



# Dear Maverick (Love Letters 3)

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**Category:** Romance, War

**Description:** Whoops!... She butted in!

Dear Maverick,  
You weren't supposed to get my letter.  
I only needed to vent.  
But, I wouldn't change a thing.

Dear True,  
I thought you were fake.  
Then you rambled, and lost your filter.  
Sometimes you just need to connect with someone.

**Total Pages (Source):** 13

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 5:53 am*

## Prologue

True

“Please, please, please, True.”

I shouldn’t have such heartless feelings towards my best friend Lena for begging me to write to her cousin overseas in a branch of the Navy, but I can’t help it. I’d rather stick my hand down the garbage disposal than write to a man I’ve never met.

“Don’t you dare think about it!” Lena warns stepping in front of the sink. The glare I send her way would shut anyone else down. Not her. She’s like a bull in a china shop. Or is that dog with a bone? Maybe both.

“I don’t want to, Lena,” I tell her for the fiftieth time this week, I’m sure.

“I know. But you’d be doing me a huge favor. He and I never got along, and I don’t even think he likes me, why would I write to him?”

“I can’t imagine why.” My droll comment and eye roll are missed by the other woman.

“Puhleaseeeeeee, True!”

“Get off your knees, you’ll scuff my floor.” I have to walk away. Her damn puppy dog eyes are beginning to work on me.

“He can be a good guy,” she calls after me. “It’s not like you’ll ever meet him! He lives half a world away.” Her shrug isn’t comforting. At all.

“C’mon, Lena, why do you really want me to write him?” There has to be more to this story.

Letting out a heavy sigh, she confesses. “I’m worried about you, True. Ever since douche canoe cheated on you, you’ve been...sad. I hate seeing you like this. Ever since preschool, you’ve always been happy and chipper. Never missing a smile. Now, I can’t even remember the last time I saw you crack a grin for crying out loud!” Tears hover in her eyes, and I worry if she’s right.

“I haven’t been that bad.” My words are muttered.

“True, you’re twenty-one, and you haven’t been out since dick-smack left.” She refuses to use Eldon’s real name.

“I’ve been out.” I try to defend my actions.

“You’ve been to the grocery store,” Lena fires back. “He really is a good guy. Mav is... soft, quiet. Just write him a letter, mail it, don’t mail it. Do it for you. Connect with someone, True.”

“I’ll think about it, Lena.” Pacified, my friend heads home, and her words follow me into the night, leaving me tossing and turning in my stupid, lumpy bed. Creaking floors and walls make it nearly unbearable to stay still without screaming my head off with fright.

Connect with someone.

I can do that.

## Chapter One

Maverick

Dear Maverick,

You don't know me. I'm your cousin Lena's best friend. Wow, it feels even more awkward and desperate reading it than hearing it out loud.

My name is True Sidero, I'm 21 years old, and a full-grown loser.

Okay, maybe that was a tad harsh, but Lena told me I didn't have to mail this letter, so I'm allowed to be that way, right?

Connect to someone.

It's what she told me, you know. Like I can't connect to someone in my part of the world. I can. I just don't want to.

I don't even know why I'm writing this when I don't intend to send it.

Gah!

This is so fucked up. My life is so fucked up. I should be planning my stupid wedding, not dishing my dirty laundry to some soldier half a world away. There should be flowers and dresses, and bridesmaids hating me because I'm making them wear ugly dresses while I get the super cute, white, off-the-shoulder one I spent over a year making!

All those ridiculous needle pricks, back aches, and lost hours of sleep, for nothing!

Men suck. Like really, really suck big, hairy donkey balls.

God, I sound like some bitter, old spinster cat lady.

Miserably, no one's girl,

True

Looking around my bunker, I'm waiting to see if someone is gonna jump out laughing. When nothing happens, all I can think is, is this shit for real? Who the fuck writes this shit?

She's not real. She can't be.

Fucking, Lena.

That little shit is always up to something. She likely wrote this, thinking I'd be desperate enough to respond back or some fucked up shit.

Crumpling the crazy letter in my hand, I toss it in the trash on my way out to the ops tent. I got shit to do. I can't be thinking about how much I could relate to this girl if she actually exists.

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Which she doesn't.

Fucking, Lena.

### Chapter Two

True

I hate my best friend. Totally and completely. I'm plotting her death while she sleeps on my couch. Hate.

She's evil. The queen of narcissistic

assholes and she must die a horrible burning death. Or something equally as evil but not so messy because I'm a chickenshit and can't deal with gore.

I tossed out the letter to Maverick; at least, I thought I had. Turns out the wench dug through my trash and mailed it!

She mailed my rambling, stupid letter to a man who has no idea I exist. Except now he does, and now he knows I'm a rambling idiot.

"Stupid bitch," I mutter walking past the couch where Lena is fake sleeping, so I don't clobber her to death.

"Whatever, just open the fucking thing already," she mumbles.

I pause, wondering if I could get away with it.

“You’d miss me.”

“Not anymore.”

Ignoring the asshole friend on my sofa, I go to my room and lock the door. No way she gets to witness this embarrassment. Ripping the stupid envelope with my stupid name open, my need to murder Lena intensifies.

Dear “True,”

I get it, Lena, you’re bored. Can’t bug me at home, so you do it where I need all my concentration and wits about me. piss off you spoiled brat, or next time, I won’t “accidentally” run over your foot like when you were 16.

You’ve done some pretty shitty fucking things over the years, but this is your lowest, girl. Go find one of your brothers to pester. I don’t need your shit.

Now, on the off chance that letter was legit and there really is a girl named True Sidero on the other side of this letter then, well, my cousin sucks even more.

She likely mailed this damn thing when you thought you were safe. I wish I could say it’s the first time she’s been an asshole, but it’s not.

Ask her why I ran her damn foot over. You might question that friendship.

Unfortunately, she’s right. (Tell her I said that, and I’ll deny it.) You do need to connect with someone, True. It’s human nature.

I won’t mind hearing from you in the future should you choose to write me again.

Barring you're a flesh and blood human being and not Lena being Lena.

Officer Maverick Conners

I'm laughing so hard the entire bed is shaking and rattling against the wall. I'm kind of glad I'm not the only one cursing Lena. I do wonder about the running over of her foot, though.

Dashing from bed, I rush out to the living room and ask her. "Why'd Maverick run your foot over?"

Lena shoots up so quickly she loses her balance and falls off the couch. "He told you about that?"

Smirking, I finally have the upper hand with this wenchy friend of mine. "He said next time, it wouldn't be accidental."

"That rat bastard! What else did he say?" She grabs for the letter I'm holding out of her reach.

"That you're a spoiled brat. And you need to find better shit to do than mess with people." She looks sheepish at the accusation, and I almost feel bad.



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“Fine. Whatever. I’m going home.”

As she walks to the door, I say to her, “I hope you enjoy all the gorilla humping!”

She flips me off as the door slams behind her.

Her roommate has a new boyfriend, and all they do is have sex. Lena can’t stand it because they sound like zoo animals, so she’s been sleeping and eating her way through my tiny apartment.

Gazing down at the paper in my hand, I wonder if it would be so bad to write Maverick back? Maybe he needs friendship, too.

### Chapter Three

Maverick

Dear Maverick,

Well, I assure you, I’m as real as the sunset. True is actually my name, and I am the hot mess I portrayed myself as.

Lena, however, that bitch, ran away without telling me about the running over of her foot. Care to spill?

I’m really sorry about the first letter. Normally, I’m a pretty happy person. I love the stupidest sci-fi movies on Netflix, I have like a gazillion books that make me calm,

and generally, I love to joke around.

Stupid men and their stupid “tools” have turned me off from life. (No dumb pun intended.) I guess I’m bitter, and maybe I really am the old spinster lady!

Crap, if I get any cats, just toss me in the looney bin!

Enough about me and my drama, tell me about you. Lena says you’re in the Navy? That’s exciting, and amazing, and inspiring. Are you deployed anywhere you can tell me about?

What do you think about all that you do? Have you been on active duty long?

Wow, okay, so if you can’t tell, I ramble when I’m nervous, or happy. Come to think of it, even when I’m mad. Basically, whenever I feel anything but tired.

I think.

I’ll leave you to this mess of a letter and go bake something.

Hey! Maybe I’ll include a treat! If I don’t burn it that is.

Weirdly, True

Damn, this girl can talk. I bet she’d yammer my ear off if we were together. I’d like that to happen. There’s something oddly relaxing and amusing about True. She’s real and wholesome all at the same time.

I’m incredibly glad she chose to write me back. It would have been a tad stalkerish if I’d sent her a second letter just to make sure she knew I wanted to hear from her.

True to her word, she included a canister of cookies with a warning note, saying: it's not my fault. Opening the container, the smell of peanut butter and cinnamon hits my nostrils, and I inhale deeply.

Peanut butter snickerdoodles. My favorite. Guess Lena must have been nice for once and told her friend what I like.

Biting into the first one, a burst of flavor overwhelms me, and I close my eyes to savor the deliciousness of that initial bite.

"You gonna lose your grip there Mav, or what?" Desmond's laughing voice doesn't distract me from my girl's goods, though.

"Dude, best thing ever," I mumble through another mouthful.

"Whooey, she's a gorgeous one, man." It takes a full minute for his words to register.

"There's a picture?" My eyes snap to the image in his hand, and I grab it before he can back away.

Dark brown hair, it looks soft and thick, the perfect combination to run my fingers through as I kiss those full red lips. Her deep brown eyes beckon me to peek into her soul. She's curled up on a sofa in a too big sweater and tight black leggings showcasing full, luscious thighs.

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“True,” I murmur running a finger along her photo.

“Didn’t know you had a girl, man,” Des mutters.

“I didn’t,” I say, compelled to search every inch of her picture. Find all the hidden details.

“Another love letter then?” He laughs, knowing our captain and lieutenant found love through anonymous letters a few months back.

“Don’t knock it till you try it, bro.” My words are fading as I leave him to go sit in the crisp morning air. I could stare at her photo all damn day.

### Chapter Four

True

True,

I know what your surname means. My boy Desmond has this thing for names, and he told me a little secret. I’m curious if you know it, too.

So, I guess Lena did good for once and told you peanut butter snickerdoodles are a favorite of mine, huh. Can’t keep plotting the breaking of her other foot anymore, I suppose.

I think it’s endearing that you ramble when you’re so worked up. Plus, I don’t mind

the questions, it gives me something to do in this desert heat.

So here goes:

I'm in a branch of the Navy, I sort of float around wherever I'm needed.

I can tell you where I am, but only when I come home. Just think lots of sand and not the fun kind.

I love what I do. I love helping make the world a better place, even though it takes longer than anyone would like. We don't always get the results we want, but in the end, we've done something right.

I've been enlisted for 9 years. Signed up the day after I turned 18. I've always wanted to make a difference in our harsh world, and this was the best I could come up with and still get an education.

I?

I'm not only a soldier, but also a heavy-duty machines mechanic, and I enjoy both. Over here, I'm mostly a soldier, but I've got the skills for a decent job when I come home.

Speaking of, I've got some leave time coming up in 8 months and haven't seen Lena in a while, so I thought I'd make my way out to Cali and pester the little shit. Maybe you'll be there, too.

The picture you sent was hot. All soft and supple, with those big chocolate eyes. You could melt a man's heart with those babies.

Tell me all there is to know about you, True.

Mav

Lena was right, the wench. He's soft and hard all at once. I wonder if he realizes it?

I spent the better part of the day studying for final exams next week. Anticipation kept me cemented long enough to keep up with it while I waited for the mail to come. The poor mail man probably thinks I'm nuts now.

Lena has been scarce around here the past couple of weeks, knowing how pissed off I was at her. It was a smart move. I'm over it now, though. I think Maverick was on point when he said she was right. Not that either of us will ever admit that to her.

Sending him the picture of myself was a last minute bold move I hadn't meant to do. Well, I did, but I didn't. My mom took that picture the last time she was here, and it's always been one of my favorites. Until I tossed it in the care package, it had been on the fridge. A reminder of the happy me. When I'd been packing the snickerdoodles into the box, it caught my eye, and I thought what the hell. Why not?

With his reaction, I'm quite glad I stuck to my decision instead of chickening out like I normally would have.

His words quiet my mind from the usual chaos as I sink into the couch. A piece of worn paper falls from the envelope, and as I bend down to pick it up, I know immediately it's him.

Maverick.

Tall, stoic, strong.

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His short, dark hair is almost the color of my own, with matching chocolate eyes, a strong jaw, and thick, pillowy lips.

Lips that just might know how to kiss a woman properly.

### Chapter Five

Maverick

Mav,

You remember how I said I ramble? Well, I forgot to mention I also sometimes have no filter. Like the wire from my brain to lips, it's just gone.

And even though I'm mortified to even be writing this, I can't seem to stop. In fact, when I tried to crumple the paper up and toss it in the garbage, I started writing the same thing over and over again. And so, here I am about to admit something totally and completely stupid, and I'll likely never hear from you again, and that's okay.

You're gorgeous.

Completely and totally ruggedly handsome. Like any girl who sees you would want to climb you like a tree, hot. Except Lena, that'd be weird. But the fool would do it just to screw with you.

Anyway, well, needless to say, I find you attractive. And your lips? They're so full and perfect, and I bet you know how to kiss a girl. Like really kiss.

Straight down to her soul, curl her toes, body melting kiss. I can tell.

On another less creepy note, I think it's really cool that you find yourself in a position to make a difference. Sometimes it's little things that make the most impact on the world.

I've just finished my final exam for school, and I'm happy to say come this time next month, I'll be a full-fledged registered nurse.

Even though blood makes me squirm and vomiting makes me, well...you know, I'm determined to help those who need it, too. As long as I don't pass out at every turn.

Come to Cali, you say?

You sure you want to see Lena? I think she's losing her mind. Always mumbling about gorillas in her apartment that won't stop rutting.

If you do come, can I kiss you? See if my theory is right?

Crazy about your lips,

True

Did the girl just ask me if she could kiss me? I have to reread the letter a dozen times to absorb everything her rambling mind spat out.

She sure as shit didn't kid about that.

Life has been quiet in the desert, which none of us are complaining about, and True is a refreshing break from life on the base.



“Yo, Mav! The kids are back!” Des calls from the small courtyard we’d set up for some of the local children.

“Coming!” We’ve been teaching them a few American sports like basketball, soccer, and baseball, and they keep coming back for more. Most of them don’t attend school because it’s been blown up or their parents aren’t around to force them to go.

“Mav!” Amid, one of the kids that follows me around, calls with excitement.

“Hey, kid, how’s it going?” His oldest brother was killed three months ago in a riot gone bad. It was a bit before my unit arrived. When he first came to us with one of his other brothers, he was reserved and kind of shy. Didn’t speak unless prompted by his sibling.

“Good. Mama’s in the market.” For someone who only goes to school twice a week, his English is better than most.

“Hey, Amid, your man’s got himself a new girl.” Des winks at the boy after squealing on me.

“Shut up, Des.”

“Is she pretty?” the boy asks. Reluctantly, I pull out True’s picture from my chest pocket and hand it to him. His eyes widen in the same way mine had—with appreciation. “Wow, she has beautiful eyes like Mama.”

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“Ain’t she something?” My muttered words come out distracted as he hands the photo back, and I’m once again lost in True’s gaze.

### Chapter Six

True

“Lena, for crying out loud, say something to them! This isn’t healthy.” I caught her sneaking in before dawn with bags that had bags under her eyes.

“Can’t I just move in here with you? I’m tiny, I won’t take up much room,” she whines beside me in bed.

“Your body might not, but all your crap sure would.”

“I can downsize.” Her cringe tells me otherwise.

“Say. Something,” I insist in long drawn out words, slowly, so her tired mind understands.

“I did, and it seems they’ve ramped it up. How can two people screw so much? You’d think they’d have worn each other, or their hoohah’s, out by now. This can’t be normal.” The disgust on Lena’s face likely matches my own.

“Hoohah?” I try—unsuccessfully—to tamp down my laughter.

The smack she delivers increases my hysteria. “Shut up, True. It’s not even funny.”

“About as funny as you mailing a letter I tossed in the trash.” I level her with a glare. I refuse to admit that I’m glad she ignored my privacy. I love the girl, but she’d gloat like crazy.

“Oh, whatever. You guys are still writing.”

Speaking of, I didn’t check the mail yesterday. Getting up from the bed, Lena’s sarcastic laughter isn’t missed while I toss on my slippers and a sweater to go check it out. My heart flutters when I open the mail box and see his masculine scrawl across a thick envelope with my name on it.

Ignoring my friend’s yelling and kissing sounds, I head straight for the bathroom where I fill up the tub with hot water, lavender, and bubbles. Relaxing in the soothing water, I open the envelope and the contents nearly spill into the water. Mav’s sent half a dozen pictures of himself and his unit. There’s even one with him and a little boy playing basketball. Lord, he’s just the sweetest.

My True,

Baby girl, you can kiss me anytime you like. Never ask, ‘cause, doll, I’m not gonna say no. Since we’re going for broke here, I’m every bit as enthralled with you, too. It helps that I find your quirky personality just as appealing as those luscious thighs of yours.

You’ve been the source of many pleasant dreams that I’ve not wanted to wake up from. Tell me, is your voice husky? Or soft and sweet? I imagine both, especially when you’re moaning my name.

My boy Des told some of the kids around base camp about you, and the youngest, Amid, asked me to include a picture of him after I showed him yours. He says you’re as beautiful as his mama, by the way.

It's been rather boring here the past few months. No action, but that's a good thing. It means what we're doing is working. The people are settled and planning to rebuild a school that was bombed last year.

My troop is being sent to provide safe passage for all the supplies. Which, unfortunately, means I may not be able to write you for a while. It's a month-long project with the trip both ways. We head out in two weeks, so if you're feeling generous, help a guy out and send me some more pictures.

My imagination can only do so much with the one I've got.

I commend you for jumping into a profession you know will likely leave you looking like a fool when things get...messy. Nursing is no joke, sweet girl. Do you have any job prospects lined up? Hospital, private practice?

To be honest, when I find my way to the west coast, it ain't gonna be for Lena.

It'll be for you.

And if she has an issue with the gorillas rutting at home, she's gonna have bigger problems at your place, so tell her to grow up and be a woman about shit.

When I get there, you're all mine. Every last curve.

Each of those sexy smiles I imagine on your face.

The breathy moans that follow me into sleep.

You'll be all for me, True.

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Yours,

Maverick

“Oh. My. Stars.”

Sinking into the tub, I can’t believe how...dominant he sounds.

&n

bsp; Which also gives me a naughty idea.

Chapter Seven

Maverick

I’m having a hard time processing what I’m looking at. At the time, I was teasing True. I didn’t think she’d actually do it. Let alone this!

I asked her for pictures. I figured I’d just get everyday ones like the first one she sent.

Not my girl, though.

Oh, no. She went full-on naughty fucking nurse, and good god am I in heaven right now or what? She sent me six pictures. Three are of her around her house, and one was while she was in nursing school.

The last two? Damn...

My girl...she's something else.

The first one, she's up to her chin in bubbles. Bits of skin from her crossed thighs to her hip, and I think there's a nipple, peek through the bubbles. Her eyes are closed like she's imagining I'm coming to caress her smooth flesh.

Adjusting my rock-hard dick, I know I'm going to have to rub one out before we leave in the morning for the escort.

I pick up the last picture she sent. She's wearing a scrub top with stars scattered all over it, bent over her bed with just the bottom of her firm ass cheeks showing, leaving a whole lot to the imagination.

Just like I asked.

Christ.

Opening the letter, I read.

Maverick,

Baby girl? I think I like that.

I hope the pictures are alright. I was incredibly nervous, but before I chickened out, Lena took control. Making the dumbest disgusting faces possible and cracking jokes like you wouldn't believe.

But that's okay. Cause you're happy, right? Don't tell me otherwise. I'll likely cry.

I'd be lying if I said I'm not sad I won't hear from you for a while. However, it's for a good cause so I can wait as long as it takes.

Only 5 more months until you come home, right?

Are you really going to come here?

That makes me nervous. Men make me nervous. But I feel invested in you, and I'm terrified I'll be a disappointment, and you'll decide maybe I'm just not worth the effort.

Silly, I know. Ignore that. You don't need to be worrying about some silly girl while you're busy building schools and such.

I have a secret for you...

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I dream of you, too. All night. Every night.

The wicked things you do to me are just sinful.

When I wake up, I'm always disappointed to find it was just a dream. My body is equally upset it's my fingers exploring and not your hard, calloused ones.

Such is life.

Waiting for you,

True

Shit.

Did she just admit to rubbing one out while thinking of me?

Chapter Eight

True

Baby girl,

Did you just admit to fondling yourself while thinking of me? If so, that's fucking hot. I've gotten quite the workout with thoughts of you as well, so you aren't alone in that.



Those pictures... True, you fucking amaze me. I can't wait to get my hands on you.

Only 4 more months, and I'll have you all to myself, and I expect the same treatment of your body to happen in front of me, we clear on that?

Baby girl, there's nothing in the fucking world that would keep me away from you. I'm not going to be disappointed or turned off. I know exactly what I'm getting myself into with you, and I look forward to every crazy second of it.

I'm just as invested in you as you are in me. In our time, we'll figure shit out.

Yours,

Maverick

He steals my breath. With every word, every demand, he makes me melt with very little effort. I'll miss him like crazy while he's gone. Which is beyond insane since he's not really here. It's just going to be a few extra weeks before I get another letter from him.

I can handle that.

I totally can.

Two months later

I lied. I can't handle it.

It's been two months and not a word from him. Lena checked with his parents, and they haven't heard hide nor hair from him either, which wasn't necessarily a bad thing. It simply means his escort mission has been prolonged. Or maybe they're

helping build the school.

I very well can't be angry about that. I'm not that selfish.

Except...

I'm terrified. I've never done this before.

Not the long-distance thing. Not the soldier thing. And definitely not the whole sort of kind of blind date thing.

I don't know how to react to any of this.

"Take that stick out of your ass and eat something, True." Lena has basically moved in since the second week of Maverick being gone.

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“I’m not hungry.” I push the fried chicken away. The smell is making my stomach revolt. I’m too damn worried to eat. Or sleep. Or basically function beyond what I’m doing at the hospital.

“True!”

“What!” I snap at her, tired of the badgering.

“You’ve lost weight. You aren’t eating, I don’t think you’ve slept in a week, and frankly, I’m more afraid of my cousin than I am of you. If he sees you like this, it’s going to be my ass. Now fucking eat something!”

Looking down my body, I notice just how baggy my clothes have become, and I know she’s right. All this damn stress and worrying have me a mess.

Sitting down, I grab the chicken I’d pushed away minutes ago, and the stupid doorbell rings. “I’ve got it, you eat,” Lena commands.

I devour the crispy, delicious meat like it’s my last meal and dig in for more when I hear, “you have got to be shitting me,” from the area of the door.

“Who is it?” I call.

“Well, it ain’t for me!” she grumbles, coming back in the tiny kitchen. “Go on, girl.” She tries to hide a smile, but I see it and frown as I get up.

Walking around the corner separating the doorway and the kitchen, I stop dead in my

tracks. “Oh. My. Stars.”

I feel faint.

## Chapter Nine

Maverick

“Does she do this often?” I question Lena after catching True in my arms. Guess I should have called first.

“No. But she hasn’t been eating or sleeping, so low blood sugar is likely the cause. Not your ugly mug.” She smirks at me like she’s won the lottery.

“Why the fuck hasn’t she been eating?” I growl, carrying my girl to the overstuffed couch my cousin points to.

“She’s been worried about you, jackass.”

“What the hell for? She knew I was going to be out of touch for a while.”

“You told her a month. Week two hit and I think she stopped sleeping.”

“Fuck.” The equipment escort took longer than anticipated, and then we had to set up security around the perimeter of where the school was to be built. Our government didn’t want this to become a regular thing—us delivering shit to rebuild. The assignment was easy as could be, and because of it, my unit was called home early.

“When do you go back, Mav?” The worry in Lena’s voice catches my full attention, and I really look at her. My cousin’s gaze is glued to the woman in my arms.

“I don’t,” I tell her, her silence deafening in the quiet room. “Don’t you have gorillas to attend to?” As annoying as Lena can be, I love the kid, but I want time with my girl now. Even if she is passed out.

“Oh, shut up you jerk. I live here now.” Her tone is smug.

“Not anymore you don’t,” I inform her.

“What? You can’t kick me out. True wouldn’t let you.” I hear her stomp her foot on the ground in true Lena fashion.

“Don’t be so sure,” is croaked out from my lap.

The deepest pools of chocolate honey are staring up at me as I gaze down at her. Full of excitement, confusion, and relief.

“You’re really here,” she whispers. And I was right, the slightest bit of husk, but still incredibly soft.

“Yeah, baby girl, I’m he

re.” Her smile is magnificent. It reaches her eyes and shines bright with her enthusiasm.

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“For how long?” Anxiety colors her tone again.

“I’ll tell you over breakfast,” I whisper to her. “I believe I was promised something when I got here.” My grin is predatory as I lean down, stopping just before our lips connect to give her a chance to back away.

True shocks me and lifts up to meet my mouth, and we’re both zapped with electricity as we touch skin to skin for the first time. She tastes of apple cinnamon and debauchery. The things I want to do to her. Her tiny hands grip the front of my uniform so tightly her knuckles are white as I kiss along her neck and shoulder. The baggy sweater she’s wearing slides off her shoulder to entice me with more flesh.

“Oh, gross!” Lena gags.

“Piss off,” I say, not stopping in my quest to devour more of True’s soft skin.

“I’m not leaving.” That fucking foot stomp again.

Picking True up in my arms, I walk past Lena and head to the only bedroom in the apartment. “Fine. Stay. See if I care.” Kicking the door shut behind us, I turn the flimsy lock and aim straight to the bed.

“You freak!” Lena screams, and seconds later, the front door slams shut.

“If I only knew it was that simple,” True mutters with a quirk of her lips.

Laying down beside her, I take stock of how thin she is compared to her pictures and

begin to worry for the first time. “You’ve lost weight.” My hand has found exposed flesh on her hip and lightly rubs circles on the bone.

“So I’ve been told,” she huffs. Obviously not liking it being pointed out.

“Lena was right then? You been worrying yourself sick over me?” I fucking hate that.

“Not purposely,” she defends. “Did you mean it? You don’t go back?” All her vulnerabilities are out in the open for me to see, to feel.

“No, baby girl. I don’t go back.” Slowly, I inch my way up under her sweater as a lone tear leaks from the corner of her eye. “No crying, baby, I’m right here.”

“Happy, Maverick, just happy you’re safe.” Her fingers reach for the hem of her sweater, and I’m gifted with the most glorious sight as her upper half is exposed for my looking pleasure.

She has three tiny freckles leading up between her perky tits like my very own treasure trail. Bending forward, I kiss each one before licking my way across the valley of her breasts and sucking one nipple into my mouth.

“Ohhh...” She breathes roughly, squirming as I tongue her nipple into a hard peak.

I feel her hand tug at my hair, and I bite lightly on her sensitive flesh, goosebumps immediately rise as I pull away.

“You taste so sweet.” Sliding down her body, I pull her little shorts along with me as I stand at the foot of her bed. “Well, I’ll be,” I mutter upon seeing the tiny tattoo of three blue, black, and green waves at the top of her thigh. “Never would have taken you as the tattoo sort.”

She grins as she rolls over and looks at me. “You remember how you asked if I knew what my last name meant?” Crawling over her, I nod and see the little water nymph with a crooked crown and devil’s tail intricately climbing half way up her spine from her lower back. “Evil Nymph,” she murmurs as I lean forward to kiss her delicate flesh.

“Nymph, alright,” I groan as her sumptuous globes push up into my aching cock, “definitely not evil.” She sighs. “You ready for me, baby girl?” My harsh words are followed by a deep growl as she rubs her ass against my cock.

“More than ready for you, big daddy.” Her voice is light and teasing.

With one hand pushing on the small of her back, I use the other to dislodge the buttons of my uniform and pull the material from my body.

True

I can feel his body heat seeping into my shivering frame as the clothes are torn from his flesh in a mad rush. I still can’t believe he’s here. I expected a letter, not his body.

“You keep trembling like this, and I’ll think you’re scared.” His hot breath warms my back as he kisses up my spine.

“Only of that baseball bat I feel trying to take over my ass.” The feel of his hardened cock is terrifying. The man is built.

His chuckle isn’t as soothing as he’d probably like. “True,” his voice is low, “when this bat takes your ass, you’ll know it and fucking love it.”

“Oh. My. Stars.” It’s become my favorite saying where he’s concerned it seems.



“Condoms?” he asks.

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It takes a full minute for my brain to catch up to his words because he keeps licking me. “Drawer. In the table.” I point to the piece of furniture like he wouldn’t be able to see it even though it’s two feet from his face.

“Should I wonder why you have these?” His possessive growl makes me squirm as my pussy pulses.

“No. I got bored. You sent all those yummy pictures, and well, I guessed at the size. I hope they’re right. I didn’t even know condoms had a size. Can you return them if they don’t fit? That wouldn’t be very hygienic if you could, though.” Stupid rambling mouth.

“Fuck, you’re adorable.” His hands grip my hips, and he flips me over, so I’m flat on my back. Staring at his... “Jesus Christ, that’s not a bat that’s a goddamn club!”

His quiet laughter is the only response I get as I watch him slide the condom over all that hard, veiny flesh. It’s like stone.

Grasping my knees, he spreads my thighs apart, leaning forward to lick up and down the sensitive flesh, missing where I’d like him the most—my throbbing clit. “Mmm, sugar and spice and everything oh so nice.” His words are slow, drawn out for maximum effect.

“Now, please.” I whimper as he moves forward. I can feel the heat pulsing off his cock sitting just a fraction of space away from my weeping core. “Please, Maverick.”

“Oh yeah, baby girl, moan my name just like that.” Without warning, he pushes

between my lips and into my tight channel. “Oh fuckkkk!” All his muscles, from flexing hips to bulging biceps, are straining with the effort of not slamming into me. “Baby girl, fuck, you’re tight.”

My internal walls cling to him like glue. Sucking him deeper into my body until I’m so full of his manliness I don’t know how I’ve lived so long without this all-encompassed feeling.

“God, you feel incredible, Mav,” I whisper in his ear, unsuccessfully trying to hold back my moan.

“Relax, True,” he murmurs while soothing his hands up and down my sides.

I shiver from his light petting. “Please, move. Don’t make me keep begging you.” I push my lip out in a pout.

He swoops down to bite the quiver. The sting is incredibly erotic. “Close your eyes,” he commands, his voice deepening. As soon as I do his bidding, his hips begin a slow slide in and out. Each inward stroke coming harder and faster while he takes his time pulling out, always making sure to rub his shaft against my clit for added stimulation.

With each stroke, I feel my body getting lost in the sensations he’s creating. I don’t know how much time has passed, but I don’t ever want this feeling of completion to end. My fingers and toes tingle as his grunts grow louder. His hips move faster as he leans forward to cover my mouth with his own. His tongue mimicking his cock in motion, speed, and depth.

It’s almost like double penetration but so much better.

“Oh god!” A scream is torn from me as my back bows off the bed, and every sensitive fragment in my body undulates like the Northern Lights. Sparks fly behind

my lids as my pussy squeezes the poor man's shaft for all he's worth, milking every ounce of bliss this greedy wench can get out of him.

"Oh fuck!" His matching groan fills my ears as I feel him fill the tip of the condom with his hot semen. The way he trembles in my embrace prolongs my own orgasm.

As our breathing evens out, and the full weight of his body registers to my own, I wheeze out, "Can't breathe."

Laughter follows his roll over as he takes us to his side. "Sorry." We watch each other for a while, just laying on my bed full of sweat and the smell of sex filling the room when a thought occurs to me.

"Don't you want to, you know, take that off or something?" I pointedly look down to his flaccid but still impressive cock that has the condom hanging on by a thread.

Standing, he pulls the offending item free and walks to the bathroom shaking his head and mumbling about filters. I don't move while he's gone. I've never done this whole sex right after meeting thing, and I'd be lying if I said I wasn't nervous.

"So," he says, coming back into the room naked as the day he was born and not in the least self-conscious about it. He's talking, I can see his lips moving and there's noise, but I can't focus. The man is built. He's got these abs you could bounce a nickel off of and not miss a beat. And his arms! Damn... Those are drool-worthy. Biceps, triceps, and forearms, and his fingers... oh my stars. "True?" he questions like he's said my name multiple times.

"Yeah?" I'm still distracted. I can't help it.

"Did you hear me?" His head is tilted to the side like my mom does when she's fed up with me.

“No,” I respond honestly. “If you want my attention on your words, your body needs to be covered. Too many valleys and dips and veins and... What was I saying?”

“Christ, woman.” He groans, but sadly and thankfully, covers up those beautiful, awe-inducing muscles. There should be some sort of service for that tragedy every time he does it. “Eyes, True!” he calls again. “Up. Here.” His growl is kind of hot.

Looking up into his eyes, I see he’s not upset, just really amused. “What’d you say

?”

Walking over to me, he grabs my sweater from earlier and helps me put it on as he sits beside me. “I was saying, I’ve got a job lined up on a Naval base about thirty minutes from here.”

“You’re really staying? What about your family back east? You barely know me!”  
This man’s unreal.

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Ignoring my questions, he continues. "I'd like you to move with me. They've got a house on base we can live in until we find one we like somewhere else."

"Did you hear me?" My turn for the head tilt.

"I heard you, True. I'm rolling with what I know so far. And let's just say, I like what you've got, and I'm moving forward." He leans in close to my face. "Are you moving forward with me?" The sincerity shining brightly from his gaze is my answer.

"Yes."

Epilogue

Maverick

One year later

Dear Maverick,

I have a story for you...

Once upon a time, there was a girl with no filter, she hated bullshit more than the average ho and had a strong dislike for blind dates.

One day, this girl's trappy best friend convinced her writing a super soldier was a good idea. With no intentions of mailing the letter, she wrote it.

The tramp decided to dig through the innocent girls crumpled up garbage and send it anyways! (How rude!)

When the super soldier received it, he also suspected nefarious intentions from that trappy friend and didn't trust in the girl's rambling. When he wrote back, he had a change of heart and decided maybe the weird girl with no filter and rambling ideas was real.

With that in mind, the pair quickly became more than pen pals. They defied distance and formed a bond of loneliness and connection.

They got to know one another, and soon, they were so embroiled in each other that when the super soldier came home, the neurotic girl was so shocked she fainted like a hussy at a boy band concert.

Twelve months later and she's about to give him the surprise of a lifetime!

You're welcome,

Your True story.

P.S We're pregnant!!!!

"Honey, I'm home!" I hear the greeting but can't look away from her letter. Every once in a while, True still writes to me. She says and does the craziest shit I've ever seen.

But this...

This is...

Everything.

“Oh good! You got my note. The tramp, can you believe the nerve of her?” A huge grin has overtaken my baby girl’s face. She’s as beautiful as I’ve ever seen her. She’s glowing.

“You seriously did not call me a tramp?” Lena barks, coming in behind my gorgeous wife.

“She sure as fuck did. Now piss off, or you’re going to see a whole lot of fucking.” True hops up on the counter as I stalk towards her. Every step predatory.

“You guys are worse than the damn gorillas!” Lena storms out, heading towards the beach that’s practically our backyard.

“Is it true?” My voice is hoarse with emotion.

She nods.

“You’re having my baby?”



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“What did you think was going to happen when you kept emptying you’re nuts into my womb?” I’d like to tan the sarcasm out of her hide.

“Watch it, baby girl. I’ll still warm that ass up.”

She blushes. “We’re having a baby, Maverick.” Her quiet voice is filled with more excitement than on our wedding day.

“I fucking love you, wife.”

True leans her head into mine. “I fucking love you too, husband.”

They live happily ever after!

Next in the Love Letters