

## Chapter 187

### Detective Flavian Moreno's POV

When Miller called me inviting me to be his best man, I thought it was quite polite and understood that he was grateful for me rescuing his son. But when he told me I would be paired up with that short girl, I was more than excited. I rushed my move and caught a flight to Paradise Port right after lunch on Friday. I would be staying at Patrick's place for a few days until I found a place to live. We had been friends since childhood, as his parents had a productive farm in Bellwood that supplied cattle to my father's slaughterhouse.

I promised I would come for the bachelor party, and it was quite fun - a night of poker, whiskey, and cigars with the guys. I ended up fitting in well, and Fernando, whom I also knew, offered me his apartment, which was already furnished, as he was moving in with his girlfriend. We agreed to go see the property on Sunday; if I liked it, I would buy his apartment. Things were flowing very well, getting me excited about the life I would establish here. But what I was really looking forward to was seeing that short girl.

I was just finishing getting ready when Patrick knocked on my bedroom door and poked his head in.

"Man, you're looking sharp!" Patrick came in laughing with that carefree walk he always had.

"So, do you think I have a chance with the short girl?" I asked, turning to him and opening my arms.

"Dude, you're a giant compared to her. I don't know; maybe she'll be a little scared." Patrick teased.



"I can calm her down." I replied confidently.

"You'll need more than that. You'll need her friends to trust you, and they're very demanding. Manu is the youngest in the group, and the girls take care of her. She's an eighteen-year-old girl, Flavian." Patrick was kind of warning me.

"It's just that age that worries me. I don't usually get involved with girls so young. But that short girl has something..." I replied, grabbing my wallet from the table and placing my gun in the holster attached to my ankle.

"Do you really think you need that?" Patrick looked at me as I secured the gun.

"Man, I'm a cop! My gun is like a part of me. Like an extra hand. I just don't shower with it so it doesn't get ruined." I replied, adjusting my pants. "Besides, there's still a madman on the loose after the bride and groom."

"All right. So, shall we go? The house is right here in the complex. The girls are already there." I broke into a smile at the information that it wouldn't be long before I saw that short girl.

I left the room with Patrick, we met Alexander in the living room looking totally nervous, and we went to the wedding location. I was anxious. I thought I was an interesting guy for my thirty-five years, I was very vain about my appearance and took care of myself, I wore my black hair very short because of work, just as I waxed my chest, had black eyes and used a well-trimmed and groomed beard, I was a man of one meter and ninety-five in height, broad shoulders, with a muscular and well-defined body from weightlifting and the exercises I practiced daily. I was a big and experienced guy and that little girl was just a girl who must have been



something around one and a half meters. But she had something that caught my attention.

When we arrived, the girls came complaining right away that we were late and I found it interesting how they put my new friends on a leash, but the most well-trained of all was Patrick, the guy ate out of that redhead's hand. They surrounded me and flattered me thanking me for what I had done and that embarrassed me a little, but I thought it was a point in my favor. Then, they formally introduced me to the little girl.

"So, officer, this here is Manu, she will be your date today," Melissa said and pushed Manu towards me, making her get closer to me.

"But what a cutie!" I said without thinking, smiling at her. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Manu. The other day we weren't introduced." I pulled her by the hand and gave her three little kisses on her cheek.

"P-plea-pleasure, officer," Manu was visibly nervous. Her cold and trembling hands were sweaty. I thought it was cute.

"Ah, Manu, it's just Flavian." I gave her my best smile.

Manu was a beautiful girl, she had long hair with golden highlights, bright brown eyes, with long lashes framing them, a little mouth that looked like a heart, a doll-like face, a delicate little body, a narrow little waist, a perky little butt, small and perky breasts, and sun-tanned skin, which was evident with the bikini marks appearing in that strapless yellow dress.

"Okay, Flavian." She gave me a beautiful smile with very white and well-aligned teeth.

We stayed there chatting for a while, and Alexander went to greet the



guests. At the time of the ceremony, I offered my arm to Manu, while Melissa organized the line. When Manu passed her delicate little hand through my arm, Melissa looked at us and said:

"You're big, huh?!"

"If you want, Mel, Manu can go in with Henry and I'll go in with the deputy," Samantha offered, making Henry frown.

"No way, Samantha, I'm with the shorty!" I replied quickly.

"Woah! Take it easy there, Manu!" Melissa looked at Manu and gave a mischievous smile.

That made me let out a loud laugh and Manu's cheeks flushed.

"Don't worry, Melissa, I know how to be gentle and delicate." Melissa smiled at me, understanding where I was going, and Manu blushed even more.

I spent the entire wedding next to Manu, taking advantage of the opportunity since they put us as a pair. We talked a lot and danced several times. I felt when she started to relax with my presence and I gained space, showering her with attention and kindness. At the end of the party, I offered to take her home, freeing Fred from giving her a ride.

I took her little hand, which looked even smaller inside mine, and led her to the car that I had already bought and picked up at the dealership as soon as I arrived in Paradise Port. I opened the door for her to enter and helped with the long skirt of her dress. I pulled the seat belt over her and got closer than necessary to lock it, staying face to face with her.

"There! Now you're safe," I said, looking at that beautiful little face, and smiled.

"T-t-tha-thank you!" Manu replied, clearly nervous with my proximity. I took the opportunity to tease her.

"Are you afraid of me, Manu?" She shook her head no. "Then why are you so nervous?"

"It's just... it's just..." I didn't wait for her to speak, I advanced and kissed her beautiful little mouth.

I started slow and gentle, with a soft touch of lips. Manu was surprised and I felt her gasp. I deepened the kiss and parted her lips with my tongue, intensifying our kiss. She was trembling, seeming inexperienced, almost as if it were her first kiss. But of course that was impossible.

"Relax, shorty!" I said as I briefly separated our lips, then went back to kissing her even more intensely.

Manu finally started to relax and slid her little hands up my shoulders, hugging me delicately. I enclosed her in my arms and kissed her with a hungry desire, as if I wanted to devour her. When we broke the kiss, we were both breathless, her lips swollen and wet, and her eyes shining even brighter.

"You're so beautiful," I whispered in her ear and started kissing there, continuing down her neck.

I daringly moved my hand up to one of her breasts and squeezed it while sucking on her pretty little neck. Manu stiffened under my touch, as if startled. I immediately moved my hand to her neck and went back to kissing her lips. She relaxed again and returned the kiss. We stayed there kissing for long minutes, and the more I kissed her, the more she relaxed and got into the rhythm of the kiss.






"Do I really need to take you home?" I asked, hoping she would say no.

"Yeah, you do," she sighed against my mouth.

"Then let's go." I pulled away from her very reluctantly and went around to the driver's side, sitting next to her.

"Put your address in the GPS, beautiful shorty," I requested as I buckled my seatbelt.

We made the entire journey in silence. It was as if that girl had a thousand things on her mind. But I was starting to think that my little one was not only too young but also too inexperienced. This was a contradiction, since she was eighteen years old, and eighteen-year-old girls nowadays are not so inexperienced. But I kept that in mind, and I would have to find a way to find out. 

"We're here, shorty," I said, stopping at the door of her building. "Are you going to invite me up?" I smiled mischievously.

I was dying to know if she was really inexperienced. I don't dig young girls like that, and I don't find inexperienced women amusing. I'm not the type of guy willing to teach, so to speak. I like women who know what they want, in life and in bed, and who know well how to pleasure a man. But this shorty had something that turned me on, and I can't even say what it is. All I know is that when I walked into that office, my eyes locked on hers, and I can't get her out of my head. But if she's a very inexperienced girl, it won't work out. I like hard and hot sex, without any fuss, mind-blowing, wild, and with a lot of mutual desire. Inexperienced girls still like romance, guys who are soft, and that's not my style.

"Uh... do-do you want to come up?" She was nervous.



"If it's going to make you uncomfortable, no." I was honest with her.

"You know what, let's go up." She was breathing heavily and spoke as if she was having a discussion with herself. "Am I a little nervous? I'm a little nervous. But you're so cute that there's no reason for me to be nervous. Yeah, let's go up."

I got out of the car, walked around, and when she got out of the car, I pressed her against it, lowering my head and whispering in her ear:

"Just so you know, I'm not cute. But like I said, I know how to be gentle and delicate with a woman."

Manu let out a sigh that hit my ear and reverberated in my pants. I grabbed her by the waist and lifted her up, pressing her against the car and making her feel my erection. Her eyes widened even more, and she looked at me in shock.

"Let's go up. I think we need to talk," I said, giving her a peck on the lips and pulling her by the hand toward the building. I had to know how inexperienced this girl was.



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