Puck Shy

A SPICY VALENTINE'S DAY NOVELLA

KAYLA GROSSE

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A SPICY
VALENTINE'S
DAY NOVELLA

By Kayla Grosse

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.
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To My Valentine:
Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
This book is pure smut
With a little plot, too.
If you're still reading,
Then this book's perfect for you.
Just make sure to have
An extra set of panties…
Or two.
Xoxo,
Kayla

Author's Note

Hello My Spicy Reader,

This is a super spicy MF romance. Just like Trick Shot, this book celebrates love in all shapes, sizes, and forms. It contains an MF pairing with group scenes. The group scenes include FFFM, MFM, and MFFM. You'll also find light bondage, spanking, voyeurism, light humiliation, toy play, Power Play, wax play, and positively filthy sex. If this is not your cup of tea, please do not read on. As always, take care of yourself. This book is meant to be fun and an escape from reality.

Now, if you're still here…

Make Stevie's Dirty Cherry Cocktail, turn on *Puck Shy*'s Unhinged Valentine's Day Playlist, and snuggle up to Lucas, Stevie…and friends.

Xoxo,
Kayla

P.S. *Puck Shy* is an interconnected standalone and the second book in the Brother Puckers series. While you can definitely read *Puck Shy* on its own, reading *Trick Shot: A Spicy Christmas Novella* will give you a deeper reading experience. And hey, who doesn’t love Christmas-themed smut all through the year?!

Stevie's Dirty Cherry Cocktail

Ingredients:

8 ounces Sprite or lemon-lime soda of your choosing
1 ounce grenadine syrup
1.5 ounces vodka (or 1 shot)
1/2 ounce fresh lime juice
Maraschino cherries for garnish

Directions:

Put ice in a highball glass. Add grenadine syrup and vodka. Top with lemon-lime soda. Stir if desired. Garnish with maraschino cherries and fresh lime juice if desired. Enjoy!

***Puck Shy* Unhinged Valentine's Day Playlist**

"Sabotage" Beastie Boys
"Closer" Nine Inch Nails
"Goodies (feat. Petey Pablo)" Ciara
"Please Me" Cardi B & Bruno Mars
"Kiss It Better" Rihanna
"Oops (Oh My)" Tweet
"Blurred Lines" Robin Thick
"Blue (Da Ba Dee)" Eiffel 65
"Sugar We're Going Down" Fall Out Boy
"Lady '95" Styx
"Jump Around" House of Pain
"Come and Get Your Love" Redbone
"Cherry Pie" Warrant
"Puppy Love" Paul Anka
"I Love You Always Forever – Acoustic" Everly Fair

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Chapter One

Lucas

"YOU NEED TO GET laid."

I give one of my defensemen, Johnny, a side-eye. "Are you trying to tell me I shit the bed?"

He throws his travel bag over one of his broad shoulders before smacking me on the back so hard my body vibrates. "That's putting it lightly."

I check him with my shoulder hard enough that his five foot eleven frame stumbles a bit. He laughs, the throaty sound pissing me off further.

"That's not very captain-like behavior," he teases.

I check him again before pushing open the doors to the parking lot. When the wintery Seattle air hits my heated skin and wet hair, I relish in the feeling of it burning my skin and freezing my lungs.

Johnny puts his hands in his pockets as he walks next to me toward our cars, his shoulders up to his ears as he starts to shiver. For a man who's almost two hundred pounds and plays hockey, you'd think he'd be a little more cold-resistant. I guess his California blood runs strong.

"I'm just messing with you, Luke," he says, regret shining in his tone.

I let out a sigh, my frozen breath dancing in the darkness. He's got every right to rib me. I did suck ass today. I sucked yesterday, too. Some would argue I sucked all week.

I'm in a slump. I know it, Johnny knows it, my team knows it. The entire fucking hockey world knows it. It also doesn't help that my whole body hurts. Getting old blows. But getting older as a pro athlete blows even harder. My body has been through the wringer since I was a kid, the effect of which

reared its ugly head after I turned thirty a few years ago. I try not to show it, but I have a masseuse on speed dial for a reason.

"I'm going to head home, watch some game tape. I'll see you tomorrow," I say, not wanting to get into my personal shit with my younger teammate.

"Dude, no. You're not going home." He huffs, flipping some of his shaggy blond surfer hair off his face.

I take my keys out of my pocket and ignore him. But that doesn't deter Johnny—instead, he steps in front of me, his arms crossed over his chest that's bundled in a ridiculous winter coat. One that a person would wear for a ski trip in the mountains.

"Seriously. I'm not kidding. You're not going home," he says.

"And where else would I go?" I ask. "I need sleep. Rest. Food. You know, normal human shit."

"I told you: You need to get laid."

"Thank you for your wise wisdom, Johnny-boy. I'm perfectly fine."

He lifts one of his light eyebrows at me, green eyes saying he knows I'm full of shit. "I know a man who's in a dry spell when I see one. And you, my captain, are in one."

I open my mouth to say he's wrong. To tell him to fuck off. But I can't. I've never been that good of a liar. Now Leo, my identical twin brother, who also happens to be my agent…he's a master of smoke and mirrors. He can pretend to be me, and nobody even blinks twice. And while I can play pretend well when the stakes are low—just ask the Emmy for Best Supporting Actor sitting on my shelf at home—I'm not good at a poker face in everyday life.

"You know I'm right, Luke," Johnny says.

Yes, he *is* right. And the master of smoke and mirrors is partially to blame. Two weeks ago, Leo made a public statement confirming his polyamorous relationship with his best friend and business partner, Jace, and their now partner, Riley. A woman Leo met at the airport on Christmas Eve not even two months ago.

He called me before he made the statement to make sure I was okay with it officially being out in the world. Originally, he wanted to hold off until after my season ended, but that's not until the spring. I understand why he didn't want to wait.

He also mentioned it being an early Valentine's Day gift to his partners. To finally make it known who Jace and Riley are to him.

And while I'm happy for all of them, it's made my life a living hell. Paparazzi won't stop following me at every turn, shouting stupid and offensive questions at me about my sexuality, wanting to know if I share in my brother's pansexuality and relationship preferences. And if it's not about that, it's a crude question about Leo and his partners.

While I don't claim to understand how his relationship works, I don't want to know. His romantic and intimate life is his business, and I fully accept him for who he is. I also love Jace, and I'm getting to know Riley, who is as sweet as can be.

Honestly, I'm glad they've officially come out as a throuple and that Leo is fully accepting who he is and finally showing the world how much love he has to give—but it's also been a lot crazier than I expected. I thought, after a few days, people would lose interest since Leo is my brother and it has nothing to do with me.

But that's not been the case.

Since the day the three of them were spotted in the Seattle sports bar after Christmas holding hands, the press has been on top of me. At first, I was able to ignore it. I was playing away games and shooting commercials and things on my downtime, and I didn't have time to think about the press. But this week—it's a whole new level.

I can't even go to my favorite coffee shop without being harassed by someone. If it's not a pap, it's a fan. And if it's not a fan, it's a random person who wants to know who I am and why I have cameras following me. Because of it all, I've turned into a bit of a recluse since Christmas. I'm either at practice or playing a game, or I'm at my house or hotel room. Which isn't exactly abnormal during our regular season, but I'm also not a complete homebody.

I like to go out sometimes. And like many people, I enjoy sex. I like the release it gives and how it feels to be inside the warm heat of a woman. But lately, it's been me and my hand. Sometimes not even that. I've just been too angry, too annoyed at the world. And with my poor performance on the ice and my knees hurting more than usual? This week has been work, ice, sleep, repeat.

Johnny's hand waves in front of my face. "Where'd you go, man? You thinking about pussy?" He chuckles again, and I can't deny that's where my mind went.

"You're the one who fucking brought it up."

He smiles wide. “I’m twenty-one. I always bring up pussy.” I shake my head at him before he continues. “I know you’ve got shit going on, man. But I’m heading to some masked Valentine’s Day thing my friend invited me to.”

I shake my head. “I can’t go to a party right now,” I say, rubbing my now frozen hands together. I may like the cold, but standing outside with wet hair isn’t doing me any favors.

“It’s not a normal party. My friend, he’s a member of this discreet sex club that hosts adult parties at mansions around the city a couple of times a month.”

My teeth grind. “You want me to go to a sex club’s Valentine’s Day party? Johnny, you’re fucking nuts, man. The press would eat me alive.”

“We can take my car; it’s got tinted windows. We’ll stop at my place and head over together. I’m sure I can scrounge up an extra mask for you.”

“I can’t do that.”

He blows out a breath. “It’s cool, I promise. We’ve gotta sign NDAs before we enter, so nobody will say shit. Plus, you’ll have a mask on the whole time.”

“I don’t think a mask is going to stop some people from knowing who I am. Unless it covers my entire head.”

Johnny smacks me on the shoulder again. “Live a little. Take a page from your brother’s playbook. Who gives a fuck what people think? We need your head straight on the ice. So if you don’t come to this party, at least call an ex or something and fuck her brains out.”

“You’re a classy man, Johnny.”

He shrugs. “So I’ve been told.”

But I mull over what he just said. I’ve been to a couple of sex parties and participated in my fair share of three-ways, but not so much anymore. Lately, my mind’s been drifting to the future, which includes settling down, maybe starting a family. A part of me sees some guys on our team and yearns for what they have. A wife to go home to. Kids to raise. Suddenly, the image of a little boy with blue eyes and a hockey stick fills my vision, and that’s when I know my answer.

With my career going well and acting taking off, I don’t have time for a relationship or to even think about raising a kid. As much as it pains me, maybe Johnny’s right. I’m just in a slump, and I need to have some fun. Is it a risk going to this party right now? Yes. But at the same time, I do need to live my life.

“Fuck it. I’m in,” I huff.
“Hell yeah, Cap. Let’s get you laid.”

Chapter Two

Lucas

I PULL THE GOLD mask down so that it settles on my nose as we walk in the front doors. I don't even want to know where the fuck this thing came from or think about why Johnny had an extra one lying around. I sprayed it with some disinfectant, and now here we are.

I'm also wearing a pair of his brother's black dress pants, which are still about an inch too short, but Johnny's were worse. At least the button-up white shirt fits. I left the top open so everyone can see the smattering of my dark chest hair.

Apparently, I look "sexy." I don't know if I can trust Johnny's opinion on this, but I know I look good. I sound stuck up when I say that, but my brother and I were blessed with good genes. That's not to say I don't work hard for the body I have, and Leo taught me all about skin care so my pores stay unclogged or whatever, but I've also never been called ugly a day in my life.

"You ready?" Johnny asks.

I hand my coat and scarf to the makeshift coat check in the foyer. Johnny wasn't kidding when he said this party is in a mansion. When we pulled up, I felt like I was about to enter Count Dracula's home. This place is ostentatious and dark, but I kind of like it. It reminds me of the horror movies I used to watch with my friends as a teenager, though there's nothing horrific about the inside. It's decked out in red and pink decor that literally screams *rich people* and *Valentine's Day*.

"I told you," Johnny says to my left, watching me take in the place. "The yearly members pay a lot, so it's always nice."

“Here you are,” the woman behind the coat check says, handing us papers. “Sign these, and then you can go in.”

I smile and take them from her, expecting her to flirt with me like most women do, but she doesn’t even bat an eye. She’s wearing all black except for the plain white feathered mask that covers her eyes, probably the uniform they’re told to wear. It makes me wonder if they’re warned not to flirt with any of the attendees.

I’ll admit, it’s kind of nice. Most people have some type of reaction when they see me. And like I told Johnny, I don’t think this flimsy gold mask does much to hide who I am.

I flip through the paperwork. It’s a typical NDA, the kind I’ve signed a million times before with all the commercials I’ve shot recently and deals Leo’s gotten me. I also just nabbed a supporting role in a film that shoots this summer. The only thing different about this NDA is the house rules section.

The most important rule is that no means no. That’s a given.

Once I’ve signed on the dotted line, I hand the papers as well as my phone to the woman, and Johnny does the same. Then she hands us the red bracelets we’ve both chosen for tonight.

“You’ll get your phones back at the end of the night.” She points behind us. “Walk down that hallway, then you’ll see different rooms,” she says. “Every room is themed. Remember, people wearing a white bracelet are just watching. People wearing red are participating. If a person declines your advances, then you walk away from them. Be respectful, and you can stay until the party ends at two. If you need to use your phone, come back here, and I’ll show you to the designated call room. There’s also a bar area at the end of the hall with a two-drink maximum. Do you have any questions?”

“I think we’re good.” Johnny winks.

“Great. Have a good night, gentlemen.”

“Thank you,” I say.

She nods and goes back to busying herself while Johnny walks off with a pep in his step. He’s dressed similarly to me, but his mask is red instead of gold.

“Are you coming?” he asks, apparently realizing I’m not following him.

I stare ahead at the large foyer. It’s quiet in this area, and if I didn’t know what was happening inside, I’d think nothing was going on. My mind flashes to the week I’ve had—to the month I’ve had—and I decide there’s no turning back now.

“Yeah, I’m coming.”

He gives me a sly grin that makes me want to punch him in the face, but I follow. Once we leave the foyer, I can hear the faint tunes of “Closer” by Nine Inch Nails playing through the speaker. It’s a little on the nose if you ask me, but it’s appropriate.

“Let’s get a drink first. Loosen you up a bit, Grandpa,” Johnny says, gesturing down to the end of the hallway.

I chuckle. Johnny just turned twenty-one, which makes me twelve years his senior. Him and the younger guys on the team love to rib me about being in my thirties. I don’t mind it, as I used to do the same shit when I was his age. It’s all in good fun.

As we walk past a few of the doors, I see they’re labeled with names. The first says “Heaven,” and the one next to it reads “Hell.” Again, not very original, but I guess they don’t need to be. As I walk in front of Hell, I hear the distinct sound of a woman crying out followed by clapping.

“Sounds like a party in there,” Johnny says, his voice giddy. I know where he’ll end up tonight.

When we near the bar, I see a door labeled “Sight & Sound.”

“That’s a voyeur room,” Johnny says.

My interest piques, and my steps slow.

“Oh, shit,” Johnny practically giggles, stopping so that I almost run into him. “I should’ve known you’d be into that.”

Before I can say anything, the door opens, and a petite woman walks out completely naked, her chest covered in cum. I know we’re at a sex club, but it’s still shocking to see at first.

“Excuse me,” she says, her voice husky. She keeps her eyes down as she walks off. Johnny watches her leave, licking his lips like a horndog.

“Maybe I’ll skip that drink,” he says.

I pat him on the back. “You go, man. I’ll find you later.”

“You sure?”

“Pretty sure I don’t need a babysitter to watch me fuck.”

He glances at the now closed door. “I don’t know; you might like that.”

I shove him in the shoulder. “Go spank someone, Rookie. Or whatever the hell it is you like. I’d rather not have you looking at my dick more than you already do in the locker room,” I joke.

He barks out a laugh. “There’s the McKnight I know.”

One of the doors we passed earlier opens. The sound of something hitting

skin echoes around us, so it must be the Hell room. Johnny's eyes track movement, and I turn my head to see a pretty redhead walk inside the now open door. He groans. I guess he's found his first partner of the night.

"See you," he says, walking off. I don't bother to look after him. Instead, I take a deep breath. For a second, I wonder if I should get that drink to loosen me up, but then I decide against it. I don't drink much during our regular season, and given the environment, I'd rather have a clear head.

"Stop being such a pansy," I tell myself.

"Yeah, stop it."

I whip my head to the side to see a woman who looks kind of familiar standing next to me. Her honey-brown hair is in a ponytail, and she's got on a jeweled red mask. Her eyes are green, and her plump lips are painted a dark cherry red.

I scan her body, not ashamed to look blatantly because of where we are and what's going on inside these rooms. She's round, her generous breasts pushing against the cups of her sparkly red bra. Her soft stomach is cinched by some little corset thing, and she's got on a matching red thong. I bet if she turned around, her ass would look good enough to take a bite out of.

The attractive woman smiles at me, her eyes never leaving my face. It's then I realize I haven't said anything.

"Do you need me to give you a pep talk?" she asks, her mouth pulling into a smile that reveals a set of straight white teeth with a tiny gap between her two front ones. It's cute.

I scan her body again and feel blood rush to my cock. The red bracelet on her wrist sends a thrill up my spine—I'm more than excited to see she's willing to play.

"I don't know," I say, giving her a flirty smile. "Are you good at them?"

She takes a long second to check out my body. I notice the way she fidgets and her cheeks flush, signaling that she likes what she sees. It could also be that she knows who I am, but I don't care right now.

She straightens her shoulders, her tits jiggling from the movement. A hard look crosses her features, and she smacks me on the shoulder like the guys do when I've scored a goal.

"This is it, MVP. This is your night to get laid. Your night to have your dick sucked and fuck around. Now don't be a pussy—go fuck some pussy. Or ass, mouth, whatever you want. Don't let this dicking day pass you by. You've so got this!"

I can’t help it, I laugh. Loudly. She called me MVP, which answered the question of if she knows who I am, but that ridiculous little speech makes my entire body relax.

“Good?” She laughs.

“That was something, alright.”

She purses those cherry lips, and now I want to know if she tastes like cherries.

“Well, are you going in?” she presses.

I take a step closer so I’m towering over her. I’m over six feet tall, and while she’s not super short, I’ve still got some height on her. Her breathing picks up, and the energy between us crackles. “Depends.”

“On what?” she asks, her voice an octave lower.

“On if I get to watch you.”

Her breath catches. “And if I don’t want you to just watch?”

The blood from my brain all travels south, and the desire to kiss her right here in this hallway strikes me like lightning. I reach up and brush my hand down the side of her rounded cheek, her body shivering from my light touch.

“I’m in the mood for a little show and tell.”

Her forest-colored eyes stare into mine. “Funny,” she says quietly.

“What’s funny?” I ask, not able to stop myself from pressing my thumb into her lower lip. The softness has my mind wondering what they would feel like around my cock.

“You don’t strike me as a man who likes to share.”

I grip her chin between my fingers. She’s right—if she were mine, I wouldn’t share her day-to-day. But I do like to consider myself sexually adventurous and open to trying new things. Which is exactly why I’m at a sex club in the first place.

Now, I don’t think I could ever do the throuple thing like my brother. I’m more of a one-woman kind of man. I’d like to think I could share the woman I’m with in a scene if we’ve discussed it. Then, game on. But if she asked to date other people outside of me, I’d have to decline. That’s not something I could do.

But that’s not what she’s asking tonight.

“Sharing is caring, as they say,” I grin.

She expels a low hum. “And if I want to watch you?”

“You can watch us in the mirror while everyone sees how many times I make you come,” I say boldly.

She bites her lip. “On your hand or on your cock?” Her eyes flash down to the outline of my erection before meeting my gaze again.

“Which one do you want?”

“Depends.”

I smirk. “On what?”

“Do you know how to use said cock?”

I tilt her chin up and get close enough to her that she feels my hard length press into her stomach. “I know what you’re doing, Cherry,” I say, my eyes watching those pretty red lips.

Her long lashes flutter. “Do you?”

“You’re winding me up.”

She smirks. “Is it working?”

“Yes.”

A door behind us opens, and several people walk out. I know they’re looking at what’s unfolding between us, but I don’t care. There’s a reason I was about to enter a room for voyeurism. I like to watch and be watched.

“We’re up, Gorgeous,” a soft female voice says off to our side.

My cherry-lipped woman pulls her chin from my hand and winks. “See you inside, MVP.” She moves out of my space before I can say another word and takes the hand of the woman who interrupted us.

My eyes track them as they make their way into the voyeur room. The woman who took her hand is beautiful as well. She’s shorter and slightly less curvy than Cherry, her brown skin accentuated by the white mask, bra, and thong she’s wearing. She also has one of those little half-corset things my mystery woman in red has on.

I meet the green eyes of Cherry. She smiles demurely at me as the door starts to close and blows me a kiss. I catch it like an idiot, and she laughs. Then, I do the only thing I want to do right now. I walk into the room behind her to see where the rest of the night takes me. Something tells me I’m in for the ride of my life.

Chapter Three

Stevie

WHEN I SAW THE profile of the man in a gold mask, it took me all of two seconds to realize who he was. I'd recognize the square jawline of Lucas McKnight from a hundred yards away. Not to mention those broad shoulders and that dark hair I've wanted to run my fingers through since the moment I saw him play his first college hockey game.

I worry my bottom lip as I think about what just happened between us in the hallway. Even though I let on I know who he is, I don't think he knows me. We haven't met in person before. I've met his identical twin, Leo, but him? The Captain and center of the Seattle Stormbreakers? My forever hockey crush and obsession since I was seventeen years old? No, I haven't. There hasn't been a reason to meet. And I doubt he's seen a picture of me since he hasn't been to my parents' house and my face isn't all over the internet like my sister's is.

Sure, Riley and I look similar in body type and eye color. But I have our natural brown hair color, and I'm shorter than her. She also has a way better ass than me. Though by the way Lucas was looking, he liked what he saw. Which automatically gave me the confidence boost I need for the show I'm about to put on.

"Who's the hottie?" my friend, Nia, asks quietly as we make our way toward the small stage in the center of the room.

"He's someone I kind of know," I answer her, not able to get into the specifics right now. I glance back over my shoulder and see a few people enter the room, but I don't see Lucas, at least not yet.

This room is small, but the way they've set it up—with a portable square stage in the center of the room stacked with pillows and some sex toys Nia and I brought for the show we agreed to put on—is perfect. It's large enough for room to play but also not too big to make us feel like we're being swallowed up. Couches and more pillows adorn the perimeter of the room, which are mostly covered in darkness. A few pillows and blankets are also laid out around the edge of the stage for those who want to get up close and personal with us.

I'm not fazed by the packed room nor by the fact that in a minute, people will be watching my friend fuck me in front of them while they masturbate or engage in sex of their own. But I *am* fazed by the fact that my sister's partner's famous twin hit on me and made my panties wet at a sex party, and now he's probably going to watch me get off in front of a room full of mostly strangers.

I take a deep breath and squeeze Nia's hand. She calms me. We've been performing with each other for about a year now, ever since we met. I'd been in the group room, and she'd joined in with me and another man. We had some instant sexual chemistry that couldn't be denied. One thing led to another, and we were asked to put on a show together twice a month. It pays quite a bit, which is nice since my crap job as a social media manager doesn't leave me with extra money to spare.

"You ready?" Nia asks, breaking me from my thoughts.

I nod, and she kisses me gently as we step onto the stage. No formal announcement is made that anything is starting, but the room goes quiet enough that we can hear "Please Me" by Cardi B & Bruno Mars filtering through the speakers. I let the song wash over me and exhale a long breath. This time, I give myself a pep talk and get ready to have some no-strings-attached fun.

Nia takes on the more dominant role in our scenarios. It's what she likes and feels comfortable with, so I let her. I'm especially glad for it today since my interaction with Lucas a minute ago has my head spinning.

Her coffee-colored eyes are gentle as she skirts her hand down the side of my face over my mask, gripping my chin where it still burns from Lucas's touch. She smiles warmly, and I nod, letting her know I'm okay and ready.

Nia leans forward and kisses me again, the pads of her lips soft and pliant against mine. Her tongue wastes no time delving into my mouth, and I moan when her hand trails down the side of my waist to grip my hip. Her touch is

always gentle, unless I'm being punished, and her skin is soft. She knows how I like things, so I always feel safe to let myself be free with her.

I've known since I was in college, maybe even before then, that I'm polysexual. I'm attracted to and have been romantically involved with different genders. And separately, I'm also allergic to commitment. Even the ex that introduced me to this club was more like a consistent sex partner and friend than a boyfriend. He was the one who wanted more, and I was the one who couldn't give it to him.

I'm twenty-eight, but I feel like I still have a lot of life to live and so much to experience. I also don't know what the hell I want to be when I grow up, even though I'm technically grown. So serious relationships just haven't been on my agenda. Especially since my concern lately has been paying my bills.

"Focus on me," Nia says against my lips. I kiss her back, deeper this time, while she slips her hand beneath the waistband of my thong. A gasp escapes me when she runs two fingers over my sensitive clit.

"Jesus, you're already so wet," she groans, her mouth sucking on my pulse point. "Maybe we should ask your hottie to join."

I bite my lip as she spreads my arousal over my pussy lips, teasing my swollen clit more. I wonder if Lucas would join us. I'm going to guess yes. In my experience, not very many men would turn down a threesome with two women. Though I'm not sure he'd want to be put on display in front of this whole room, given who he is. Even if he said he wants to fuck me in front of a mirror while people watch, I'll believe it when it happens. For all I know, that was something he said in the moment.

"Turn around," Nia says, her breath hot against my ear.

I do as she asks, turning to face the back of the room. There are a few people in front staring up at us with rapt attention. I can hear soft sounds of feminine moaning coming from the darkness and wish I could see what's happening.

While people might find being someone's live porn show gross, I think it's flattering. Growing up, I hated my body. I was super self-conscious of my fat and stretch marks. But when I'm in this club, it's different. Honoring my body sexually, showing it off in front of others and allowing it to be worshiped like the temple it is, only helps my confidence. Though I'm still working on it when I'm outside of these walls. But who doesn't have insecurities, especially in the daylight?

Nia presses her body into my back and wraps one of her hands around my

throat, trailing the other down my chest and back toward the V between my legs.

"Look at two o'clock," she whispers, her teeth tugging on my earlobe. I whine at the sensation, her hand squeezing my airway slightly as she pinches my clit. "He's watching." She squeezes my throat tighter.

"Fuck," I groan, eyes scanning where she told me to look. When my gaze connects with winter-blue eyes staring at me from behind a gold mask, my body shivers. Lucas is sitting on a chair that's on the edge of where the light fades to dark. But I make a note that he's chosen to sit in the light, not hiding himself. Which only turns me on more. I like that he's comfortable here, even with how big of a star he's become.

"He can't take his eyes off you, Gorgeous. What do you say we give him a show he'll never forget?" She taps my clit as she says it, and I jump.

"Yes" is all I can breathe out. My body is too jacked on hormones and adrenaline to say much more than that.

Nia pulls her hand from my underwear and steps back. "Strip," she commands, loud enough for the crowd to hear. "Give our guests a little show."

There are a few sounds of agreement from our audience, but I pay no attention to them, keeping my eyes on the man who so far has only lived in my dreams.

He licks his lips, watching me closely as I start to move my hands to the front snap on my bra. The music switches to "Kiss It Better" by Rihanna as I let my breasts fall free of their confines. They drop heavily against my ribcage, the cool air making my nipples tighten. Lucas's eyes move to my chest, and I use the moment to let mine find the outline of his cock pressing against the front of his pants. I felt his erection on my stomach in the hallway, and it was clear he's very gifted in that department. But seeing it from the stage, holy bananas. When he fucks me, he's going to split me in two.

As I remove the bra straps from my shoulders, I find his face again. His eyes are no longer on my chest but waiting for me to look at him. The grin on his face tells me he knows what I'm thinking. He blows me a kiss like I did to him earlier, and I bite the inside of my cheek to keep from laughing.

Throwing my bra to the stage, I brush my fingers across my collarbone then down until I'm cupping my breasts. I flick my nipples, and Nia praises me for giving the people what they want. Lucas's pink lips part as my hands travel down my round stomach, unlacing the little corset I have cinching my

waist. I take a deep breath, filling the space that was pulled tight with air. While the corset makes me look hotter, it's also not that comfortable, but I knew I wouldn't be wearing it for long.

Once that's out of the way, I place my fingers in the band of my thong. Lucas hasn't stopped staring at me, and my skin feels as if it's on fire. When I start to slide the little scrap of material down my legs, I watch as Lucas moves his hand to palm his hard length. In that split second, I almost want to abandon the stage so I can open his slacks and wrap my lips around his very prominent arousal. But instead, I step out of my now soaked thong and slingshot it. Directly into Lucas's lap.

The crowd cheers at the action. The grin on Lucas's face widens to show a lone dimple on his right cheek as he picks up the underwear. I expect him to pocket them, but instead he examines the material. His eyes flirt to mine when he sees how wet they are. Then, after a moment, he lifts them to his nose and inhales. I watch his Adam's apple bob as he swallows, his eyes never leaving mine.

Then his smile turns devious as he holds the thong out so the crowd can see. He spreads the fabric to show the darkened area that was just between my pussy lips. Some of the people praise me for being a good girl, some yell for a turn to smell them, but Lucas ignores their words. After he's shown them off for as long as he likes, he spins them around on his finger a few times before putting them on his knee. Displaying their wetness like a prize.

My entire body simmers, and a rush of fresh arousal makes my thighs sticky. If he'd done that a few months ago, I would have been embarrassed. But my time at the club has taught me to embrace and move past any shame or humiliation I feel in scenes. Instead, those feelings are now things that turn me on. And I enjoy the way he's shown off how hot and bothered he and Nia have made me.

"Come over here, Gorgeous," Nia says. "I think they liked your show. Especially Golden Boy over there."

Lucas purses his lips, and I see his chest shake with laughter at being called out. Nia doesn't realize that calling him Golden Boy applies to more than just his mask. I'm sure half the room knows who he is—his dark hair and blue eyes are damn recognizable. Especially if you're a hockey fan or watch any streaming service these days.

I pry my eyes off Lucas and move to Nia. She's set out one of the most comfortable pillows on the ground, and next to it, I see one of the toys I

brought. It's a small, smooth vibrator that can go into my ass or vagina.

"Get on all fours, ass facing out," she says to me. My breath catches at her firm tone. Nia and I had sort of outlined tonight's show like we usually do, but she's gone off track. Not that I can say I mind.

I kneel on the pillow then place my hands on the carpet that's been laid out so I'm in position. My ass is to Lucas, so I can't see his reaction, but it makes me even wetter knowing he can see me so open and on display. Nia then bends at her waist so she can run a hand down my back, pressing her white manicured nails into my skin enough that I know she's leaving red marks. I arch inward, feeling my breasts sway and my pussy pulse.

"So pretty," she praises, her fingers slipping down the crack of my ass and dipping into my pussy. "You like this, Gorgeous Girl?"

I nod, pushing my ass toward her as she inserts another finger inside of me. Nia works me for only a minute, sliding her fingers around and curling them to hit my G-spot. I shudder as her fingers are replaced by the vibrator. She turns it on at a low setting then stands, wiping the wetness on my ass. Fuck, she's amazing at this.

"Golden Boy," she shouts to Lucas. My body tightens at her words. "Care to assist?"

"I will if he won't!" a woman calls from the crowd, and people chuckle.

My breath stays hitched in my throat as I wait for his response. We don't get a verbal answer, though; instead, I hear the squeak of the stage as he steps onto it.

"You okay with this?" Nia asks, bending so her lips are at my ear.

I want to say, *Umm, are you joking? Hell to the yes!* But instead, I let out an airy "Yes," my tone so needy that she laughs.

"Let's have some fun, huh?" she answers back.

All I can do is nod.

Chapter Four

Lucas

I CAN'T SAY I'M mad about how this night is turning out. Quite the opposite. I didn't hesitate when Cherry's friend invited me up on stage. I probably should've, but at this point, my dick is thinking for me.

Watching Cherry strip and being touched by another woman. *Fuuuck me*. And when she threw her panties in my lap? I took that as a green light—she wants me. She's just as turned on by me as I am by her.

The woman in white comes to stand in front of me. "If you don't want to do something, say stop. Understand, Golden Boy?"

I nod, my heart racing at her question. I'm really about to do a scene in front of an entire room of people I don't know. "I understand."

She grins, her rich brown painted lips shimmering with red from kissing Cherry. "Do *I* have permission to touch you?" she asks me then.

I move my gaze from hers to look down at the naked woman who's given me the most painful hard-on of my life. Cherry's staring at me with upturned lips, her brow raised in question. I don't know why I feel like I need to get her okay. We just met, and we're at a sex party, so it's not like either of us are off-limits to other people. She's also currently in a scene with another partner. Like she senses my internal debate, her face softens, and she nods her head in permission.

Feeling better, I look back into the brown-eyed stare of the woman next to me. She looks like an angel in her white outfit and mask. And since I don't know her name, either, "Angel" is how I'll refer to her for now. "You do."

Her hands go to my half-open shirt as she begins to unbutton the rest of it.

She pulls the fabric from my pants, and I help her remove it from my arms. The room isn't cold, but my body reacts as if it is, chills racing up my spine in anticipation. Since I've never been to this club's events before, I don't know how far these shows go. But I guess I'm about to find out.

Once my shirt is on the floor, she pulls at my belt, wasting no time shucking it from the loops. The metal makes a clunking sound as it hits the stage, and I hear Cherry groan.

"She likes what she sees," Angel says. "I do, too."

Cherry gasps, and my gaze moves over her now shaking body. Angel chuckles, and I see she's produced a remote from her bra. My cock jumps in my pants as Cherry's red-painted fingernails dig into the carpet, her eyes closing from the upped sensations of the vibrator in her pussy. Fuck, she's beautiful.

A hand on my stomach turns my attention to Angel. She drags one of her long fingernails up my abs, tracing the defined muscles. She stops when she gets to the large tattoo of a griffin I have spanning my ribs that I got in college on a whim.

"Sexy," Angel says, pressing the plus button on the controller again. Cherry moans wildly, a sound that goes straight to my crotch.

While I'm distracted by the beauty of her writhing on all fours, Angel unzips my pants and pushes them to the floor. I step out of them without being told, enjoying the way I feel all the eyes in the room go to the bulge under my white briefs.

"Golden Boy, you sure are full of surprises." Angel smiles, bringing her hand up to cup me through the fabric. I hiss at the pressure then groan low in my throat. It's been awhile since a hand that isn't mine has touched my cock, and it feels fucking great.

"You're delicious," Angel purrs.

I grin. "My cock or me?"

She leans forward and licks my cheek. "Both."

Instinctually, I grab her hips and press my straining erection against her stomach. She looks up at me, the white of her mask and the overhead light making the brown pools of her eyes shine. "Horny boy," she tsks, but instead of pulling away, she thrusts her hips slightly so that I can't help but grunt from the contact.

"Can you blame me?" I ask.

She shakes her head and kisses the corner of my mouth. "So, Golden Boy,

you have a choice.”

“Which is?”

“Do you want to fuck my gorgeous girl’s face or pussy?”

The crass question stuns me for a second before my eyes find Cherry’s. Her lips are parted, her pupils blown from arousal. She’s biting her lip as she waits for my answer. By the way her forehead creases, she thinks I might say no.

While the rational side of my brain tells me I should probably walk off the stage right now to avoid a scandal, I know the people in this room aren’t going to tell the press. They signed an NDA, as did I. My brother’s voice is in my head telling me I can’t afford to risk my career, but fuck that. I know what I want, and I’m going to get it.

“Face,” I say.

Cherry whimpers, and Angel pats my cheek like I’m her pet. “Another surprise.”

I flash her my one-dimpled smile. I want to say that I also plan on fucking Cherry’s pussy tonight, but I don’t. I’m too eager to get those painted lips wrapped around my cock. I want to look into my mystery woman’s forest-green eyes while I come down her throat. Then I want to ask her real name and take her to dinner, because something tells me one night with her won’t be enough.

“Take your cock out,” Angel commands.

I keep eye contact with Angel as I do what she says, pulling my erection out while keeping my briefs hanging low on my hips.

“Stroke yourself,” she says.

I bite the inside of my cheek and fist my cock. The skin is taut and hot. I very much dislike the feeling of my calloused hand. I know what I want, and it’s not me doing all the work.

“Good boy,” Angel croons. “You’re good at following orders.”

I nod because she’s right. Not only has hockey taught me that, but I grew up that way. My dad is a retired cop. I can put my head down and get to work. It’s how I’ve been able to be so successful in what I’ve chosen to do with my life.

But that doesn’t mean I don’t like to give orders. I’m very fucking good at that, too. It’s only one of the reasons I’m my team’s captain.

“How’s that pussy feeling, Gorgeous?” Angel asks Cherry. The latter is still on all fours on the ground, ass arched and body shaking. That vibrator

must be strong, because she looks like she's about to come.

"Needy," she says, her voice desperate and husky. The sound goes straight to my cock, and I fist myself a little harder.

Angel leaves my side and moves behind Cherry's round ass. She studies her wet pussy and tuts. "You're making a mess, Gorgeous." Then she turns to the two people in the direct line of sight to Cherry's sex and asks, "Do you think she's been a good girl?"

They both nod.

"You." She points at one of them, a blonde woman in a pink mask. She's rubbing the dick of the man sitting next to her, a Cheshire-like grin on her face. "You like eating pussy?"

"She loves it," the guy answers for her.

She asks Cherry's permission. "Gorgeous?"

"Yes," she whines.

"Have at it, then," Angel says, like she's telling the woman to take a piece of candy from a bowl.

The man she's with nods his permission, and before I can blink, the blonde woman is crawling the short distance to Cherry's pussy. My cock develops a heartbeat as I watch her grip the round globes of Cherry's ass and plant her face between her soaked folds. It's fucking dirty, and it only turns me on more.

Cherry releases a guttural groan as her pussy gets devoured, adding to the sounds of sex coming from different corners of the room. I feel a bead of sweat run down my back from the adrenaline coursing through my body, reminding me that we're very much being watched. By quite a few people. I stroke myself a little harder and stare down at Cherry's mouth. Her eyes are closed as her fingers dig into the carpet, her body consumed with pleasure.

"How's that feel?" Angel asks. She's now standing near Cherry's head, playing with her ponytail.

"Good. So fucking good."

"Are you going to come?" She pulls her hair as she asks the question, causing Cherry to cry out.

"Yes! Yes, I'm going to come!"

"Keep your eyes on Golden Boy while you do," she says, pulling her hair harder so her eyes are now locked onto mine. Cherry bites her lip and gasps when she sees me rubbing my length.

"Oh my God," she cries, her eyes almost closing, but Angel tugs on her

hair harder.

“Sounds like she’s too good at eating your pussy, Gorgeous. You like her face in your cunt?”

“*Yessss*!” Cherry whines.

Angel grips her chin now along with her hair. “What did I say? Keep those eyes on Golden Boy.”

Cherry’s eyes widen, and she does her best to hold my stare. I grip my cock harder as her body trembles with pleasure. When I give her a crooked half smile, she explodes. She fights to keep her eyes open as she shatters, and I’m surprised I don’t spend all over the floor just watching her take her pleasure in front of all these people. My only wish is that it was my cock she was milking instead of that vibrator. But I know what will make it better.

I take a step forward without waiting for Angel to ask. At this point, she’s already given me permission, and Cherry has, too. I’m done waiting. A few short strides, and I’m standing in front of my masked woman. Sweat drips down her forehead as she rides the aftershocks of her orgasm on the blonde woman’s face.

I bring my pointer finger to her painted lips and press it against the puffy skin. Angel moves her hand from Cherry’s chin and taps the side of her cheek, her other hand still holding her ponytail. Her mouth is almost level with my cock.

“Open wide,” she commands her.

Cherry’s green eyes are smiling as she opens her lips for me.

“Tongue out and flat,” Angel adds.

A soft sound escapes Cherry before she does what she asks. I bend my knees slightly, grateful she’s tall enough for this position to work, and hold my cock near her pink tongue. She looks beautiful on her knees for me in only a red mask and heels. Beautiful with Angel pulling her hair back like she’s some toy for me to use. Beautiful with the blonde woman still on her knees, lapping at Cherry’s folds like it’s the best dessert of her life. The fact that a crowd watches on only makes this hotter, more deviant.

A bead of pre-cum drops onto the tip of Cherry’s tongue, but she doesn’t move, waiting for me to take her like I want. With no reason to hold back any longer, I thrust my hips forward a bit and use the hand gripping my cock to feed it slowly into her waiting mouth. When I feel the wet heat of her tongue on my swollen head, the sound that leaves me is guttural. She’s perfect, and those green eyes staring at me through her mask are glimmering with need.

The same need I feel for her.

“Tell me if I’m too rough, yes?” I say, my tone deep and assertive.

Cherry nods around my length, and I feel something I haven’t felt in a while come over me. *Control*. And fuck, it feels good. It feels fucking great.

For the first time in months, I’m not thinking about Leo and his partners or the paparazzi following my every move. I’m not thinking about a game I have to win or the auditions I have to do or how much longer my body can handle playing hockey. Instead, I’m thinking about this beautiful woman giving herself over to me freely. Putting her trust in me to not hurt her. The thought stuns me for a second. I’m in awe of her, and I don’t even know her.

“Golden Boy.” Angel’s voice breaks through my sudden and ill-timed epiphany. “Are you going to face fuck my friend, or do you need my help?” she asks, her voice a musical teasing. When the crowd’s laughter fades from her remark, I look into her eyes and put a smirk on my face. I let that wonderful feeling of control overtake my body, then I pull my shoulders back, my muscles flexing.

With my eyes on Angel, I feed more of my cock into Cherry’s mouth. She raises a dark eyebrow at me, then, in a move that shouldn’t surprise me, she uses her hand on Cherry’s ponytail to push her further down. Cherry gags as I hit the back of her throat.

“Fuck,” I hiss, my knees buckling at the amazing feeling of being inside her.

“Jesus, Golden Boy. What’d they feed you to make your cock that big?” Angel asks, staring down at where Cherry’s mouth holds just over half my length.

“Spinach,” I say, the joke stupid.

The smile that overtakes Angel’s face is wily as she pulls Cherry’s head back then moves it down my cock again.

“God, you feel good, Cherry,” I moan.

Angel hums. “Cherry is a good name for her. She tastes like one, too.” Angel brings her finger up to my mouth and presses it against my lips, the very same finger I saw her run through Cherry’s pussy earlier.

I open my lips for her as she continues to work Cherry’s mouth on my cock. I suck the digit in and roll my tongue around it, grabbing Angel’s wrist so I can suck her finger clean.

Angel watches with interest. She’s good at staying calm and in the scene, though I see her breath pick up from my action and know she’s turned on,

too.

“And?” Angel asks.

I pop her finger from my mouth and kiss the pad of it. “Tart and a little sweet,” I answer, letting go of her wrist. “Just like cherries.”

Angel smiles so I can see her perfect white teeth. “Maybe I’ll let you have a taste later. Would you like that?”

My breath catches in the back of my throat. “You know I would.”

We both turn our attention back to the woman of the hour on all fours; she’s watching us intently with my cock in her mouth. Her eyes are watering slightly, and her cheeks are pink from her efforts. I bring my hand up to cup her jaw, and she leans into my touch, a soft sigh vibrating around my length.

“You like my cock in your mouth, baby?” I ask. Cherry nods, and I use that moment to push myself further down her throat until she gags again, then I pull back so Angel can move her once more.

“Keep your eyes on me, and take a deep breath,” I tell her. She does as she’s told, then I bring my free hand to grasp the back of her skull. Angel drops the hand holding Cherry’s ponytail and lets me take over, moving toward Cherry’s ass. I don’t pay attention after that, because I want to focus on the woman in front of me. The one who made me throw caution to the wind and agree to be on this stage right now.

With my hands on either side of her head and the silken strands of her hair tickling my palms, I push myself deeper into her throat.

“You’re fucking perfect,” I say, watching her take me.

She chokes a bit around my cock, but I don’t let her up. I hit the back of her throat, and she constricts the delicate muscles there around the sensitive head. *Fuck*. It takes everything in me to hold off from coming. When I push in a bit more, her eyes widen in panic, and I let up a bit.

“Breathe through your nose, baby,” I tell her.

I watch her nostrils flare as she inhales, then I do it again. Slowly, I slide myself further in, pushing her down my length until her nose nearly touches my low abdomen. While that happens, a smack resounds in the room, and Cherry tenses, crying out around my cock and trying to pull back in her surprise.

I loosen my grip on her head and look up. Angel stands with a heart-shaped paddle and a devious grin on her face. The blonde woman is gone now, back in her seat and watching with the man she came with.

The sound of the paddle hitting skin brings my attention to the cheeks of

Cherry's ass. They are still moving from the impact, and I see the red shape of a heart forming on her skin. Angel does it again while my cock jerks between Cherry's lips. Then she suctions her mouth around me, and I grip the hair that's come loose from her ponytail.

"You like being paddled, Cherry?" I ask. She hums a yes. "You're a bad girl, aren't you?"

"You have no idea," Angel answers for her, paddling Cherry again, harder this time.

My red-masked woman with her mouth on my cock cries out, and I use the opportunity to fuck her face a little harder. She gasps and closes her lips again, sucking a breath through her nose, allowing me to go harder.

I feel the base of my spine tingle, and I know that my orgasm is fast approaching. I lift Cherry's chin and pop her off my cock. She sucks in a shaky breath as I use my thumb to wipe off some of the smudged mascara from under her eye.

I bend over so my lips are at her ear. "I changed my mind," I whisper huskily. "I need to be inside that pussy now. I want these people to watch as I make you come so hard this entire mansion hears you scream for me. Can I fuck you like that, Cherry?"

"Yes." She whimpers.

Not able to wait another second to kiss her, I press my lips to her lipstick-smeared mouth. She opens to me easily, the flavor of me on her tongue intermingling with the little taste of her I got from Angel. I devour her, exploring her as the sounds of the crowd become more prevalent. That they're watching and enjoying this only spurs me on.

I cup the back of her head and delve deeper, wanting to consume the woman who's made me feel like myself again—even if only for tonight.

The sound of the paddle moving through the air and hitting Cherry's skin finally stops the kiss. Cherry gasps and shudders. I hold her chin in my hand and kiss the tip of her mask-covered nose, longing to take it off so I can see her face. But I don't.

Her eyes flutter open, and we stare at each other.

"Get ready for the fucking of your life, Cherry."

Chapter Five

Stevie

HOLY. SHIT. I'M HAVING a total and complete fangirl moment. Okay, well, it's more than that. I'm having a dreamy out-of-body experience that is one-hundred-percent, ten-out-of-ten good.

Because, ladies and gentlemen…I choked on Lucas McKnight's huge cock, and now I'm about to be fucked by it. If someone would have told super-nerd-obsessed-with-college-hockey-Stevie this would happen to her several years down the line, I might have been dead from a heart attack. I've lost count of the times I've dreamt of him screwing me, and now it's happening in real life.

A nice smack from the paddle on the back of my thigh brings me to the present moment, and I cry out. I track Lucas as he finds his pants on the floor and pulls out a condom. When he stands, he pushes down the briefs that were still mostly on, leaving his glorious body on display. All those nights with my vibrator and imagining how he looked naked doesn't compare to the real thing. Not even close.

He's sculpted. Ass toned. The tattoo of a griffin on the ribs of his left side is something I never would have pictured him with, but it's hot. I want to trace the fine lines and shading with my tongue.

He blows me another cheesy kiss as he walks past me and moves behind my ass. I can't see him now, but I can feel his presence and burning gaze on my body.

I look toward the crowd. A couple is in front enjoying the show, one of the women fingering her partner while they watch me. They smile and the

woman being fingered gives me a thumbs up. This place is ridiculous, but that's why I love it. Nobody judges anyone here. I've seen senators, celebrities, even an old college professor. Anyone who walks through these doors is no longer who they are in the outside world. We're all just people, using and enjoying each other for pleasure. Having fun. It's a nice break from the real world.

However, I have to say I'm surprised Lucas is here. This seems more like something Leo and his partner, Jace, would do. From what Riley has told me, they're super adventurous and into this kind of thing. But Lucas? He's the kind of guy a person would have vanilla sex with after eating a nice dinner of roast chicken and veggies—or at least that's how he portrays himself in the media. And even how Leo has described him, like a cute golden retriever that likes his ears scratched.

But as I've now seen and experienced, this man has a wild side. And he's very good at scene work. I'd go so far as to say he's probably done this before—or at least something of this nature. Maybe being sexually daring is a family trait.

His masculine palm on my ass has a groan escaping my lips. He traces one of the heart patterns the paddle left on my cheeks. It burns a bit, but his touch soothes the sting. When two of his long fingers dip inside me next to the vibrator, I drop my head to my chest and unabashedly let out a loud moan.

"You want my fingers or my cock, Cherry?" I hear Lucas ask. Cherry. He loves calling me that—and I admit, I like it.

"Your cock," I mumble.

Nia's high-heeled feet come into view, and she grabs me by my ponytail. "He didn't hear you, Gorgeous."

"Your cock!" I yell, loud enough for the back of the room to hear. They holler at my words, and one person even yells at him to give it to me hard. I'm not going to object to that.

Nia smiles with her eyes and stands close to my head, pressing my face into the heat of her pussy.

"You want this, too, Cherry?" she asks, using Lucas's nickname for me.

"Yes," I say, needy to be used by them. My pussy squeezes around the vibrator and Lucas's fingers at the image now in my mind of eating my beautiful friend out while I get fucked. I love to take and give pleasure at the same time. There's nothing quite like it for me. It's the ultimate turn on.

Lucas removes his fingers and the vibrator while Nia slips off her thong

and lies on her back so that her knees are on either side of my head and her feet are planted near my hands. She spreads her legs, her fingers gliding through the wet lips of her pussy. I don't waste time, getting down on my forearms so that my lips hover over her sex.

The moment my tongue touches her clit, Lucas grips my ass, digging his blunt fingernails in as he places the head of his cock at my entrance. My body tenses in anticipation of feeling him inside me. I've had men with big cocks before. But his—fuck. I'm not going to be able to walk tomorrow.

Nia grips my hair and presses my face into her, her sharp flavor hitting my tongue as I suck her clit into my mouth. She moans, her legs falling further open as I feel Lucas sink the head of his cock inside me.

I curse against Nia's clit, stroking my tongue along her folds the way I know she loves. Lucas smacks my ass in short bursts as he thrusts in. My head automatically lifts as I cry out, but Nia pushes me back down, not giving me a moment to breathe. My lips move against her as my inner walls stretch to hold the cock that's invading it.

"Oh, shit," I cry, squeezing my eyes closed before I go back to suctioning Nia's clit in my mouth.

"Relax, Cherry. Show me you can take it," Lucas says, loud enough for everyone to hear.

I try to do as he says, lifting my head a bit to make eye contact with Nia. She smiles warmly at me, her hand still fisting my hair. I take in a breath and relax my body. Lucas must feel the moment I stop squeezing him because he punches forward, his hips contacting the fat of my ass with a slapping noise.

"Oh my God!" I cry. "Fuck!" I lean my head against Nia's thigh as my body adjusts. I've never felt this full in my life, but I love it. Holy hell, do I love it.

"How's he feeling, Gorgeous?" Nia asks.

"So good," I answer, my voice hoarse. "So big."

Lucas spreads my ass apart, and I feel spit land between my cheeks, sliding down until I assume it lands on his cock. He starts to move in shallow thrusts, his hands massaging my heated skin as he praises me.

"Such a good girl, Cherry. You're taking my cock so well."

I let out a whimper as I adjust to the movement. I swear I can feel him throughout my entire body, and he's not even going full force yet.

Nia tugs on my hair gently. "Don't forget about me, Gorgeous."

I manage a small smile before I go back to her pussy, sucking her outer lips

gently before flicking my tongue along her clit.

Nia throws her head back in a silent cry as I move in faster circles. Then I feel every inch of Lucas's cock leave my body. And while I know what's coming, nothing can prepare me for the ecstasy that overtakes me when he slams back in.

"Yes!" I cry against Nia's folds. Lucas hears my cry and answers by doing the same movement again and again. My body rocks from the force, breasts swaying and body jiggling in a way that I once hated. But in this scenario, it makes me feel like a woman. A woman being fucked. A woman taking pleasure. A woman giving pleasure.

Lucas shifts, his cock hitting my G-spot from the new upward thrust. I swear I see stars as he starts to pound into me harder. I do my best to suction Nia's clit, but my body is flooded with a myriad of sensations, so I'm not doing my best job ever.

She presses me harder into her sex, her arousal coating my lips as Lucas takes the vibrator that was once in my pussy and presses it against my clit, his other hand gripping the flesh of my waist.

My body jolts from the buzzing on my clit, and I come without warning. I shudder, my knees almost giving out. Lucas must see because he drops the vibrator and grabs my other hip, grinding himself into me so that his cock goes impossibly deeper.

"Fuck, Cherry. You're squeezing the life out of me," he says almost breathlessly. He moves his hips in short thrusts, and I swear I almost come again from that alone.

I mumble a string of gibberish against Nia's sex as I lap and suck, alternating the actions as I feel her getting closer to her own release. She whimpers sinfully as I eat her out, and I relish in the way her nails dig into my scalp at the same time Lucas moves in and out of my fluttering walls, building another release inside me.

"I'm going to come, Gorgeous," she groans. "Fuck, suck harder."

I suction more as Lucas's grip on my hips tightens to the point of pain, a pain I very much enjoy. He lifts his pelvis up a bit and moves in deep and relentless strokes, his balls slapping against my already sensitive clit.

Nia's back arches off the ground, and I flick my tongue over her sensitive flesh, her nails digging into me hard enough to leave marks as her legs shake from her orgasm. She rides my face through her pleasure as the sounds of Lucas's thrusts invade my ears.

His pace becomes more frantic, and my third orgasm of the night is on the brink of its release. He moves one of his hands down my hip and around my belly until he reaches my clit. With one brush and another thrust, I come apart again. I can feel myself squeeze him, and his pace slows.

"Shit, Cherry," he grunts, his torturous thrusts making me cry out. "You're such a pretty girl, coming on my cock like this, eating Angel's pussy. Fucking." *Thrust.* "Amazing."

I choke on the sudden emotion that comes out of me at his words. I feel like College Stevie is being validated believing that a man like him could ever possibly want a woman like me.

After two more thrusts, his body pauses, falling over the edge as he comes. The room goes quiet before I hear some gentle clapping. The show is over, and I'm riding the high of the best fuck of my life.

After a few moments, Nia gets up to grab a towel, and I feel Lucas slip out of me. He holds on to my hips and gently lowers me so I can lay on the carpet. After he tosses his condom, in a surprising move, he comes and lays down next to me. Our masks are still on, but he leans forward to kiss my lips still painted with Nia's arousal.

"You okay?" he asks.

"You broke me," I chuckle.

He flashes his one-dimpled smile and brushes a lock of my hair behind my ear. Lucas is a sweet and tender man. He may have fucked me into the ground, but there's no denying he's a good man given how he treated Nia and I tonight. I don't need to know him to know that.

His blue eyes sparkle as he says, "And I think you may have put me back together."

Before I can ask what he means, the lights in the room flash on and off. He glances up, clearly confused.

"Alright, people, you know what that means," Nia says. "Time to finish up and get out." The crowd groans in protest but starts to do as she says.

I manage to move my arm and tap Lucas's nose. "The lights mean it's closing time, MVP."

Nia walks until she's standing over us. "Come on, Gorgeous, let's go get cleaned up."

I nod, looking once more into Lucas's eyes. "Thanks for a great Valentine's Day, Handsome."

I take the hand Nia holds out for me and stand on wobbly legs. Lucas

jumps up after us.

“That’s it?” he asks, panic evident in his voice.

“Until next time, Golden Boy.” Nia winks at him. “It was fun. Really fun.”

Nia tugs my hand, and before Lucas can protest, she’s pulling me into the crowd. I turn my head over my shoulder to see him standing there, nude and at half mast. And while he looks shocked at what transpired, the corners of his lips are turned up into a small smile.

Our eyes meet one last time, I playfully blow him a kiss, and he effortlessly catches it.

Chapter Six

Lucas

BLOOD POUNDS IN MY ears as I stare at the scoreboard—two-two with only a minute left in overtime. It may be early in the season, but games like this set the pace for the rest of the year. And did I mention it's against our rival team, Vancouver, on our home turf? We have no choice but to win.

The entire crowd is on their feet, and the roar of their cheers can't be masked by the blood pounding in my ears. Everyone here desperately wants both of their teams to win—and win big.

And unlike the last several games, I'm in the zone. I've scored one goal and had one assist, won over half of our face-offs, and I know I've been on the ice for at least twenty minutes this game. Coach could see the drive in me the minute I stepped out of the locker room. Nobody asked what changed, and only Johnny knows what transpired last night. The kid hasn't stopped ribbing me about it. Apparently, he watched the last half of it.

I don't care, though. Because every movement I make, every pass, check, and block, have been made with complete control and precision. My body feels like I'm twenty-two again, and I can't be stopped. The only reason we haven't won is because Vancouver knows how to play. Their center, Connor Bryce, is a machine like me. He'll do anything it takes to win. But I have one thing he doesn't: Cherry. My fucking tart and sweet Cherry.

The memory of her red lips around my cock flashes briefly in my mind, and for the first time tonight, I have to remember that I'm playing hockey. No hard-ons on the ice. I take a deep breath and block out everything except for the drop of the puck. When it hits the ice, I win the face-off easily, getting a

jump on the draw before Bryce. Once I have the puck, I dig my blade in and start driving toward the goal.

The air feels thick as I breathe it in, and the crowd is tense, screaming out for me to score and win this game. I feel the presence of my wingers alongside me, keeping the other team at bay.

The net is getting closer now, and my teammates create chaos in front of the goalie, their bodies positioned strategically to obscure his vision. The crease becomes a sea of sticks and bodies, but I see my way in.

Just as I send the puck flying toward the top shelf of the net, my feet are taken out from under me, and I fall back. It doesn't matter, though, because red lights start flashing, and the horn blares.

We fucking won.

Next thing I know, my teammates are piling on me, yelling their excitement at finally winning a game. Johnny is in my ear cackling like a kid on too much sugar.

"You did it, man! I told you. I fucking *told* you that you needed to get laid!"

I try not to roll my eyes, but at the same time, he's right. Though a lot more than just getting laid happened last night—not that I'd ever divulge that to him.

Once we're up from the ground, my team and I take a small victory lap around our zone with our sticks held over our helmets. Our fans yell and scream for us, excited that we were able to pull off the win against Vancouver.

More of my teammates slap me on the back as I turn my gaze to the glass, knowing who I'll find there. To keep my focus, I haven't looked their way all night. But now I skate to where my identical twin, Leo, is banging his fists against the boards in excited celebration.

"That was a great game!" he yells.

I use the heel of my hand to fist-bump him through the glass and turn my eyes to the strawberry blonde next to him. When Riley's eyes meet mine, I'm once again reminded of the forest-green ones of Cherry, looking up at me through her red mask. My heart stops beating for a second at how similar in color they are. She waves at me and smiles.

"That was amazing!" she cheers. "Too bad Stevie couldn't be here; she would have died."

I smile at her while unbuckling the strap of my helmet. I haven't met her

sister yet, but I've heard she's my biggest fan. Jace taps on the glass, and I look at his smirking face. He hasn't been to one of my games in a while, so it's nice to see him. He does the same as Leo did, fist-bumping me through the glass.

"Hell of a play there," he calls.

It's hard to hear them over the noise, so I yell, "Thanks, man! Meet you all at the bar on Third when I'm done?"

Leo nods, putting his hands in the pockets of whatever designer pants he's got on. He looks like he's dressed for a dinner party rather than a hockey game—but that's my brother for you, always put together. When he texted that business brought him into town at the last minute, I did the brotherly thing and told him to come to the game with Riley and Jace. For a split second, I worried that their presence would throw me off, but after last night, I'm on a high I can't come down from. The win has only made me feel invincible.

I tap the glass again and skate off to greet Coach Kellen and my team.

"Nice to have you back, McKnight," Coach says, slapping me on the shoulder.

"Nice to be back."

"You've got a few quick interviews after you clean up," Coach adds.

My great mood sours a bit. I was hoping to avoid that tonight. "Alright."

"We've told them your personal life is off-limits. Game only; don't worry."

I nod at him gratefully as I stand and make my way to the locker room. As soon as I'm inside, I'm attacked again by my boisterous team. I laugh as I push my way through them.

"Yeah, yeah, calm down, you assholes." I smirk.

"I told you boys he was going to kill it!" Johnny chuckles. "There was no way he wouldn't after last night!"

"What was last night?" one of our wingers, Colt, asks.

"Rookie!" I yell, making the throat-slitting motion to Johnny as I start to pull my jersey over my head and remove my shoulder pads. "Nothing was last night."

Johnny comes up and throws a punch to my shoulder. "Our Cap experienced a 'Slump Buster.' Or should I say two—"

"Johnny," I warn, not wanting my entire team to know their captain participated in a scene with multiple women while a group of strangers watched on.

Colt salutes me, “Thank you for your service, Captain.”

I shake my head at their boyish antics and sit on the bench so I can remove my skates.

“Who was it?” another one of our rookies, Jason, asks.

“Why do you want to know?” I wonder. Because at the end of the day, it’s not important to them. Though I wish *I* knew so I could take her out and get to know her better.

Jason shrugs. “Well…sounds like she’s good luck.”

The entire room goes still, and I swear I could hear a pin drop. Hockey is an extremely superstitious sport. The hair on the back of my neck rises at his words.

“Oh, shit,” Johnny murmurs, shoving my shoulder. “Guess you’d better find out who she is. Or who they—”

“Johnny,” I warn again, my eyes narrowing to slits. He’s fucking goading me, and I want to kick his ass back to California.

“Damn, Luke! You don’t know who you slept with?” Jason asks.

I wipe my face off with a towel and groan. Fuck. I was doing great until right now. Why the hell did Jason have to go and say that?

“It’s complicated,” I grumble, taking off my shin pads and the rest of my gear below the waist.

“So you got laid, played one of the best games of your career, and you don’t even know the woman’s name who blessed you with this amazing gift?”

I throw my gloves in my locker and stand naked before my team as I wrap a towel around my waist. “It’s not important.”

“Bullshit!” Jason says. “You have to find out who she is.”

I cross my arms over my chest. “She’s not my good luck.”

“You know what happens when you deny good luck,” Johnny counters, his voice serious.

I grumble and turn away from them, making my way to the showers. I can hear Johnny and Jason following behind me along with several of our other team members. Fuck, they’re like dogs with a bone when they get like this. And look, I get it. If this wasn’t me, I’d be doing the same. You don’t mess with hockey superstitions. Bad shit happens when you do.

When I first started playing on this team, one of the veteran defensemen had a rule that his socks were never to be washed. Literally never. We couldn’t even spray Febreze on the disgusting things. One night, someone

threw them in the laundry bin, and well…the very first game he played with fresh socks, he was taken down, tore his meniscus, and had to retire.

Everyone has some ritual that they perform, and they do it religiously. I meditate before each game using the same ten-minute tape. If someone interrupts me, I do it again. Johnny tapes his stick a certain way, and several of the other guys have stretches or warmups they do in a certain order. We all have *something* we do. The fact that they've made my time with Cherry the reason we won tonight…*fuck*. Now my mind is spinning.

I put my towel on the hook and turn on the shower to the hottest setting before stepping under the spray. It scalds my skin, but the pain is welcome. I've now gone from the highest high to having a stomachache. I need a Tums—or maybe ten. I hear more of the showers turn on as I hang my head against my chest. I have no idea who Cherry is.

"There isn't another party until next month, and we're away," Johnny says quietly, as if he's reading my mind.

I shake my head at him to tell him not to say anything else. I'll have to figure it out later. But I can't deny that last night got me out of my slump. Cherry, with the help of Angel, helped me regain control. Being with them, feeling Cherry's mouth around me, her pussy, that cute fucking pep talk she gave me…it all helped. And it wasn't just the sex, either. It was *her*.

I bite back a groan as I dispense some soap into my hands and quickly wash my body, steering my thoughts away from remembering everything that happened. I don't know where to find her, so I'm going to have to deal with the fact that it was a one-time thing. I'll have to figure out how to keep that luck, that feeling of control, with me on and off the ice. Because all I've got right now is the memory of her and those cherry-red lips.

Chapter Seven

Stevie

TODAY SUCKED MAJOR ASS. I woke up sex-hungover with a pounding headache from only a few hours of sleep. Then my roommate, Margo, didn't give me her half of the rent again, which is already over two weeks late. And don't even get me started on the late bill for our internet. It'll get shut off soon if I don't pay it within the next few days.

And to make matters worse, she also left the door to the refrigerator open while I was gone last night, so all our food went bad. Who even does that? The door dings when we leave it open, for God sakes! So on top of everything, I had to make a huge trip to the grocery store and use over half my pay from last night to buy the essentials. That also meant I couldn't bask in the post-fucking-of-my-life haze.

My pussy clenches from the memory of Lucas moving inside me and Nia laid out before me. God, that dick. I've never experienced anything like it. I used to wonder why people were into cock worship at the club—now I know. I'd worship at the altar of that beauty any day.

I let Fangirl Stevie have a moment and internally kick my feet and giggle like a schoolgirl.

Lucas. Sexy God. MVP. McKnight.

I really can't believe we had sex. *And* he fucked my mouth. At a sex club. In front of other people. Did I mention he's also the reason my day sucked?

Well, not because of him, but because Riley texted me this morning that she, Jace, and Leo had just landed in Seattle on a red-eye for something related to Leo's job and asked if I wanted to go to the Seattle vs. Vancouver

game tonight with rink-side seats. I've never sat that close before, and I would have died. Especially after the game Lucas played tonight, which I only got to see via ESPN highlights on my phone.

But of course, the little boutique agency I do social media for had an event downtown, and I had to be there to do a live stream. I was tempted to quit, but after all of Margo's shit, I needed the money, and I wasn't about to ask Riley to spot me some cash. She thinks my job pays me well, and my parents do, too.

My phone vibrates in the pocket of my black faux leather pants as I'm getting into my car. The event went longer than planned, but I'm glad it's over now. So when I take out my phone and see Riley's name, I open the message with a smile.

RILEY: We're heading to that fancy bar on 3rd for a post-game drink, the one with the VIP section at the top. I'll send you the address.

STEVIE: You really want me to join you and your lover boys? Mayb you want to get frisky in the bathroor

RILEY: HA HA. Just come, you nut. I want you to get to know the guys better.

I think for a second. I could go home to my apartment and watch reruns of *Buffy* with a giant glass of cheap red wine, or I could get fancy finger foods and drinks paid for by my eventual brother-in-laws. I know it's still early in their relationship, but I can see that coming from a million miles away.

There's also the fact I just got boinked by Leo's twin not even twenty-four hours ago. I'm not sure I can keep a straight face when I see him. They look identical. So identical that when Riley met Leo on Christmas Eve, she thought he was Lucas.

Then, of course, there's Riley. Since I was born, she's been my best friend. The moment she sees me, she'll know something's up. I don't think she'd care if I told her I slept with Lucas. She'd probably be excited about the prospect of us dating brothers.

I click my seatbelt on and stop. Wait. Dating?! Where the heck did that come from? I don't do relationships. Plus, I don't even know the real him, just the hockey player I've been a fan of since I was in college. One night of kinky sex does not a relationship make. Unless you're Riley, I suppose.

Before I can stop myself, more images of when we first met in the hallway fill my mind, making my toes curl in my shoes. I swear I can still feel his

swollen cock pressed into my belly and hear his sensual voice croon, *You can watch us in the mirror while everyone sees how many times I make you come.* Gah! So hot.

Then that moment where Nia went to him and he asked for my permission to touch her, to let her touch him. It was…strange. And sweet. He's loyal, and because we had a connection first, he wanted to make sure I wouldn't mind. Even though I was the one doing a scene with someone else in the first place.

Ping! I look back down at my phone.

RILEY: Hello? Are you going to join? Do I have to come and bring you here myself?

I turn the key to start the engine and pop my headlights on before answering.

STEVIE: Fine. I'll be there in 10. I'm close b

RILEY: Leo says to drive safe.

STEVIE: Aw, tell him thanks, FBI

RILEY: FBIL?

STEVIE: Future Brother-In-La

RILEY: Are you drunk already?

STEVIE: I wish. See you soo

The bear hug that Jace gives me in greeting elicits all the warm fuzzies. It's like hugging a squishy yet hard teddy bear. It's the kind of hug that makes a person feel safe, taken care of. And the more I get to know him, the more I understand why it's so easy for Riley to call this man Daddy.

Personally, I'm not into that kink, but good on my sister. He's hot and

sweet and all kinds of wonderful. I'm so happy that she has someone like him in her life.

"Nice to see you again, Stevie," Jace says after he pulls back, hazel eyes sparkling.

He looks sexy in a black shirt and cardigan with dark jeans. Though I have to say I miss seeing the traditional Polynesian tattoos all over his light-brown skin.

"Nice to see you, too," I say back.

Riley greets me next, practically suffocating me with how hard she squeezes me.

"Woman, I saw you two weeks ago." She squeezes me tighter for my complaint before stepping back and taking my hands in hers.

"I know, but I missed you." She grins.

The way she says it pulls at my heartstrings, so I hug her again, the smell of her fruity leave-in conditioner hitting my nose. It reminds me of home and all the years spent sharing a bathroom as kids.

I exhale a dramatic sigh. "Fine, I miss you, too." As I step back, I meet the ice-blue eyes of Leo standing behind Riley, one of his arms leaning against the bar top in a casual coolness that only a hot-ass man like him can have.

His face breaks out in his one-dimpled smile, and my heart skips a beat. I knew it would be weird seeing him, but it's more jarring than I expected. My mind knows it's not Lucas, but my body is only reminded of everything his identical twin did to me.

I do my best to shove it down and plaster a smile on my face, one that says "I'm totally fine and happy to be here," before Riley steps to the side so I can hug him. He gives me a kiss on my cheek before wrapping me in his arms. Leo is the antithesis of Jace, all hard planes and muscles with fair skin. He smells like super expensive cologne—and honestly, if sex had a smell, I feel like it would be him. He needs to bottle that shit and sell it online for a high price.

"Good to see you, Stevie," he says, his warm voice causing the hair on the back of my neck to rise.

"Likewise," I say.

He takes a drink off the bar and holds it out to me after I've removed my winter coat and draped it over the barstool along with theirs.

"This is for you. Riley told us what you like," he says.

I accept what I know is a Negroni with overexaggerated grabby hands.

“Ooooh, yes! Thank you!”

Leo chuckles as I take it from him. “Have to say, I don’t think I’ve ever seen someone that excited over a Negroni.”

I hold up the glass. It’s a fancy one that has a nice weight to it, and the drink looks made to perfection with a little orange peel. It probably cost thirty dollars at a place like this, so yes. I’m excited to drink this puppy. I also need a goddamn adult beverage after this crazy day and the situation I willingly put myself into right now. Because I don’t think my sister would appreciate that staring at her boyfriend is making me think of sex.

Hot. Dirty. Sex.

Well, not with her boyfriend, but you know. God, this is weird. I take a sip of the drink and relish how strong it is. It burns my mouth a little, but I enjoy the bitter and zesty flavor that lingers once I’ve swallowed.

“Thanks, Leo.”

“No problem. We ordered some food, too. We planned to eat at the game, but it was too intense to leave our seats.”

I smile at him before turning to Riley. “You actually watched a whole game without going to the bathroom?”

My sister knocks my shoulder at the jest. “I may have gone twice, but it was a fun game. Sorry you had to work.”

I shrug, trying to act like missing the game didn’t make me dead on the inside. “I’ll catch the next one.”

Riley eyes me. Crap. I’m not acting like myself. Normal Stevie would probably be complaining nonstop about having missed it and rehashing all the highlights with Leo, asking what it was like to be there when Lucas scored that goal in OT. But chances are, if I start talking, I might blurt out that I slept with his brother at a sex club party in a mansion. And that’s the last thing I want to do.

“Are you feeling okay?” Riley puts her hand to my forehead like I have a fever, and I swat her hand away.

“Yeah, just a long day. You know, hard out there for a pimp.” I sip my drink again and lean back on the bar so I can see the three of them better.

The guys chuckle at my stupid comment, and Riley rolls her eyes, taking a sip of what looks like a vodka cranberry with lime.

“You’d make a hot pimp,” she says after she swallows. “I love this outfit. Where’d you get those pants?”

I look down at the shiny fake leather that hugs my thighs and butt. They cut

into my apron belly a bit, and sometimes the waistband rolls down so I'm constantly hiking them up my hips, but they do make my legs and booty look killer. I've paired them with black ankle boots and a sparkly black V-neck sweater. "Some online store that probably weaves lead into their fabric," I say.

Jace coughs and almost spits out his gin and tonic. Riley slaps his back, and she gives me a chiding look.

I sip my drink again. "Hey, I'm trying to be real here. But when you're a plus-size girl trying to find any sort of decently priced, cute clothes that don't look like kaftans or something your grandma would wear to a rummy game at her friend Margie's house, options are limited."

Riley sighs as Jace and Leo try to stifle their amusement. "You know I can __"

I cut her off, not wanting her to say she knows of a place. Riley has nice clothes, ones she can afford but that I can't. At least not right now.

"It's cool, Ri. I'm just messing with you," I say with a smile. "I'll send you a link." I won't send her a link, but I made it awkward, so I'm changing the subject. I've always been the annoying little sister who knows how to make things weird at family events and public functions. One time, I told our religious aunt about a smut book I was reading, and I thought she was going to bust out the holy water right then and there.

I set my half-finished drink on the bar and turn to Leo. He's grinning at me, but I notice the way his eyes are constantly checking in with Riley and Jace. The man is smitten with them, and it's so sweet I'm going to get cavities.

I open my mouth to ask him about the game, but before I can get a word out, I see his eyes dart toward the entrance before his face lights up. The hair on my arms stands on end, and I don't even have to turn around to know who's here.

My body goes into panic mode, and I feel like my stomach is going to drop out of my butt. I didn't think Lucas would be here. But he won't recognize me, right? *Right*? I was wearing a mask, and he's never met me before. But it's not like the mask covered that much.

"Are you okay, Stevie?" Riley asks, her eyes shining with sheer glee.

She probably thinks I'm nervous because I'm a fan. Which *fuck*, that's true. Because last night, I was someone else. I wasn't regular day-to-day Stevie. I was his "Cherry." This Stevie says funny things and makes dumb jokes. The girl in the red mask is who he met. Not Stevie.

“I think I’m going to go to the bathroom—” Before I can make my escape, Riley spins me toward where Leo has gone to greet his brother. He doesn’t see me yet, and I’m praying that he doesn’t recognize me. Not here, not now. Not in front of Riley, Jace, and Leo. I mean, how the hell are we supposed to explain the way we know each other?

Look, I know my sister and her partners do kinky stuff; that’s not what I’m embarrassed about. But I genuinely have no idea how they’d react to us together. Not that we’re a thing; we just met. And unlike my beautiful sister, I don’t fall in love with men right away. Dicks and pussies, yes. Men, no.

Fuck me. I’m spiraling.

I can’t believe this is happening right now. Why did I come here? Oh, yeah…for free drinks and food. I’m an idiot. The biggest idiot of idiots.

Lucas hasn’t looked over at me yet; he’s listening to whatever Leo is saying with what appears to be rapt attention. It gives me a moment to take a breath. And to take him in without his golden mask.

Seeing him stand next to Leo also affords me the ability to notice the slight differences between them. While Leo is dressed like a hot businessman, Lucas is dressed down in jeans and a dark teal-colored Henley that allows me to see the muscle definition in his arms. Lucas’s hair is also slightly longer, and his body is more relaxed than his brother’s. I also know he has the tattoo on his side, and Riley has never said anything about Leo having any.

Lucas McKnight is nice looking. More than nice looking. He’s hot AF. My eyes trail down his body, past the thick coat he has draped over his arm to his feet then back up again.

“Are you picturing him without his clothes on?” Riley nearly giggles into my ear.

Busted.

I turn to the bar and down the rest of my drink, nearly coughing from the burn. Oh my God, I need like ten more of those.

“Stevie, I knew you were a fan, but I didn’t think you’d be this nervous,” Jace says, flagging down the bartender for me to order more drinks. I give him a half-assed smile, praying for the ground to swallow me up right now. Maybe I can fake faint and then pretend I have amnesia.

I’m not that lucky, though, because Riley is elbowing me to turn around as Leo says, “Stevie, I’d like you to meet my brother, Lucas.”

When I don’t immediately move, Riley spins me like I’m a little kid being made to hug that one creepy uncle everyone has. My eyes are already wide as

I’m met with the piercing wintery gaze of Lucas McKnight. At first, he doesn’t seem to recognize me, but I notice the moment it happens.

His eyes bounce from Riley to me a few times before they go to my lips. Fuck. My lipstick. Right before I came into the bar, I pulled out the tube of Cherry Crush lipstick I had on last night and applied it. I’m such an idiot.

When Lucas finally settles his gaze on me, his mouth is slightly open in shock, but I see excitement in his eyes.

“Cherry?” he asks.

Fuck me sideways.

Chapter Eight

Lucas

"CHERRY?" I HEAR MY brother ask beside me, but I ignore his confused question. My focus is on the woman in front of me who looks like a shiny beacon in her sparkly sweater. Now I know why her eyes looked so familiar. She's Riley's sister. My brother's partner's sister.

I should probably care about that, but I don't. I found her, my Cherry, without even trying. No one can tell me her being here right now isn't some sign from the universe. Despite wanting to go home to take a long soak in my hot tub and ice my knees, I came to the bar anyway, and now here she is.

Cherry, who I now know is Stevie, is still gaping at me, her eyes wide and cherry lips parted. She's sexier without the mask, and I love that I can see her face. Her honey-brown hair is down, falling just past her shoulders. I want to run my fingers through it while I explore her mouth again.

My smile widens as I take a step forward, pretending that Leo, Jace, and Riley aren't staring at us dumbfoundingly, wondering what's going on.

"Do you know each other?" Riley asks.

"We do," I say, now only a foot or so between us. "I found you" is all I say to her.

Stevie's forest gaze flicks to my lips then back to my eyes. She's panicking, and I'd rather talk to her in private than in front of an audience. I'm sure the people in the bar are looking at us, too.

I should be freaking out as well, but I'm not.

"Are either of you going to tell us what's going on?" Jace's deep voice wonders.

I think about trying to explain what went down between Stevie and I last night. I could try to backtrack to make things comfortable for everyone, even lie about how we know each other. But I'm not going to do that. I've been thinking about this beautiful woman since she left me standing in the voyeur room last night. I can't sit here and try to explain or make small talk.

"No" is all I say as I grab her hand and gently start pulling her toward the restroom sign. Stevie expels a little squeak at being broken from her trance then quickly follows. I squeeze her warm palm to try to comfort her as I find the bathroom door. They're gender neutral, so I pick the furthest one down the hall for privacy's sake, pull her inside, and click the lock. Before she can blink, I pin her to the back of the door with my body.

Her breasts push against my chest, both of us breathing heavy as we stare at each other in the dim light of the bathroom. I don't know how long we do this, but her eyes haven't left mine, and she doesn't look angry, just in shock.

"Hi," I say eventually.

"Uh, hi," she answers. Her voice lacks the confidence of the masked woman I met in the hallway last night.

"You're Riley's sister," I state. She nods, biting the inside of her cheek. "And you knew who I was last night?" I ask, confirming what I already know.

She nods again. By how her body tenses, I can tell she thinks I'm going to be mad. But I'm not. Given the situation, if it was reversed, I probably would've done the same. We weren't exactly in a place that lent itself to that type of conversation anyway.

"Small world," I say, the corners of my mouth tipping up. I run my hands down her arms in a soothing motion, willing her to relax. Her sweater is soft beneath my palms, and the desire to run my tongue along the silky skin of her breasts grows the longer I stand in her space. I should probably step back so we can talk, but my body is drawn to her. It remembers what happened last night. What it's like to kiss her. To fuck her. To have those pretty lips wrapped around my cock.

After a second, she exhales a puff of air that whispers across my skin. "The smallest," she murmurs. Her eyes dart to my lips, and she watches them carefully. I don't know if she realizes she's staring, but after a time, those pools of green meet my gaze. I wish I could know what she's thinking—but I hope it's that she wants to kiss me.

I take one of my hands off her arm and begin to trace the outline of her

cherry-red lips. Her breath catches, and the blood from my brain moves south. Yesterday was fun, but now I want her all to myself. I want to hear her scream my name. I want her orgasm to be given by me and only me. I want to worship her with my hands, my mouth, my cock—then maybe another day, I'll let people do it while I watch.

Fuuuck. This woman has gotten in my head. Not only has the team convinced me she's my good luck, but last night, I knew I wanted to get to know this mystery woman better, and it had nothing to do with sex or winning hockey games. Something about Stevie makes me want to be around her, soak in her presence. And now that I'm here with her in the flesh, the desire to be consumed by her again in every way possible is undeniable. Do I want to take her to dinner and get to know every little thing about her? Yes. But I also want to fuck her dirty. In every way I can dream up.

"Lucas." Her breathy voice breaks through my thoughts.

I press my thumb into her lower lip, loving the sound of my name on her tongue.

"Stevie," I say back, my hard cock now pressing into the heat of her belly like it did last night. She gasps when she feels it then exhales a small moan as her hands find my waist. A flicker of the woman behind the mask appears as she molds her body to mine.

"We're in public," she says.

I run my nose along the bridge of hers, her words making me smile. "That didn't matter before."

Her head tilts back against the door as I trace my way down her neck. I press a kiss to her fluttering pulse point, and her entire body shivers.

"Our family is outside," she says, her voice quiet.

I love two things about the statement she just made. One, that she revealed she wants me as much as I want her, and two, that she thinks having our family and a bar of people we don't know outside will deter me. It won't.

I press a kiss where her neck and shoulder meet. "If you want me to stop"—I lick the salty skin of her clavicle then suck a little—"I will."

I lift my head to meet hers. Her lips are parted, her cheeks flushed.

"I—" she says, her gaze flicking to my mouth then my eyes. I can see a million thoughts flying through her brain, all mirrored in her gaze. The smart part of me says I should step back, but Stevie's hands are gripping the loops of my jeans now, the heat of her body seeping into mine. She wants me. That much I know.

“Do you want me to fuck you, Stevie?” I voice.

She closes her eyes and presses the back of her head against the door. I watch as she swallows, her hips starting to move slightly. When her eyes open again, she plants a half grin on her face and uses her fingers in my belt loops to thrust into me so that my hard cock presses against the zipper of my jeans.

“Fuck,” I groan, grabbing her hands and pinning them above her head. She lets out another squeak as the door rattles. “Say yes, Cherry.”

She pauses, her smile growing. “You want to fuck me right here, MVP?”

There she is. There’s my Cherry.

I hover my lips over hers and bump her nose with mine. “I do. I want that pretty pink pussy coming around my cock again. I want to feel you squeeze the fucking life out of me.”

She teases my bottom lip with hers and then pulls back. “Ask me nicely.”

My heart rate picks up, and I snatch her lower lip between my teeth and suck. “Please may I fuck your pretty cunt, Cherry?”

She expresses another moan as I squeeze her wrists, moving my hips in teasing movements against hers.

“Ask me again,” she says.

I drop one hand down and take her chin between my fingers. “Please, Stevie. Please let me fuck you so hard even these walls won’t be able to stop talking about what they witnessed.”

A tiny laugh escapes her as the arm I freed comes to grasp the wrist of my hand holding her chin.

“I like it when you beg.” She stares down at where our bodies touch then meets my eyes devilishly. “Do your worst, MVP.”

With her full permission now, I pin her other hand back up above her head and plant my lips to her mouth. She opens for me, and I dive into her warmth. She tastes like bitter liquor and orange zest and groans into my mouth as I use my foot to spread her legs wide.

“You’d better be quiet, or we’ll get in trouble,” I warn, pulling away to nip at her lips before going back in for another kiss. Her mouth parts for me willingly, and I stroke my tongue against hers. She battles me, not allowing me to take control even though I have her where I want her.

When her wrists pull against my grip, I free them. Stevie wastes no time sliding her fingers into my dark hair. She grabs the strands and pulls, her mouth opening wider, sucking me in as if I’m her air. With my hands free, I

grip the plush skin of her waist before I manage to find the band of her pants.

She moans as I snake my hand down the front of them, the elastic digging into my forearm as I cup her bare cunt.

“Jesus, Cherry. No underwear?” I gasp, pulling away from her mouth.

Her lipstick is slightly smeared, meaning I’m now wearing it. But I couldn’t care less.

“These pants show panty lines,” she says with a shrug.

I chuckle at her answer and push two fingers into her wet heat. I can’t help the sound that escapes my lips as I feel how soaked she is for me. I find her swollen clit and gently tease her in slow circles.

Her head bumps back against the door again, and she bites her lip to keep her sounds of pleasure in. I put my mouth to her ear and suck the lobe gently. “What made you so wet for me, Stevie?” I ask, adding more pressure to her clit.

She bites back another cry but doesn’t answer.

“Is it that anyone could be listening right now?” I move my lips to suck on her neck. “Or is it me, Stevie?” I run my teeth along her pulse and thrust my erection against my hand on her pussy. “Or are you remembering what it was like to have my cock fucking you while everyone watched? While Angel came on your tongue?”

“Oh my God, Lucas,” she whines. “You’re going to make me come already.”

“That’s the plan, baby. I need you nice and wet for me before I take that tight cunt again.”

She practically purrs from my words then uses my hair to pull my lips to hers once more as I rub her clit with firmer strokes. Her breasts compress against my chest as she grips me, pulling me closer, tighter. My cock twitches when I feel her breath hitch and her nails dig into my scalp. As her orgasm overtakes her, a shiver runs up my spine. She buries her head in my shoulder and bites down to muffle her cry as her body shakes, and I watch her fall apart on my hand.

“Fuck, Stevie. You’re beautiful when you come apart for me. Fucking beautiful.”

She lifts her head, a light sheen of sweat on her hairline and her eyes glassy with pleasure. I kiss her nose and remove my hand from her pants, not giving her any time to think about what we’re about to do next in this public bathroom.

“Hands on the sink, and eyes on the mirror, Cherry. I want you to watch me ruin you.”

Chapter Nine

Stevie

LUCAS SPINS ME SO I'm facing forward. I place my hands on the sink like he asked and meet his eyes in the mirror as he takes his place behind me, smirking like the pretty devil he is.

Honestly, I don't know how I ended up here. One minute, I'm about to ask Leo about hockey, then I'm panicking, and now, I'm about to be fucked by my fantasy man for the second time in twenty-four hours. In a bathroom. With people outside. With my sister and her partners outside.

I'm sexually adventurous, but this takes the cake. At a sex club, kink is expected, but here? We could be arrested. The normal-person thing would've been to go somewhere and talk, but I can't deny this is a lot more fun.

Cool air hits my butt and thighs as Lucas pushes my pants down around my ankles and helps me step out of them.

"Spread your legs as wide as you can," he says.

I do as he asks, letting him keep control. I don't know why, but I feel like he needs it right now. He runs his palms down my backside, and I arch my butt so I'm on better display for him like I do when I'm in a scene. A groan leaves his mouth as I hear the jingle of his belt buckle and then feel the head of his cock slide up and down my wetness.

"Shit, Stevie. You're so pretty like this. Open and waiting for me."

I close my eyes and let the sound of my name soak into me. It's nice. At first, it was kind of terrifying because it made this whole situation feel real.

Last night was more like a dream come to life. But we're not at a sex party now. We're not wearing masks. This is real life, and what we do has real

consequences.

But now, I don't know. I like how it sounds. I like the way he touches me. And the way he kisses me…it feels like he wants to own me. Worship me. Devour me.

Lucas's fingers in my pussy stop my internal monologue, and I drop my head to the sink. He curls his fingers just a bit and then moves them back and forth. I bite my tongue to keep myself from moaning too loud, or we'll for sure have the cops called on us. Or my sister will come and break the door down.

When the pad of a finger brushes my G-spot lightly, I squeeze my eyes together. A light smack on my ass makes my head fly up to meet his smiling gaze.

"I told you to watch me ruin you, baby," he smirks. "Since we don't have an audience tonight, we'll have to do."

I lift my head back up and take in the reflection of us. I wish he was naked so I could see the muscles in his chest and the veins in his forearm bulge as he fucks me with his fingers. I'd also love to see that beautiful griffin tattoo again. But half-clothed Lucas is still hotter than sin.

When he's sure I'm watching, he removes his fingers from my pussy and brings them to his lips, sucking them off sensually. He hums, like he's enjoying a nice meal.

"Another time, I want to spend the night drowning in you. But right now, I have to fuck you, or I'll lose my goddamn mind," he growls.

"Do it," I say, my tone slightly crazed. I can feel my inner walls clench, wanting to feel that gorgeous dick of his inside me again. I don't care that I was sore earlier; I'm wet enough that I'll be fine. I hear the opening of a foil packet, and then he's teasing me with his cock again, making me press my ass back so I can feel more of him.

"You want my cock, Stevie?"

I bite my lip, my eyes still on him through the mirror. "Making me beg now, MVP?"

He dips the tip of his cock in, and I hiss, gripping the sink with my hands. "Do you, baby?"

"You know I do."

He half grins as he slides his cock in another inch. I push back so that he goes a bit deeper, and his light laughter reaches my ears.

"So greedy."

I bite my lip harder to keep myself from screaming out as his hands find my hips, and he sinks deeper. “Keep those eyes on the mirror, Cherry. Watch me fill this perfect cunt.”

“Fuck me, Lucas. Please, for the love of—”

He pulls me back on his cock with a single sharp movement, my butt hitting his hips with a slap that echoes off the bathroom walls. On instinct, I cry out, and then Lucas is chuckling again.

“They heard that one, Cherry.”

I narrow my eyes at him, but he thrusts up into me again. I seal my lips shut as best I can, my body adjusting to his girth as his hands grip the cheeks of my ass.

“Look at us, Stevie. Look at how fucking hot we are together.”

I do as he says and really look this time. Lucas is perfect as usual, but if I squint in the dim light, I can see my lipstick prints on his mouth and his messy black hair disheveled from my hands running through it. My straight hair is also a mess, my cheeks are pink, and my lipstick is smeared. I have a light sheen of sweat on my skin because I’m wearing this hot-as-hell sweater as well, but…he’s right. We *do* look hot together. His strength to my softness is entrancing. In all my daydreams and fantasies, we never looked so good.

Our eyes stay locked in the mirror as he pushes his cock in and out of me. He uses his hands to stroke the skin of my ass and hips, spreading my cheeks and smacking my ass lightly again as he picks up his pace.

“Fuck, Cherry. Your pussy is…*fuck*,” he says, unable to finish his sentence.

I groan as he thrusts upward, hitting my G-spot. His praise only makes me wetter, and he must feel it because he emits a sound akin to a growl.

“I’m getting close, Stevie. Touch yourself. I want to feel this sweet hole choke my cock.”

Jesus, Lucas McKnight is great at dirty talk. While keeping myself propped up with one arm on the sink, I trail my other hand down my overheated body until I reach my clit. I whimper as I touch the sensitive bundle of nerves, my hips automatically moving further back so Lucas sinks impossibly deeper.

“Fuck, yes. You’re amazing,” he praises.

I bite the inside of my cheek as I feel my second orgasm building inside me. I clench my inner walls around his cock, and he pumps into me harder. The sound of my wetness echoes in the small space, making this feel even more lewd and erotic than before.

“You’re going to make me come again,” I say as quietly as I can. I brush the pads of my fingers over my clit in a gentle motion as Lucas hits just the right spot inside of me, one that has my entire body vibrating. My orgasm hits me like a freight train, and I see stars behind my eyelids.

Lucas slaps my ass once more. “Keep those pretty fucking eyes”—*thrust*—“on”—*thrust*—“me.”

I snap them back on him as he comes, his head tilting back while he praises me. His body stills, and he holds me on his cock, my pussy fluttering around him as we ride out our pleasure together.

After a time, he leans forward slightly to catch his breath, his chest resting against my body so the fabric of his shirt scratches against my sensitive skin. He huffs out a small laugh and lifts his head to meet my gaze in the mirror. Then he pulls his softening length from me with a satisfied groan.

He disposes of the condom before helping me clean myself up a bit, wiping the smudged lipstick from my face. Then I do the same for him.

“Is cherry my color?” he asks cheekily.

I study the dark red on his pale complexion then look into his wintery eyes. “It’s not bad, actually.”

In a romantic move, he pulls me to him and kisses me senseless, only pulling back when we need air. He bumps my nose with his and stares into my eyes with a sincerity that confuses me.

“I think it was better than *not bad*. I think it’s just right.”

I open my mouth to say something snarky. To remind him that we just met and his words are alluding to something bigger that he wants of me. Something I don’t think I can give to anyone. But a loud knock on the door startles us both from our bubble.

“Shit,” he says under his breath. He buckles his belt then looks in the mirror again, making sure his hair is smoothed down.

I jump in place as I struggle to pull up my skintight pants. “Do you think it’s security?”

He shakes his head, his lip upturned at the corner. “My brother.”

My mouth must drop open like a fish because Lucas looks amused. The reality that he just made me come on his hand then fucked me in a bathroom at a very high-end bar with my sister and her partners outside is hitting me like a ton of bricks. What the hell were we thinking?

Lucas calmly moves to wash his hands as another knock pounds on the door. I feel my panic rise. I’m not sure what to do next.

“What now?” I ask, more to myself than to Lucas.

“I’ve been here before. If we go down this hall, there’s a back exit. I’ll have my brother get your coat, and we can leave that way.”

“Leave together?”

For a brief second, a look of hurt flashes through Lucas’s eyes, but he quickly masks it with a grin. “We should probably talk.”

I start to say that maybe that’s a bad idea, but then Lucas opens the door to the bathroom. Sure enough, Leo is standing there with that cool mask of his. Though beneath it, I see he’s pissed. More like livid. If I look closely, I can see his left eyelid twitch as he tries to contain himself.

Lucas stares at Leo, and for a few long seconds, they don’t say anything. It’s a weird thing to watch. I wonder if twins ever think they’re having an out-of-body experience when they’re staring at someone who looks exactly like them. I know I find it weird observing. It’s like watching a mirror. I almost chuckle to myself because of what just happened with a mirror.

I shake my head to clear my spiraling thoughts and put on my proverbial big girl pants.

“Is Riley still here?” I ask Leo.

Leo breaks his death glare from Lucas and stares at me like he forgot I was here. “She’s waiting right outside the back door with your coat.”

I guess Leo had the same idea for us to leave out the back. Thank God, because there’s no way I could face the public after what went down in here, regardless of if they heard or knew that we had sex.

Without looking at Lucas, I move toward the door, my body bumping his as I do. Just when I think I’m in the clear, Lucas takes me by the bicep, stopping me right when I’m shoulder to shoulder with Leo.

“We need to talk,” Lucas says.

Ignoring Leo’s burning gaze on me, I turn my head and nod at Lucas. “Get my phone number from Leo, and we’ll figure something out.”

Lucas searches my eyes to see if I’m telling the truth. Once he seems satisfied that I am, he lets go, and I make my way toward the back exit and out into the cold night air.

Chapter Ten

Lucas

FOR THE SECOND TIME tonight, I'm locked in a bathroom. But this time, it's with someone far less pretty. Okay, well, my brother is pretty, but you know what I mean.

"What the fuck, Lucas?" Leo asks.

I put my hands in my pockets and shrug. "It's none of your business, Leo."

"I'm your agent. It *is* my business."

"Exactly, you're my agent. What does Stevie have to do with any of this?"

Leo crosses his arms over his chest and tries to do an impression of the Big Bad Wolf. It may work when he's negotiating deals for me, but I'm his brother. He looks like a puffer fish when he tries this shit on me.

"It smells like sex in here," he says.

I match his stance. "What I do in my free time and who I do it with is none of your business."

"Actually, again, it *is* my business. Because you're not just my client, you're my brother. My job is to make sure you have a long and healthy career. My job is to make sure you don't do stupid shit and get fired from the work that earns your money. And that you don't fuck up your life."

"This is one thing, Leo! I've never done anything to tarnish my good boy image, and you know that." He eyes me incredulously. "Fine. I've never done anything *and gotten caught* that would tarnish my good boy image."

"If you're not careful, you will. I had to talk to the manager here and tell him you were only having a conversation. You're lucky Riley is good at distracting people. Somehow, I ended up signing autographs for the last thirty

minutes."

I smirk at my brother. "See, it's fine. You handled it. You always handle it."

Leo sighs. "There's enough going on right now that you need to be careful. There are eyes everywhere."

"And who's fault is that?" I say, but there's no malice behind my words. Because yes, the press was bad before, but it's only the way it is now because of him.

"You know I wish it could be different. That the press wasn't hounding you for who I love. But I'm not going to hide who I am anymore. And I sure as hell am not going to hide my partners from the world, either."

The anger in his tone has me holding up my hands. "I never said I wanted you to. But I'm just asking you to give me a break. Let me have some fun, okay?"

"Fun? Your idea of having fun is having sex with Riley's little sister in a public bathroom? What the fuck, man?!"

Now I feel *my* anger start to rise. Yes, I was having fun. But I didn't mean to imply I'm only fucking around with Stevie for the hell of it.

"It just happened, okay? That's all you need to know," I say, not wanting to divulge any more of my personal life to him. Especially in this bathroom.

"You've met her before?" he asks.

I shove my hands in my pants pockets and nod. "Yes."

"And you didn't think to tell me you knew her? You acted like tonight was going to be the first time."

"It's a long story."

Leo stares at me for a few more moments before he exhales in a long huff. "That's seriously all you're going to give me? You're fucking my Riley's sister and—"

I cut him off. "Stop saying it like it's dirty. It happened, okay? How, when, and why isn't your business."

"Why are you being like this? You're usually an open book."

He's right. As identical twins, we share a bond that's hard to explain. We could probably say we were telling each other our secrets in the womb, but I don't know. This thing with Stevie feels…unique.

I may have just met her, but something about her lights me up. I don't know if she feels the same about me, but I'd like to find out. I don't even care about the good luck thing my team had me riled up about. After what

happened these past two nights, I want to know her. I don't care about the rest of it.

"Does it bother you?" I ask Leo.

"Yes, it bothers me that you're keeping things like this from me."

"No. Does me being with Riley's sister bother you?" I know Leo will never admit it to me, but for our entire life, even though we love the hell out of each other, we've always been in a competition. He thinks I don't know how much it hurts him that I became a hockey star, and he didn't even have the chance to live up to his full potential because of his injury.

I see the way he watches me on the ice. I see the way he hates how everyone talks about my games and career at holidays. I wish it were different for him. And sometimes, I wish we could trade places, then he would know what it feels like to constantly have the weight of winning and succeeding on my shoulders. Not only for myself but for my peers and fans. It's a lot for anyone to handle. Let alone doing it by myself day in and day out.

Leo rubs the back of his neck and puffs out a breath. "So you're with her?"

"Leo, stop fishing. I want to know if it bothers you. If it makes you feel any better, I didn't seek her out or anything. It just happened."

There's a knock on the door again followed by Jace's voice. "Leo, we're freezing our asses off."

Leo takes a step forward and puts his hand on my shoulder. "It'll only bother me if you hurt her. But I know you're a good man." He exhales a sigh. "Be careful, okay? This thing with Riley is new, and…"

"So don't fuck it up for you is what you're saying?"

He grimaces. "No, that's not—"

"It's fine, Leo. I get it. Now let's get out of here before some weird twincest thing hits the news tomorrow."

Leo's face screws up. "Gross, Luke. Just no."

The fact that he's using my nickname means he's lightened up a little. I release some tension from my body and chuckle as I step around him, opening the bathroom door to see Jace standing there with amusement on his face. I pat him on his giant bicep, and he hands me the jacket I dropped on the floor when I dragged Stevie to the bathroom.

"Thanks, Jace."

"You good, man?" he asks, his voice teasing.

"More than good." I wink at him.

Chapter Eleven

Stevie

I SIP MY COFFEE as I wait for Lucas to arrive. At first, I thought I would invite him over to my place, but then I thought a public venue would be more appropriate. Not that it's stopped us before, but it's not even ten in the morning, and I know he has hockey practice today.

My phone vibrates, and I see Riley's name on the screen. After I left the bar last night, she insisted I drive her to her hotel so she could grill me. I tried to avoid it, but I knew she wouldn't let up. So I laid out what happened, and I don't think I've ever seen someone more excited. I listened to her go on and on about how we could marry brothers and how cute our kids would be. I can't help but smile about it even though I had to remind her that dating, marriage, and kids is something I don't think I want, but she ignored me, too excited about the prospect of our future with twin brothers like I thought she might be.

RILEY: Tell me what happens after it happens.

STEVIE: N

RILEY: Pleasseeeeeeeeeeee?!?!?!

STEVIE: N

RILEY: But Stevieeeeeeeee

STEVIE: You really want to know about my sex lif

RILEY: You know about mine.

STEVIE: Fai

The sound of a throat clearing has me looking up to see the smiling face of

Lucas. He's removing a pair of sunglasses and a beanie as I put my phone away. I smile nervously back at him and take a short breath. I've never been this close to him in the light of day before. His beauty is…blinding. Butterflies erupt in my stomach, and Fangirl Stevie starts to have another moment. I felt this last night, too. But I was able to shake it off when we fucked. Now, it's back in full force.

"Hey, Cherry."

My stomach flips at the silly nickname. "Hey, MVP."

He pulls out the chair and sits in it, leaning back casually.

"Do you want something to drink?" I ask awkwardly.

He shakes his head, still smiling. "If I have another cup of coffee, I'll crash hard later and fall asleep on the ice."

The corner of my lips turn up as I take another sip of my iced shaken espresso. Lucas watches me do it, shifting in his chair like I gave him a boner. The action makes me feel powerful, so I do it again but more sensual this time.

He must figure out what I'm doing because that dimple appears on his cheek as he makes eye contact with me, blue eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Teasing me, Cherry?"

I shrug, putting my drink down and leaning back in my chair to get more comfortable. I picked a spot in the back that has a little nook with a wall blocking us from prying eyes. It's as private as I could get in a public space. Thankfully, it seems like he was able to keep the paparazzi from following him here. I told him this place was a little more off the beaten path—seems like it's okay for now.

"So…" he says, tapping his long fingers on the table.

"So…" I parrot.

He exhales a breathy chuckle and leans forward so he's closer to me. "Thanks for meeting me."

"I told you we could talk."

He nods. "So you're Riley's sister."

I raise an eyebrow at him. "Yep, and you're Leo's twin."

"I am," he smiles cheekily. "How are you feeling after last night?"

Shrugging at his complicated question, I throw back instead, "How are *you* feeling after last night?"

He pops his tongue against the back of his teeth. "You're not going to make this easy for me, are you?"

“Not sure what you mean, Hot Shot,” I tease.

He scoots his chair closer. “Are you going to deflect during this whole conversation?”

I blink at him. He noticed that I do that. For Christ’s sake, I just met the man.

But he’s right. I do like to deflect. I want to keep my feelings guarded—it’s easier not to get hurt that way. And if I were to ever date a man like Lucas, I know I’d get my feelings hurt. He was named Sexiest Man Alive! I can’t compete with that. I may be a confident badass bitch when I need to be, but I may not be when the entire world is breathing down my neck. I don’t know how Riley is dealing with being in the spotlight as it is.

“I’m not trying to deflect,” I lie.

“I see…then I’m going to get to the point. I like you, Stevie.”

I try not to let my eyes bug out of my head as I attempt to remain calm. “Okay?”

He stares at me. “That’s your answer?”

I bite the inside of my cheek. “Should I have another one?”

His shoulders deflate a bit before he says, “I mean, I was hoping you liked me, too.”

Suddenly, I feel like I’m in high school and I rejected the boy asking me to prom. Except I was never asked to prom, and now I feel like a giant ass for making him feel like shit.

“Lucas, it’s not that. It’s just…this”—I wave between us—“it’s complicated.”

“So?”

I can’t help but smile. For a man who’s lived a crazy life in his thirty-some years, I’d think he’d be more inclined to scrutinize the decisions he makes.

“This isn’t only about us, Lucas. We don’t even know each other. And it’s not like we’ve done a lot of talking. You don’t know me. You don’t know if you like me. You like your Cherry. Stevie is not her. Stevie is a coffee-drinking, blunt-talking woman who hates her job, doesn’t do relationships, and has a hard time paying her bills. I’m not built for someone like you,” I spill out.

As soon as my words hang between us, I’m mortified. I didn’t mean to tell him about my money situation, and I also hate that I implied I’m not good enough for him. But I’m trying to get the point across that we shouldn’t be more than two amazing fucks. And boy, were they amazing. He wasn’t lying

when he said he'd ruin me.

"But I want to get to know that person," he says, his voice almost pleading. "I want to get to know you, Stevie. Not just Cherry." His eyes are sincere, and I'm reminded why I hate relationships. Too much talking. Too much feeling. Sex is easy and fun. It makes me feel powerful. This does not.

"Look, Lucas. I think it's better we stay friends, okay? It's easier this way. Especially with Leo, Riley, and Jace's situation. I think that I need time to breathe."

He grabs my hand and squeezes it. "There can be room for both their relationship and our relationship; it's not the same thing."

"Are you always like this when you want something?"

He grins. "I mean, I didn't become 'The Lucas McKnight' by sitting on my ass," he jokes, air quoting around his name.

"Lucas." I sigh. "This isn't something I can deal with right now, okay? Maybe if you caught me a few years down the line when I had my life figured out. I'm not a relationship girl. I haven't been on a date in over a year…" I lower my voice for the next part. "And I love sex. I love sex with other people. I like to be shown off, and I like to give pleasure and take pleasure. I'm not built for a relationship."

"Are you wanting polyamory?" he asks. "Because—"

"No, Lucas, that's not what I'm saying. But what I *am* saying is: I'm not conventional."

"Did I seem like I minded the night we met?"

I shake my head. "That was different. We thought it would be a one-time thing. I don't mean this in a bad way, but you seem like a monogamy type of man."

"Are you saying that isn't something you'd ever want?"

I open my mouth to answer, but I don't know. He's asking me big questions that I don't have answers to. Could I see myself in a monogamous relationship someday? Yes. But would I give up what I like at the club? No. My partner would need to be able to accept it all.

"Lucas, this isn't a conversation you usually have with someone you hardly know."

"Then get to know me."

"You're relentless," I grumble.

He brings one of his hands up and brushes a lock of hair behind my ear before cupping my cheek. "Haven't I made it clear, Stevie? I want you, and I

think you want me, too."

Emotions wage a war inside me, and I feel like I'm about to scream "Lucas McKnight wants me!" while at the same time shouting "Abort! Abort! Run away as fast as you can!"

Fangirl Stevie really wants me to say yes to him. To forget about everything else and just jump in the deep end with this man, maybe even fly to Vegas and get hitched. But Adult Lady Stevie is wondering what his true intentions are and if he can deal with who I am, all of my flaws and strange kinks.

His thumb strokes over the apple of my cheek, and I place my hand over his. For a second, he looks hopeful. Until I pull his hand away and hold it gently. "I think it's better if we stay friends."

He pulls his hand back, his body now tense as he sits back in his chair. "If that's what you really want, I'll respect it."

My heart clenches, and then regret fills me. Jesus, why is this so hard? It's not like we have some long, sordid history.

Lucas stares at the table for a minute, one of his fingers tracing the shapes of coffee mugs on the table cover. Just when I'm about to tell him I need to get going so I can get out of this awkward situation, he looks back up at me and smiles. It's not the same flirty smile as before, but it's still charming.

"Work for me."

I blink at him. Out of everything he could have said, that was the last thing I would've put on this year's bingo card.

"Excuse me?"

"You said you hate your job, that money is tight. Are both of those things true?"

I hesitate for a moment but quickly realize lying to him would be useless. "Yes," I answer. "Those things are true."

"Then work for me."

I can't help it—I laugh. "Doing what?"

"I remember Leo telling me you do social media. My publicist has been bugging me for ages to get a person to deal with my personal socials, but I haven't trusted anyone enough to let them into my life. Especially with everything going on with Leo."

"And you trust me enough to do it?"

"Of course, I do. You remember what happened on Valentine's Day, right?"

I actually blush a little. “And that makes you trust me how?”

“You didn’t go around spreading to the press that Lucas McKnight was at a Valentine’s Day sex party, did you?”

“Of course not.”

“Plus, in a non-gross way, you’re family. I trust you.”

“Okay, that is kind of gross.”

He sticks his tongue out at me like a big dork, and I can’t help but laugh.

“In all seriousness, I need your help. I know you’re a fan. I’m assuming you know hockey inside and out. You can come to all my games, take pictures and videos. Give the people what they want, and have fun while you’re at it.”

I swallow hard, only slightly embarrassed he acknowledged he knows I’m a fan. Even though I knew he’d heard that from Riley, it’s nice that he’s not weirded out by it. And I can’t deny his offer excites me. “You want me to come to all of your games?”

He must be able to hear the thrill in my voice because he smirks. “Of course. The team will love having a pretty mug around, too.”

“Yours is prettier than mine.”

He rolls his eyes. “I think they’d disagree.”

“But why would I work for you? That means we’ll be around each other all the time.”

He runs his hand over his chin, white teeth almost glinting in the daylight streaming through the windows. “Then you’ve figured out one of my motives.”

“Lucas…”

“Stevie.”

I sigh. “Then I don’t think—”

He grabs my hand again. “We’ll just be friends, I swear. You need a better job. I need a social media person who I want to be around. Bonus is we get to know each other.”

“There can’t be sex involved, then. There just can’t be, Lucas.”

He studies me then smiles again. So wide I think his face might fall off. “So you’re considering the job offer?”

I exhale and cross my arms over my chest. “You’re really annoying, you know that?”

“I’ve been told that a time or two.”

I squeeze my eyes shut and take a deep breath. Am I really considering

this? It would be insane. He clearly offered me the job so that he could have his way, but at the same time, I really do need the money. And free hockey tickets? This is like my dream job on a silver platter. Little Stevie is dancing, and I feel like I'm going to pee my pants. Or shit my brains out with how nervous this whole thing makes me.

"I have to think about it," I say.

He nods. "That's fair. Just promise me you'll really consider it. I do need your help. And I know you'll do a great job. Also, I pay well." He winks.

"You're nothing like I expected you to be."

He stares into my eyes long and hard before he asks, "Is that a good or a bad thing?"

I take the last sip of my coffee before standing then place my hand on his shoulder. "A good thing." Then I'm walking out the door, wondering what the hell happened.

Chapter Twelve

Lucas

I WAS TERRIBLE DURING practice today. I can feel the side-eyes of my team as I remove my gear—I know they're wondering if I'm going to blow tomorrow night's game against Minnesota.

Eventually Johnny comes and sits next to me, a towel wrapped around his waist. "I take it you didn't find your Slump Buster?"

"Don't call her that," I bite out, somehow refraining from smacking him in the back of the head. Stevie is so much more than that.

Johnny chuckles. "So you didn't find your *good luck*?"

I don't like that he's calling her that, either, but it's better than the alternative. "I found her," I answer.

"I see…then I guess it didn't go well?"

"Depends on how you look at it," I say honestly, thinking of the bathroom last night and the coffee shop this morning. It did go well, in a way. I think Stevie's considering working for me. Of course, my offer was totally selfish. While I do need a social media person, and everything I told her is true, she was going to walk away from me, and everything in me was screaming for me to not let that happen. Now, all day, I've been battling myself, wondering if what I did was right.

While I don't attribute sex with Stevie to how I played the game against Vancouver like my team does, I can't deny that meeting her helped me win. How much I stunk in practice only proved to me that maybe there's some truth to her affecting my mood enough to shift how I play. But that's not on her, that's on me. I'm smart enough to realize that. And I know that if she

agrees to work for me, I'm going to have to tell her about the whole "good luck" thing so she doesn't think I'm using her.

I push up off the bench and make my way to the showers, Johnny on my heels again. I'm going to buy him a shock collar if he continues to follow me around like a puppy.

"So does that mean you fucked again?"

"Rookie," I admonish. "Boundaries."

He chuckles. "Sorry, sorry. Just curious why your head wasn't in it on the ice tonight. You'd better get it together before tomorrow."

I don't answer him, instead turning on the spray and stepping under it. I quickly wash off and then head back to my locker, changing into my clothes and leaving before Johnny can find me again or Coach asks to talk to me. I don't need a reminder of how much me being on my game is important.

When I turn the corner near the team parking lot entrance, I freeze when I see a familiar woman there. My heart stutters as Stevie looks up at me. She's wearing a puffy red coat and that same cherry lipstick again, drawing my attention to those lips that spread into a smile when she sees me. A smile that makes my heart stop in my chest.

With a renewed pep in my step, I make my way over to her so we're standing toe-to-toe. "What are you doing here?" I ask.

She tucks her hair behind her ear. "Leo got me in. He called me earlier and said you asked him to call about the job and make me an offer."

"I wanted it to be official, so it's nice and clean. I don't want you to think this is me trying to get in your pants."

Another smile cracks at her lips. "Are you saying you don't want to get in my pants?"

I chuckle, glad she's back to being relaxed. I was afraid I'd ruined it by talking so seriously with her earlier. It clearly made her uncomfortable.

"I mean"—I tuck a lock of hair behind her ear—"if you're offering."

She shakes her head and expels a breathy laugh before turning on what I call a "game face."

"I accept the job."

My heart beats faster, and my body buzzes with excitement. "That's great."

"But we need to keep things professional, Lucas. I quit my other job, and I'm freaking out. If this doesn't work, I'm fucked. Literally and figuratively," she says, trying to smile.

I shove my hands in my pockets and put on my own game face. I want to

be more than friends or Stevie's employer, but I get why we can't be…at least for now.

"I understand," I say.

"Do you really?"

I make an X motion over my heart. "Cross my heart that I'll keep it professional as long as you want me to."

She stares at me. "It can't happen, Lucas. Especially if you're my boss."

"Well, technically, I've made Leo your boss."

She sighs comically. "Maybe I shouldn't do this."

I stop her with a hand in the air. "No. Like you said, you quit your other job, and I want you to be here, Stevie. I told you that I trust you. Plus, I do need the help, and you need this job."

Her eyes bore into mine, seeking the truth in them as she studies me. I can't help it; I fidget, because I do need to come clean about one thing.

"Is there something you're not telling me?" she asks, reading my mind.

As I'm about to open my mouth, Johnny's voice booms down the hallway. "Well, if it isn't Cap's 'good luck' in the flesh."

I watch as Stevie's face falls and her body tenses. She looks at me then down the hallway toward Johnny as he makes his way to us. Fucking Johnny.

"'Good luck'?" she says, her face scrunching up as she pieces it together. "Is that why you said you found me last night at the bar?"

"Stevie, that's not—"

Her eyes narrow, and she grimaces. Then she takes a step to move away, but Johnny is too fast. He throws his arm around her shoulders and shakes her a bit in a friendly manner.

"Looks like my boy is going to win our game tomorrow night!"

"Johnny," I practically growl. "Don't touch people who didn't ask you to."

Realization crosses Johnny's face, and he steps back. "Yo, my bad."

Stevie shakes her head. "No, it's fine. I should get going." Without another word, she's walking fast toward the doors. I don't waste any time following her, but not before I make sure to whack Johnny upside the head like I've been wanting to. He swears at me, but I pay him no mind.

The winter night hits me in the face, and I nearly run into Stevie, who's standing just outside the door. She doesn't look at me, but I can see her angry face in the lamplight.

"Leo dropped me off so I have to wait for an Uber," she says before I can ask why she's not going to her car.

“I’ll give you a ride home.”

“I’ve already called for it.”

“Cancel it, then.”

“I’m good, thanks.”

I step in front of Stevie so she has to look at me. “I was about to tell you before my idiot teammate said that. I swear to you, Stevie. It’s not what you’re thinking.”

She crosses her arms over her chest, her breath crystallizing in the cold air. “So your whole team doesn’t think the reason you won your game last night is because we slept together?”

I hold up my hands in surrender. “It’s not like that. Johnny may have slipped that I got laid after the game, and they started spitting out their superstitions. I know you love this game like I do. And you know how players get with this kind of stuff. The only reason Johnny knows who you are is because he was the one who convinced me to go to that Valentine’s Day party.”

She stares at me, her frown softening a bit. “Did you want to get to know me? Or did you offer me this job only because you think I can help you win games?”

I shake my head. “No. No, I didn’t. I’ll admit that last night, the team got into my head a bit about it, but I felt a connection to you from the moment you gave me that pep talk at the mansion. I know I said I found you when I saw you last night, but I meant I found *you*,” I emphasize, hoping she understands.

Then I kept going. “I wanted to take you out to dinner and get to know you from the start. My thoughts were jumbled after the game, but I swear to you I didn’t sleep with you again or ask you to work for me so that I can win games. I asked you because I’m selfish, and I want to get to know you. And because I’m hoping you’ll eventually change your mind about giving me a shot,” I admit.

She shifts a bit on her feet. “Lucas, I…I think I was right; this is a bad idea.”

“You said you quit your job already, Stevie. You’re going to work for me. And I promise I’ll do my best to let you do your thing. I meant what I said earlier. I swear it.”

Her phone buzzes, and she looks down. “My Uber is one minute away.”

“Please, Stevie. I’ll make this up to you. I promise I’ll be a good boy.”

That comment makes her smile before she takes her lower lip into her mouth. “You’d better be.”

“You’ll do it? You’ll keep the job?”

After a tense moment, she nods. “Like you said, I quit my job. I need this to work. So if you can promise to keep things professional, then I’ll do it.”

I nod vigorously as I breathe a sigh of relief. Then I hold up my hand for a high five. She stares at it, her face coloring with amusement.

“A high five?”

I shrug. “I panicked.” Which is true, because I would’ve much rather kissed her.

She laughs and hits my hand as her car pulls up.

“I’ll have one of the assistant coaches email you all the game information. Be here three hours before the game tomorrow, and we can go through what I need and take some pictures for my social media,” I say.

“Sounds good.” She opens the door and confirms her name with her driver before she makes eye contact with me one last time. “I’ll see you tomorrow, Boss.”

I cringe, wanting to reiterate that I made Leo her boss and me more of her manager. I know that sounds stupid, but I can’t fire her. Only Leo can. It’s something I wanted written into her contract to make things cleaner and more comfortable for her if anything were to happen between us. I know my brother made that clear to her when he offered her the job as well. But I don’t remind her of that little fact. Instead, I keep my mouth shut and wave goodbye to her.

As I watch the car drive away, I think I might’ve screwed all of this up before it even started. But at least everything is out in the open now. I’ll just have to see where things go from here.

Chapter Thirteen

Stevie

"THIS IS A BAD idea," I say to Nia through the phone as I pull up to the arena.

"Are you kidding, Stevie? You landed your dream job. One that pays you enough to kick your stupid roommate to the curb. You're making the big bucks now, Gorgeous."

I smile through the phone. She's not wrong there. "True. But is the money worth it?" I ask. Mostly to myself. Because I'm thinking of all the things that could go wrong by me taking this job. In the end, I'm the one taking a risk. If things go south, I'll be out of a job, and it could also affect my relationship with Riley and her partners.

"Umm, you're an idiot." She laughs.

I give my name to the security guy at the back entrance, and he directs me to where I should park. Once I drive off, I say, "I don't think I'm an idiot, Nia. More like a smart woman who's trying not to do something idiotic."

"Okay, but the way I look at it, you've walked into an amazing opportunity. You get to use your skills, do what you're good at, and you get to spend time around smelly hockey players who are probably missing teeth. I know you're into that shit."

I bark out a laugh. "Lucas has all his teeth."

"Golden Boy is special that way."

I find an open space and turn off my car. "What if this all goes south, Nia? What if I end up back where I started from but with a sister who hates me because I fucked things up with her partner's brother?" I ask, voicing my

earlier thought.

“I’m going to stop you right there. Your sister loves you, and from what you told me about your interactions with Lucas—and from what I saw on Valentine’s Day—I don’t think he’s the type of guy to hold grudges. You’re both adults. If it goes bad, you’ll work it out. Don’t let this doom-and-gloom future you’ve dreamt up stop you from living your life. This job was made for you.”

I blow out a tense breath. “You really think this was the right choice?”

“I’ll miss our shows at the club together,” she says. I swear I can hear her smiling through the phone.

“I’m still going to try to make them work.”

She chuckles. “Seriously, don’t worry about it. I’ll ask that woman, Rachel, if she wants to do some scenes together. She was great with us the other night.”

My thighs clench automatically as my pussy remembers the way Rachel’s tongue had felt on me. My scalp tingles remembering the way Nia had controlled my head, holding me by my ponytail as Lucas fucked my mouth. Jesus, that was amazing.

“You’re thinking about it now, aren’t you?” she teases.

“Thanks for making me wet before I have to go be professional with my new boss.”

“You said he’s not your boss.”

“Semantics.”

“Don’t allow yourself to complicate this, Stevie. Do your job, have fun. See what happens. You’re normally not this uptight about shit. Just let things flow.”

She’s right. I take a few calming breaths then grab my backpack off the passenger seat. “Okay. I’m going to do this.”

“You are.”

“It’s going to be great.”

“It is.”

“I love you, Nia. Thanks for being such a kick-ass friend.”

“I love you, too, girl. And please let me know how that cock works out for you.”

I grit my teeth. “I’m not going to bang Lucas again.”

“Whatever you say.”

“Okay, I’m hanging up now.”

“Bye, Gorgeous.”

One of the assistant managers come get me when I make my way inside the arena. People are starting to show up for the game happening in a few hours, but it’s quiet otherwise. The assistant offers me a water and then leaves me in an office whose furnishings consist of a desk and two chairs and not much else.

There are a few framed pictures of past and present Stormbreaker teams on the walls, but it doesn’t look like anyone occupies this space on a regular basis. There also aren’t any windows, which makes the room feel a little suffocating, but I do my best to stay calm.

I know I’m just nervous to see Lucas again. Partly because every time I see him, my stomach flutters, but also because I really don’t want to screw this up. This job is something I never could’ve dreamed up. And Nia is right. It really is perfect for me.

“Stevie.”

I jump at my name and turn to see Lucas standing in the door. He’s smiling wide, his delicious body dressed in a bright navy suit that hugs his toned form like a glove and makes those wintery eyes pop. I’ve seen him dressed up like this in pictures and on TV but not in person. Holy mother of God, he looks good.

I swallow the lump in my throat and internally scold my pussy, telling her to behave. I can’t break my professionalism because of a suit. No matter how hot said suit makes Lucas look.

“H-hey,” I manage to say, my voice coming out all squeaky.

Lucas raises his eyebrow in amusement. The damn bastard knows the effect he has on me, especially since I just greeted him in a Minnie Mouse

voice. To make matters worse, he places his hands in the pockets of his slacks and swaggers into the room. Yes, swaggers.

“I’m glad you made it here all right,” he says.

“I probably would’ve gotten lost, but your assistant manager helped me.”

He nods, striding behind the desk to pull out the rolling chair. For a moment, I think he’s going to sit behind the desk, but then he wheels the chair out and places it next to me then sits down. He folds his hands on his lap, his body angled slightly toward me.

“So,” he says after a time.

“So,” I say back, unsure of where to start. This isn’t exactly a normal working relationship.

“I’m really glad you took this job, Stevie.”

I look into those strong blue eyes of his. I’m going to have to get used to staring into them without wanting to either jump his bones or jump up and down. I need to learn how to tone both attracted Stevie, who knows what his cock feels like inside her, and Fangirl Stevie down when I’m working with him.

“Are you happy you did?” he adds when I don’t say anything.

I push down my desire to deflect and answer truthfully. “I am. I think I’m going to be good at it.”

A warm smile plays at his bowed lips. “I think you are, too.”

“I hope so, since you hired me,” I say, causing him to chuckle. “Though I have to admit, this was the weirdest way to get a job. You know I do social media, but you didn’t interview me.”

He shrugs nonchalantly. “I trust you.”

“As you’ve said before. But I’d like to remind you that you don’t even know me.”

He taps his long fingers on the desk then leans back in the chair. “I know you enough to know I trust you. Like I said yesterday, you could’ve shared what happened between us with the press. But you didn’t.”

“I would never do that to you,” I say passionately. “I take people’s privacy very seriously. I wouldn’t want someone posting pictures of me in a scene on the internet, either.”

“See, you’ve proven my point.”

“Plus, we sign an NDA at the club,” I add with a smirk.

He shakes his head. “That doesn’t stop some people. And you could have exposed what happened in the bar bathroom.”

I try to blink the images of that night away. “All that aside, what if I’m not actually good at my job?”

“Okay, well, you’ve got me there. I guess I don’t know that. But you said that’s what you do for a living. We’ve already established that you like hockey and you’re a fan. I also have a gut feeling about you, Cherry—I mean, Stevie.”

I bite my inner cheek at his slip, and he smiles sheepishly. “Sorry, it’s going to take a minute for me not to do that.”

“It’s okay,” I say honestly. “I know this is a little weird.”

He steeples his fingers, those blue eyes piercing into me. After a moment, he stands up, and I stare in confusion as he rolls the chair back behind the desk and sits opposite me. He puts his shoulders back and then looks at me once more. This time, the boyish glint in his eye that’s usually there when he looks at me is gone, replaced with cool professionalism.

“Tell me, Ms. Harper,” he says, using my last name to address me. “How can you help me take my social media to the next level?”

I blink at him for a moment then realize he’s completely serious. The butterflies in my stomach dissipate, and I remind myself that this is what I wanted. What I’ve asked of him. I lean down and unzip my backpack, pulling out my old-as-fuck laptop. It’s basically a dinosaur at this point, but it gets the job done.

Once I have that open, I pull out a notebook where I’ve jotted down some ideas. Lucas doesn’t say anything as I set up, but I can feel him watching me carefully as I do. It only makes me more nervous, because now I’ve stopped thinking about our intimate time together but I’m overtaken with the desire to do a good job.

When my eyes meet his again, they’re a little warmer. “See, you’ve already impressed me.”

“I haven’t said anything yet.”

“You came on time and prepared. Those are both things I like in people.”

“Noted.” I smile then open my notebook and show him what I’ve outlined. “I’ve looked at your socials. The biggest thing is you hardly post. You have millions of followers you can utilize, which means you have so many more brand opportunities here, ways for you to earn money. But more importantly, this is a way to connect with your fans. Especially the ones who know you as an actor and not as a hockey player. You could build a great community of people here.”

“So how do we do that?” he asks, leaning forward as if he’s hanging on my every word.

“It’s going to be a lot of work on my end. Mostly, you just have to look pretty while I take pictures of you. I think we can do a lot of day-in-the-life posts, too. People love that. We can give them a little glimpse into your life without having to get too personal.”

“I’m an open book,” he says.

“So you don’t mind if I post that picture I took of you on Valentine’s Day, then?” I tease, realizing I’m the one who’s now being unprofessional. But it just came out of me.

“Ha ha,” he huffs, though his face remains warm. “But really, I don’t mind you posting anything about my life, as long as I have pants on.”

“Deal,” I say. “I’m working on creating a more detailed plan that I’ll show you once I’m done. Then we can get on a content schedule and coordinate with your manager in Los Angeles and your PR team to make sure everything is announced on time. I know Leo will have some collabs with brands he wants to do, too.”

Lucas stares at me for a moment, long enough that I start to wonder if he doesn’t like what I said. Then he smiles. “See. I knew I hired the right person.”

I can’t help but blush. “Thanks. I really want to get this right for you.”

“I’m not worried.”

Those butterflies in my stomach return briefly as we stare at each other, but I shove them down as best I can. “Should we go take some pictures, then? People will go crazy for you in that suit,” I say, trying to keep my cheeks from turning redder. Because I am one of those people, no matter how much I wish I wasn’t right now. It would make my job much easier.

He opens his mouth to speak before closing it without saying anything, and judging by the boyish glint that’s returned to his blue eyes, I have a feeling it was something flirty.

But as quickly as it appears, he blinks it away just as fast. “Let’s give the people what they want.” He smiles.

“Let’s.” I grin back.

Chapter Fourteen

Lucas

Two Months Later

AFTER ENDING A BUSINESS call with my brother, I pocket my phone and stop outside Stevie's hotel room. We're in Vancouver again for our second-to-last game of the season.

These last two games are important because they will determine if we get into the playoffs. We have no choice but to win, and I have to admit the pressure is getting to me. And if I'm honest with myself, so has trying to stay professional with Stevie.

The more I get to know her, the more I want her. Since the day she started, I've done everything in my power to not even look at her for too long, at least when she's not looking at me. It's hard, though, when I spend hours with her every day. But that's my own fault. I'm a glutton for punishment, and I'd be lying if I said I didn't ask for more of her time than I probably need. But being around her is addicting, and I can genuinely say she's also become one of my best friends.

That's also a problem. Because even though I wanted to get to know her, I'm worried that I did too good of a job. That she's put me in the friend zone. The only glimmers of hope I have are when I see her watching me a little longer than she has to while filming for my social media. There was also this one time I swore she moaned when I did a hip stretch in front of her last week, but I brushed it off as my own horny imagination. Because *fuck*. I'm in a dry spell again.

And it's not like I can just go and get laid. Stevie takes up all my dreams and fantasies. I've tortured myself some nights wondering if she's sleeping

with anyone else, but I'm pretty sure our schedules have kept her from any extracurricular activities. Not that I have any right to her body—we were never together.

Movement catches my eye down the hallway, and I realize I've been standing outside her door like a creep. I bring my hand up to the door to knock, but then I realize it's cracked open. Panic swells in my chest, worry overtaking me. I knock on the door, but nobody answers.

"Stevie? Are you in there?" When she doesn't answer, I push the door open to find an empty room. I let out a sigh of relief until I see her phone on the bed. My heart rate picks up again as I notice that the bathroom door is shut, and then I hear the sloshing of water. I close and lock the door before walking further into the room.

Is she seriously taking a bath with her hotel room door open? I can't believe she didn't lock it. Maybe I'm working her too hard, and I should give her a break. It's not like her to do something so careless.

The water sloshes again, and my feet take on a mind of their own. I decide I'm just going to knock and let her know I'm here, that her door was unlocked and to be careful, then leave. Work can wait.

But when I hear her cries followed by the sigh of my name on her lips, I stop my hand midair.

Oh, fuck. She's touching herself and thinking of me? I guess I was right about the sound I heard her make last week. Hope lights in my chest that maybe I still have a chance to change her mind about us, but then I also have to remember this is a private moment. It could mean nothing.

I will my feet to move, to leave and pretend like this never happened, but when I hear my name from her lips again and the slosh of more water, I'm frozen in place.

The image of her in the bath appears behind my eyelids, and I swallow. In my mind, I can see the crest of her wet breasts on top of soapy water, her knees parted as her hand moves between her folds. For a brief moment, I picture what I have for the last few months while I've gotten myself off.

After she was done in the bath, I'd carry her flushed body to the bed and bury myself between her legs. I've only had brief tastes of her, and I want to know what her pussy feels like coming against my tongue before I fuck her senseless.

All the blood rushes to my cock, and it's enough to snap me out of my perverted fantasy.

This is wrong. I shouldn’t be standing here picturing this. Guilt pools in my stomach, but at the same time, I also want to yell at her for leaving her door open. She’s lucky it was me who walked in and not some random man.

I step away from the bathroom door and quietly leave her room as if I was never there. Once I confirm the door is shut and the automatic lock clicks, I hightail it toward the gym. I need to blow off some steam so I don’t lose this game tomorrow. And I need to try to get the image of Stevie getting off to me out of my mind.

Even if it did give me hope that I still have a chance with her.

Chapter Fifteen

Stevie

CAN WOMEN HAVE BLUE balls? Blue lady balls? That sounds like I'm a Smurf or something. But it's been two months since I've had sex in the bathroom with Lucas. Two months of torment. I've been around hot hockey players since the day after Lucas convinced me to work for him, and now, I'm in a perpetual state of turned on.

And why haven't I had sex, you may ask? Because Lucas McKnight keeps me busier than I've ever been in my life…but I can't say I don't love it. This job has been everything I could have ever asked for. Minus the blue lady balls.

"I'm blue…blah blah blee blah blah, blahhhh," I sing out loud stupidly, unable to stop myself with the song "Blue" by Eiffel 65 now in my head.

"Why are you blue?" Johnny asks, coming up behind me.

I jump, almost dropping my phone. "Random ear worm," I lie. "And what have I told you about sneaking up on me? You're going to give me a heart attack."

Johnny smirks, and I turn back to my task: filming Lucas on the ice. I've been appealing to the masses on social media by posting clips of him and the other guys with funny trending sounds underneath. Even the Stormbreakers asked me to start making additional content for their social media team. In the last two months, I've slowly been able to pay off a lot of my debt. And more importantly, I've had the time of my life.

Everyone has been incredibly nice to me, and I've gotten to travel all over the United States and Canada. We've got what feels like a little family here,

and I've even made friends with some of the players' wives and kids. I'm living a completely different life, and it's all thanks to Lucas McKnight and his brother.

I stop recording their practice and put my phone in my back pocket. I'm going to head back to the hotel room and put some clips together, then tomorrow, I'll post them before the game. Which is against Vancouver, but this time, we're at their home rink.

Lucas has been a ball of nerves since the plane took off, and even more so since I met him earlier this afternoon for a meeting. Normally, he comes to my room, but he asked me to meet him after a workout instead. He was especially flighty and nervous when I found him, even though he has no reason to be. He's been on a hot streak since the night after we met, and nobody can touch him.

And despite being upset about the whole "good luck" thing in the beginning, I'm okay with it now. It's actually caught on with the whole team, and they all call me "Lucky." Lucas tried to nip it in the bud, but it took on a life of its own. The team's now made up a bunch of superstitions around me, including that I have to watch every game wearing a team jersey, and I have to film them on the ice before the game for social media.

It's all really silly, but I love it. I like the friends I've made and the teasing that comes with being part of this team. It fills the space in me that's been empty since Riley moved away. Friends. Good friends. And now I feel like I have a purpose along with it, too.

The only thing that's annoying me currently is my lack of a sex life. I went from wild and kinky to dry and boring in two seconds flat. I've worn out two rose vibrators already, and I'm about ready to Google the nearest sex club in Vancouver to see if I can get in. But one thing's stopping me, which only annoys me more. And that's Lucas McKnight.

I asked him to keep things professional with us, and well, he has. We work together daily, and the man doesn't even look at my boobs! It frustrates the hell out of me. And while I appreciate that he's followed my wishes, he's taken it too far. I tried to hug him once after a game, and he dodged me. I thought he'd at least struggle to stop chasing after me, but it seems like he turned the light switch off after our first meeting in that office. There was absolutely no dimmer. Just straight to off.

I know I shouldn't complain, but at the same time, I feel weird going and sleeping with someone else, even though I shouldn't. We were never

together. We fucked. We fucked dirty. But we agreed to be friends, and I, his employee. For all I know, he fucks girls in every city we go to. I know he goes out with the team sometimes, but I try to keep my nose out of it. So instead, I work, I hang out with the team or some of the wives, and then masturbate. A lot.

"Lucky," Johnny says, reminding me that he's standing near me.

"Yeah, Johnny boy?"

He grins lopsidedly, and I smile back. I think the rookie has a crush on me, which is flattering. I don't know if it stems from when he saw Lucas bang me at the club two months ago or if it's a fleeting infatuation, but he's one person who doesn't hide the fact that he stares at my boobs. He's harmless, and I won't lie, it feels nice to be wanted by someone.

"I have a new jersey for you to wear to the game tomorrow."

My eyebrows shoot up as I turn toward him. He holds it out, and I see it's his number. My stomach flips as I stare at him in question.

"It's my birthday tomorrow, and I thought it would bring me extra good luck," he says innocently.

"Doesn't this go against some unspoken code if I wear someone's number?"

"I cleared it with the team." He shrugs.

I cross my arms over my chest. "Are you playing a joke on me, Johnny?"

He shakes his head. It wouldn't be the first time the team has tried to get me to do something naughty. One time, I almost touched one of the wingman's sticks. He almost died when he saw my hand near it. Apparently, nobody but him is allowed to touch his stick, or he thinks they'll lose. These boys can be insane, but I love them, anyway.

"No jokes, I swear. Oh, and we got you a seat up on the glass," he smiles.

Now I *do* get suspicious. Those tickets are expensive and normally are taken by paying customers. Especially at away games. "Who's we?"

"Me and the guys."

"You're serious?"

"Yep, right near the blue line."

I snatch the jersey from his hands. "If you guys lose, you can't blame me."

He scoffs. "We're not going to lose. We're ready for this game."

"You all look great." And I mean that, too. This team works together, like a well-oiled machine. They seem like they've been playing together for years. It's been a privilege to watch them get better and better every game. I have no

doubt they're going to make the playoffs this year.

Johnny puts his helmet on and says, "Wear the jersey." He gives me a goofy smile. "You'll thank me later." Then he skates onto the ice without looking back. I look down at the jersey in my hand.

I guess there's no harm in wearing it. Even if Johnny is playing a joke, would it be so bad? It would confirm or deny the questions in my head that wonder if Lucas has completely stopped being interested in me. Then maybe I can move on and take care of my blue lady balls.

He probably won't care, but there's a part of me, the part that craves and misses his attention, that hopes he will have a reaction. Though I'm sure he won't. And if Johnny is telling the truth about the team approving of me wearing the jersey, then Lucas for sure has moved on—and I got my stupid wish. We're just friends.

I look out at him on the ice. He's stretching and chatting with some of the other guys. As if he can feel me staring, his eyes catch mine. My stomach fills with nervous butterflies like it always does when he looks at me. He dips his head in acknowledgment and then goes back to what he's doing.

I watch as he does his hip stretches, and if I didn't know any better, I'd think he's being extra about it because he knows I'm looking. I bite my lip as I watch him move his hips into the ice, and suddenly, I feel hot. Really hot. My thighs clench together, and I know that's my signal to leave.

I already got off once thinking about him in the bath earlier, a particular fantasy I've dreamt up of him fucking me on the ice while the team watches. I feel my lower belly coil, and I dare a glance back at Lucas again. He's laughing at something Jason says, and an entirely different warmth fills me. I know why my attraction hasn't gone away, and it's because I've gotten to know him—the funny, caring, smart, hard-working man who loves to give to charity and spends extra time with his teammates to bond with them when I know he wants to go to bed.

He moves into another deep hip stretch, and I sigh.

I need to leave now, or who knows what I may do? I might not be able to stop myself from jumping him on the ice. Damn horny vagina has a mind of her own.

I groan. Vibrator, here I come. For the second time today.

Chapter Sixteen

Lucas

"HEY, JASON, IS CAP'S right bicep bigger than the other?" Johnny asks, studying my arms like an idiot.

I roll my eyes and pull my compression shirt over my head. "Don't start with this shit again, Rookie."

Jason steps up and slaps me on the shoulder. "We're just looking out for you, MVP."

I grit my teeth and begin to pull on the rest of my gear. When the team heard Stevie use her nickname for me once, the guys started calling me it whenever they want to rile me up. They know I don't like anyone but her calling me that, even if I've never explicitly said it out loud.

"We saw the way you were making googly eyes at Lucky today when you thought none of us were looking. Today you were especially googly."

I growl, pissed they noticed—and at that dumb name. "Stop calling her that."

Jason throws his arm around Johnny then puts his free hand under his chin and does the best googly eyes he can.

"'Hi, my name is Lucas McKnight, and I'm in love but refuse to do anything about it. I just angrily win games and then go home and jerk off while I cry in the shower.'"

I crack my neck and take a step toward Jason, ready to punch him in the face. I've never violently hit one of my teammates, but I'm about to.

Johnny sees my reaction and steps away from Jason, pressing his hand to my chest. "Okay, okay. He was teasing. Apologize, Jason."

Jason smiles sheepishly. “Sorry, Cap. Took it too far.”

I step back and grab my jersey. “Seems to be a theme lately.” And I’m not lying. They’ve been ribbing me about her since day one, but they’ve amped it up in the last couple of weeks. I tried to cut it out, but apparently, I’ve gotten worse. And I couldn’t help it after what I heard and subsequently imagined earlier this afternoon.

I don’t know how I’m an actor, because clearly I can’t act when my real feelings are involved. The only person who seems to remain oblivious as to how I feel is Stevie. Her calling my name out in the tub doesn’t mean she knows how I feel. It just means she’s thinking about me. But it could also just be her fantasizing.

I mean, we’re friends. At this point, I’ve learned what kind of food she likes (eggs Benedict and burgers), what kind of coffee she needs to have in the morning (iced shaken double espresso), and what kind of music she likes (emo stuff from the early 2000s like Fall Out Boy). I even know she hates early mornings and only likes cinnamon toothpaste. What a weirdo.

Her getting off to images of me might mean nothing. Or they could mean something, but I still want to remain professional. If she feels different, then it’s up to her to tell me. Even though I may have ruined my chance at this point if she really doesn’t notice how much I look at her.

“I honestly didn’t mean to piss you off that bad, Cap,” Jason says again.

I look at the regretful face of my teammate and try to relax. I know he was teasing. And I know the team loves Stevie, too. So much so that I find myself getting jealous every time she hugs one of them or one of them makes her laugh or they sit too close to her…or when any of them basically do anything that makes me wish I was them.

Johnny especially pisses me off. He’s the one who started calling her Lucky and deemed her the team’s unofficial good luck charm. It’s not lost on me that he’s trying to push us together, but all that did was push me further away from her. I never want Stevie to feel like she’s here for that, to feel like I hired her so I could win games. She’s told me she’s fine with the name and the team’s antics, but I refuse to be a part of it.

I sit to put my skates on and try to ignore the eyes of my team on me. Johnny and Jason have recruited them all to be on Team *Stevas*, which is a dumb fucking name. I sigh, lacing up my left skate and attempting to Zen myself out. I’ve already meditated, but I should do it again so I don’t kill someone on the ice.

“Sorry, Cap,” Jason mumbles again before walking off to put his gear on. Johnny takes his usual place next to me and lets out a breath.

“You okay, Luke?”

I continue to lace up my skates, not looking at him. “Perfectly fine.”

He nudges my shoulder. “We just want what’s best for you.”

“We have a game to play. That should be our focus.”

“Stevie affects your game.”

I grumble. “Quit with it already. I’m responsible for my own game.”

“So you keep saying. But you can’t deny you like her here. That you like seeing her in the stands. I see you look for her every time.”

I stand. “We all like having Stevie here.”

He rubs the stubble on his square jaw then gets up, flipping some of his blond hair from his forehead. “We see the way you two dance around each other. And the last thing we want is for her being here to start having a negative effect on your game. Then we’d have to trade you,” he jokes. “Just talk to her.”

“Johnny,” I chide. “She doesn’t affect my game.”

He raises an eyebrow at me. “Well, if you won’t go after her, do you mind if I shoot my shot?”

My entire body tenses. I know Johnny has a crush on her, but most of the team does. I thought it was innocent—maybe I’m wrong.

“Are you trying to make us lose tonight, Johnny boy?” our goalie, Mason, says to our left.

Johnny smirks. A smirk that spells trouble. “No. Just trying to get our Cap’s head out of his ass.”

I square my shoulders and stare Johnny straight in the eye. “My head is out of my ass, Rookie. But I’ll gladly put my skate in yours if you want it.”

The guys *ooh*, and I think Jason says, “Oh, snap!”

I force a smile to my face and hit Johnny on the shoulder harder than necessary. “Let’s win this game.”

My defenseman has a death wish.

Fucking. Johnny.

I almost boarded my asshole “friend” while an arena of hockey fans watched. I would’ve done it, too, if I didn’t have common sense.

I clench my jaw and try to quell some of my anger. When he was talking to Stevie yesterday during practice, I assumed it was harmless. They talk often, just like she does with many of the team, but if I had looked closer, I would have seen the asshole betraying me.

When I came out on the ice to see her in his jersey, I almost asked an assistant coach to bring her a new one. But judging by the look on Johnny’s face, I have a feeling my entire goddamn team is in on this stunt. Bunch of fucking traitors. We’re going to have words after this for being so disrespectful. I know they think they’re doing me a favor, some backwards way of getting me to act on my feelings for Stevie, but this game has been anything but easy.

My anger has almost sent me to the penalty box, and we’re tied again at three-three with ten seconds left in the game. My eyes find Stevie as I skate for a face-off with Vancouver’s center, Connor Bryce, in the offensive zone. She’s smiling and cheering with her phone out, completely oblivious to the war raging inside me.

For a split second, her eyes meet mine, and she waves. I don’t know if she can see how angry my face looks from where she is, but she sure as hell has seen how I’ve been playing. I’ve been trying to keep my eyes off her so I’m not reminded that she’s wearing Johnny’s number, but after playing so many games with her here, my eyes automatically seek her out.

Johnny skates by and winks at me before positioning himself on the blue

line. I really need to put this rookie in his place so that I don't end up in jail for murder. Ways in which I can screw with him start filtering through my brain, but none of them seem like the right punishment.

I also want to punish Stevie for even agreeing to wear his number. She understands how things are with that sort of thing, and even if we don't have a relationship beyond friends and employee/employer, I'd think she would understand what it means to wear another man's jersey. Especially when she's part of the team. And to a certain extent, I think she knows how I still feel about her, even if I try not to show it out of respect for our arrangement. Especially after what I heard in her bathroom earlier.

I attempt to push out those thoughts and focus on the game as the ref skates to us. Despite what's going on around me, I'm determined to win. To show myself it doesn't matter what jersey Stevie is wearing or if she's even at the game. I'm a good player, and I can win this game. I also need to play nice with Johnny to make it happen.

I get down in position and exhale, placing my stick on the ice. I wait for the drop, zoning my focus in on the ice and Bryce's stick. We have ten seconds. Ten seconds to win or at least go into overtime. As soon as the puck lands, nothing else matters. Just my drive to win this game and then have a talk with Johnny. Preferably with my fist. Maybe I'll make Stevie watch.

My eyes stay locked on the puck as I start to maneuver. I win the draw easily, capturing the puck and shooting it back to Johnny. Despite how annoying this kid is, he has one of the most powerful slap shots I've ever seen. Once he has control of the puck, time seems to slow as he winds up and unleashes the puck toward the net.

Vancouver defense moves to block, and just as I think we're shit out of luck, Jason appears near the crease, changing the direction of the puck with the tip of his stick, sailing it right past the goalie's outstretched glove and into the net.

The horn blares as the clock runs out, red lights flashing as the arena goes wild, the cheers of our fans attempting to drown out the outrage of the Vancouver fans. I pump my fist in the air and skate my way to Jason with the rest of the team. We pile on top of him, and for a few moments, I'm able to forget about Stevie and that fucking jersey. But it all comes rushing back when I see Johnny skate toward Stevie. He tosses her the game-winning puck over the glass, and I see red.

I watch as she blushes and bangs on the boards for him then blows him a

kiss. My anger comes back in full force, and I think I growl. That's our fucking thing. In a flash, everything I've been bottling up for the last two months mixed with the adrenaline of the game breaks free, and I'm done being good. I know there's something between us. And I'll be damned if I'm going to let another man take her from me while I watch.

She must feel my heated gaze because her eyes lock on mine. Then I blow her a kiss. Her smile fades, and confusion colors her features at my action. My lips upturn into a crooked smile, and then I'm skating off the ice toward the locker room. I need to shower and take a few deep breaths. Then I hope my Cherry is ready for me.

Chapter Seventeen

Stevie

EVAN, THE STORMBREAKERS' EQUIPMENT manager, came and got me before the stands had even started to empty. I'd still been sitting in my seat, dumbfounded that Lucas blew me a kiss after months of nothing. Not even a wink. It gave me hope that maybe I was right, that he *does* still have interest. Especially after that intense game he played. But it also made this situation between us feel confusing again.

And now I'm even more confused because Evan didn't tell me why he brought me here, only that someone from the marketing team wanted to meet me, and this was the easiest place. But there's got to be an office somewhere. Or even the hotel bar. But the equipment room?

I pull out my phone and look at the time. It's after nine pm, and I'm exhausted. Last night, I ended up editing videos and engaging with fans on social media most of the night. Lucas had texted and said the announcement for his new movie next year was unexpectedly going live, so I had a lot of promoting to do.

His career really is blowing up. If he wanted to retire from hockey soon, I think he could. I know he doesn't say anything to the team, but I see how stiff his body is the day after a game. And I've seen the amount of bodywork sessions on that man's calendar. It's a lot.

A text comes across the screen, and I smile at my sister's name. With the press having calmed down over their throuple announcement, they decided to take a trip. She's in Hawaii with Jace and Leo. It also happens to be Jace's first trip home in years. I know it was big for him since he doesn't speak to

most of his family after coming out as bisexual after college, so they all wanted to go to support him.

She's been sending me tons of pictures, and I'm jealous of her. I could use a little fun in the sun and some color on my skin. I've gotten pasty since I started working for Lucas. Ice isn't good for a tan.

RILEY: Tell Lucas congrats on the game. He looked like a bulldozer out there.

STEVIE: They won, so that's all that matter

RILEY: Any news on the Lucas/Stevie front?

I try not to roll my eyes as I think of a response.

STEVIE: Nothing is happening. I told you. Platonic friends. I kno the man's shitting schedule at this point. No sex is being ha

RILEY: Poop 😉 Well, I think you should change that. I think he's still interested. Leo and Jace think he is.

I sigh. Riley and her men are pains in my side sometimes. They're trying to play matchmaker like they have the last two months. It can be annoying, but it's also kind of amusing. I thought the three of them would be annoyed that Lucas and I screwed, but they're all for it. A bunch of odd ducks, they are. But I love it because I'm weird, too. Or at least I used to be.

Which reminds me: I need to get laid. Though Lucas's reaction after the game didn't exactly answer my question about if he still has any desire to be with me. I guess the only way I'll really know how he feels is if we talk. And I'm not sure I want to open that can of worms.

Ugh! Why is this so hard? I groan and tap out a response to Riley.

STEVIE: That's nic

RILEY: That's all you have to say? "That's nice"?

I want to smack my head against a wall.

STEVIE: Go enjoy your guys. Love you, R

Done with that conversation for now, I put my phone on silent and pocket it. I glance around the room as I wait for whomever from the marketing team is coming to meet me. Again, I can't help but wonder why the hell they picked the equipment room.

I stand from the padded bench I'm sitting on and walk to a row of new sticks on the wall. I take one off a hook and pretend to shoot a goal.

Even though I'm a massive hockey fan, I never really got into playing. I just love the game and always have. It's mostly my dad's fault, since he loves it and always made me watch the games with him—still does. I crouch down and swing the stick like I'm doing a slap shot then make a fake horn buzzer noise before cheering like an idiot. The sound of clapping makes my cheeks blush, and I stand up, spinning with the stick still in my hand to meet the wintery-blue gaze of Lucas.

"Nice shot," he says, one of his dark eyebrows raised in amusement.

The way he's looking at me lights my lady bits on fire, and for some reason, I take a step back. His gaze looks almost predatory now that I'm really looking at him—and it has my body on high alert.

Lucas takes a step forward, running one of his hands through his dark hair, wet from a shower. He's got on dark wash jeans and a white long-sleeved shirt that accentuates the muscles of his toned body.

"Are you the one who asked Evan to bring me here?" I ask, trying to stop my mind from entering the gutter.

He eats up the distance between us and doesn't stop until I'm forced to back into the wall of sticks, the wood clanking together when my body hits them.

"I did," he says, his breath hitting the skin of my cheek.

I stare into his eyes and notice a fire there I haven't seen since that night in the bathroom. My stomach flips, and my vagina betrays me again, because I swear she's started to purr at his nearness. I'd scold her if Lucas wasn't standing here, looking like he wants to devour me.

I swallow, trying to calm myself. "Why did you ask me here, Lucas?"

He puts his hands in his pockets and rocks on his feet. "Do you know what it says when you wear another man's jersey number, Stevie?"

Oh, shit. He *does* care.

The butterflies in my stomach turn into rocks, and I have the urge to find Johnny and slap the stick I'm still holding straight into his balls. That little meddling shit. Though I guess I got my wish, too.

I stare into Lucas's eyes, eyes I've come to know so well in the last two months. I wasn't lying when I told my sister I know his shitting schedule. He may not touch me or look at my boobs, but he did get his wish about us getting to know each other. I even know that his car is due for an oil change

and he likes to watch sappy ‘90s rom-coms when he’s alone. His favorite is *Never Been Kissed*. He’s a dork. A sexy, cute dork who is also my employer and my future brother-in-law.

“Johnny said he cleared it with the team,” I say, my voice huskier than it should sound right now.

Lucas hums. “He didn’t clear it with me.”

“He said it was his birthday. I’m guessing it’s not?”

“He turned twenty-one in January.”

“Motherfucker,” I say under my breath, turning my eyes to the ground.

Lucas stays silent for a second before his pointer finger comes into view. He puts it under my chin and lifts my gaze to meet his. His blue eyes are slightly softer, but I can still see the anger and hurt in them.

“Why did you wear his jersey, Stevie?” he asks.

I narrow my eyes at him. “I just told you, Johnny—”

He moves his finger to my lips to silence me. “No, I asked you why *you* wore his jersey, Stevie. And don’t give me the answer we both know is bullshit.”

He presses his finger into my lower lip, my skin moving to reveal my teeth before he lets it go then traces the pad of his finger over the delicate skin. I have his favorite lipstick on again. In fact, I never stopped wearing it.

I kept telling myself that it was because it’s my favorite, too. But if I’m being completely honest with myself, a part of me always wanted him to notice my lips, wanted him to remember what they were like against his skin, around his cock…because I sure as hell have never forgotten. Even when I tried to.

Lucas leans forward so his lips are near the shell of my ear. “Did you do it to rile me up, Cherry?”

My breath catches in my throat at the nickname, the one I’ve heard in my head for the last two months. The one that fell from my lips as I used my rose vibrator to get myself off last night, pretending it was his lips around my clit instead of a toy.

My thighs clench together at his nearness, at the tone in his voice and the feeling of his finger still on my lips. I’ve spent two months failing miserably at keeping him and the mind-blowing sex we had out of my mind. I thought he had gotten over me.

But this says that I was wrong. Maybe I’ve been lying to myself about him, too. Maybe he never turned the light switch off completely—maybe it’s been

on dim this whole time, and I've purposely ignored it to make things easier. I *did* think I saw him looking at me sometimes…

Lucas runs his nose along the shell of my ear, and I shiver. "Answer me, Stevie."

"It wasn't my idea, but maybe it was in the back of my mind."

He takes my earlobe into his mouth, and my hips automatically seek out his, but his body is too far away to make contact.

"Tell me, Stevie," he says. "Tell me you still want me." He brings his eyes back to meet mine, his gaze now wild and desperate. "Tell me you think of me as much as I think of you."

My heart clenches in my chest as my mind tries to catch up to my body. I want to throw caution to the wind, to jump his bones right here and now, but my mind is still confused. Still hung up on him going from avoiding me to this. On the fact that he's still my employer and related to my sister's partner…not that the latter matters. We've already established that Jace, Leo, and Riley are on Team *Stevas*—a silly mashup of our names that I've heard a few guys on the team mumble when they think I can't hear them.

"Lucas," I exhale. "You know we can't."

He shakes his head. "You know we can."

I clench my fingers around the stick I'm still holding. "I thought you were over me."

He fingers a lock of my hair and lets out a sad chuckle. "You saw what you wanted to see, Stevie. But deep down, I know you know that's not true. And I know you want me, too. You think I haven't noticed that you watch me when you think I'm not looking?"

"It's my job to record you," I try, even though he's right. I thought I did a better job of hiding it. I see now why he's the actor, because he sure as hell had me fooled.

He shakes his head. "Why are we denying what's between us?"

I blink at him. "There's nothing between us."

"Bullshit." The fire he had in his tone when he first walked in has returned, and I shiver. He grasps my chin between his thumb and pointer finger, our mouths a whisper away. "I heard you yesterday, in the bathtub."

My cheeks flush, and blood rushes to my ears. "You came into my room?"

"You left the door open. You're lucky it was me who came in and not someone else."

"You didn't say anything," I say, no anger in my tone. I'm just

embarrassed I left the door open and he heard me. Now I know why he was so flustered when I met with him yesterday. “Did you listen?” I ask.

His eyes turn dark. “I heard you call my name, but then I left.”

“Is that all you did?”

He bumps his nose against mine. “I may have imagined what you looked like in that tub and what I would do after you came.”

I suck in a breath. My imagination fills in the blanks of what I would want him to do to me. I stare into his blue eyes and lick my lips. “It still doesn’t mean anything, Lucas,” I try one more time. But my resolve to keep our relationship platonic is only a whisper now.

“I know you haven’t been with anyone in two months, Stevie, since our night in the bar together.”

I narrow my eyes at him. “Are you stalking me?”

A small smirk plays at his bowed lips. “No. It was a complete guess, but you confirmed it for me.”

I sigh. “You tricked me.”

He hovers his mouth over mine and draws in a breath. “I haven’t been with anyone, either. You’re all I think about, Stevie. You’re all I want, all I dream of. Let me show you how good we can be together. Just let me in.”

All my fears, all the reasons why I told him I didn’t want to try to date him in the first place resurface.

“This job is important to me.”

“You’d still have a job no matter what happens between us. I’d make sure of it.”

“I told you I can’t be who you want,” I add, trying hard to hang on to my resolve.

He shakes his head. “You don’t know what I want, Stevie. You’ve never asked me.”

“You told me—”

“I told you I want you. I want *you*, Stevie.”

The silence of the room envelopes us, and all I can hear is the sound of our heavy breathing.

“Did you wear his jersey to make me angry?” he asks after a moment.

I bite my lower lip. “It’s complicated.” I answer truthfully. “But I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

He presses a kiss to my cheek. “I know, baby.” Then he moves his lips to my ear again, his tone dark and hot as he says, “But I want to punish you for

it. It's all I've been able to think about since I walked out on the ice and saw you wearing the rookie's number. I also want to punish you for leaving your damn door open," he nearly growls.

I let out a shuddering breath, arousal coiling like a spring in my lower belly. It's been so long since I've had someone touch me in more than a friendly way. And I can't deny I miss the sting of the paddle followed by the feeling of a huge cock inside me. Scratch that. The feeling of *his* huge cock inside me.

Fuck, I want him so badly. I take a deep inhale and channel how I felt that night at the mansion when we met. The woman in the mask never questioned herself or how she felt about sex. That woman took charge, took her pleasure, and fucked like Porn Star of the Year.

I know that woman is me, and I want to be able to be her whenever I want. I want to be her with Lucas. I want to have her seamlessly blend into my life without feeling like I can only let her out at the club. Maybe with Lucas, I can feel safe enough to do that—I just don't know if he'll like all he sees.

"Stevie?" Lucas asks. "If you really don't want me—if you want me to keep my hands off, to be your friend—I will go back to my hotel room. Or maybe I'll find a punching bag and pretend it's Johnny's face. But I hope you'll let me worship you, show you all the things I've been dreaming of doing to your fuck-hot body for the last two months while I got myself off. Just like you did to yourself in the tub."

A small moan escapes my lips as I search his eyes, looking for any reason beyond my own hang-ups to say no to him, to convince myself that he's lying and maybe he's only using me to win games. But I know none of that is true. Lucas is too good for that. I've learned over the last two months that the reason he's never in the press for bad things is because he never does anything bad.

Unless you count dirty sex in public bathrooms and mansions.

What harm could another night or two do? Just because we sleep together does not mean we're dating. If that were true, I'd have more than a couple of exes.

Decision made, I trap my lower lip between my teeth, a genuine smile now teasing my lips. "How would you punish me, MVP?"

He wastes no time pressing me further into the wall, and one of the sticks falls to the ground next to us. This is probably a hazard, but I like the possessive nature of it. It makes my pussy wetter, and all I want is for him to

get on his knees in front of me and lick me dry.

“I have so many ways, Cherry, so many ideas in my head that even my kinky-ass brother might faint at if he knew,” he says hotly.

I laugh, my hips now pressing into him. When I feel his hard length against my soft belly, I want to cry. Real cock. Not silicone cock. Real cock. For the love of God, I’m ready to worship that beautiful piece of art until he’s crying or passing out.

Lucas hovers over my lips for a moment, and just when I think he’s going to kiss me, he pulls back, taking the stick I’ve been clutching in my grip from my fingers.

“Take off that fucking jersey,” he says. I stare into his beautiful blue eyes, his smile now gone, and his features stern. Shit. I bet if I dressed him up in one of his game day suits, he’d be my slutty professor fantasy come to life. Or maybe I’d be the student who plays with her professor instead.

I draw up my lips and bring my hands to the hem of the jersey. I take my time, being sure to tease him as I lift it up and up, exposing my round belly and then the cups of my blue bra. It’s not really a cute bra—it’s more for supporting the girls. But when I saw it, I had to get it, because it reminded me of his eyes. And no, I didn’t buy it recently; I bought it before we met. Fangirl, remember?

Once the jersey is off, he holds out his hand, face still emotionless. I give him the jersey, and then he props the stick in his armpit while he grips the fabric and then rips it with Herculean force.

“Lucas!” I cry. “How am I supposed to get back to my hotel room?”

He doesn’t answer, just keeps up his task. The jersey rips and rips and rips. When he’s satisfied with his destruction, he throws it across the room.

“And the rest,” he says, using the blade of the stick, running it with gentle precision over my cleavage then down my tummy until he’s pressing it gently against the space between my legs. “Now, Cherry. My patience is wearing thin.”

My heart pounds in my chest. I bring my hands to my back first, unclasping my bra. My breasts fall free, the cool air making the buds of my nipples tighten. He lets himself look, but to his credit, he doesn’t show any emotion. If I didn’t see the outline of his cock in his jeans, I’d think he was unaffected.

Once my bra is tossed to the side, I unbuckle my belt and shimmy out of my pants and underwear, taking my Converse shoes and socks with them.

Lucas appraises my naked body with his eyes. I'm grateful I got a full wax at the hotel spa the other day when I had a bit of downtime. I decided to go mostly clean, only leaving a trimmed triangle of hair behind, just the way I like it. I try not to think too hard about my ultimate crush studying my body like a car he wants to buy, but I have no masks to hide my face this time or to pretend I'm someone else. Or dark lights to shadow me.

My eyes must show my insecurity, because Lucas uses the stick to keep my chin level and my eyes on his.

"You're fucking beautiful, Stevie. Fucking. Beautiful. I can't wait to use this body"—he grins slyly—"however I want."

He runs the stick over my nude form, down the rolls of my stomach and the swell of my thigh. He inches close to my pussy then backs off, running it down my inner thigh so I shiver.

"Perfect," he says so quietly I would've thought I imagined it had I not seen his lips move. Then he drags the stick back toward my cunt, the tip just touching my outer lips. "Such a naughty girl," he scolds before trailing the tip of the wet stick up my body again. As he's about to reach my breast, a knock sounds on the equipment room door.

Automatically I gasp, moving to cover myself. But Lucas is faster, slapping my hip with the stick, just enough to sting.

"Stay put, Stevie." His voice is stern.

My eyes meet his, my gaze questioning. The idea that the person outside could walk in and catch me in this position sends a fresh wave of arousal through me, enough to make my thighs sticky, my nipples feel impossibly tight, and my breasts heavy. But there's also fear in the pit of my stomach. Fear that it could be one of the coaches or someone who could get us both fired—or at least put us in the press. Which would suck, considering they've just let up from Leo, Jace, and Riley coming out to the public.

He holds my chin with the stick. "That's Johnny outside." He smirks. "If you want me to tell him to fuck off, I will. Or…"

My breath catches, and my lips part. "Or?"

His eyes bore into mine, mischief in them. "Or he comes in here to witness your punishment. Maybe I'll even let him touch."

I search for a lie in his gaze, but I can't find one. My heart is pounding in my chest as another knock on the door makes the situation even more real. I'll admit, this is another surprise.

"Does he know?"

Lucas chuckles. “Know what, baby?”

The hairs on the backs of my arms rise at the way he says “baby.” So sweet, so caring…like we’ve been together for years.

“What he’s walking into,” I say.

Lucas glides the stick back down between my breasts, leaving a trail of fire as it goes. “He knows enough.”

Anticipation builds in my stomach as I think of Johnny in the room with us. I’m curious what Lucas has cooked up in his head. Me wearing the rookie’s jersey really has him worked up.

I have no doubt that if Johnny comes into this room, I’m in for it. But I want it. Fuck, do I want it. And it’s not like Johnny hasn’t seen my body before. I know he watched Lucas fuck me on Valentine’s Day.

“Okay.” I exhale. “Let him in.”

Lucas removes the stick and smiles like the devil. Then he takes a sturdy-looking wooden chair with a ladder back that’s near us and sets it in front of me. “Straddle the chair, and push your ass out as far as you can.”

The hard tone of his voice has me obeying. I straddle the chair, the cool wood sliding against my heated pussy as I put my ass out so it’s hanging over the end. My breasts press into the wooden back at just the right height so part of them push through one of the open slats. He mumbles his approval, tweaking one of my nipples as he watches me adjust.

I cry out as I hear Johnny call from the other side, “Should I come in?”

Lucas looks down at me. “Last chance to tell him to fuck off, Cherry.”

I shake my head and smile. “Let him in.”

Chapter Eighteen

Lucas

I OPEN THE DOOR wide enough to let my defenseman come in but not enough that if a person walked by, they could see Stevie's naked body.

After I click the door closed, I grab a chair to put it under the door handle. I made sure nobody would come this way except for Johnny, but the tiny bit of extra security for what I have planned isn't a bad thing.

When I turn, Johnny has stopped in his tracks. He's staring at Stevie, at her perfect body on display. I love the way we can see every line and curve of her in the harsh light of the room. So far, we've only had sex in dim light. Now, I get to see and appreciate all of her in fine detail. And Johnny gets to watch me do it.

"You both really want me here?" Johnny asks, nervously flicking his blond hair off his forehead. I nod, motioning to him to walk with me.

After the game, I was in a rage. But once I had a moment to cool off, a plan formed in my mind. When I first approached Johnny in the locker room, he held up his hands, ready to take a blow to the face. But I have a different kind of punishment in mind. One that's far more fun and doesn't involve blood or fucking up my hand…or Johnny's pretty face.

Is it crazy? Yes. But I know that this is what Stevie craves, and if I'm being honest with myself, I do, too. I may not want to share her like a throuple shares with each other, but if she becomes mine—and I'm hoping this is a step in that direction—I like the idea of our sexual partners knowing they can have her when we agree to it, but I'm the one who gets to keep her.

When we get to Stevie, her hands are clutching the back of the chair, and

her body is flush. The first thing I notice is a drip of her arousal on the floor. After what we experienced together on Valentine's Day, I knew this would make her wet. I knew it would be the perfect way to teach her a lesson about wearing another man's jersey, one that proves why we'll work perfectly together.

"If this goes too far for anyone, say stop, and it ends. No questions asked," I say, taking control of the situation.

Johnny licks his lips, his eyes traveling from Stevie's naked body to my gaze. "Got it, Cap."

My lip twitches at the nickname, and I move my attention back to Stevie. I can see the goosebumps splayed out over her arms and her knuckles turning white from anticipation. I take the stick from earlier and trail the toe down her spine.

"Rookie, grab four sets of laces."

Like the eager pup he is, he rushes off and finds where they're kept, returning with them in his hand. I move to the front of Stevie, her forest eyes dark with lust, and those cherry lips I missed kissing so much are in a pout that makes me want to devour them.

"You're okay with being tied up?" I ask her.

"Yes," she says, her voice husky and sweet.

"Get to work, Rookie," I say, my voice in full captain mode like I'm giving a speech during double overtime in the playoffs. "Tie her ankles and hands. Don't do it too tight, though—I don't want to damage any nerves."

He salutes me and gets to work. I watch him carefully as he ties her, testing each one to make sure she can't move and that they won't cause any damage. The only reason I had Johnny do it is because I know he likes the bondage room at the club and has some experience, more than me.

I don't feel comfortable not double-checking. The last thing I want is for Cherry to lose feeling in her arms and legs. I want her to feel everything I do to her.

Once the task is done, I motion to Johnny to follow me. We walk around Stevie, admiring his work and her incredible body. She looks like an art installation, tied up and at our mercy. Her arms are bent at the elbow, each wrist tied to the side of the chair. Her feet are planted firmly on the ground with her legs open and stretched so her round ass and pretty pink opening of her pussy are just off the edge for better access.

Stevie moans and bites her lip as her eyes track us, her hips rubbing her

greedy cunt in short motions against the seat of the chair.

“Someone wants to get off,” I taunt, knowing she likes this, likes the humiliation. I saw how much she loved it when I showed her wet panties to an entire room of people. This is no different. She wants to be showed off, to be desired and worshiped. She wants people to know how much of a beautiful little slut she is.

“I do,” she breathes out. “God, Lucas. I need you to touch me.”

With the stick still in my hand, I use the toe to gently move it down her spine again. “Like this?” I tease.

The chair creaks a little bit at her movement before she stops, realizing she can’t move too much or the chair will fall over. Not that I’d ever let that happen. When I grabbed it and asked her to sit, I knew by the weight of it that it’s strong and made to hold up all kinds of bodies. Which is perfect for what I plan to do to her.

“With your hands!” she cries, frustration evident in her voice.

I remove the stick from her back and set it to the side, then I come to crouch in front of her so our eyes are level. “I don’t know if you deserve my hands, Cherry. Especially after the shit you pulled with Johnny boy here.”

“I didn’t mean—”

I cut her off by grabbing threads of her hair and pulling back enough so she cries out. “What do you think your punishment should be, baby?” I tug on her hair again and see the ghost of a smile on her lips.

“Maybe I need you to spank me,” she says, her voice practically a purr.

I fist more of her hair and pull again so her head is straining back, cherry lips now parted. “I think you’d like that too much.” I look at Johnny, who’s standing and watching the show. The visible outline of his cock shows through his black pants, and I can see his chest moving up and down, his desire apparent. “Come here, Rookie.”

Johnny snaps out of his trance and takes the few short steps to my side. He looks down at Stevie, his eyes roving over her every curve appreciatively. When I decide he’s looked enough, I use my free hand to grab his stubbled jaw and force his green eyes to mine. His eyes shoot wide, and he tenses up for a moment before his body relaxes.

“Keep your cock in your pants—remember what we discussed. Tonight is not for you, got it?” Johnny nods with my hand still holding his face. “Now, get on your knees behind Cherry and put that smart mouth and hands of yours to good use.”

Not needing to be told twice, Johnny drops to the ground, positioning himself in front of Stevie's dripping cunt. He places his hands on the cheeks of her ass and spreads them wide. For a second, I wait to see if jealousy hits me, but I find there's none. I know I have control here. I know that he'll stop the moment I tell him to, and I can't help but take pleasure in knowing that what I'm doing makes Stevie happy. Which makes me immeasurably happy.

The moment Johnny's tongue rims Stevie's pleated hole, she cries out, her hips moving forward on the chair.

"Oh God," she moans, her eyes closing. I tug on her hair, and her eyes snap open to look at me.

"You like that, Cherry?" I ask. She doesn't answer, just cries out again when Johnny starts to move his tongue lower and lower until he's reached her soaked entrance.

I tug a bit harder. "Answer me. Do you like Johnny's tongue on you?"

"Ye-yes," she mutters, her voice quiet like she's afraid to tell me the truth.

I lean down and place my lips at her ear. "You don't have to be afraid around me, Stevie. I'm okay. I'm not jealous," I whisper for only her to hear.

Her eyes search mine as I pull back, and after a moment, she says, "Yes. I like it." At that exact moment, Johnny inserts a finger inside her ass and one inside her pussy, causing her to cry out loudly, "Oh God, I fucking like it!"

"Good girl," I praise, using my finger to stroke her cheek. She leans into my touch, and I swear a purr reaches my ears as I press my thumb into her mouth and down on her tongue while Johnny inserts another finger and bites down on her ass cheek.

She rocks her hips again on the chair, and I know my naughty girl wants to come. She will, but not yet. With my eyes on both Johnny and Stevie, I stand to my full height, unzip my pants, then take my erection out through the fly of my blue briefs. Stevie watches with half-hooded eyes as I bring the head of my cock to her parted lips.

"Spit on it, Cherry."

With that tiny sexy smile at the corners of her lips, she does it—and I swear my dick develops its own heartbeat.

I work with what she gave me and move it up and down my shaft before using my cock to smear the bead of pre-cum that's leaked out of me onto her cherry-colored lips.

"Open," I say huskily. "Let me see how hungry you are for my cock." She opens immediately, and I chuckle. "You're a greedy girl, aren't you?"

Stevie nods readily, her mouth still open as the sounds of Johnny licking her wet folds reaches both of our ears. Eating her pussy isn't punishment for him, but not being able to come or get his dick wet is.

I place my foot at the base of the chair to keep it from moving then start to feed Stevie my cock. Inch by inch, I watch as it disappears past her pouty lips and fills her warm mouth. Her cheeks start to tinge pink as I move my hands to the base of her skull.

"*Fuuuck*, Cherry. Your mouth is as sweet as I remember."

She hums around my length, keeping her tongue flat as I watch her eyes carefully for any sign of negative distress. When I see none, I thrust forward a bit and pull her head toward me so that she gags. I hold her there for a second before I pull all the way out.

She gasps for air, and then I do it again, feeding my cock in faster this time and moving her down until I feel myself at the back of her throat. I do this several more times, fucking her mouth until the corners of her eyes water and she looks thoroughly face fucked. The entire time I watch her, noticing how much she enjoys being used and pleasured.

"How's she taste, Rookie?"

He grins up at me from her cunt, face gleaming with her arousal and fingers still moving in and out of her tight holes. "Like heaven."

I stroke the side of her face adoringly again. "Hear that, Stevie, baby? Rookie can't get enough of you and your pussy."

A whining noise leaves her lips as Johnny starts to move his fingers faster and rims her with his tongue again.

"You like how that feels?" I ask her.

She nods into my hand and smiles. "I like this punishment, MVP."

I chuckle darkly and move my hand so I'm gripping her cheeks, forcing her mouth to pucker. "Good, because he's going to stay down there and make you come again, and again, and again…and again…until you're begging for him to stop. Until you're so sensitive you'll have to put your clit on sick leave." I kiss her open mouth to punctuate the sentence as Johnny brings her to the first of many orgasms she'll have tonight.

As she shakes, falling apart and straining against her bindings, I pull back and stand once more, grabbing the stick from the ground and smacking her round ass with it a few times until her beautiful cries are echoing around us. Once her pale skin is nice and pink, I drop the stick and put my lipstick-marked cock to her puffy lips.

I flash Stevie my one-dimpled smile as she looks up at me with watery eyes. I wipe one of the tears that’s escaped with my thumb and suck it into my mouth. With my gaze still trained on hers, I give Johnny one simple command: “Again.”

Chapter Nineteen

Stevie

THE FIRST THING I notice when my eyes open is that my body is hot. Like scorching, sweat-through-your-clothes-complete-with-pit-stains hot.

The second thing I notice is that there's a rock-hard cock digging into my ass. A very large one…which can only mean one thing.

Lucas McKnight is in my bed. Or am I in his bed?

I sit up, clutching a sheet to my chest as the previous night's activities come rushing back to me. I rub at my sore wrists and feel the dull ache from multiple orgasms between my legs, which only makes me smile. However, the smile reminds me my jaw is also sore from overuse.

Take my cock, Cherry. Suck it like you mean it. Let me come all over those perfect tits so I'll know you're fucking mine.

I shiver at the memory and turn gently to stare at Lucas's sleeping form. Last night was…a surprise. When I woke up yesterday, the last thing I imagined happening was being orgasmed to death by Johnny while Lucas fucked my mouth and spanked me with a hockey stick.

I lost track after three orgasms, and at some point, I must have drifted off into something akin to subspace. I was so hopped up on dopamine and adrenaline that I lost all sense of space and time. I became a puddle of pleasure. A vessel being used to both give and receive—my favorite thing.

Lucas says something in his sleep that I can't make out, and I allow myself a quiet moment to watch him. In this relaxed state, his face is serene. He's just as pretty if not prettier like this. But unlike his brother, Leo, he's a little less put-together pretty. I'd say he's more…effortlessly pretty, if that makes

sense?

Not that Leo isn't as pretty as he is, but Lucas doesn't have the five-step skin care routine Leo has nor does he wear Armani suits. Instead, Lucas likes those goddamn gray sweatpants that make lady parts melt with any kind of T-shirt or hoodie. He's much simpler. Easier going.

Over the last two months of working for him, I've seen his true self, the man who's caring, loyal, funny, and smart. The man who makes great business decisions and has a heart of gold. He's the kind of man who would give up his aisle or window seat on an airplane for someone who needed it—even after paying the extra to board first.

I gently run my fingers through his inky hair and think of what it would be like to let myself try a relationship with him. What it would be like to travel with him on the road indefinitely and wake up to him in the morning. The idea has my stomach filling with erratic butterflies. Which is funny, because that idea once terrified me. Now, it sounds…exciting?

I can't even use my excuse from before anymore. Because last night, Lucas gave me what I want. What I said I need: sexual freedom, kink, and the ability to explore without judgment. I know firsthand that it takes a secure person to share a sexual partner and an even more secure person to share someone they like with another.

Two months ago, I wasn't sure he could do that without jealousy or regret. But now?

Maybe I'm the one who's been judgmental. The one who couldn't see through her own bullshit. As I watch his chest rise and fall in sleep, his words from last night ring in my ears:

You don't know what I want, Stevie. You've never asked me…I told you I want you. I want you, *Stevie.*

And he showed me how much. Not only tonight, but by hiring me and remaining professional like I asked. Until last night, of course, when I gave him permission…but I'm glad it finally bubbled over. All because of Johnny and his stupid jersey. And because Lucas heard me call his name while taking a bath. I can't believe I left the door open!

I flop gently back on the bed and throw my hand over my eyes.

I have no idea how I'm going to look at the rookie's face today. I know he saw me and Lucas have sex on Valentine's Day, but he didn't touch me. Last night, he had his face in my pussy and his fingers inside both my holes for at least a solid hour. I'm also positive that I transferred my "blue balls" to him.

Though I'm sure he had a fun date night with his hand after he and Lucas practically carried me to bed.

Once I take a few calming breaths, I decide I can worry about facing Johnny later. I remove my arm and look around the room. This is definitely my room since I can see makeup on the vanity and it's a lot smaller than Lucas's.

With the urge to pee in the forefront of my mind, I get up in search of my phone. That's when I realize I'm not completely naked. I'm wearing a giant Vancouver jersey, which is probably from the equipment room we were in. The guys must've wanted to vomit when they put this on me, but it must've been either that or bring me back buck-naked considering Lucas shredded Johnny's jersey. Which—holy fucking hell—that was hot. Possessive. But hot.

After a few minutes of looking, I find my pants with my phone in the back pocket. It's nearly dead but has enough battery in it to make a phone call. Normally, in a situation where I need advice like this one, I'd call Riley. But she's a little too close to this for the conversation I'm about to have.

I make my way into the bathroom, close the door, and proceed to pee and wash my hands before I sit in the bathtub and close the shower curtain in an attempt to block the sound so I don't wake Lucas. Then I find Nia's contact and hit call. It rings several times before a groggy voice picks up. That's when I realize I didn't even look at the time.

"It's not even eight am yet, Stevie. If you're not dying, let me call you back later."

I chuckle. "Sorry. I didn't check the time before I called."

She sighs. "Are you dying?"

"No, I'm not. But this is a dire situation."

"How dire? Like you're in jail and need to be bailed out or you fucked your boss?"

"He's not technically my boss," I try.

"Ah, so you finally caved and fucked Golden Boy again."

"Well, not really fucked. He did fuck my mouth and come all over me but no penetration."

This time she chuckles. "You're something else, Gorgeous."

My heart squeezes at her endearment for me, and I'm reminded of how much I miss her. I've been so busy that I haven't seen her much. We've gotten coffee once, but it was brief, and I'd almost missed the flight to New

Jersey because we'd talked for so long. She'd given me shit then about my hang-ups over Lucas, but just like when Riley got on my case about it, I shut her down.

I use my free hand to play with a lock of my messy hair, which resembles a bird's nest. "I need your advice, Nia. Like, serious-time advice."

"On one condition."

"Which is?"

"Will you listen this time?"

I shrug even though she can't see me. "I'll try."

She sighs playfully into my ear. "Alright, then. Tell me."

I pick at the cuticle of my left pinky toenail as I tell Nia about what happened last night. How the team devised a plan to have me wear Johnny's jersey to send Lucas over the edge. What happened in the equipment room, both before and during my pleasure sesh. She listens and never interrupts, nor does she try to sway the way I feel by reacting. She lets me express and talk. Which is exactly why she's such a good friend.

"So…that's what happened," I finish.

"Sounds like a great night," she says.

"And?"

"And now you have some choices to make, Gorgeous."

"But that's why I called you. To help me make a choice."

"I actually think you already know what you want," she says, her voice warm.

I stop nervously picking at my toenails. "Can you tell me, then?"

She laughs. "Stevie, stop and think about it."

I take a deep breath. "I like him, Nia. I really like him."

"I know, baby."

"But what if I can't give him the life that he wants or deserves? He's a fucking famous person, for God sakes. I'm just a girl who got lucky and now has a sweet ass job. I'm a nobody."

"You know you're not a nobody. You're Stevie. You're funny, crass, talented, and damn good at licking pussy."

My cheeks blush, and I exhale a shaky breath. "But what if I take a shot on him and it doesn't work out? What if he decides that he wants someone who doesn't like group sex? Who can give him a life that's more than what I can give? You know, like kids, a family, a white picket fence. Can you imagine me taking a hoard of kids to peewee hockey?!"

“Actually, I can.”

That stops me. “For real?”

“You like to say you’re not good enough. That you don’t have your shit together. And in your brain, you think that makes you unqualified to want things out of life. Things that may even be too scary to think about right now, like kids. But all that shit you tell yourself isn’t true. Even before you got this job, you hustled. You made things work.”

She keeps going. “You only shit on yourself because you grew up in a world that told you that you weren’t good enough. At the club, you never allowed that world to get you down—you only questioned yourself when you weren’t there, when you weren’t in control. But you’ve always been in control of your life, Stevie. You get to decide what you do with it and who you get to share it with. If Lucas is one of those people, you’ll figure it out. If he’s not, you’ll figure that out, too. But don’t let your fear stop you.”

My eyes fill with tears, and I feel like a hand is squeezing my heart. “That was beautiful, Nia.”

“Sometimes I’m good at giving advice. Now, taking my own? Not so much.”

I exhale a small laugh. “Aren’t we all? But thank you. I needed to hear that.”

“Think about what you want, Stevie. And ask Lucas what he wants, too, then really listen. Don’t assume. That man likes you, and it’s clear he wants you. He’s wanted you from the moment you met.”

“Okay,” I smile into the phone. “I will.”

“Good. Now, can I go back to sleep?”

My smile grows wider. “Yeah, you can. I’ll let you know how it goes.”

“You’d better.”

After we’ve said our goodbyes, I lay back in the tub and stare at the hotel ceiling. It’s painted a boring eggshell, but the lack of decorative vision allows me to think.

I’ve spent so many years fighting to be okay with who I am, comparing myself to my sister and other people. And while I often act confident, I use it as a mask to hide my insecurities. If I can act like I’m a badass bitch, nobody can see how scared I am, how much I care what people think.

When I met Lucas, the mask, the situation let me be the person I wish I could be every day. Then reality came crashing down the next day, and I panicked.

But then Lucas got me this job, and everything changed. I don't have to worry about money for once or keep acting like my job before paid me enough to stay afloat. Looking back on the last two months, though, I realize that the woman at the club has seeped into my daily life. How I act with the team, how I manage Lucas's social media and then snagged extra work with the Stormbreakers, that's all me. It's not an act or a woman in a mask at a sex club. It's me, Stevie. And Lucas saw all of that.

I know I haven't asked him what he really wants. But if he did want kids, if he did want a normal life with the picket fence and dog—I think I could give him that. I mean, that's what you do when you love somebody, right?

I don't think I'd ever be willing to give up what I like in the bedroom—or, I guess, in public—but like Lucas proved to me last night, he seems okay with it. I'm not sure he'll still be okay with it if we have a family. Though I know people at the club have kids.

Ugh, I don't know. This whole thing is complicated, and it's making my head spin.

I blow out a breath as the shower curtain opens and the dark hair and wintery eyes of Lucas appear above me.

"What are you doing?" he asks, a tiny smirk pulling at his lips.

An awkward smile creeps up my cheeks. "You know, just thinking in the bathtub."

"What are you thinking about?"

"Your huge cock."

He expels a loud laugh as he holds out a hand for me to grab. When his warm palm wraps around mine, I can't help the shiver that overtakes me. I've never felt this way with anyone before, not even when I first thought I fell in love at fifteen with the neighbor boy. Now, I know that was an obsession.

The way I feel when Lucas simply touches me, when he looks at me—it should be illegal. It's not the same as when I used to fangirl over his hockey stats or when I saw him on my television. This is different. This is real. It's taken me getting to know him to understand that, but what I feel for him is more than what Fangirl Stevie ever did.

Once I'm sitting, he surprises me by jumping into the empty side of the tub. I'm not exactly small, and he's tall, so it's a tight squeeze. But he maneuvers us so that one of his feet is planted on the tub between my legs and the other is planted on the outside of my left foot. Our knees knock together, and we stare at each other for a second, just smiling.

Eventually, he reaches one of his hands out for mine and plays with my fingers. “What were you actually thinking about?” he asks.

I take a deep breath and decide it’s now or never.

“I was thinking about us.”

Chapter Twenty

Lucas

"REALLY?" I SAY, MY mouth dropping open a little. I stop playing with the tips of her fingers and squeeze them.

"Mm-hmm," she hums.

My heart flutters with hope. I was worried that after the sex haze of last night faded, she'd run for the hills.

"Last night wasn't too much, was it?" I ask.

Her skin flushes a delicious-looking rose. And I revel in the fact that I've made an adventurous woman like Stevie blush.

"No. It was…nice."

I drop her hand and tickle the naked skin of her inner thigh, causing her to squeal. "Just nice, Cherry?"

She shoves my hand away, and I relent, grabbing her fingers again before leaning forward to kiss the pad of each one.

"Okay," she whispers, her tone low and seductive. "It was more than just nice, it was…" She pauses. "Wicked."

I smirk and kiss her palm before sitting back against the tub, using my bare foot now to rub her leg. Her breath hitches as I tease her for a moment, coming dangerously close to her bare pussy before I drop it back down to the basin.

"Tease," she huffs, though there's still a smile on her lips.

"Tell me what you were thinking about, Stevie. Then, if you're a good girl, I'll give you my huge dick."

She laughs joyfully then taps her knee against mine, her eyes on my foot as

she gathers her thoughts. She's quiet just long enough that I think whatever she's going to say is bad, or maybe she's going to tell me she hates feet and that mine are ugly.

When I'm about to break the silence, she lifts her forest-green eyes and exhales. "I want it all with you, Lucas. All of it."

I swear my heart stops in my chest. For a blissful moment, I allow myself to feel sheer and utter happiness at her words. Then my mind backtracks, and my stomach flips. That's a very unlike-Stevie thing to say.

"'All of it'?" I ask, unsure of how to respond.

She smiles so wide it pulls at my heart and makes me want to pin her to the bottom of this tub and fuck her until all she remembers how to do is smile like that and scream my name. But I need to know what she means by "all of it."

"Yeah, Luke. Everything. At least, I think. You know. This is all new to me. My last relationship was a total bust, and the one before that, well…also a bust. But with you—I don't know, I've never felt like this before. You make me think I can have things I never thought I wanted. Or needed."

She presses her thigh to mine, and I swallow. My Adam's apple suddenly feels like it's lodged in my throat. I don't think I've ever enjoyed hearing my nickname so much before. Her tone, the vulnerability in it—it has me in a choke hold. The words she said were what I dreamed she'd say to me in the coffee shop that morning when I offered her a job. But now I know better.

Like Stevie wanted, in the last two months, I've learned who she is. I've watched her flourish in her job with me and even be brought on to help with the team's social media. I've watched her make friends with some of my teammate's wives and play with their kids. Sometimes, I'd even allow myself to imagine what it would be like if she were mine. If she were my wife and we had our own kids.

I've also imagined us in different scenarios. Less traditional ones like she mentioned. Ones that involve late nights at sex clubs (or equipment rooms) with her tied up or me at her feet worshiping that beautiful pussy until she screams my name and so many other scenes that I shouldn't be thinking of right now.

I've also allowed myself to feel what it would be like to let go of dreams I thought I wanted because they were expected of me. And that's all her doing. Being near Stevie, it's like standing too close to a fire. She makes me hot and bothered, but in the best fucking way. Like I can be myself. Like I don't have

to follow the rules.

She's also made me believe in myself again. I feel like I have control in my life because of our chance meeting on Valentine's Day, and I'll be damned if I let her change because she thinks I need her to be a certain way.

She grabs my fingers, and I realize I've been staring into her as if I can see through her. "You're scaring me, Lucas," she says, her voice quiet. "Did I say something wrong?"

"No, Cherry, you said what I wanted you to say."

Her lips turn up in a smile that says she's unsure of my words and what they mean. I trail my finger down her leg and watch as goosebumps appear in my wake, showing me that I have the same effect on her that she has on me.

"Are you okay? This isn't how I thought you'd react," she admits.

My eyes meet her worried ones, and I do my best to give her a reassuring smile. "I…" I start, trying to find the right words. Ones that won't make her run. "I think you should take the next week off." Her face falls, and immediately I curse myself. Those were not the right words, but they're the only ones I could think of. The only thing that makes sense.

She pulls her hand back from mine, and her body stiffens. "What do you mean?"

I run a hand through my messy hair. *Time to get serious, Lucas. Be a man, and be responsible.* "I don't want to fuck this up, Stevie. You're too important to me."

Her face screws up, confused. "You want me to leave?"

"That's not it at all, baby. I want you to take some time to think about what you offered me."

"I have. I thought this is what you wanted, too."

The pain in her voice has me wanting to punch myself in the face. "I do want this, Stevie. I want you, every part of you. But not if you think you need to sacrifice anything to have me."

Her eyes blink at me. "I don't think that I…" She trails off, and that's when I know this is the conversation we need to have.

"When you say you want all of it, Stevie, I want to know what you mean by 'all of it.'"

She looks at me sheepishly. "You know. All of it. All the things that people in relationships usually want."

I know she's embarrassed to say marriage, kids, a life…we may know each other better, but we haven't dated. We haven't had an actual relationship.

She's probably worried I'll think she's crazy to mention a future when we're not even official. But I understand how she feels, and I wish she would feel comfortable enough to say it out loud. But that only further proves to me that she needs to take some time to think. And so do I.

"Last night was intense, Stevie. More intense than I think I even planned it to be. You passed out before we could even debrief it. I just want us to be sure that we're doing this for the right reasons."

"Do you think orgasms change how I feel that much?" she asks, blinking.

"No! No, that's not what I meant. But you can't deny it was a lot. And you still haven't asked me what I want." My words from last night hover around us. "Ask me what I want…*please*."

She blinks at me again, her eyes now watery. The sight of it makes me want to stab myself in the chest. But then, after a few moments, she says, "Last night, you said you wanted me. That's why I thought—"

"I do want you," I reiterate. "I want you, Stevie. And I want us both to be happy. *Together*."

She huffs a confused laugh. "I don't understand, then! You're not making any sense."

"I meant what I said. But it goes deeper than that. Yes, I do want us to be together, but I also never want you to regret being with me because you gave up something you want. When we first met, you talked about why you didn't think we would work. You told me what you wanted, what you would need to be happy. You were honest with me about not knowing what you could give. Now, you're offering me everything. Which I think means marriage, kids—the whole shebang.

"But all of that, what we want from a future together, that's something we talk about as we go. I'm worried that if you dive in with me right now, offering me it all, you'll end up hating me in the end."

"I could never hate you, Lucas," she presses.

I put my hand on her knee and squeeze gently. "I like you a lot, Stevie. More than I've ever liked anyone—maybe even my twin brother." That has her cracking a small smile. "But we went from zero to one hundred last night."

"Weren't you the one who wanted to go from zero to one hundred the first night we met?"

The back of my neck heats, and I nod. "I did. But now, I know better. You were right to make me back off then. So I want to return the favor. We have

time, Stevie. I want to do right by you. I want this thing to last, and I want us both to be happy."

She puffs a breath from her lips and squares her shoulders. "Can't I do right by you, too?"

I squeeze her knee again. "You are. And you have from the start. You didn't say yes to me when I asked you out in the beginning, and you were right not to. But even more than that, you've gotten me to realize things about myself. Or I guess I should say that you've made it easier for me to see them."

"Like what?"

"Before I met you, my life felt out of control. It felt…empty. Work, sleep, eat, repeat. I'd look at the men on our team with wives and kids then at my brother's new relationship, and to be honest, I was jealous. I know I'm getting older, and I can't play hockey forever. And who knows if the acting thing will last? But meeting you gave me that feeling back. You've made me see that I don't have to worry so much about what's next, that I can live in the moment. And maybe I don't need the 'normal things' or the 'expected things' to have a full life."

She looks at me thoughtfully. "And you think me taking a week away is going to iron out any future kinks we may have? I'm just trying to understand."

"It's not only you. I think we both need time to let the dust settle."

"But what about my job and the team? The game against Vegas? You need me to win."

I shake my head. "I'll take care of it. And you have enough content to get through the next couple of days." She tries to interrupt, but I continue. "And, Stevie, I may need you in my life, but I never want you to think you're a tool for me or our team."

She looks confused, which only stabs me more deeply in the heart. I know she's fine with the whole "good luck" thing. But the guys have made her believe she's the reason we're winning. The reason I'm playing good games. I never wanted that.

"Lucas, regardless of what you think, are you willing to take that chance? To lose when it matters?"

I grab her hand and kiss her palm. "You matter to me. Your feelings matter to me. And I'm not taking a chance on losing. When I'm with you, I'm always winning. You're more to me than winning a game, and I want you to

know that.”

She looks at our hands then back into my eyes. “I already do.”

“Then a week will only help us both. Don’t you think we owe it to each other to make sure we’re all in, whatever that means, for the right reasons?”

Stevie’s forest eyes turn warm again as she stares at me. “Has anyone ever told you that you’re a good man, Lucas McKnight?”

I smirk. “Even after last night?”

“A wickedly good man.”

Chuckling, I help her stand from the tub. Once we’re upright, I pull her body into my arms, and she lays her head on my bare chest above my heart. As I hold her, I realize this is the first time we’ve hugged. I spent the last two months avoiding contact with her so I could respect her boundaries, and before that, it was sex. At this moment, with just the two of us in this hotel bathroom, I know that I’ll do anything for this woman in my arms. Even quit hockey.

She’d never ask that of me, nor would she want me to, but that’s why she’s perfect for me. I rub her back and kiss her forehead, letting my lips linger on her hairline.

“I’ll give you all of it, Stevie,” I say to her after a moment, “if that’s what you want.”

She lifts her head from my chest, her eyes sparkling with emotion again. She brings her hand up to brush some of my hair behind my ear then kisses my chin. “And if that’s what you want.”

I nod, rubbing the apple of her cheek before pulling her to me again.

“Just one week.”

“Just one week,” she echoes, exhaling. “I’ll be back in one week.”

Fuck, I hope so. Or I’ve made the biggest mistake of my life.

Chapter Twenty-One

Stevie

THE VIEW FROM LEO, Jace, and Riley's hotel suite in Seattle is freaking amazing. I can see the Space Needle and everything.

"Jace and I are leaving in five for the game!" I hear Leo call from the living area.

I sigh, turning from the window to pull on a light sweatshirt over my T-shirt. I should go say bye to them before they leave for tonight's game, the one I won't be attending. I look again at my usual team jersey on the bed, the one I stared at for over an hour, debating if I should wear it or not. But I stopped myself. If Lucas wants to test his dumb theory about me not being good luck, then I shouldn't wear the jersey, either. I shouldn't even be watching the game on TV like I plan to with Riley. But this home game against Vegas determines if they get to go to the playoffs, so I can't not watch.

I rub my hands over my face thinking of Lucas. After we talked, I booked an earlier flight home ahead of the team so I didn't have to travel with them or explain why I wasn't attending tonight's game. I lasted all but one night in my now Margo-free apartment before I asked Riley if I could come stay at the hotel with them downtown and watch the game with her there instead of at the rink.

She was confused at first, but I told her I'd give her all the details when I had some time to clear my thoughts, and she agreed. I spent the morning in one of the suites' bedrooms, trying to think through everything Lucas said. Surprisingly, I'm not as upset as I think I should be. Especially since Lucas

basically rejected me when I laid my heart out to him.

But I do understand his points. And honestly, I'm more embarrassed by the fact that I basically told him I'd get married and have kids with him when we haven't even been on a real date.

Who does that? Not me. Not Stevie. Not the woman who only two months ago didn't even want a committed relationship. I've had to seriously reevaluate if Fangirl Stevie was talking after my conversation with Nia or if what I told Lucas is what I really want to give him.

Our relationship started in such a bizarre way, and I admit that after the equipment room, I probably wasn't thinking clearly. I should've taken a day before I spilled my guts on the floor like that.

"Knock, knock," Riley's voice comes from the other side of my door.

"Come in."

She enters, wearing a special Stormbreakers jersey with Lucas's number. Leo had them made for the three of them, but seeing Riley with it, I can't help but think of me wearing Johnny's jersey and everything that happened after. I have to stop myself from blushing while thinking about it.

"You okay?" she asks, sitting on the edge of my bed and patting the open space next to her.

I plop down. "Fine."

"You don't seem excited about the game," she says. I know she's fishing for details of what happened and why we're not on our way to the game with Leo and Jace ourselves.

"It's complicated."

Riley tucks a piece of her strawberry-blonde hair behind her ear. "You want to tell me about it? I'd think that out of all the games to attend, this is the one you wouldn't miss."

I look into my sister's green eyes. They're warm, comforting. Before I know what I'm doing, I throw my arms around her and squeeze her to death, fighting back tears.

"Um, Stevie," Riley says, sounding panicked. "What the hell happened? Is there someone I need to kill? I'm going to guess it's Lucas." She pats my back.

I laugh quietly into her shoulder and pull away, staring at her with watery eyes. "No killing needed."

She pulls back with a warm smile and motions for me to move up on the bed like we do when we have a serious talk. We both grab a pillow to put on

our laps, settling in. I pick at the edges of the pillowcase while Riley gives me space to collect my thoughts.

"Lucas and I, we…" I say eventually, trying to think of the right words to say.

"Banged again?"

I half smile. "Well, not really. But we did some sexual stuff. Really naughty stuff. And then I told him he has a huge dick and I wanted to get married and have his babies."

Riley's eyes bug out of her head. "You did *what* now?"

"Well, I didn't really say that, but I implied it."

"But I thought you didn't want to get married and have babies?"

I take the pillow from my lap and press my face in it, debating if I should scream or not. I let out a weird half scream instead before I pull my face away and look at a confused Riley.

"I should probably start from the beginning."

"That might be a good idea."

Riley stares at me, her mouth open after I finish catching her up.

I probably told her more information than she wanted to hear. But last time we were together, she got so drunk she told me about how Leo used a tree-shaped decoration on her during their sexcapades on Christmas Eve—and let me tell you, that image will never leave my mind. I owed her some TMI.

"Honestly, Stevie, I think this is good. Lucas saw you taking a big leap and had you step back. I think it's good for him, too. That way, your relationship starts fresh if that's what you want."

"I can't help but think he pushed me away because I scared the shit out of him."

Stevie places her hand on my shoulder and squeezes. “I can tell you, that’s not the case. He’s been texting Leo nonstop to make sure you’re okay once he found out you came here.”

“He has?” Since I left Vancouver, he hasn’t texted me once. I knew he was doing it to give me space, but I’ll admit I’ve missed his incessant texts, even though they were always work related before.

“Yep. Leo didn’t tell me anything about their conversations out of respect for his brother, but I knew something was going on. Especially when he asked Leo to take a picture of you for proof of life.”

I can’t help the smile that comes to my lips from that. “I don’t know what to do, Ri. Is it crazy that I think I’m in love with a man I just met?”

Riley snorts a laugh, one that scares the crap out of me. “Stevie! Aren’t you the one who told me, ‘Dude, it’s 2023. Weirder things have happened than falling in love at first dicking.’”

Okay, she’s got me there. “I did, but this is different.”

“Different how?!”

“He’s my boss. He’s my future brother-in-law.”

Riley rolls her eyes. “You know he’s not technically your boss, and you also know we love the taboo around here.”

I roll my eyes. “Okay, that’s fair.”

“It sounds to me like you freaked out. Which is normal. You’re more like how Leo was when I first met him. You don’t like feeling feelings or commitment. Also, someday we’re going to talk more about how you lied about your finances and didn’t tell me how you really felt about your life. I would have never judged you for any of that. You know I’m insecure, too. You know my life is far from perfect. Remember my ex, Chad?”

I huff. “Nobody can forget that asshole and how he treated you, but honestly, Riley, I wanted you to be proud of me.”

Riley places her hand on my shoulder. “I’ve always been proud of you, Stevie. You’re my little sister, the one who speaks her mind and does her own thing. Sometimes I get jealous of you because you’re so much freer than me. You go with the flow, and there’s a lot of courage in that. Sometimes more than doing what is expected and ‘normal,’” she air-quotes.

“You really think that?”

“I know that,” she says. “You helped me be brave enough to be with Leo and Jace. You helped me see it was okay to want that for myself. I don’t know if I would have been able to dive in like I did without you.”

I smile gently at her. “Thanks for saying that.”

She squeezes my shoulder again before dropping her hand back to her lap. “Now, let’s talk about you and Lucas. I have some thoughts. Especially about this whole ‘fangirl’ thing you’re hung up on.”

“Okaaaay…please enlighten me.”

“It’s no secret that you were a big fan of his before you met him. I can see how you’d be worried that you’d already made pre-judgments about him and fallen in love with a person who isn’t real. But can you honestly tell me that after the last couple of months, you don’t know who he is? I mean, do you know his favorite color?”

“Red.”

“Favorite food?”

“Chicken parm with extra noodles. He needs carbs.”

“What time does he go to bed?”

“He tries to sleep by nine on game nights.”

“See! This is what I’m saying. And Stevie, it’s normal to dream of having it all with someone. Just because you could see yourself having babies and kids with him doesn’t mean you will. Would I love to have a niece or nephew? Yes. Do I need one? No. And you and Lucas can figure it out as you go. But if I were him and you went from not even wanting a relationship to saying you wanted it all, I would be concerned you were giving up yourself for me, too. You’re lucky he’s a good enough person to see the bigger picture. Most people would accept what you said as fact then have problems later.”

“Even if all of that is true, isn’t he giving up what he wants to be with me, then?”

“It sounds like Lucas was just as confused as you. He didn’t know what he wanted. Now, he’s willing to figure that out with you. And isn’t that the beauty of a relationship? You grow and change together. You talk things out like adults and figure it out.”

“Sounds like you have some experience,” I say.

She shrugs. “I’m in a relationship with two other people, one that started on a lie. We’ve had a lot of talks. A lot of yelling. But mostly, a lot of love. The three of us love each other, and I was willing to work it out with them. Lucas clearly wants what’s best for you, and I think you want what’s best for him, too—which is why you rejected him the first time and now he’s asking you to take a step back.”

I think through everything she just said, and in a weak moment, I ask, “You really think I’m good enough for him?”

Riley takes the pillow from her lap and hits me with it.

“Ouch!” I yelp.

“Shut that voice the hell up. You’re perfect.” She whacks me again…and again.

I grab my pillow and hit her back. “You’re a turd.”

“So are you. But I love you.”

I sigh. “I love you, too. So what do I do now?”

“Well, you could watch the game with me. Or…” she says, a mischievous grin developing on her face.

“Or?”

“You can admit to yourself that you love Lucas. That you want to be with him and you’ll figure the rest of it out as you go. I think you have a lot of big feelings, Stevie. You always have. Now it’s time to take those feelings and give them to someone else. Maybe you’ll get hurt, but I know in my heart that you won’t. I’ve seen the way Lucas looks at you. We all have. And I’ve seen the way you look at him. You guys have ‘that spark.’ Don’t let it dim.”

“But he wanted space.”

“You gave him space. You gave yourself time. I think you know what you want, Stevie. Now, you have to show him that you mean it. That you’re not being impulsive.”

“And if it doesn’t work out? You know how much I love my job.”

“You’ll figure that out, too. You and Lucas are mature enough to make it work. Plus, do you really want to walk away from your connection with him because of that? There are other ways for you to make money and do what you love.”

I let her words sink in before something inside me clicks into place. “Fuck. You’re so right!” I slam my face into the pillow again, and this time, I scream. Riley rubs my back, and when I come up for air, I know what I need to do. “Let’s watch the game here,” I tell her.

“Really?” Riley asks, her eyebrow raised in question. She thinks I should go to the arena now, but I want to show Lucas that I can honor his wishes so he can prove to himself that he doesn’t need me there to win. Even if I think it’s silly.

“Yes,” I confirm.

“But Stevie—”

“We’ll watch the game on TV. Then, I’m going to go get my man.”

“Hell yes!” she cries, throwing her arms around me. “We’re going to marry brothers!” Then she pulls back sheepishly. “Or, I mean, at least date brothers. I guess we’ll see what happens.”

I laugh. Who knows? Maybe she’ll get her wish someday. But first, I have to get him to go all in. Whatever that looks like for us.

Chapter Twenty-Two

Lucas

THE ENTIRE TEAM IS pissed at me. Ever since Stevie left ahead of us to go to Seattle, I've been on their shit lists. I knew they'd made her our good luck, but with the way they're acting, they must think that by giving her time away, I cursed us.

Johnny especially looks like I've stolen his stick and taped it all wrong before forcing him to play with it. When I came to practice yesterday, he'd been on cloud nine. Now, he's sullen and annoyed. I'm surprised he didn't take a run at me or try to harm me during practice.

But despite my team being babies the last two days, I don't regret what I did. One person in the stands, no matter how much I want or need that person in my life, is not going to win us this game. I need to prove that not only to Stevie but also to myself. To this team. Following superstitions is not going to get us in the playoffs.

And fuck. Maybe I was dumb for what I did. But after talking to Leo, knowing she's doing fine, I think I made the right choice. For the last two months, we've been in each other's space. And I'd never be able to live with myself if Stevie fucks up her life for me. I've watched her work too hard for that.

I stand from the bench. The locker room is quiet, and I've had about enough.

"Alright, listen the fuck up, everyone," I yell in my captain voice. Their heads lift, and I push my shoulders back.

"I know you're pissed. But don't let that shit get in the way of what we do

tonight. We've gotten here, to this moment, because of us. Every practice, every game, the hard work, the wins, the losses: That was us. Not because of the way we tape our sticks or the stretches that we do in a certain order. We're here because we earned it."

Some of the men start to move in closer, and a few of them make grunts that say they agree with me.

My eyes turn to Johnny as I say, "I'll admit, I've let my personal life get in the way of my game before. But we can't do that tonight. It's our asses on the ice—we must work as a team, right here, right now."

I look at the rest of the guys again. "We owe our fans, families, friends, coaches, and the legacy we've built to make tonight our best game. Don't let your mind get in the way of that. Believe in our team. Believe in the guy next to you on the ice. And trust in your fucking training. Can we do that?"

A chorus of yeses surrounds me, and Johnny slaps me on the back, a tiny smile gracing the corner of his lips at my speech.

After a moment, I give my men a salute and say, "Let's fucking do this!"

Once the rowdy cheers subside, the team starts filtering out of the locker room, leaving Johnny and I standing together.

"Good speech, Cap," he says. "Does this mean I can have Stevie all to myself?"

I whack the back of his helmet as hard as I can. "Touch her without me in a room, Rookie, and I'll cut off your dick."

He chuckles. "Noted."

My shot hits the back of the net, and I collapse to my knees on the ice. I made the fucking shot, and we just won against Vegas in overtime. We're going to the playoffs.

The crowd is going insane as the song “Jump Around” by House of Pain pumps through the speakers. I place my head on the ice and feel the emotion of the season overtake me. I’m exhausted, my body hurts everywhere, but I did it. Our team fucking did it.

With only minutes left on the clock, I got a key turnover in the neutral zone. I shot off a pass to my winger, Jason, who skated the puck into the offensive zone. This occupied the defense, leaving me open in front of the goal. Jason then faked a wrist shot and hit me with a no-look pass right as my stick hit the ice. Then I tipped the puck into the back door of the net to win the game.

Just as I catch my breath, my team piles on me, and I laugh. Eventually, they let me up, and I stand, pumping my stick in the air as we take a victory lap. I can’t deny that this moment feels great. That it proved something to myself and my team about what it takes to win a game. But I also can’t deny that there’s a very key person missing, too. I know it. The team knows it.

I found myself looking at the stands more than once, hoping that Stevie ignored my request and came to the game anyway. And while I’m glad she didn’t, I also feel that empty Cherry-shaped pit in my stomach.

Johnny skates up next to me and slaps me on the shoulder after we shake the hands of the other team. “Good game out there, old man,” he says, slapping my ass.

I bump his shoulder hard, and he laughs. “You had a great game yourself, Rookie.”

He holds up his stick. “Because of the tape.” He winks.

I chuckle. “You’re an idiot.”

“Maybe. But I’m a winning idiot.”

As we’re headed off the ice, Johnny stops in his tracks and holds his arm out so I’m forced to stop. “Holy shit,” he breathes, his voice awestruck.

“What is it?”

He uses his stick to point to our bench. When my eyes find the forest-green ones I’ve been missing for the last two days, my breath catches in my throat. Stevie is here standing next to a smiling Jason. And she’s wearing my jersey number.

I don’t question why she’s here or how long she’s been here, but her eyes are shining, and the smile on her cherry-painted lips has my heart almost stopping in my chest. I forget about our conversation the other day, and the next thing I know, I’m standing in front of her, sweaty and smelly but with

the biggest idiot grin on my face.

"You're here," I say.

"I'm here," she reiterates.

"You're wearing my jersey."

"Well, technically, it belongs to Riley. But yes, I'm wearing your jersey."

I snort out a laugh and hand my stick and gloves to one of my teammates then drop my helmet to the ground. I don't care that this is inappropriate, that a bunch of cameras are probably around filming this moment, but next thing I know, her arms are around my neck, and she's kissing me.

The crowd erupts with cheers, and I hear Johnny yell we're on the Jumbotron. Which means we're for sure going to be in the news. But I know I can handle anything that comes my way if Stevie is by my side.

I kiss her back, only letting her up for air, which is when she laughs and says, "You're getting sweat all over me."

"Like you mind," I tease.

She shoves me a bit, but I press another lingering kiss to her lips.

"Were you here the whole time?"

She shakes her head. "Let's talk somewhere else."

I follow her eyes and look around at the crowd watching us. Not to mention my team—*and* the other team.

"Meet me in the old equipment room down the hall and to the left," I smirk.

"Can I come?" Johnny asks, his head popping over my shoulder like a damn Whac-A-Mole.

Stevie snorts, and I glare at him. "You're sitting this one out, Rookie." He pouts but makes his way toward the locker room alongside Jason.

I turn back to Stevie and brush a lock of her hair behind her ear. "I'll be there as soon as I can."

She nods. "See you in a bit, MVP."

Then she walks off, but not before she blows a kiss over her shoulder—and I catch it.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Stevie

MY PHONE BLOWS UP as I wait for Lucas. First, I got a text from Dad saying that he saw me kiss Lucas McKnight on television. Then a text from Mom asking why I didn't tell her I was dating anyone, let alone the brother of Riley's partner.

Then I got a bunch of texts from Nia whining that I didn't update her on what went down after our phone call, and I owe her an orgasm for that and for waking her up early. Which I'll gladly let her collect, and hopefully Lucas will be fucking me while I do.

When I click open Lucas's social media to check it—since that's my job, after all—it's going wild. That's one thing I've tried not to think about when it comes to dating him. Riley and I are about to have even more in common. If Lucas wants to try this out with me, I'm about to get a taste of what it's like to have the media breathing down my neck. But I think I'll be able to handle it as long as I have him.

The only thing I need to know now is if Lucas is ready to go all in with me. He *did* kiss me in front of an entire arena full of people. It was televised and on the Jumbotron—that must mean something, right?

"Are you spiraling, Cherry?"

My head snaps up, and I rise from the chair I'm sitting on. "Maybe not spiraling this time, but thinking," I say.

"About what?"

"Us," I reply honestly.

Lucas steps in front of me with a gentle smile on his face, his hair wet with

water that's now dripping down the side of his face. I notice his shirt and pants are a little damp, too.

"You could have dried off, MVP."

His smile turns sly. "I was in a hurry."

I place my hands on my hips. "And why is that?"

In the blink of an eye, he pulls me by my hips and presses our bodies together so I can feel every masculine inch of him. "Because I needed to come and confess my love for a certain smart, beautiful, cherry-lipped girl with questionable taste in music."

I stare at him, my eyes wide. Did he just say love? "I don't have questionable taste in music," I say instead, unable to comprehend his words.

He gives me a look that says *For real, Stevie?* but chuckles instead. "You listen to Fall Out Boy."

"Their music is catchy. Plus, you listen to Styx. What are you, seventy?"

He pulls me impossibly closer to him and presses his forehead against mine to breathe me in for a second.

"Do you really love me?" I ask.

He pulls back enough so he can search my eyes. "Does that scare you?"

Butterflies fill my stomach, and I nod. "A little. But only because I think I love you, too."

"You think?"

"Isn't it too soon?"

He takes my chin in his fingers and smiles. "Who the fuck cares?"

I let out a laugh and hug him to me, feeling his arms wrap around me in a cocoon of warmth. A little bit of water from his hair drops onto my cheek, and I shiver, holding him tighter. A few months ago, I didn't think I'd end up here, but after everything, I can't think of a place I'd rather be. Well, maybe at one of the club's parties with him…but this is nice, too. More than nice.

"You played a great game," I say.

"You watched?" he asks into my hair, his voice hopeful.

I pull back and brush my hand against his cheek. "Not from the arena. I watched with Riley in her hotel room. When you went into overtime, I couldn't take it anymore, so I listened on the radio all the way here, and then I waited in my car for the game to be over. Then I ran in the back right after you scored the goal. Now here I am."

He stares thoughtfully at me for a long while but doesn't speak.

"Are you mad?" I ask.

“Of course not, baby. I’m glad you came.”

“Hmm. Well, you proved that I’m not good luck. That you guys don’t need me to win.”

He runs his hand through my hair, his wintery eyes smiling as he stares at me. “You are, though.”

I frown, scrunching up my eyebrows. “Really?”

He puts his hand over the one I have on his cheek. “I realized today that you’re not my good luck or the team’s good luck because you come to our games. It’s because you’re you, Stevie. You make me happy. You make the guys on the team happy with your silly jokes and pep talks. No matter if you’re in the stands or in your car or even if you were in another country, you make them better. But more importantly, you make *me* better. And that’s only one of the reasons I love you.”

I grab his hand on my cheek and bring it to my lips, kissing his fingers. “I could have told you that,” I tease, causing him to chuckle. “But you did everything yourself, Lucas. You and the team work together as a unit, and you win games because you’re good. You men are just stupid sometimes, especially with your superstitions.”

He shakes his head and exhales a long breath. “Then thank you for indulging me so I could figure it out. I just wanted to be sure we’re going to be together for the right reasons. Though we didn’t last a week like I planned.” He smirks.

“We do things on our own time. I think it’s a trait both our families have,” I tease. Before he can respond, I press a hard kiss on his lips then pull back. “But you were right. I needed the space. Riley helped me see what you meant.”

“Remind me to get her a big Christmas present this year,” he teases.

“For serious, though. I know what I implied when I said I wanted it all. And when you asked what I meant, I tried to deflect and not say what ‘all’ of it is.”

“It’s okay. I understand.”

I stop him. “But it’s not okay. For us to do this right, to go all in, I need to say what I want. Just like you need to say what you want.”

“I told you what I want. You, in any way, shape, or form. I want to see where this goes, Cherry. I can guarantee I’ll be happy wherever we end up. As long as you’re with me.”

“That’s a lot of pressure on me.”

He shakes his head. “You misunderstand. I’m not saying I won’t tell you what I want out of our relationship—I’m willing to talk with you. But I’m willing to make compromises to make sure we’re both happy.”

I watch his eyes as he speaks, and a feeling of peace settles in my stomach at his words. I really do believe what he’s saying. But it’s also hard to comprehend he loves me this much already.

“You’re a different kind of man, Lucas McKnight.”

He kisses my nose. “I’m your man.”

I make a gagging noise. “Cheesy.”

“You like it.” He pulls me closer then and hovers his lips close to mine. “Are you going to tell me what you want now?”

I swallow and close my eyes for a moment. When I open them, Lucas is waiting patiently, his eyes warm.

“I can’t guarantee that I’ll ever want kids or a dog or a white picket fence,” I say. “Sometimes, when the idea of being a mom comes to mind, I like it. A lot. But then other times, I can’t imagine not having complete freedom to do whatever I want when I want to do it. But when I say I want all of it with you, Lucas, I mean it. I want all of it, no matter what that is, as long as it’s with you.”

Lucas’s eyes go wide, and I swear I see them turn glassy for a moment. But after he blinks, it’s gone. “Then I guess we’re on the same page.”

I purse my lips, having one more thing to say. “I need you to know, though: I meant what I said when we first met. I’m not willing to give up the club or what I like sexually. But I also don’t want to date anyone else. You’d be it for me, Lucas.” I take a breath. “I do want to still have fun together, however. I’ll always be open with you about what I want, and I want you to be open with me about what you want, too.”

“I understand,” he says, his chest now rising and falling at a faster rate. “And as long as I’m there to watch, you can have whatever and whomever you want, Cherry.”

I blush at the images that run through my head at his words, and he pulls my hips closer to his.

“I also have to warn you that I’m not good at relationships. So be patient with me,” I say.

“Is anyone good at relationships?” He smirks.

“Good point.”

“Now, are we done talking?”

My blood heats at the change in his tone, and I lick my lips. “Are you going to kiss me now, MVP?”

Lucas starts to back me up until I hit a wall of sticks. They clack around, and I raise my eyebrow at him playfully.

“Well?”

“I’m going to do more than kiss you, Cherry. I’m going to fuck your brains out. Then I’m going to do what I wanted to do from the beginning.”

“And what’s that?”

“Take you out to dinner.”

He drowns out my laughter by sealing his lips over mine and pressing me into the wall. Some of the sticks fall like they did the other night, and my spine tingles. I open my mouth to his, tasting the minty freshness of his breath, and moan into him. It’s only been forty-eight hours since I’ve been with him, but I already crave him.

Lucas presses his erection into me, and I become overrun with need. Need to feel him, need to be consumed by him. Need to show him I’m ready for anything that comes our way. I start to push him back at the same time I lift his shirt. But when he goes to remove the jersey I’m wearing—*his* jersey—I stop his hand.

“Leave it on.”

Fire sparks in his eyes, and he becomes a man possessed. He pushes me to an exercise bench and then removes his pants and underwear, pumping his cock as I watch.

“How do you want me to fuck you, baby?”

I push down my own pants and underwear then spread my legs wide enough so he can see my glistening pussy. He groans when he does, and I swear I see his cock twitch in his hand.

I rub my clit and then insert two fingers inside my entrance before holding it out to him. He steps forward and wraps his hands around my wrist then sucks my fingers into his mouth, swirling his tongue around until every drop is gone.

“I want you to fuck me hard. Hard enough that Johnny can hear us and know what he’s missing.”

A dark smile crosses Lucas’s lips, and then he’s on top of me. I lay fully back on the bench, but instead of straddling me, he kisses down my body.

“What are you doing?”

He looks up at me but doesn’t say anything. When his lips suck on my

thigh, I put my head back on the bench and close my eyes.

“I’ve been dreaming of this pussy, Cherry. I want to taste it. Straight from the source.”

“Fuck,” I cry, right as his lips wrap around my clit. He sucks hard, and the desire to squeeze my legs together is strong, but he holds them open.

“Lucas,” I moan. “That feels so good.”

“You’re soaked for me. Have you been like this all day?”

I bite my lip then cry out again as he inserts two of his fingers inside me. “Since the game started.”

He chuckles against my clit then nibbles my outer lips. He works me for a while, praising me and telling me how much he loves my cunt. But when I’m about to come, he slaps my clit.

“Holy fuck!” I cry. He kisses my thighs then works his way back up my body, palming my tits through the material of the jersey before kissing me on the lips, making me taste myself. Once he’s had his fill, he pulls back. With his legs straddling the bench, he wraps his arms around my thighs so he can pull me to him. He stares into my eyes as he notches his cock at my entrance. He doesn’t tease me; instead, he sheaths himself inside my pussy in one perfect movement.

I cry out as he slams all the way to the hilt, pulling me by my thighs so he can get deeper. “Oh, fuck, Lucas! I missed your cock.”

“And I missed your pretty, perfect cunt,” he says, spearing me deeper as he says each word. “Christ, baby. You’re fucking everything,” he groans.

I arch off the bench and move one of my hands to my clit, rubbing circles on it and clenching around his bare dick until he’s chanting my name like a prayer.

When I think he can’t get any deeper, he puts his hands under my ass and lifts me enough that each stroke stimulates my G-spot while causing just the right amount of pain.

“Right there, Lucas. Right there, right there, right there,” I mutter, my eyes rolling into the back of my head. I rub my hand on my clit faster, and I feel my orgasm right on the horizon. But when I get close to my release, he slows his pace.

“Look at me, Stevie,” he demands.

I open my eyes, a small whine leaving my lips. He smirks at me as he rolls his hips in a slow, circular motion.

“No more being shy around each other,” he says then, all seriousness. “No

more hiding how we feel or what we want. This relationship will only work if we tell each other what's working and what's not working. If this," he motions between us, "ever gets too much, or you're not getting what you need from me, both in partnership and in sex, you tell me. Got it?" He thrusts to punctuate his point.

"I got it," I huff out in my exertion. "Same goes for you, Luke."

He smiles at his shortened name, one that somehow sounds like an endearment on my lips. Then he's kissing me like he owns my breath as he thrusts, and thrusts, and thrusts, making me come undone.

"Yes, Lucas," I cry again. My release crests as he grips the skin of my thighs tighter and cries my name alongside my moans, his release filling me and marking me as his.

As we start to come down from our amazing fuck, the door flies open, and Lucas is cursing at whomever it is to close the door while trying to cover me with his body. Which is not going to work. I should be panicked, but I see a bit of blond hair, so I know who it is.

I move my gaze to connect with Johnny, who has a stupid grin on his face. "I thought I heard someone cry, so I came to investigate. Had to make sure everyone was okay," he says.

"What have I told you about boundaries, Rookie? I said that you weren't invited tonight," he says, his captain voice coming out. And fuck if it doesn't turn me on.

"Well, now that I'm here…" Johnny says casually, causing Lucas to growl at him.

Okay, that does it. I laugh. And not a cute, attractive laugh. A snorting laugh.

Lucas shakes his head at me and stands, handing me my pants and underwear while he pulls on his clothes. Even after I'm dressed, I'm still laughing as Lucas prowls toward me, this time backing me up to the wall near Johnny.

"You think this is funny, Cherry?"

I hold up my fingers so they're an inch apart. "A little bit."

Lucas grabs my hands and pins them up over my head. "You want to get punished, baby?"

My lips tip up, and I look from a curious Johnny to a heated Lucas.

"And if I say yes?"

Lucas tips up my chin with his finger, his lips a breath from mine. "Then

I'd say that's why I love you."

My heart shudders in my chest at his words, and I think I hear Johnny say "aww" followed by "that was fast," but it only makes me love Lucas more, because he fucking gets me.

"Then"—I pause to kiss him—"yes."

The mischievous smirk I love so much graces his lips, and that one dimple appears on his right cheek while he brings his other hand down to slip inside my panties. He runs his finger through my wetness that's now mixed with his cum before he removes his hand.

He slowly turns his head so he's looking at Johnny then holds out his glistening fingers to him.

"You want a taste, Rookie? Then come and get it."

A sound of shock leaves my lips that makes Lucas look back into my eyes. He lifts an eyebrow at me as Johnny moves to grab a hold of his wrist. Lucas keeps his eyes on me, but I can't stop myself from watching Johnny take Lucas's fingers into his mouth, sucking off every trace of us.

My pussy clenches, and a fresh wave of arousal courses through me. Lucas leans down and presses his lips to my ear as Johnny releases his now clean fingers.

"You still think you can handle me, Cherry?"

I match his smirk and press my hips into his. "Game fucking on, McKnight."

Epilogue

LUCAS

Valentine's Day, One Year Later

VALENTINE'S DAY HAD NEVER been important to me. It was just a day—but a day that I always made sure to celebrate because it made the women in my life feel special. Whether that was my mom or girlfriend at the time or someone I was trying to woo, I would send them cards, flowers, and chocolates and take them out to dinner. But I never really cared that much.

Until now.

Stevie plops down on the couch next to me. Her hair is in a messy bun, and she's typing something out on her phone. When she smiles at the text, I can't help but smile, too.

"Riley?" I ask.

"Leo, actually."

Warmth pools in my stomach at the reminder of my girlfriend's

relationship with my brother. They have a lot in common, and the more time they spend with each other, the more they've become friends. At first, Jace, Riley, and I found it kind of funny, considering when they're standing side by side they're the last two people anyone would expect to be friends. He looks so prim and proper while Stevie is often dressed down and casual like me.

Half the time, I have no idea what they talk about, though I know it's often about work. But I'm happy they have such a strong relationship, especially considering Riley is officially going to be in the family. Stevie was so excited when Leo and Jace asked her what Riley's ring size was. After she told them, she jumped up and down for about an hour straight. I'm surprised she didn't blow the surprise considering she wouldn't shut up about it.

Little does she know, I asked Riley for Stevie's ring size last week. While I don't plan to ask her tonight, I will when the time is right. Maybe after the season is over and I've retired, which I've yet to one-hundred-percent decide on. It all depends on a few things, like how my body fares after this season and if I decide I want to take on acting full time. I know that whatever I decide, Stevie will support me on it. And that's all that matters. If I have her, I'm always going to win.

Stevie's also thriving in her job as the Stormbreakers' new head of social media. She still does mine, too, but her main focus is the team. We hired some guy from a PR firm to help me with mine when Stevie needs the extra set of hands, but we've created a nice system. Everything is going well, and I don't see that changing.

"I can feel you staring at me," she smirks, not looking up from her phone.

"You're cute when you type. You make like a little duck face."

She looks up at me and narrows her eyes. "I do not!"

I make a little duck pout with my lips, and she sets her phone down before throwing one of the decorative pillows from our couch straight toward my face. I catch it easily and chuck it back at her. It hits her face with a thump before falling to the floor.

I smirk at her as she scoffs. "You play with fire, you get fire back, Cherry."

One of her eyebrows lifts in challenge, and then she's grabbing the pillow off the floor and firing at me again. I dodge it once more, the pillow sailing over my shoulder and almost knocking the lamp off the end table.

"If we break any more lamps, we're going to have to buy them in bulk," I tease. Between her love of jumping me when I walk through the door and the amount of group activities that have happened in my house since we started

seeing each other, a fair share of lamps have been broken.

There's also one thing I've learned about Stevie since she moved in with me. She loves pillow fights. Actually, all kinds of "fights." She even brought over nerf guns from her apartment that we've used a couple of times. Leo likes to joke that she'll keep us young forever, and I agree with him. It's only one of the many things I love about her.

"I hate that lamp anyway," she teases.

I look at the boring white lamp then back at her. "You're the one who insisted we get the cheaper one since we'd break it again."

She shrugs. "I know. But that doesn't mean I have to like it."

"You're nuts, you know that?"

"But I'm your kind of nuts."

My heart beats a little faster at her words. "You are. And I'm yours."

She smiles at my reply then reaches her hand out so I can take it. Our palms meld together, and I feel peace inside every part of me, a peace I didn't even know was possible until I found her. Sure, we've had a few fights. But surprisingly, everything between us has been easy. So easy, in fact, that one time, Stevie started a fight over the fact I forgot to order Crab Rangoon with our takeout. She said it wasn't normal for couples not to fight, so she was trying it out.

That was the dumbest shit I've ever experienced, but I love every second of it, because it explains her to a T. I constantly remind her that just because nothing is wrong doesn't mean something should be wrong. I'm secure in who I am. I'm getting too old to deal with what people think about me. I also just want to enjoy life and see where it leads me. Thankfully, Stevie feels the same. That's why we work.

We never put pressure on ourselves to be people we aren't. We go with the flow. Maybe, one day, we'll have a kid or two who I can teach to play hockey or whatever the hell they want to do in life. But if not, I can coach peewee or volunteer somewhere. I don't need Stevie to give me something that she doesn't want. I just want her. And she's given me that tenfold.

When I feel her hand leave mine and the couch move, it takes her all but a few seconds to situate herself over me, placing her knees on the sides of my thighs and her hands behind me so her fingers can play with the hair at the nape of my neck.

"What were you thinking about?"

"Your huge boobs," I say, putting my face on her T-shirt clad chest and

motorboating them the best I can through the material.

She cackles. “Good, because I was thinking about your huge dick.” She grinds herself on me as she says it, and I let out a groan.

“Cock tease.”

“Pussy tease,” she shoots back.

I run my hands down her back then find my way under the waistband of her sweats so I’m cupping her ass in my hands. When I feel a lacy thong beneath my fingers, my cock hardens. “Did you wear cute underwear for me?”

“I was hoping I’d get lucky on Valentine’s Day for our one-year anniversary.”

My lips turn up. “Were you now?”

She grinds into me again. “You said you were too tired to go to the club. But I figured we could at least have a party of two. You can fuck me against the windows so we can scandalize our neighbor again. Maybe she’ll call the cops this time.”

I nip at Stevie’s neck, and she yelps. “I have a better idea.”

“Are you going to share with the class?”

I look over her shoulder at the clock on the wall and see it’s exactly nine o’clock on the dot. When the doorbell rings not a minute later, I can’t help the sly grin that overcomes my face.

“Your presents are at the door.”

Stevie’s face lights up. “Plural?”

“Only the best for my Cherry.”

Her cheeks blush a light pink, and then she’s pecking me on the lips before hopping off my lap to go greet our guests. The sound of her delighted squeals hit my ears before I can see who she let in. I’m just glad she’s this excited. I know tonight is both the anniversary of when we met and Valentine’s Day, but Stevie is always happy to share and be shared. I shouldn’t be surprised that the gift I chose for her today has made her happy. Especially because I asked two of her favorite people to come tonight.

“Long time no see, Cap.” Johnny salutes me as he walks in. “I missed you.”

I give him my best stink eye, but he knows it’s all in good fun. Our relationship has changed over the last year to more friends than teammates. But we have lines and boundaries drawn with each other when we do scenes with Stevie, and we’re able to keep things professional on the ice. Stevie also

loves him in her own way, which means I've grown to love him, too.

"I saw you three hours ago," I say.

"Can't a man miss his best bud?"

This time, I *do* roll my eyes at him as Nia comes up behind him then makes her way over so she can hug me. She's also become someone I care for. Stevie feels comfortable with her, so more often than not, she's a part of our little group when we decide to play. She's also turned into a great friend of mine—not to mention she plays a mean hand of poker. She's cleared me out more than once in a game. It's actually kind of terrifying how good she is.

"Hey, Golden Boy."

"Hey, Nia." I hug her back. "Thanks for coming."

"Like I would miss Valentine's Day with my two favorite horn dogs and my little puppy," she says, looking back at Johnny.

The man blushes at her words, and I hide a chuckle. The first time Nia showed up when he was over, we thought he was going to pass out. Turns out, my friend doesn't only like when I tell him what to do, and he's done more than one scene with Nia at the club in the past.

Stevie jumps up next to me and bounces on her heels, pressing a kiss to my cheek. "Thank you, babe. This is perfect."

I throw my arm around her shoulder and kiss her forehead. "Now, who would like a drink before our clothes come off?"

I'm met with a resounding chorus of yeses.

"Tell me how much you want my cock, Cherry," I say, pushing her down on the bed, her tits bouncing deliciously as Johnny and Nia follow behind us.

We've had a few drinks, not enough to make us messy but enough to make the natural awkwardness of group sex dissipate.

“I want your cock, Luke. Please, I *need* it,” Stevie pleads, biting on the pad of her pointer finger while she begs.

Her words go straight to my groin as I start to strip out of my pants. At some point, during a three-way make-out session that Johnny asked to watch, I’d lost my shirt while both Stevie and Nia ended up topless. Johnny is still fully clothed, but that’ll change soon.

“What will you do for it, Cherry?” I ask, grabbing her by the ankle to pull her down the bed. She giggles cutely as I put my hands at her waistband, pulling her sweats off until she’s left in only her red thong.

“I’ll be a good girl,” she purrs.

“What else will you do for it?” Nia asks now, her body pressing into my side so she can run her hand down my chest, fingering the hair at my navel before running the tip of her soft finger over the waistband of my briefs.

“I’ll lick your pussy so good you’ll see stars,” Stevie says, her hooded eyes watching me as her friend toys with my body.

Nia snaps my elastic waistband playfully and wiggles her eyebrows at me. “I’m game for that.”

“Get her naked and on her knees. I have something I want to get,” I say.

Nia kisses my cheek before moving to her task of taking care of Stevie. But before she does, she snaps her fingers at Johnny, and he turns his gaze on her. “Strip, puppy. I want to see that beautiful cock of yours.”

I think I see hearts in Johnny’s eyes, and I bite my cheek to keep from laughing. With my dirty girl taken care of for the moment, I move to my dresser and pull out what I’m after. We’ve talked about this desire of hers a couple of times, and I figure this is the perfect time to try it.

I hold one of the red soy candles I bought meant for wax play and light it then grab something extra I got for tonight: a butt plug that has a jeweled ruby-red heart-shaped base. With my toys now in hand, I turn back to the bed and let myself enjoy the scene before me.

Our king-sized bed has been stripped down to a sheet that has a waterproof mattress protector underneath it. That was a must after the first time I made Stevie squirt because I had to buy a new mattress. She was embarrassed and wanted to pay for it, but fuck that. My new bed is a trophy that makes me feel like the fucking king of the world every time I look at it. Not to mention it was hot. Maybe she can do a repeat performance of that tonight in front of our guests.

I see Johnny standing at the edge of the bed, naked now. He’s got his cock

in his hand, and Nia is telling him how to stroke himself while Stevie eats her out.

Speaking of my Cherry, she looks perfect with her red thong still on, her ass in the air and face between Nia's thighs.

"Come over here, Golden Boy," Nia says, crooking her finger at me.

I shoot her a sly smile and hold up what I have in my hands. She props herself up and looks down at Stevie. "You're in for a treat, Gorgeous."

When Stevie tries to pop her head up to look, Nia grabs her hair, shoving her back down to her cunt while tsking, "No peeking."

My cock strains against the fabric of my briefs at her demanding words. Nia is like me; she prefers to be in control of a scene. Though that doesn't mean I haven't let her, and Stevie, take me for a ride. I let them have their fun on my birthday this summer. Let's say it was a night I'll never forget.

"Fuck, Stevie. You're so good at licking pussy," Nia praises her.

My girl hums around Nia's clit but doesn't let up.

"And Johnny, baby. You're such a good boy. Keep stroking that cock until you almost come. Then stop."

"Yes, Nia," he answers dutifully.

While they continue to play, I dim the lights and set the lit candle down on a side table. Then I grab a bottle of lube and kneel on the bed behind Stevie, running one of my hands down the soft skin of her back and ass. She moans around Nia's clit but doesn't let up, sucking her until Nia is crying out.

I move Cherry's thong to the side and place the tip of the now lubed plug at her back entrance, rimming her with the cool object before sliding the tip in. She gasps at the intrusion, but Nia holds her hair firm.

"You're so beautiful like this, baby, your body ready for me. Your holes just waiting to be fucked." Then I plunge the cool plug halfway in then pull it out, spitting on it for fun before I tell her to take a breath. When she exhales, I push it all the way past the tight rings of muscle.

"Oh, fuck!" she cries, her body bending so she looks like she's doing the cow pose. Nia lets her have a moment before she tugs her hair to bring her head between her thighs. Stevie sighs and presses her ass back. I slap each cheek for good measure then push the base of the plug so she's keening around Nia's clit.

Once I'm satisfied with the picture she makes, I place the scrap of her thong over it before my eyes meet Johnny's. I can see sweat on his brow from the edging Nia is having him do, and I figure I'll add to his pain a little.

I motion for him to come over to me, and he does like the good boy we've all trained him to be.

I take the candle from the side table as well as the heart-shaped paddle Nia brought over, the same one she used on Stevie last Valentine's Day. I toss it in my hand before giving it to Johnny. Then I hold the candle up and see a good amount of wax pooled on the top, which means we're ready to really get the party started.

"You remember your safe word, Cherry?" I ask in a teasing voice. I know she remembers, but I like asking anyway.

"Valentine," she murmurs, her voice muffled by Nia's pussy.

"Good girl," I groan, then I tip the candle so a tiny bit of wax falls on her ass. She cries out in surprise, her head turning to look at me, her eyes wide.

I hold the candle up and flash her my one-dimpled smile. "Ask, and you shall receive, Cherry."

She grins at me, but it doesn't last long, because Johnny brings the paddle down over where the wax has just dried.

"Oh!" she cries, her head falling against Nia's open thigh.

"Again," I tell Johnny. He strikes her again, a little harder this time so that a piece of the wax falls onto the sheet and he leaves a little red heart behind on her ass.

Before Stevie can catch her breath, I pour wax on her other ass cheek then some in the divot of her low back. It drips down the side onto her belly, painting her red. I palm my cock through my briefs for a tiny bit of relief as Johnny paddles the other cheek. We do this for a while, Cherry bringing Nia to the brink of orgasm while I paint my girl with wax and Johnny marks her ass and thighs with pretty red hearts.

By the time I hold my hand up for Johnny to stop, Stevie is shaking with pain and pleasure. "Are you doing okay, Cherry?"

"Jesus, yes. It feels so good." She moans before licking at Nia's swollen folds.

I place the candle down and rub my hand over Stevie's sensitive skin, causing her to release a muffled moan. My eyes track to Johnny who looks like he's about to pass out from lack of stimulation. Willing to throw him a bone, I get Nia's attention.

"I think Johnny needs your love, Angel."

She smiles at the nickname then beckons Johnny over with a crook of her finger. "Come here, puppy. Let me make you feel good."

Not needing to be told twice, he moves toward Nia, who's now positioned herself so her head is hanging off the edge of the bed, long brown hair spilling down the side of the sheets. She opens her mouth for him, and he wastes no time feeding her his cock.

Turning my attention back to Stevie, who's now got her fingers curling inside her friend to stroke her G-spot, I take a second to admire the work we did on her body. Then I decide I have a few more decorations I'd like to add.

I stand from the bed and remove my briefs, my cock slapping against my abs. Everyone is busy pleasuring their partners, but I see Stevie's forest eyes look for me every few seconds, which gives me heart palpitations. Sometimes, I still can't get over how lucky I am to have a woman like her in my life. Someone who loves me as much as she does. Someone who would walk through fire for me. But she knows I would also do the same for her. She tells me all the time I'm her dream man, but she's my dream woman.

With a smile, I fist my straining length and rub pre-cum down my shaft before kneeling behind Stevie once more. She moves so her butt pushes back, and I chuckle. "You ready for this cock, baby?"

She nods, and I smack her ass. "Use that pretty mouth to speak your words for me."

"Yes, Luke. I want your huge cock."

Her choice of words has me smacking her ass again. Needing to be inside her, I move the scrap of wet thong to the side, not bothering to remove it. The jeweled heart plug glimmers in the light, and I press on it while I notch my swollen head at her soaked entrance.

"You're dripping for me, baby," I say, admiring how her arousal slides down her thighs and onto the bed. "Maybe I'll have Johnny clean it up for us later, huh?"

Johnny grunts his approval while he punches his cock down Nia's willing throat, and Stevie cries out a yes.

After a second of more teasing, I thrust into her easily, moaning her name as her greedy cunt takes my cock the way it was meant to, and the scrap of lace slides against my sensitive skin.

"Fuck, Stevie. You feel amazing." I push my hips forward and smack her red ass until she yells my name again.

"God, I love your cock," she says, moving her fingers faster inside Nia until the latter is moaning loudly around Johnny and taking him deeper.

"You'd better," I tease, pressing my thumb into the plug again as I move at

a quicker pace.

“Fuck, I’m going to come soon,” Johnny says as his hand moves to brush a tear that’s spilled from the corner of Nia’s eye. “You’re so fucking perfect, Nia.”

Her eyes smile before they roll into the back of her head. I guess she’s about to come soon, too.

I clutch the supple skin of Stevie’s ass and pull her all the way onto my cock. She wails again. “Take my fucking cock, baby, take every inch of it,” I command, knowing she loves it when I speak to her this way.

She sucks Nia’s clit, and I pull out almost all the way so I can grab the candle again. Once I have it secured, I piston my hips forward so my pelvis slaps against her ass, and then I start spilling the wax to write out a message. Stevie moans, and Nia hollows her cheeks, pressing Stevie into her cunt as I watch her climax take hold.

At the same time, Stevie grips her pussy around my cock, and I feel my orgasm build at the base of my spine. The tension in the air crescendos, and I know we’re all close to coming together. I finish my message to Stevie on her back and then set the candle down, leaning forward so I can wrap one of my arms under her to rub her clit. I fuck into her at a shallow and fast pace, chasing my orgasm as Stevie finds her own. I feel her shake, her pussy milking my cock as she comes.

“That’s it, Cherry. Come all over my dick like the good fucking girl you are.”

“Fuck, Luke—Lucas,” she chants. “Fuck me harder.”

I do as she asks, her orgasm rolling into another one as Nia falls apart on her tongue. I vaguely hear Johnny come as I cry out my girl’s name, pulling my cock from her tight heat to paint her ass with my cum.

After a few moments of heavy breathing, we collapse on the bed in a mess of each other. Eventually, Johnny moves next to Nia and puts his head between her breasts so she can stroke his hair while Stevie curls into my side, our legs tangling together.

When she finally has enough energy to open her eyes, she stares up at me drowsily. “What did you write on my back?” she asks.

I smirk at her, helping her roll over so I can peel the wax from her skin. I get most of it off, then I trace the wonky red marks that faintly spell out “I LUV U”. Once I’ve done it a few times, she kisses my neck and smiles at me with so much love I almost cry. *Almost*.

“I love you, too. Lucas McKnight.”
“I love you more, Cherry.”
“And I love your huge dick.”
I chuckle into her mouth as I capture her cherry lips in mine.
Happy Fucking Valentine’s Day.

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Till next time!

Xoxo,

Kayla

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Kayla, author of the international best-seller *Trick Shot: A Spicy Christmas Novella* and a collection of sweet and spicy plus-size romances, grew up in a suburb of Madison, Wisconsin. Though she lived near a big college town, her backyard was a cornfield, and her favorite hobby was riding her horse and imagining herself flying through the fields with a cape on her back and a sword in her hand. Her overactive imagination led to writing lots of FanFiction, scripts, and publishing six books. When not writing, Kayla can often be found riding horses or drinking fancy espresso. She lives in Los Angeles, CA with her cockatiel, Fiyero, and Quarter Horse, Atlas.