be the death of me," I tell her, willing my staff not to give her what she's asking.

It's obvious I'm taking too long as she opens an eye. "You promised to stuff that in my mouth. You're not keeping your promise."

I lean down, shove my tongue in her mouth with an aggressive kiss, claiming her and dipping my finger between her folds and into her pussy. She inhales a breath through clenched teeth.

"See that? You need some rest and to recover. I'll be back in a bit. Gotta go help someone stranded on the road. Okay?"

"Hurry back," she says sleepily and turns over, shutting her eyes to fall asleep once again.

I hate leaving her, but I don't want that guy hanging around my front gate or stuck either. It takes about a minute before I drive out of the gate and head to the main road where I can see a small sedan leaning into the ditch.

It's not deep, a low slope that has an 18-inch depth between my property line and the road. My truck pulls to a stop just in front of the car, and before I get out, I reach into the glove box. It may not be a shotgun, but my Glock 9 mm will be enough to do damage if this guy is up to no good.

Can't be too careful.

I slip the gun into my waistband and hop out of the truck. There's a toolbox in my backseat and a hitch in the back. I grab some steel tubing out of the bed with a flashlight and walk over to the car.

There's no one inside. My eyes look up and down the road, but there's barely any light. A few LED pot lights along the fence every dozen yards or so show drivers that there's a solid object they shouldn't run into. Other than that, it's pitch black out here in the middle of the night.

My flashlight bounces around inside the car but doesn't show me enough about the driver. It's a hatchback, electric, and that's the reason why it's stuck in a ditch.

"Ahoy there," a voice calls out, trotting toward me with their phone lighting up their feet.

The man gets closer, and by the time he reaches me, I can see the glasses and wetness of his coat.

"You been standing in the rain?" I ask him.

"Wallace Pierce," he says, extending his hand. I shake it, trying to make sense of why he's all the way out here.

"Hudson."

"Um, yeah, so I got stuck here a few hours ago. I went off in that direction, not realizing that there wasn't anything back that way. I was hoping I'd run into a gas station that I didn't remember passing, ya know?"

“No, I don’t. Ain’t nothing out here but land and coyotes. Where ya headed?” I ask him, rigging up my steel cable to the hitch behind my truck.

“Good ole Cokehead County,” he chuckles. Definitely not a local and he’s liable to piss me off. Something about him isn’t sitting right.

“I don’t know where that is, but you’re in Conklin,” I tell him dryly. He clears his throat, clearly uncomfortable. I hand him the hook at the other end of the cable.

“What am I supposed to do with this?” he asks.

“I ain’t Triple-A. There’s a steel hook on the undercarriage. Clamp that on there and loop it through. I’ll pull ya free.”

He huffs and looks at the muddy road and then back at me with a whimpering expression coming over his face. “Um, I don’t know what I’m looking for.”

“Well, I ain’t getting up under nobody’s car in the dead of night. I’ll call ya a tow and they can haul you into town. Either that or might be able to push you out, bumper to bumper.”

There’s something off about this guy, and I can’t put my finger on it. Either way, as non-threatening as he appears, he ain’t no one I want to turn my back on.

“Let’s try that, the bumper-to-bumper thing,” he says with a nod.

I grunt and gather my cable to put it back in the bed of the truck. I hop into the driver’s seat to line up behind him and shout from the window. “Cut the wheel all the way to the left, and when you feel the back tire grip the edge of the asphalt, spin to the right and you should be good.”

He actually listens to me and gets his car straight on the road. I’m ready to make a U-turn and head back to Heather when he gets out and trots over to my window.

“Um, say, you wouldn’t know a place to stay around here or anything, right?” he asks.

“About three miles up the road, you’ll head into town. We’ve had a power outage from the storm so best of luck to you.” I’m

not giving him any inkling of hospitality when I have a very naked Heather waiting for me to get back to her.

“You sure? I heard about this place, Heaven’s Haven. This is it, ain’t it?” he asks and that makes me step out of my truck. My demeanor tells him everything he needs to know, shooting his hands up in the air as I crowd him against the steel frame.

“No vacancies, sir. You best be on your way,” I tell him and refuse to back off. He has to squeeze his 6’2 body from between me and my truck.

“Sorry, my apologies, didn’t mean to impose. Thanks for your help, Hudson. I appreciate the Conklin hospitality,” he says with a chuckle and gets into his car to leave.

Whoever that guy is, I don’t like him. I don’t want him anywhere on my property, and I damn sure don’t want him anywhere in Conklin.

HEATHER

Sun peeks through the curtains when I open my eyes.

I have no idea what time it is. When I push myself to sit up, I see I'm no longer on the couch. When I glance out of the window, there's no view of the lake.

The sound of Hudson grunting as if he's having sex wafts into the room and forces me to my feet. I stand up, trying to get my bearings when I realize I'm back in the main house.

When did I get here?

My head feels fine. As a matter of fact, this is the most refreshing feeling I have had upon waking up in months. The stirring in the pit of my stomach drives me to find where the noises are coming from.

The stairs creak as I take them down to the first floor. Coffee is brewing and the sounds traveling through the house lead me to the room Hudson wants to use as an office. Instead, I find him there on some machine doing pull-ups.

Sweat pours down his body, one drop pouring into another over the peaks and valleys of muscles I wonder are in everyone's back. It's fascinating to watch. Every stretch and contraction of his strong frame excites me. The noises he makes take me back to our time in the lake house yesterday.

"Do you require your employees to exercise every morning?" I ask him.

He does another ten before hopping down and spinning around to face me. The room is a blank slate with charcoal carpeting

and light gray walls. The only thing in there is the machine that lets him do a variety of exercises.

His smile makes me feel all kinds of things as he slicks back his dark brown hair. His stubble is growing more and more, tickling me as he bends down to kiss me.

“Morning, Heather. No, employees are not required to exercise, but there’s not much to do out here so it helps pass the time. You sleep well?” he asks, licking his lips before biting the bottom as he drags his gaze down my naked body.

“Like the dead apparently. I didn’t feel you move me or anything. When did we leave the lake house?” I ask him, taking a step closer to the contraption.

I wonder how many pull-ups I can do.

“Uh, sometime this morning, about four or five. I didn’t want us to wake up starving or thirsty so after I helped some guy get back on the road, I went back to grab you,” he says. “After you whined about me not shoving my cock in your mouth, you cooperated and let me bring you back here.”

“There was a guy on the road?” I ask, looking down at my naked body.

“He didn’t come on the property, just got himself stuck in a ditch. That guy you said you think got you fired from your last job, you have a picture of what he looks like?”

“No, but I think I can call the motel and have one of my friends send me a pic of his ID. They should still have it on file, and I know a few people who owe me favors. Why?”

Hudson shrugs. “I just want to be sure if I see this guy in passing, I can slug him first thing and he’ll know what it’s for.”

I turn to face him, now with a towel around his sweaty shoulders, stroking the side of his face with a smile. “Always the protector.”

“For you? Yes. Give your people a call and get that picture to me. He got a name?” Hudson asks.

“Yeah, Walton Emory,” I tell him, never forgetting the name of the guy who scares the hell out of me.

Hudson grabs his phone and pulls up a video, showing it to me, “Does it look like this guy?”

The image is dark with little light. I shake my head. “I’m sorry, I don’t know. It could be, but it’s too dark. I can’t see it.”

He huffs and puts his phone down. “That’s the guy who needed a push last night. Got himself stuck in the ditch. Something felt a bit off about him. It could have just been me, frustrated because I had to leave you sleeping alone.”

“Well, as long as you come back to me.”

“I’ll always come home to you, Heather. Always. You hungry?” he asks.

“I am, but how about you let me cook up breakfast while you grab a shower?”

“How about you let me have you for breakfast?” Hudson grins as he approaches me, sweaty and wet, but lust and playfulness in his eyes make this tempting.

“You need a shower, Daddy.”

“I need you,” he grins even wider. Mischief is in his sight as he lunges toward me, causing me to squeal in delight as I dodge his grasp.

“You have me,” I giggle and imagine what he’ll do when he catches me.

“I want you.”

“I want you, too, after you wash up. I need a shower myself. I smell like you... well... us.”

He waves his finger, beckoning me closer, but I refuse. Laughter fills the air as he takes up chasing me around the room until finally, he scoops me into his arms.

A firm kiss—morning breath and all—doesn’t make him wither. He sets me down, but his cock is up, jabbing me in the stomach through his shorts.

“Well, what do we have here?” I tease, slipping my hand inside and gripping him at the base. I stroke him a few times before dropping to my knees. I lick around the tip before kissing it and pulling his shorts all the way down to his ankles. I pop back onto my feet with a smirk as I head out of the room.

“That’s a dirty little trick,” he calls after me, following me out of the room and upstairs where we enjoy a shower together.

After we use up all the hot water, we make our way into the kitchen, fully clothed and ready to make a plan for the day.

“I think we should map out different experiences based on the time of year. Seasonal things and adventures,” I tell him as I whip up some pancakes for us.

Hudson nods. “We can put the spa together for the lake house cabins and maybe put some heating in the floors so the guests can have access all year around. We can do hikes or ATV rides to the base of the mountain. I want to mark a clear trail and paths so they can decide how hard of a hike they want.”

“Have you been up the mountain?” I ask him.

He nods. “Of course. My brothers and I know the mountains like the back of our hand. Harper’s even better. She’s the only one of us who’s made it to the summit.”

“Alone?” I ask, wondering how anyone could do something like that by themselves.

“You drove a few hundred miles alone, right? What’s up versus across? You can do it with her. She likes to hike it at least once every few months. I’m sure she’d love to have company.”

I choke back a laugh, setting a plate of food in front of him.

“That means you won’t be doing it with her then?”

“I’ve gone as far as I can go, and there’s a vertical climb where my fingers can’t quite grip the way I like, but she’s as nimble as a fuckin’ monkey. Likes to show off how fast she can get to the top and I don’t race her. So, I do my brotherly duty and let her use me as an anchor for her ropes.”

“That’s sweet. You think she can teach me? I’d like to be a guide of sorts eventually. Maybe take guests up and down the mountain.”

He smiles. “Of course, she’ll teach you. How are you with a gun?”

“Not bad, but I haven’t fired one since I was about nine or ten. Out at the Guard house I was telling you about before. I wonder who’s out there these days.”

The Guard family home was like a second home to me, and I wonder if anyone out there still remembers me or if I remember them.

I look at Hudson. “Why would I need to know how to use a gun?”

He shrugs. “Main thing you come across on a mountain are bears, a lion or two maybe, wolves, and coyotes. A hostile guest, maybe.”

“That’s why I said guide. I will guide them and they can do the rest. We can set up a checkpoint where I drop them off and meet them back at the same spot for a picnic or refreshments.”

“Or an ATV to carry the weary down the mountain,” he chuckles. “She’s a beauty to look at, but she’s a bitch to climb.”

“Okay, so what about a dedicated ATV track? Something that won’t get washed out in the rain, or a decent dirt track for their bikes and things?”

Hudson smiles at me, “I’m so happy you answered my drunken want ad. That’s a great idea. I actually have an idea of where to put it, too. There’s a treacherous pasture, full of boulders and large rocks. I can move some dirt around and pack it in some places. It would make a great course. I can run a smaller, less advanced track in the lot beside it.”

I’m already helping to bring his dream alive. It plays in my mind like a movie. Mrs. Heather Haven, mountain climber and award-winning retreat owner.

“How do you feel about television?” I ask Hudson.

He raises an eyebrow, “You mean like the ones throughout the house? They’re fine, I guess.”

“I mean being on it. We can reach out to some different channels and maybe social media platforms to film while you put these renovations together. Especially the ATV track, it can turn into some motocross event or something.”

“Well, one thing at a time, baby girl. Let’s get a plan down and figure out the expenses. Once we have a budget in mind, we can take it from there. In the meantime, I want you to get on the phone and get your friends to send you that picture.”

A shiver runs up and down my spine. “You really think this might be the same guy?”

“I don’t know, but I’d rather be safe than sorry.”

HUDSON

The nervousness blanketing Heather's demeanor isn't lost on me. Whoever the guy is that's responsible for her losing her job makes her worry. I don't like that and I don't think the guy breaking down last night is a coincidence either.

Heather gets on the phone for a moment, and when she gets off, I can see how tense she is—angry even.

“What's wrong?” I ask.

“One of the guys I worked with just said that the creep's been back and asking questions about me. He caused a scene and everything. He was saying stuff like he never meant for me to leave after one of the employees said I was going back home.”

I don't like the sound of that. “How much do the employees know about Conklin?”

She shrugs. “I mean, I'm sure I've mentioned it, but me and my mother have been out there for at least three years. I don't see how anyone would think of me coming home as coming all the way out to Conklin.”

I make a suggestion. “How about you give your mother a call to see if the creep's found his way to her?”

“Alright.” She huffs and presses a few buttons on the phone before turning the speaker on. Heather rests her elbows on the counter and her chin on her hands.

A chipper woman comes on the line after a few rings. “Mornin', Heather. 'Bout time you called your mother.”

“Morning, Mom,” Heather forces a smile like her mother’s in the room. “Listen, I’m in Conklin.”

“Thank you for finally letting me know you made it out there safely.”

Heather lets out a breath of exhaustion. “You’re right. I should have called sooner, but I’m here. About that check business-”

Her mother cuts her off, “Oh did your friend give it to you?”

Heather’s face contorts in confusion. “What friend?”

“You know, the handsome fella. He said he worked at the motel with you and was going out to see you, so he could bring it to you. Did you get it, hun?”

“No,” Heather replies with frustration creeping into her voice. “Mom, that doesn’t make any sense. Why would you give the check to some random stranger? You didn’t even call me to verify I actually knew this person, and you just told them where I was?”

“Well, hun, he said you told him you were at a place called Heaven’s Haven. I know that ranch is on the outskirts of Conklin, and I just figured this guy had to be your friend, or else how did he know where to find you?”

Rage simmers in my gut as I get up and Heather looks at me. I motion for her to keep talking to her mother and twist my hand to signal for her keys.

She listens to her mother ramble on about work and the weather as she heads upstairs. It only takes a minute for her to toss the keys to me, and I head outside where a bright yellow hatchback sits in front of my house.

I should probably put it in the garage but will have to move the ATVs out of the way. Heather’s standing at the door, holding her phone as her mother continues to ramble on. I never knew the weather could be such a conversation piece, but alas, that’s not my concern.

My concern is what her mother said. “*He said you told him you were at a place called Heaven’s Haven.*”

My family's ranch can probably be seen from space the way technology is, but out here in Conklin, it's not exactly hot on the map. I'm staring at the car, wondering what I'm looking for.

Instead of beating my head against the wall, I pull out my phone to make a call.

Hendrix picks up on the first ring, "Morning, River."

"Jimi," I reply.

It's our thing and I don't know when it started or why it's been going on since our teenage years. Hudson like the river, and of course, Jimi the legendary Hendrix.

"What's going on?" he asks.

"You busy? I need to find some sort of tracking device on a car. I'd rather not roll around on my back, but if you get out to the ranch?"

"Say no more. I got some free time before my next appointment. I'll be there in ten."

Hendrix ends the call and arrives sooner than I expect. I let him drive his truck onto the property, and he parks next to Heather's car. She's off the phone with her mother by now as she steps down to greet him.

"Morning ma'am," Hendrix says with a tip of his head to her. He looks at me and smirks.

"Heather, this is my younger brother, Hendrix. Hendrix this is Heather, my-"

"New operations manager," Heather finishes with a smile.

I wrap an arm around her waist and tug her close to me. "My everything."

"Everything?" Hendrix looks at me with a dozen silent questions, but I nudge him toward her car.

"Yeah, everything." I kiss her on the top of her head, which makes her blush. "I need you to do what you do with the security stuff. See if there's a tracker on her car."

Hendrix looks at the car and then back at me. “You mean like the GPS to find it if it’s been stolen? Who would steal this?”

“Hey,” Heather chimes in with a soft laugh. “I’ll have you know that Meringue will give you the greatest ride of your life. She’s an actual steal for the price I paid for it.”

“No offense, ma’am,” Hendrix replies with a laugh and looks at me. “I get it. She’s perfect for you.”

Heather sidles up next to me as Hendrix walks to his truck for his tools. “What’s he mean ‘perfect for you’?”

“Feisty, fiery, outspoken, and not shy,” I tell her proudly.

Heather leans her head against my arm and slips her hand into the back pocket of my jeans, giving my ass a squeeze while my brother does a sweep of her car.

“Little girl, don’t start nothing out here. My brother won’t care in the slightest if I bend you over the hood of that car and fuck you til you cream over my-”

Hendrix clears his throat as he walks toward us with something small, circular device in his hand. “I actually do care, ma’am. There’s no need to rub y’all lovey-dovey stuff in my face. But here. Found this button tracker in the door frame. You’d definitely miss it if you don’t know what to look for.”

Hendrix drops it on the ground, ready to smash under his steel-toe boots when I stop him.

“Wait a minute. I want whoever put that thing on her car to come try to get it back. Then, I’ll break it right after I break their jaw,” I tell him.

“I don’t like the sound of that,” Hendrix shakes his head. “I’ll grab Hayden and we can camp out here for the next few days until they do. Make sure you got the key to the gun safe somewhere we can find it.”

I nod. “You two use your code to get in. I’m activating every feature you put in this system.”

“Will do. Y’all stay safe. I’ll give Hayden the update and we’ll be back later tonight. See y’all in a few. Nice meeting you, ma’am,” Hendrix offers Heather a smile and looks at me

before laughing to himself. He walks away whistling a tune and singing, "Love is in the air, everywhere I look around."

"He seems nice," Heather says as he pulls out of the driveway.

"Well, to women, all the Haven boys are at their best. Pop wouldn't have it any other way and Mom would take a belt to our hides if she found out otherwise. So we're gentlemen when we need to be."

Heather scoffs, "What you did to me in that lake house last night wasn't very gentleman-like."

"I beg to differ. I let you come first," I tell her with a swift swat to her ass as we head back inside. "And don't forget that I let you seduce me, woman."

"Me? Seduce you?" She places her hand over her heart with dramatic flair. "You're absolutely right and I wouldn't have it any other way, Daddy. So how about it?"

"How about what?" I ask, peering down at her with curiosity.

"You bending me over the hood of my car or we can pop the hatchback open."

"There goes that mouth of yours again, starting trouble. I told you this would happen. I don't want you to get tired of me, so I may need to limit your daily dose of dick."

Heather bursts into laughter, turning around to grab me through my jeans. She reaches her hands up into my hair, gripping the strands and yanking my head back.

"Little girl, be mindful about what you're about to do." I give her ample warning. I can easily break free, but she's riling me up good to want to fuck her until I can't anymore.

"Me? Be mindful? Didn't you just threaten to put me on a dick diet? I haven't even had enough to say that I've had too much for you to restrict my access. I demand it this instant, Daddy."

"Unhand me or regret it," I tell her, trying to hold back my laughter.

Then she says those magical words that get me to a place where I nearly explode from excitement. She licks her lips and

then stretches onto her tiptoes to lick mine, saying, “Make me.”

HEATHER

Hudson is the best distraction a woman can have as he shakes free of my grasp and proceeds to chase me around the living room. We're doing laps around the sofa until he leaps over it, cutting me off and taking me into his arms.

My feet lift off the ground as he spins me through the air, and I can't remember having fun like this with anyone. Still, we're in this sparring stage of lust, and I can't let him just win outright. I have to make it challenging.

Just when Hudson thinks he has a firm grip on me, I throw my arms straight into the air and drop my weight to the ground, spinning away from him with a grin. I don't know when the objective changes from me trying to touch him to him trying to catch me, but we're in this game.

My adrenaline is pumping through my body as we begin to circle one another.

"Little girl, you can't wrestle with a guy like me and think you're going to win," Hudson tells me.

I shrug, never one to simply concede, and run my hand along the arm of the sofa. I need a plan of action to get him inside me but make it feel like I'm winning. There's no way he's going to hold back after telling me it's mine.

"You don't know that. I can be squirrely as much as I am feisty. Slippery like an eel."

Hudson's laugh is hearty, fills the room and touches me in ways that amaze me. Little old me can make a big guy like him feel good.

Shaking his head, he says, "You know what's going to happen when I catch you, right? I'm gonna show you how much trouble that mouth of yours has got you in."

"We'll see about that," I challenge him as I dash around the couch and leap onto him in a way he leans back against the wall. My legs wrap around his waist, and my arms around his neck. He has no choice but to hold onto me as he moves around to the couch and plops me down.

My legs never unwrap from around his torso. Now, he's trying to free himself from my grasp.

"You are definitely stronger than I gave you credit for," Hudson admits through a series of grunts.

The temperature is heating up between us as we both wriggle around, but then he does something, not playing fair, and I see the glimmer in his eyes as the idea comes to him.

Hudson frees one of his hands from underneath me and dips it between us, undoing my jeans and grabbing my mound. My eyes widen and he smirks. I respond in kind, unlocking my hands from behind his neck to reach into his pants to grab his budding erection.

Before he can say anything, I start to move my hand up and down. It's too dry so I pull it out and spit on my hand before going back in. Hudson groans as his fight withers away under my hand's movement.

However, it's only temporary as he starts moving his own fingers over my slit, diving inside of me to finger me while I jerk him off. Soon, waves of lust crash over me. A distraction just long enough to where he can unwrap my legs from around him and flip me over onto my belly.

My knees are on the floor as my body presses into the couch cushion. Hudson yanks my jeans down and leans over my back. He kisses me before telling me, "Still think you're going to win this fight?"

“I’ve already won,” I tell him just as he rubs the tip of his cock at my entrance and drives inside of me. A yelp and moan escape my throat when he starts moving in and out of me at a pace where I’m certain we won’t last long.

“This is what you wanted,” he rasps between pumps and a slap across my ass before he grabs it to drive himself in faster, deeper.

“Yes, Daddy,” I manage to squeak out.

Our grunts mimic our rhythm as he dives in and out of my snug walls. “You just want Daddy’s dick all the time, don’t you?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

He thrusts in and out of me.

In and out.

Slaps my ass.

In and out.

Reaches around to play with my clit.

In and out.

I try to shift my arms to get better leverage. I feel like he’s winning and I have to do something. Hudson is definitely going to win as he grabs my wrists with one hand.

“You’re going to take this how I give it to you, little girl. Ain’t that right?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Fuck me, this pussy feels good. Perfect for me,” he inhales sharply before pulling out and bending down to run his tongue over my entrance.

The shift is overloading my senses. Hudson licks my pussy, sucking on my clit for a few seconds before he presses his cock back inside of me. Oh god.

This feels too good. It’s like an explosion waiting to go off.

“Yeah, come all over Daddy’s dick. Let it go, Heather.”

The words trigger the climax inside of me that's been waiting for release since I woke up this morning. Hudson continues to stroke, in and out of me, his thickness filling me up as his own release comes.

Panting and finishing up whatever this is, Hudson falls back to sit on the floor. I reach between my legs to feel his liquid release spilling out of me. I rub it and slide my finger in and out of my swelling walls.

I see Hudson just watching with his head tilting to the side. I tell him, "I like the way this feels."

"I like the way you feel," he says. "Take those pants off if you really want to have a go. We can move all this furniture out the way."

"You're on, Daddy."

We tussle and play with each other, make love, eat, wrestle, and make love again, and while I know Hudson is letting me have my way with him, it makes me understand why people are so obsessed over sex.

We can't stop doing this. I never want to and I don't want to do it with anyone else.

By the time we tire ourselves out, Hudson's chest and back are red from where I've been holding onto him. My hair is a mess and I look at the time to see we've been at this all day.

"We should probably make dinner or something," I tell him, stretching out beside him on the living room floor.

"Probably," he laughs. "I need coffee or spinach. You sure got a fire in you, little girl."

"You know how to ignite me."

The sound of his phone going off interrupts us before we can take this conversation into the kitchen or anywhere else. He has to lean over the edge of the couch that's now against a wall instead of in the center of the living room to grab his jeans and his phone out of the pocket.

He grunts and swipes at the screen a few times.

“What’s wrong?” I ask him.

“I don’t know. Get dressed and I’m going to go check it out. The sensors on those back gates are going crazy.” He looks out the kitchen windows and moves over to a drawer to pull out a set of keys.

I watch Hudson move to a closet by the front door as I throw my clothes back on in a hurry. When he opens it, he reaches up to a handle that looks like access to an attic, but it pulls down a heavy-sounding cabinet. The key unlocks it and inside is an array of shotguns and pistols.

“You comfortable shooting?” he asks me.

“No,” I tell him with dread coming over me. “I’m sorry.”

Hudson rushes toward me, taking my face in his hands. “Don’t ever apologize for that. There’s nothing to be sorry for. I just wanted to be sure so I know to look out for you shooting too. I can do what needs to be done. I’ve been taking care of this land for a few decades.”

He kisses me and returns to the cabinet where he tucks a handgun in his waistband, a clip for that into his pocket, and picks up a double-barrel shotgun. There’s a few boxes of ammo sitting along a bottom shelf that he opens up.

“Birdshot,” he explains, loading one red shell into each side. He holds up a green shell, saying, “Buckshot.”

I watch him load those two and then he opens another box to put four more shells on each side behind the ones he put in. “That’s a lot of buckshot.”

“No darlin’, these are slugs. Birdshot is the warning, buckshot will hurt ya but is not likely to kill ya, and slugs will put you down for coming onto my land and threatening the things and people I care about.”

Hudson closes the cabinet and locks it but puts the key on a hook on the wall. He shuts the closet door, grabs me by the hand, and leads me into the kitchen.

I don’t know what’s happening, but Hudson’s moving like a man with a purpose.

We reach the back door, and he puts his hand on the knob. His voice is calm. "I don't know who's out there, but I ain't gonna let them hurt you. Just stick close to me."

"Okay."

My heart is pounding as we move toward the garage where he lifts the gate. I peek over his shoulder and he tells me, "I think you should wait in here until the coast is clear. Them ATVs ain't gonna be any good in the mud with those tires, and I don't want you stuck in my truck in case we do start shooting."

"Well, then. Let's not shoot at all, then," a voice calls out from behind us before the sound of them cocking their gun fills the air.

I turn around to see Walton Emory standing there with a gun pointing at the both of us. Walton's about 6'2 with stringy blonde hair and sunken cheekbones. His eyes are bloodshot red around their once-blue color, and he's let his beard grow a bit since the last time I saw him.

Hudson moves to stand in front of me, putting himself between me and the creep.

"Wallace?" Hudson asks.

"Wallace, Walton, whatever name is easiest for a lug like you to pronounce is fine by me. Why don't you move out the way and send my little woman on over here?"

Hudson laughs, "You know that ain't gonna happen. So you do what you have to do."

I'm gripping the back of Hudson's shirt to the point my knuckles turn white. I can feel his hand reach behind him to pat me gently on the leg. It's soothing in a way, and I loosen my grip.

When I peek around Hudson's body to see the stand-off, there's one thing that Walton doesn't account for.

Hudson calls out, "Hey Jimi."

HUDSON

Hendrix is moving in from one side of the house while Hayden moves in from the other. Thank god for my family.

The douchebag in front of me, however, has no idea of the concept and laughs like I'm trying to play him.

"You can't get me like that," Walton calls back. "Just give me what I came here for. Heather belongs to me. Always has and always will. You may have—"

He's cut off by the barrel of Hayden's shotgun pushing against the back of his head. "Drop it."

I smile and turn around to Heather. "Go on inside. Jimi!"

Hendrix trots up and offers his arm to her. She has worry all over her face, but I'm going to make sure this asshole gets it through his skull that he doesn't own her and never will.

"So what are y'all gonna do? All jump on me at once? That ain't fair," Walton hisses with his hands in the air.

I look at Hayden and hand him my shotgun. I pull the handgun out of my waist and toss it into the grass. It takes a quick shuffle on my feet for him to understand that he's about to get exactly what he's asking for—a fair fight.

Walton doesn't want fair. He wants easy as he lunges at me without warning. Letting Heather chase me around the house is one thing, but another grown man trying to wrestle me down after trespassing on my property doesn't get the luxury of playfulness.

I take a step to the side and push him in his back, which causes him to stumble face-first into the dirt. He gets up with fury in his eyes as he charges me again. This time, I don't move out of the way. I lean low to my right and let my right fist come up into his rib cage.

Walton wheezes just before my left hook connects to his face, and I finish him with a quick jab off my right. He falls to the ground where I get two more punches to his face before Hayden pulls me back.

"Don't kill him. I don't think his body will be good for business," Hayden laughs and then looks down at the bloody mess of a face Walton has left. "Who is this guy anyhow?"

"He followed Heather out here, got her fired, probably wanted to kidnap her and do who knows what," I shrug and nudge Walton with my foot. He's out like a light.

"I'm going to call the cops. Why don't you check on your girl?" Hayden says, pulling out his phone.

I move through the area, collecting my firearms and making sure Walton's is out of reach. We tie him up until the police arrive to take him away. Thankfully, the footage of the entire incident is on camera. He'll go to jail and I'm off the hook for an assault charge since I'm just protecting my property.

Hendrix cracks open a few beers, sliding one to me and Hayden before opening one and pouring it into a glass for Heather. I'd stop her normally, but hell, she deserves something to take the edge off.

Her face twists with disgust, "That is a flavor that might be better with some wings or a burger."

"My kinda lady," I smile and move by her side.

"Sounds like I should get the grill going," Hayden says. "Mind if Halo comes too? She can bring some more food."

"Not at all. This house is as much yours as it is mine," I tell him.

Hendrix looks at Hayden, shaking his head vigorously from side to side. "Don't treat it like your place."

I throw a hand towel at him. “What is that supposed to mean?”

“That means,” Hendrix starts laughing, “that everyone else would do better to knock before entering. I can smell the sex in here and look at the living room. Mom would lose her shit if she saw the mess you guys made.”

Heather blushes and covers her face. “Oh goodness, this is not how I want to meet your family.”

“Tough, little girl,” I whisper to her. “Hayden, this is Heather. Heather, this is my older brother, Hayden, the bounty hunter.”

“Why do you always introduce me to people like that?” Hayden asks, running his fingers through his hair. “You know I am more than just my job.”

“I’m sure. Halo’s got you out here doing superhero shit like running across roofs and jumping on goons like a caped crusader,” I chuckle and he shoves me.

“Ma’am, it’s a pleasure to meet you,” Hayden says to Heather. “I’m going to go get my wife. Y’all look around the same age so you should get along swimmingly.”

Hendrix laughs, “See, Halo’s even expanding your vocabulary. When’s the last time you heard him say, ‘*swimmingly*’?”

“I use plenty of words,” Hayden says as he flips us off and heads out of the house.

I look at Hendrix as he starts typing away on his phone. He utters a growl and a grunt.

“Everything cool, Jimi?”

He huffs out a breath and looks to Heather, “You’re a woman.”

“She sure is,” I say, licking my lips and palming her ass.

“Relax, Daddy,” she tells me with a giggle and turns back to my brother.

Hendrix rolls his eyes, “You’re a woman, so you can tell me if it’s natural to get locked out of your house three times in one week.”

Heather pauses before telling him, “That’s a bit excessive, but I’d need to know more information.”

“So do I,” Hendrix growls. “I’ll raincheck on the barbecue. Apparently, I have an emergency. This little girl’s gonna be the death of me.”

I know what that sounds like, and it’s even funnier seeing my little brother go through something similar. He’s in for a wild ride if that’s what’s happening.

“Your brothers are funny,” Heather says after Hendrix leaves.

I nod, “They can also be assholes, but I guess around the women, we’re comical, charming even.”

“Brave, righteous, and protective. I don’t know how I got so lucky to have landed on your doorstep, Hudson Haven, but I’m sure glad I did,” she tells me with a soft kiss that’s guaranteed to get me going.

“You’re lucky? I’m the lucky one. Fuck, I should take down that post before someone else shows up for the job.”

“Yes, because the position is taken,” Heather says with finality.

“Damn right, it is. Damn right.”

HEATHER

The weeks fly by after I settle in with Hudson.

We decide to keep the main house just for us and will build cabins for potential employees to stay in if necessary, especially if we keep finding ourselves ‘playing around’ in the living room.

I can’t believe that’s even a thing, but here we are head over heels for each other and loving every minute of it.

The storm clouds are rolling in today, and it reminds me of those first days with Hudson. There are two cabins under construction around the lake house, and I’m sure we need to secure those sites.

I know Hudson’s been riding around all morning taking care of the property, but I’m not certain if he’s around to tarp up those buildings. The rain doesn’t have to fall for me to take action.

The ATVs have new tires and I’m more than comfortable on the trails now as I roll one out of the garage. I grab my phone to call him and see where he’s at.

“Yeah, babe.”

“Rain’s coming, Daddy.”

“You should be coming,” he says to me, “all over Daddy’s dick.”

“You are starting early today. We got chores to do,” I laugh.

“Yeah, speaking of which, how many sandbags we got left in that garage? I might need some around the spa we’re putting in until we can seal the foundation properly.”

“There’s about a dozen or so left on that pallet,” I tell him. “You want me to bring some to you?”

“If it’s not too much trouble, you’d save me a trip.”

“How many?”

“Three or four should do. I can work with the rest of what we got out here. Just get a move on before this rain comes and you end up hauling 200 pounds of wet sand versus 20 pounds of dry.”

I load the ATV and head out to the lake house cabin. We’re making so many intense memories on this land. I appreciate why Hudson doesn’t want to ever let it go. Hell, even if we don’t rent out the cabins, his family can move out here, and we can figure out another business to run.

The path out to the lake is well-worn. The wind whips across my body as my mind wonders about Hudson and his family. They all take me in like I’m a Haven, born and bred. Halo’s a dream to be around and their sister, Harper, has a sense of adventure that I love.

Despite her brothers doing their damndest to keep her on the ground, that woman does what she wants and dares anyone to stop her.

It’s nice to be a part of this, to not be so alone anymore. Having a family like the Havens looking after me makes every decision an easy one when I don’t have to make it out of fear.

I pull up to the lake house cabin and stop the ATV. Something looks off. Autumn is in full swing so I expect to see dead leaves on the ground, but what I’m looking at is a trail of tiny purple petals. There’s a ton of them blanketing the ground, leading into the home.

My pulse quickens as I step inside and look around to see long-stem flowers, the size of Baby’s Breath but varying shades of lavender and purple. Hudson steps out as my eyes continue to take in everything around me.

“What is all of this?”

“This is Heather, Heather,” he chuckles and rubs the back of his neck. “Did you know that in Celtic times, this beautiful flower symbolizes independence and good fortune? I ain’t looked into the meaning of many things, but when you came into my life, this is exactly what you’ve brought me.”

“This is so sweet, Daddy,” I smile and step closer to him. He wraps his arms around me and lowers his mouth to capture mine. Our tongues do the dance they’re so familiar with and my core clenches with desire.

When Hudson pulls his lips away, the grin spreading across his face tells me he’s not done as he lowers himself to one knee.

“You’re the most beautiful person in my life, Heather. Your heart is as big as the ocean, your eyes are a storm of love and fire, and the way you soak up everything, always wanting to learn something new, makes me want to do the same thing just to keep up with you. I love you, Heather.”

“I love you too, Hudson.”

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a ring. There isn’t some fancy box or anything, but it’s simple and beautiful. The gold band looks more like tree roots winding around one another with a large diamond sitting front and center.

Hudson slides the ring onto my finger and asks, “Heather Marsden. Love of my life. Independent, fighter, feisty, fierce, beautiful, intelligent, intuitive, and the center of my world, will you give me the honor of loving and protecting you for the rest of our lives? Will you be my wife?”

“Yes! Of course, I will Hudson. I love you and I’m going to love being Mrs. Heather Haven.”

He grins up at me and then eyes my crotch where I shove him back playfully.

“Don’t ruin this moment, Hudson,” I tell him, holding my newly adorned finger into the light.

He laughs, “I was just thinking if Mrs. Heather Haven tastes different than Miss Heather Marsden. I’m going to have to

sample you just to be sure.”

That playfulness in his eyes tells me everything I need to know as laughter erupts between us. I back away from him before he can grab me.

Hudson gets onto his feet, calling me with a silent hook of his finger. “Get over here, little girl, and let Daddy taste his fiancée.”

I stare him in the eyes, challenging him as always. “Make me.”

EPILOGUE

One Year Later

Two for the price of one is always a bargain except when it comes to babies.

I'm staring into two pairs of light gray eyes and freckles. They have my dark brown hair. Their mother's beauty is going to take them a long way in this life but may drive me to shoot somebody by the time they're teenagers.

Harlow and Hazel Haven are a few months old, laughing and staring up at me while I'm trying to figure out this latest contraption the store sells as a toy for them. Something about tummy time or whatever since Heather insists we teach them things before they can even walk or speak.

I don't mind it in the slightest. Heather is as sharp as a tack. And what I thought was fierce before ain't nothing compared to her as a momma.

"Da da da da da da da-" Harlow babbles and blows her little tongue out at me. That's her mother's spirit alright. She's going to give me a run for my money, but I won't stand for it.

"Now you, young lady," I tell her, putting the toy down and picking her up, "are going to show your Pa some respect around here."

She babbles and smacks me in the face.

Heather laughs from behind me. "Daddy, that's now how that works. Respect is earned."

She comes to sit beside me and picks up Hazel, who's equally talkative just as she smacks Heather in the forehead. I turn to the other baby, "Now, you know better than to hit your Mama. Apologize."

Hazel babbles some noises and I nod in agreement. "That's right. We don't disrespect women, especially our mothers."

A set of twins and I feel like the happiest man alive. Glancing over to Heather who's fussing with Hazel's clothes, I tell her, "I love you. Thank you for giving me all of this."

"All of what? Midnight and 2 a.m. double feedings or twice the amount of laundry and dishes?" she huffs.

"Hey," I cradle Harlow in one arm and tip Heather's face toward me with the other. "I'll take everything that comes with this because you, my goddess of independence and good fortune, have made me the luckiest man on Earth. Don't you forget it, either. We have each other, and I wouldn't give up any of this. So thank you."

Heather sighs, "You're welcome, Daddy."

"Now that's what I'm talking about. How about you make me some more?"

"What? Pancakes?" she laughs. "I know you're not talking about babies. They're not even a year old."

"Why not more babies? The sooner we have 'em all, the more fun it gets. We can take them on the ATV track, and Harper can teach them to climb mountains."

"They can't even walk yet, Hudson," she laughs. Hazel starts to kick her little legs.

I tip my head at the baby. "That's what you think. I bet you they've been walking around just fine and haven't shown us because they like being carried everywhere."

"They're babies, babe, not intellectual manipulators," Heather says as she puts Hazel down only to have her start crying.

I raise my eyebrow with a laugh, "That's the sweet sound of manipulation right there. And all four of us know you're not

going to let her lie there and cry. Go on and love on our babies, I won't say anything."

Heather picks Hazel back up and gets onto her feet. "I know you won't say anything. You're going to spoil them rotten."

"Damn right, I am. That's a Daddy's job, right?" I ask her.

We carry our bundles of joy upstairs into their nursery to put them down for a nap. Once we settle them in, we leave to head back downstairs where the living room never did go back to its original look. We keep the center empty, for us and the babies.

"So Daddy," she says, running a finger down my chest to the bottom hem of my shirt. I can feel her going under it to reach up and grab my nipples. At first, it's seductive, and then, she squeezes too tight.

I grab her hands through the shirt. "What do you think you're doing, little girl?"

Heather stares me in the eyes, lust building, my cock growing, and she whispers against my lips. "I'm making sure that you remember who's in charge here."

"Oh, is that right?" I ask her with a laugh. "Little girl, you lose this fight every time. Unhand me, woman."

She pinches harder, making me suck in a sharp breath, clenching my jaw.

With all of her fight blazing bright, I can't believe how lucky I am to get a woman who likes to fight me into making love to her. Batshit crazy, but I love it.

"You are determined to get me to demolish that pussy of yours, little girl. Keep playing around and I'm going to stuff this cock in that ass of yours too."

She grins with nothing but mischief in her eyes. "How do you know that's not what I want anyway?"

"Oh, you're in for it, little girl. Let go, and I'll give you a head start. I'll count to ten," I warn her.

The tension in the air is insane, but Heather lets go and takes off running to the kitchen. She dodges out of the back door as

I shout my count, “One. Two. Ten.”

It doesn't take long for me to catch up with her by the garage, and even less time for me to stick my throbbing member inside of her warm heat.

My god, I love this woman.

It's the only words I can think of as we make love outside. Staring into her eyes and then looking off at the beautiful mountain view.

“We gotta hurry up, babe, rain's coming,” I say through gritted teeth.

“So am I, Daddy.”

EXTENDED EPILOGUE

HEATHER

Five Years Later

“Jimi, don’t spin Hudson around like that. He just ate cake,” my voice trails as Hendrix learns the hard way not to spin the three-year-old who can projectile vomit better than a firehose.

I rush over to him with a wet towel as he sets Hudson Jr. on his feet. Hendrix rubs his little head, and I toss a towel to him before squatting down to wipe Hudson’s mouth who’s fighting me like I’m trying to smother him.

“No, no, no. No wipe,” Hudson Jr. shouts at me.

Before I can say anything, Hendrix leans down to look the boy in his eyes, “Did you just tell your momma no?”

Hudson Jr. stares up at his uncle like a deer in headlights and turns to me. “Sorry, Mama.”

“It’s okay, baby, here. You wipe your mouth, okay?” I tell him and hand him the towel. He wipes the expelled cake and drinks some water before taking off like a fish let off the hook.

“What’s going on?” Hudson Sr. asks as he walks into the kitchen.

There are a few people milling around, children, and other invited guests as we get ready to reveal the finished property and all the amenities.

“Jimi’s getting the finest lesson in parenting while giving Junior a reminder in respect. Thank you, Jimi.”

“Anything for you, Heather,” Hendrix smiles that charming Haven smile.

Hudson steps in front of him, “Don’t be smiling at my wife all seductive-like.”

“Are you forgetting who this man belongs to, River?” Hendrix asks with a smile as his eyes look across the room of people where a blonde bombshell of a woman mingles with other guests. He pats Hudson on the shoulder before leaving us to go flirt with the woman of his dreams.

Hudson wraps his arms around me as I look around at everything we’re accomplishing today.

“I can’t believe this is our life,” I tell him.

“Believe it because none of this happens without you,” he says with a soft kiss. He sees the cake and swipes some icing off it. He licks it off his finger before offering me some.

“No babe, I feel huger than huge. I can’t have cake.”

Hudson looks around and I think it’s to see if anyone’s watching us. He grabs a piece of cake and my hand and takes me outside, away from the crowd. We end up near the garage, a bubble of peace, where he licks another finger’s worth of icing.

“Do you know how damned good you look, little girl?” he asks, his voice penetrating me to the core. Seductive as always, my heart and soul bend for this man.

Heat rushes to my face as I look down, feeling how much tighter these jeans fit.

“No, you don’t. Eyes up here. Look at me, Heather.”

He commands my attention and my body.

“Daddy, I just-” It’s hard for me to find the words when I’m usually more than confident about myself. Three children later and I feel like a beached whale. “Daddy, I just don’t feel attractive. I’ve put on so much weight.”

“Heather Haven.” Hudson’s strength comes through every syllable. “You are gorgeous, delicious, smart, feisty, and a few

pounds heavier because you have brought life into this world. You have to show yourself some respect, little girl. Oh and let me remind you that you lifted an entire ATV damn near over your head when you thought Hazel got caught under it.”

“I was so mad when she slid out and wanted to go again. These girls are gonna kill me,” I laugh.

“No, they are you. So much fight and fire inside of them. All of our kids take after you, which means, you might have to work a little bit harder on loving yourself a little bit more. What would you say if Harlow said to you she doesn’t want any cake because she’s feeling huge?”

My heart lunges at the idea of my babies learning that kind of thing from me. “You’re right, I’m going to be better around them.”

Hudson tips a finger under my chin and kisses me, frosting on his lips and everything. “No, I want you to be better around you. I love you, every pound, every stretch mark. I’m going to spread this icing all over you and lick you up like a bear in the honeypot.”

“Daddy, don’t! Not out here. All of these people!”

Hudson raises an eyebrow. “You know me well enough by now. I don’t give a fuck about any of these people when it comes to loving my wife. I’ll send them home and have Halo take the kids. We can play, fuck, and cover the entire living room in icing until you understand how sweet you are to me.”

“You’re insatiable. You just want to stuff me with your cock and make a mess,” I laugh.

He kisses me again. “Always love making a mess with you. So what’s it gonna be, little girl? Are you going to have a piece of cake or are we going to show all these folks how we solve disputes?”

“These people do not need to see us wrestling until we make love, Hudson.”

He laughs this time, “Actually, I think a few of these folks already pay to see things like that, but seriously. I want you to enjoy yourself. Look around, babe. This is a life we’re

building but none of it gets done if you're not happy. I'll do whatever you need to make sure you're happy. I'll move that big ass mountain back there if that's what it takes."

"Really, Hudson? The entire mountain?" I can't help but challenge him.

"Yup. Don't believe me, do you?"

I laugh because it's outlandish.

"Hold this," he hands me the cake and calls out to the house. "Jimi! Hayden! Get some dynamite and the trucks, we got a mountain to move."

For goodness sake.

I call out after him, "Wait a minute. Who the hell sold y'all dynamite?"

What a life. I love it.

The End. Thanks for reading!

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