

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

IVY SMOAK



*Roughing*  
THE  
PRINCESS

# Roughing the Princess

# Roughing THE PRINCESS

By Ivy Smoak



Copyright 2023 Ivy Smoak

All Rights Reserved



# IVY SMOAK

WEEKLY NEWSLETTER

Want a behind-the-scenes look at my journey as an author? The ups, the downs, the movie deals...I'll share it all!

And as a special thank you for joining, you'll get an exclusive copy of my short story, *Matthew Caldwell - The Untouchable*.

[\*\*CLICK HERE to join the party!\*\*](#)

*This book is a work of fiction.*

*Names, characters, places, and incidents are fictitious.*

*Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is  
purely coincidental.*

*To insomnia and coffee.*

# **CONTENTS**

## Title

Chapter 1 – Be Bad for Me

Chapter 2 – Game On

Chapter 3 – Total Bad Boy Vibes

Chapter 4 – The L Bomb

Chapter 5 – First Date

Chapter 6 – Everything You’ve Heard is True

Chapter 7 – Game Day

Chapter 8 – A Private Show

Chapter 9 – Bend Over, Princess

Chapter 10 – Soaking Wet

Chapter 11 – Begging for It

Chapter 12 – Good Girl

Matthew Caldwell - The Untouchable

A Note From Ivy

# Chapter 1 – Be Bad for Me

Talon

“You’re used to people worshipping you on stage,” I said. I lightly tugged on her hair, exposing her neck to me.

I pressed a kiss against the side of her neck and she grabbed my shoulders, pulling me closer. She moaned as my lips traced down her throat.

“Is that what gets you off, Tova? A crowd of thousands cheering your name?”

She didn’t respond, but her fingers dug into the muscles of my back.

I couldn’t even count how many times I’d chanted her name in my head with my hand wrapped around my cock. Picturing her lips around me instead of my hand. Or her legs spread for me. Her greedy pussy just begging for my cock. I could give her exactly what she wanted. “You have no idea what it’s like to be truly worshipped yet, princess.”

I’d been waiting weeks to taste her. Years if I was being completely honest with myself. And I finally had her right where I wanted her. I was seconds away from getting on my knees and showing her I meant every word I’d said.

But then her lips traced my ear. “You’re used to being worshipped too, Talon.” Her fingers fell to the waistband of my pants.

*Fuck. Me.* She wanted to wrap her lips around my cock and worship me. And

I wondered how many times she'd had my name on her lips these past couple weeks. With her fingers tracing her wetness. Wishing it was me.

Maybe I had her pegged all wrong. She pretended to be a good girl. Maybe she usually was. But she wanted to be bad for me. All those flirty texts, buried between the more serious ones. That was the real her.

I could give her fucking both. I'd treat her better than anyone else ever had. Like the princess she was. And I'd be as rough with her as she wanted between the sheets. I wouldn't end up as a lyric in one of her new songs. She wouldn't be cursing my name. She'd be begging me for more.

"Dirty girl," I whispered against her lips.

She grabbed the front of my shirt, pulling me down into a kiss.

God she tasted sweet. I grabbed her thighs and hoisted her legs around my waist. I slammed her back against the wall again, kissing her so hard I was sure I was bruising her soft lips. "Do you want to be a little slut for me, princess?"

She...

*Wait. Hold everything. This is about to be the best moment of my life. But first I need to back up a second and start from the beginning. Because I never in a million years thought Tova Saber would be seconds away from letting me devour every inch of her. Never in my wildest dreams.*



## Chapter 2 – Game On

Talon

### *Two Months Earlier - July*

“You did not,” my brother Jasper said with a laugh. “What did you think would happen? That she’d bring you backstage and give you head before her show?”

“No. Well...maybe.” I smiled. “Talk about a throat warm-up.”

Jasper shook his head and pulled on his earphones. “I can’t wait to bring this up on the podcast.”

“We’re not talking about this on the podcast, man.”

“Then you shouldn’t have mentioned it right before we start recording.”

“You know I don’t like to talk about my personal life on the show.”

“Mhm.” He swiveled in his chair to face one of the screens. “Time to go live.”

“Don’t bring it up, Jasper. I swear to God. I will kick your ass.”

“And we’re live!” He hit a button on the computer to start recording.

I glared at him, but then shook my head. We recorded video for our podcast too. And it wasn’t the best to start off with a scowl. I cleared my throat and

looked down at our notes for the show. It took Jasper all of two seconds to go off script.

“Before we started recording, Talon was telling me about his experience at the Tova Saber concert the other night. Care to tell us more, Talon?”

*What the fuck?* “She was performing in our stadium. So I just went to check it out.” I shrugged like it was no big deal. Like I hadn’t been excited about it as soon as I found out she was coming to Labyrinth Stadium. “It was a great concert.” What exactly was he expecting me to say? I wasn’t about to tell the whole world that I’d had a crush on Tova for years.

“It probably would have been better if Tova let you come backstage though. I heard you brought her a signed jersey with a little note written on it. But when you tried to get backstage, her security team stopped you. They said something about her wanting to hang out with literally any football player but you.”

I laughed. I couldn’t help it. I’d murder Jasper later. This shit was actually funny. And we could always edit this out before we posted it later. “It was actually my phone number, but yeah. She was too busy to see me.”

“Busy? Or she just didn’t want to?”

I laughed again. “I doubt the security team even checked with her. We both know that she would have let me backstage if she knew I was there.”

“Would she have though?”

“Of course.” I wasn’t positive about that. She had technically turned me down. But it was a lot easier to think that it was her people that sent me away instead of her. “She can’t hang out with people before the show. She has to

rest her throat or something.”

“Well, she could have hung out with you after,” Jasper said.

*Touché.* “Are we going to talk about football or not?”

“Yes, but one more thing. I bet it’s the beard, man.”

“What?” I scratched the side of my beard. What was wrong with my beard?

“I heard Tova Saber only likes mustaches.”

I laughed. “I definitely have never heard that.”

“Ask anyone. Shave it all but the stache and she’ll let you backstage next time. I guarantee it.”

I shook my head. “You’re just jealous because your beard is patchy as hell.”

“Excuse you?” He touched both sides of his face in horror. “Don’t make fun of the look you so clearly copied.”

“I definitely didn’t grow a beard because of you.”

He laughed. “Sure you didn’t. Just like you didn’t start playing football to be exactly like me. Oh wait... Little brothers, am I right?” He turned and made a face at the cameras.

I turned to the cameras too. “Anyway. Back to football.”

\*\*\*

Jasper promised to edit out that whole segment. It would never see the light of day. Which was good. Because it was a little embarrassing that I put myself out there and got so badly shut down. I wasn’t used to rejection. I was

used to getting what I fucking wanted. Besides, I couldn't imagine what the tabloids would say if they got wind of my stupid little crush.

"I'm done," Olivia said and pushed her plate forward.

My niece was adorable. But terrible when it came to eating her vegetables. She hadn't eaten a single green bean off her plate.

I waited for Jasper to say something. But he'd been distracted all day. He'd barely said a word during our workout this afternoon. I was starting to worry that he was about to get traded or something. I knew he wouldn't let that happen. But he was freaking me out. Especially this close to the start of preseason. He didn't necessarily look upset though. Actually, he kind of looked happy about something.

Olivia started to get up from the table.

"Not so fast," I said. "You didn't eat your veggies. You gotta eat those." Jasper was lucky to have me around. Or else his daughter would never eat any greens.

"No thank you," Olivia said.

At least she was polite about it. "You know what happens when you don't eat your veggies."

She raised her eyebrows. "I can eat extra dessert?"

I laughed. "Nope. This." I grabbed her from her chair and turned her upside down, holding her in the air by her ankles.

"Uncle Talon, let me down!"

“Not until you finish your vegetables.”

“Upside down?”

“Yup.” I adjusted her ankles to both be in one of my hands and then I grabbed her a fork with my free hand. “Eat up.”

She laughed. “I can’t eat upside down.”

“Strange. I can.”

“Can you really?”

I put her right side up and set her back down on her chair.

And then I walked over to the kitchen island and stood on my head, only balancing because my back was pressed against the island. I’d been practicing handstands for an epic touchdown celebration, but my form still needed work. “Give me some of those green beans.”

Olivia shoved one of them into my mouth.

It was a lot harder to eat upside down than I imagined it to be. But I somehow made it work. “See? And now you have one less to eat.” I fell over ungracefully and Olivia laughed.

Jasper was still zoned out.

Olivia ate a few of her green beans. “Dessert time now?”

I ruffled her hair. “Go get some ice cream from the freezer.”

She looked so excited as she ran over to the fridge.

And then Jasper finally turned toward me. And smiled. One of his shit eating

grins. A grin that meant he'd done something awful.

“What did you do?” I asked.

“Who said I did anything?” He stood up from his chair and started whistling as he helped Olivia get a bowl of ice cream.

“It just seems like you're in a strangely good mood,” I said.

“Yup.” He hoisted himself up onto the counter and sat down. “Actually I've been in a good mood all day. I've been working on something special.”

“Um...what?”

He smiled. “Don't be mad. But I did a thing.”

I had a sinking feeling in my stomach.

“Remember that podcast we recorded a couple weeks ago? And how I said I'd edit out that segment about Tova Saber? Well...I didn't. And the podcast went live a few hours ago.”

“I'm going to kill you.”

“No. You're not. Because you failed to give your phone number to Tova. And...now she has it.”

“What?” I asked.

“She heard the podcast. Or someone she knew heard the podcast. I think she was flattered that you have a little crush on her. So she asked for your number. She'll probably text you any minute.”

I laughed. “Yeah right.”

“I’m serious. Also, every sports show wants to interview you about it.”

I laughed again.

“It seems like you think I’m joking. But I’m not.” He pulled out his phone and showed me the podcast.

And the comments. So many fucking comments. About me and Tova. *Holy shit.*

“I think #Talva is trending on TikTok,” Jasper said.

“You actually fucking posted that? What the fuck?!”

“You’re welcome.”

“I didn’t say thank you!”

He smiled. “At least you didn’t talk about how you lost your virginity while listening to one of her songs...”

I took a step toward him and he jumped off the counter. He sprinted around it before I had a chance to tackle him to the floor.

“Why are you pissed?” he said. “Tova has your number. That’s what you wanted.”

“Not like this I didn’t.” I tried to grab him again but he sprinted around to the other side of the counter. For such a large man he was surprisingly quick.

“You should be saying thank you. Not only do you get to talk to her now, but you’re going to get a ton of publicity.”

“I’m already in the limelight enough.”

“Not as much as she is.”

I glared at him.

“She’s a global phenomenon. You’re just popular in the states.”

“We’re world champions,” I said. “*World.*”

“Football is only played here and you know it.”

“Two Super Bowl rings.”

“She’s gone platinum like a million times. Or whatever. Is that even a thing still? And she’s definitely won some Grammys. Regardless, she’s out of your league. And I hooked you up. Bow to me.” He motioned to the tiled floor where he presumably wanted me to bow.

I lunged for him again.

He laughed and dodged me. “Can’t touch this.” He shimmied his shoulders.

And I couldn’t help but laugh. “I can’t believe you posted that shit, man.” It was legit mortifying. It was bad enough being rejected by her at her concert. I didn’t need the whole fucking world to know about it.

“Have you even checked your phone yet?” He pointed at me. “You’re smiling! See! I knew you’d be excited about this.”

“I’m not smiling.”

“You’re definitely smiling.”

“Whatever. Good night, asshole.” I walked toward the stairs.

“I know you’re going to check your phone!”



I ignored him.

“Let me know how it goes!” he called after me.

*Okay, fine.* I was smiling a little. And maybe I took the stairs two at a time. I opened the door to my bedroom suite. After Jasper’s wife passed away a little less than a year ago, I’d moved in to help him out with Olivia. And then I just never left. I liked being around for them. They needed me. Besides, I’d broken up with my last girlfriend around the same time. And I never liked living in an empty house.

I closed the door behind me and grabbed my cell phone off my desk. I had a million texts and calls. And just like Jasper said...tons of shows wanted interviews.

I sat down on the edge of my bed. I scrolled and scrolled through all the messages and missed calls, looking at each name. But amongst all the texts and messages...there wasn’t a single one from Tova Saber.

*Fuck me.* I sighed and tossed my phone onto the bed. And then I flopped backwards and stared at the ceiling. I thought her denying me at her concert was bad. This felt worse. Because this was public.

I was used to getting what I fucking wanted. But Jasper was right. Tova was out of my league. I’d had a crush on her since high school. And I’d waited a lifetime to finally pursue her. After my first Super Bowl ring...I almost tried. But she was in a relationship. And maybe I chickened out a bit. Now I had two rings. It wasn’t a million Grammys, but it was impressive. Still not good enough for Tova though, apparently.

I sighed. This girl was driving me crazy. But there was nothing I liked more than a challenge. *Game on, Tova.*

## Chapter 3 – Total Bad Boy Vibes

Talon

### *One Week Later - August*

Jasper glanced over at me and laughed again. He was barely even peddling on his stationary bike. Apparently his laughter was enough of a workout today.

I dropped my weights onto the ground. “Just spit it out already.” I’d been waiting all day for him to give me shit. Instead he just kept looking at me and laughing. I cracked my neck to the side, trying to get rid of some of the tension.

“I can’t believe you actually shaved off your beard for her,” he said.

“For who?” Mav asked. He was the quarterback for our team and also my best friend. “Tova?” At least, he *was* my best friend. If he started messing with me about this too, his status would be up for debate. He was stretching on the ground between me and Jasper. And it almost felt like this was some kind of weird set up to poke me.

“I shaved it off for preseason,” I said. “It’s my preseason stache. I do it every year.”

Mav pulled one of his knees to his chest. “Do you?”

“Yes. Always. For good luck.”

“Do you though?” Jasper added.

“Look up pictures. I do.”

They both laughed.

“I swear to God.” I grabbed my phone and tried to find the evidence.

“She still hasn’t texted you, huh?” Jasper asked.

I ignored him.

“I bet she will now,” Mav said. “I heard that she loves going for mustache rides.”

“Have you two been kibitzing about this?” I asked.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Mav said. “I’m pretty sure I read it somewhere.”

“It was in a Cosmo article,” added Jasper.

Yeah, they’d definitely been talking about this. I didn’t read Cosmo like these weirdos, but if it had been in an article, I would have heard about it. Not that I stalked Tova or anything. I wasn’t a nutjob. I just thought she was sexy as hell. And I loved to fantasize about her lips wrapped around my cock. “Ah! There.” I showed them a picture I found of me rocking an awesome mustache during last year’s preseason.

“I still think you did it for her,” Jasper said.

*Honestly?* I did. A little. I didn’t believe either of them about her loving

mustaches. But I was willing to go the extra mile for this girl. If she wanted to go for a mustache ride, I'd give her the ride of her fucking life. Just thinking about it was making me hard. "I'm gonna go hit the showers."

I left the two of them to gossip about this alone.

I walked into the showers. I was the only one here. Everyone else on the team was still doing drills outside. But I blasted cold water on myself to calm myself down. It was one thing to picture Tova on her knees in the privacy of my own shower. It was another to do it here when anyone could walk in and see me.

\*\*\*

"Ugh, someone must have tipped them off," Mav said as we climbed out of his Mercedes.

Yeah, someone definitely told the paparazzi we'd be here.

"This is perfect," Jasper said. "You can show off your new stache to the whole world so Tova will see it. And then she'll text you."

I laughed. "*You* called the paparazzi?" My brother was an idiot.

"I'm telling you, I'm the best wingman."

Mav lightly shoved him. "We both know that title belongs to me."

Jasper swatted him away. "Smile at the cameras, Talon."

Instead of smiling, I flipped the bird at the closest cameraman and then walked into the bar.

"That was perfect," Jasper said and slapped my back. "You're giving total

bad boy vibes. Tova is gonna eat that up. The first round is on me.” He walked off toward the bar with Mav and I found a table to sit down at. I slid onto one of the stools. I was glad the paparazzi hadn’t followed us inside.

“Did you actually lose your virginity while listening to one of Tova’s songs?” Mav asked.

“I knew the two of you had been talking about this.”

Mav laughed. “I’m not judging you. She’s fucking sexy as hell. I’d tap that.”

“Dibs, man.”

He held up his hands. “I’m not stepping on your toes. Although I probably have a better chance than you. You know...since I not only have two rings but I’m also a two-time Super Bowl MVP and all.”

“We both know you wouldn’t have those titles without my help.” Seriously, I’d like to see him win another ring without his star tight end.

“Or mine,” Jasper said and placed our drinks down on the table.

Mav shrugged. “Still. I bet she’d take my call. Maybe I should call her and beg her to talk to you.”

“Not necessary,” Jasper said. “I’ve got this. Because I’m the best wingman.”

“And yet...here the three of us are, all alone. Tova-less.” Mav shook his head like he was so disappointed in Jasper’s horrible wingman skills.

I laughed.

“I’ve set you up with like half the models you’ve dated, Mav,” Jasper said. “I didn’t see you complaining about my wingman skills then.”

Mav shrugged.

Jasper did have a special talent for finding hot, single models. He'd set me up with a dozen or so too. Those had been some fun nights.

“Speaking of models...” Mav rubbed his hands together. “I have someone I want you to meet, Jasper.”

Jasper took a sip of his drink. “Pass.”

I stared at Mav. It had been a while since either of us had tried to breach this subject with Jasper. And the last time hadn't exactly gone well. I probably remembered it better than Mav did though, because I was the one who'd had to sit with Jasper while he cried on the bathroom floor. He wasn't ready. It had barely been a year.

“You didn't even let me tell you who it is,” Mav said.

“Not interested.”

“But I think if you...”

I kicked Mav under that table.

“Ow.” He said and grabbed his leg. “Don't hit me so close to my knees. You know a busted knee is my greatest fear. And it almost happened.”

“I barely tapped you. And you bruised your knee years ago. Give it a rest.”

He shuddered. “Not the knees, man.”

“To healthy knees. And another season where we railroad everyone.” I lifted up my glass.

“Here’s to that.” Jasper lifted his glass.

Mav lifted his glass too. “To a third ring.”

We tapped our glasses and I was about to take a sip when my phone buzzed in my pocket.

I set my glass down and pulled out my phone. I had a text from an unknown number. Just one line: “Hey. I heard you wanted a word?” My heart started racing as I stared at the text. *No fucking way.*

“What is it?” Jasper asked. He took a sip of his beer.

I showed him my phone. “Do you think…”

Jasper spit out his beer. “It’s Tova!”

“Calm down.” I grabbed a napkin and put it down on the mess he’d just made.

“It could literally be anyone,” Mav said. “It’s more likely a stalker that somehow found your number.”

“Dude,” Jasper said. “You gotta believe. Wait, hold on.” He pulled out his phone and smiled. “It’s definitely her. Because look at what’s all over the internet. He showed me a picture of myself from outside the bar flipping the bird to the camera.

“What does that prove?” I asked.

“That she loves mustache rides like I fucking told you.”

I laughed.

“I mean, what are the odds that she texts you *tonight*? After over a week of having your number and giving you the cold shoulder? She saw the stache, man. Text her back.”

“We don’t know if it’s actually her,” Mav said.

But what if it was? “I got it.” I quickly wrote out a text and showed them.

Mav scanned the message. “You can’t just flat out ask her if it’s her. Be cool.”

“Right.” I deleted the text and then just wrote: “Who is this?”

“Perfect,” Jasper said. “It makes it seem like you haven’t been checking your phone every two seconds for over a week.

“I haven’t been.”

“Haven’t you though?”

I ignored him and hit send.

Those little dots showing that she was texting back appeared. The three of us all leaned over my phone as her next text came through: “Your worst nightmare, Talon.”

I laughed. I didn’t know what I was expecting, but I hadn’t expected that.

“Weird,” Mav said.

I stared at him like he was crazy. “It’s called banter, man.”

“Or it’s just a weird stalker texting you. She’s basically saying she’s going to murder you in your sleep. This has stalker written all over it.”



I laughed and texted back: “Okay, stalker.”

“Did you just call Tova Saber a stalker?” Jasper asked with an exaggerated gasp. “What is wrong with you?”

“She’s funny. I’m funny.”

“I’m the funny brother, not you.”

*In his dreams.*

“I didn’t say you should call her a stalker,” Mav said. “I was saying that it’s not even her.”

The two of them just weren’t getting it. But my heart started racing as I stared at my phone. And stared. No response came.

“You freaked her out,” Jasper said.

*Fuck.* Had I? “She’s probably just busy.”

Mav shook his head. “Or it’s actually a stalker and you scared them off. Good job.”

The texting dots showed back up.

“Shh,” I said.

“You don’t have to shush us,” Jasper said. “You’re texting.”

I ignored him and stared at my phone until her next text came through: “At least I didn’t come to your game and beg for an audience. Who’s actually the stalker here?”

I smiled. “It’s definitely her.”

“Or someone who listened to the podcast,” Mav said.

Why was he being such a bummer right now? Actually I knew why. Probably because of his crazy stalker last year. “I’ll clear this up,” I said and started typing again. “Tova Saber? Global pop princess? Huh. My friends think you’re just a fan fucking with me. Send me a pic so I know it’s actually you.”

“A fan? You wish. I’m an Eagles fan. And don’t call me princess.”

“And now you’re begging to be spanked, princess.”

Jasper whistled. “That got heated pretty quickly.”

“You’re probably talking to a middle-aged man right now,” Mav said.

I stared at him. “Wow, that took a weird turn.”

“Stalkers, man. Seriously, what if you just told a creepy pervert that you want to spank him? That’s fucked up.”

“You’re acting like your stalker wasn’t hot.”

“She was crazy, Talon.”

I shrugged. “But she was still hot.” I hit his arm. “She’s texting back.”

Her text appeared on my phone: “My publicist gave me this number. But maybe this was some kind of weird prank? I think I’m the one that needs a pic.”

I could do that. I turned around so I could get Mav and Jasper in the picture too. Jasper stuck his tongue out through his big bushy beard and Mav put two fingers above my head. I snapped the picture and sent it to her. And her text came back almost immediately.

"Oh my God. I love your big beard."

*What the hell?* "That's my brother," I texted back. "I'm the one in the middle."

"Oh. I thought Talon was the big sexy brother. Bummer."

Jasper laughed.

"Not funny," I said. And I was bigger anyway. Or at least taller. Jasper had like fifty pounds on me.

"It's called banter," he said, mimicking me. "She's just messing with you. Pretty sure she's obsessed."

"Most stalkers are," Mav said. "And most stalkers are creepy men. Just saying."

I needed Mav to stop telling me I was talking to a middle-aged man. "Your turn," I texted.

"If you're expecting me to be lounging around in lingerie, I'm not. I'm just hanging out with my cats."

"She does have cats," I said.

Mav shook his head. "You and the whole internet know that."

"Prove it," I texted.

No dots showed up.

Mav sighed. "Sorry, man."

But then my phone buzzed. I stared at the picture of her. She was in bed with

her back propped up by a punch of pillows. And the old T-shirt she was wearing barely covered her underwear. I stared at her exposed thighs. *Lord have mercy.*

“Cute pussy,” Jasper said.

I would have hit him. But I knew he was talking about the cat on Tova’s lap. It had one of those cute smooshed in faces.

“How do we know that’s from tonight?” Mav asked. “Anyone could have taken that.”

“Anyone?” I kept staring at the picture. “It’s a selfie. She’s alone.”

Mav grabbed my phone and squinted at the picture. “Is that reeeeeeeally even her?”

It was definitely her. I knew the blue hue of her eyes. I just never thought she’d be staring at a camera posing for me. My eyes drifted back to her thighs.

Jasper drummed his hands on the table. “And the best wingman award goes to...Jasper Kendrick. Suck it, Mav.”

Mav laughed and handed me my phone back. “I’m not conceding on the wingman thing. But I will admit...I’m pretty sure that’s her. Bro.” He shoved my shoulder.

“You’re talking to the girl that gave you teenage wet dreams,” Jasper said.

“I’m never letting either of you meet her,” I said. Even though I hadn’t even met her yet.

“Text her and tell her what I said,” said Jasper. “About the cute pussy.”

“No.” I kept staring at the picture. I actually had no idea what to say. For once in my life, I was speechless.

“Look at that grin,” Jasper said, pointing to my face. “*I did that.*”

No *Tova* had done that. But Jasper had definitely helped. I tore my eyes from the picture. “Thanks, man.”

“What are you going to say to her?”

“Cute cat.” I typed out and pressed send.

“Yeah. Richard Castle always steals the show,” she texted back.

I laughed. That was a silly name for a cat. “So what are you up to tonight?”

“Texting you. Obvs.”

I smiled. She really was funny. “Took you all night to get your nerve up, huh?”

“If you haven’t noticed I’m in the middle of a tour. And I know you’ve noticed. Because you came to my show.”

I was pretty sure she was never going to let that go.

“Earth to Talon,” Mav said and snapped his fingers in front of my face. “Did you hear anything I just said?”

*Obviously not.* “No, what’s up?”

He laughed. “Are you gonna call her?”

I shook my head. “We’re in the middle of a crowded bar. It’s too loud in here.”

“Then you should probably go.” He smiled.

“Ooooh, phone sex,” Jasper said. “Great icebreaker.”

“We just started talking. But I am going to go.” I didn’t want them looking over my shoulder every time I texted her.

“Later, man,” Mav said.

“Mustache ride,” Jasper whispered.

I shoved him off his bar stool.

But he caught himself before his ass hit the ground. “I swear the mustache was the key. You’re welcome.”

I ignored him and headed out of the bar. The paparazzi were gone. Jasper really must have called them to set the whole thing up. And somehow it had worked. I wasn’t sure if it was because of the mustache or not. But I definitely wasn’t going to risk shaving it off now.

My phone buzzed again. “You have dogs, right?”

Well, she’d done her research. Maybe Mav was right. Maybe she was a bit of a stalker. Not that I was judging. I knew every single one of her songs. And I spent way too much time looking at pictures of her. I also knew she had three cats, not just one. Yeah, I was definitely the stalker here.

And now that I was away from Jasper and Mav’s prying eyes I could say whatever sinful thing I wanted. “Don’t worry,” I texted. “I love pussy too.”

She sent an eye-roll emoji.

I smiled. This was going to be fun.

## Chapter 4 – The L Bomb

Talon

I wasn't sure why, but I kept texting her instead of calling. It felt easier somehow. No awkward pauses. Just pure anticipation. I couldn't stop staring at my phone, my heart beating funny in my chest every time those little texting dots appeared.

“We just didn't quite fit,” she texted. “What about you and your ex?”

Tova had just gotten out of a long relationship a few months ago. My last relationship hadn't lasted as long as hers. But the breakup was pretty recent too.

“Eh. I thought too much about you the whole time,” I texted. “My ex didn't like that.”

Another eye-roll emoji.

I smiled. “You know, if you rolled your eyes at me in person, I'd spank you for it, princess.”

“I swear if you call me princess one more time, I'll be the one spanking you.”

“I wouldn't mind your hands on my ass. But I'd prefer mine on yours.”

“You wish.”

I smiled. I did wish. I wished very much. And I knew it was wrong. But I slid



my hand beneath my sweatpants and boxers. I'd fucked my hand to images of her since I was a teenager. I was already hard. And I couldn't help it. Just a picture of her did it for me. But now I was talking to the real thing. Picturing my hands on her tight ass. I wrapped my hand around my cock. Wishing it was her lips instead.

"I think maybe you're the one wishing," I texted with one hand as I started stroking myself. "You looked lonely in that big bed all by yourself the other night. Want some company?" I scrolled back up to the picture of her. I stared at her tan thighs as I stroked myself faster. If she'd just pulled her shirt up a tiny bit more I'd be able to see her thong. Or maybe she wasn't wearing anything beneath the shirt. I pictured her pussy wet with need. Begging for my mouth. My fingers. My cock. I stroked myself faster.

All I wanted to do was reach into the image and pull the fabric up with my teeth. I wanted to taste her. I wanted to hear my name on her lips.

"You wish," she texted again.

*So fucking badly, princess.* I closed my eyes and let the back of my head hit the headboard. I pictured her straddling me, her t-shirt riding up her hips.

I imagined pushing the fabric up the sides of her torso, exposing her tits. Pulling her shirt off over her head. Her blonde hair falling in waves over her breasts, her hard nipples still poking through.

She'd guide my cock into her wetness. I groaned, gripping my cock even tighter. Imagining how tight she'd grip me.

I pictured her moving her hips. Putting her hands on my shoulders to steady herself. Her fingers digging into my muscles.

*Ride my cock, princess. Just like that.* I felt the familiar pull in my stomach. I grabbed a tissue and exploded into it. Shot after shot. I closed my eyes tighter, imagining feeling her greedy pussy clenching around me.

I exhaled slowly and opened my eyes. *Fucking hell.*

My phone buzzed again. I grabbed it and stared down at her text: “But it’s late. And I need to get to bed. Night, Talon.”

“Good night, princess,” I texted back. “Don’t have too many dirty dreams about me.”

I knew I’d be dreaming about her all night.

\*\*\*

I couldn’t stop smiling the next day.

Or the next.

Or the several after that while at practice.

Jasper and Mav were giving me hell, but I didn’t even care.

Tova and I didn’t text every day. She was still on tour. I knew she was busy doing her thing. And I was busy doing mine.

But every night, even if we hadn’t spoken all day, I’d text her the same thing: “Good night, princess. Don’t have too many dirty dreams about me.”

She was very fond of responding with that eye-roll emoji. And I was very fond of stroking my cock while I thought about spanking her for her insolence.

Tonight I didn't want to just tell her to dream about me though. I wanted her to watch my game. I wanted to be able to picture her tracing her fingers up her thigh as she stared at the screen. I wanted to imagine her chanting my name as she came, her fingers buried in her tight pussy. It was all I could fucking think about.

"My first preseason game is today," I typed out and hit send. I pulled on my jersey as my phone buzzed with her response.

"Preseason, huh? Interesting. We don't have anything like that in my line of work."

Yeah, she desperately wanted to be spanked. My phone buzzed again.

"Always gotta bring the big guns," she texted.

I smiled. "Oh, I'm bringing the big guns. And I'll be scoring a touchdown for you. Make sure you're watching."

*No response.*

I kept staring at my phone.

I'd made a few jokes with her. About meeting up. Or doing a video call. She always skirted the subject. Or suddenly had something she needed to go do. Or she'd just stop texting me for a few hours and then come back with a new subject.

Mav would have said it was because she was actually a 60-year-old man. But I knew it was her. She was shy yet bold. Sarcastic yet sinful. God, I wanted to lick every inch of her skin.

"Game time," Mav said and slapped his hand on my back. "Ready?"

I cleared my throat and dropped my cell phone into my bag. “Ready.”

He pulled me away before I had a chance to check it one more time. I wanted Tova’s eyes on me. I wanted to know she was watching. I wanted her to know that I liked it.

But I didn’t know if she was.

Something about the thought that she might be though? I played harder. Ran faster. And when Mav threw me a pass in the endzone, I leapt up and caught it above the defender’s head, pulling it safely against my chest.

*Touchdown!*

Before anyone on my team could start celebrating, I dropped the ball, bent over, and grabbed my knee. I knew the cameras were zooming in close, wondering what was wrong. They’d already be focused on me. But I really wanted them to zoom in.

After a few seconds of pretending I hurt my knee, I winked at the camera and shimmed. Because I knew it would make her laugh.

“What the fuck,” Mav said and shoved my shoulder. “I thought you were hurt. The knees, man. Don’t joke about the knees.”

“Attention. Whore,” Jasper said between coughs. But then he high-fived me for the touchdown.

I looked back at the cameras. Was she watching? Had she laughed? Or was I thinking about her way more than she was thinking about me?

\*\*\*

I wrapped my towel around my waist, sat down on the bench, and grabbed my phone.

I had tons of texts waiting from Tova. And one from my mom telling me I was hilarious. She got me.

I read through the ones from Tova:

“Oh my God, Talon!”

“I can’t even watch this.”

“This is why I don’t like football!”

*That was news to me.* But I couldn’t stop smiling at her freaking out. She cared. I kept reading.

“What the hell is wrong with you?!”

“I thought you were actually hurt!”

“I freaking hate you, Talon.”

And then there was a pretty big time gap before she texted one more time:

“Seriously, I hate you.”

I smiled and texted her back. “So you did watch, huh?”

“I happened to have the game on in the background. Don’t make it weird.”

“You loved my touchdown dance, right?”

“No, I hate you.”

“Stop saying that. You know you love me.” I pressed send and then realized

what I'd just typed. *Fuck*. I stood up from the bench. *What the fuck did I just say to her?*

Every time I mentioned meeting up or video chatting or anything besides texting she ghosted me for hours. And now I'd just dropped the L bomb. I read my text again. At least I hadn't told her I loved her. I probably never would have heard from her again. This was just a joking text. Clearly it was just a joke.

But she still didn't respond.

*Fuck me*. I tossed my phone back into my bag.

"Women troubles?" Jasper asked as he pulled on some clean clothes.

"Nope." I tried my best not to talk about Tova with Jasper and Mav. The last thing I wanted was to give them more fuel for their jokes. Or for Jasper to bring this up on our podcast again.

"Have the two of you started sexting yet?" Jasper asked.

I mean...kind of. But I was pretty sure that was one sided. She hadn't even sent me more pictures. I just kept scrolling up to the one of her in that t-shirt. It did things to me.

"You better be careful," Mav said and sat down on the other side of me.

"You're toeing the line of getting friendzoned."

"Tova isn't friend-zoning me."

Mav shrugged.

"She's not," I said more forcefully.

“So are the two of you dating then?” Jasper asked.

Not yet. But we would be. “She just got out of a really long relationship. She’s not looking for anything serious.” We actually hadn’t talked much about that. All I knew was that it didn’t work out with her ex. And I hadn’t pressed it because I wanted to make her laugh. Not cry. But I was curious about where she thought this was going. I knew what I wanted. I’d known what I wanted for a really long time. Her.

“Mav’s right,” said Jasper. “You’re about to be put in the friendzone.”

I laughed. “Definitely not.”

Jasper stared at me like he wasn’t convinced. “So when are the two of you meeting up then? In person?”

“Soon,” I said.

“Her tour ends in a couple weeks, right?” Mav asked.

“Yeah.”

“Good. She’ll have a lot more free time once it’s over in September.”

I stared at him. “Why do you know so much about her schedule?”

He shrugged. “I was just curious about who my friend is dating. Or not dating. Since you’re in the friendzone.” He high-fived Jasper.

I knew they were just messing with me. But their words went round and round in my head. *Friendzone*. I didn’t want to be fucking friendzoned.

\*\*\*

I wanted to text Tova. Desperately. But it was better to wait for her to text me after I said something to freak her out. So instead I was sitting on the family room floor drawing with Olivia.

She snatched the paper from me and stared at my stick-figure drawing. “Who is that?”

I hadn’t even realized what I’d been doing. I’d been thinking about Tova so much that I’d drawn her. If you could even really call it drawing. I was no artist. “It’s Tova Saber.” I’d drawn her on a stage in the center of Labyrinth Stadium singing into a mic while wearing my Minotaurs jersey.

“I love Tova Saber!” Olivia started singing one of Tova’s latest songs.

“Yeah, me too.” The crayon froze in my hand. Seriously, what the fuck was I doing dropping the L word every five seconds when it came to Tova? I felt like I’d lost my fucking mind. But these past few weeks, all I could think about was looking at my phone to see what sassy thing she was going to say to me next.

“You should date her,” Olivia said. “I like her better than the models you usually bring home.”

I’d been *very* discreet with my dates. How did she know about...

Jasper started laughing.

I glared at him. I should have known he’d get Olivia to start teasing me about this too.

My phone buzzed in my pocket. I pulled it out and saw that I finally had a text from Tova. I pushed myself up off the ground. “Night, Olivia.” I ruffled her hair.



“Night, Uncle Talon!”

I gave Jasper a hard stare and he just laughed. At least he was talking about this to Olivia and not in our latest podcast recordings. He’d been eerily well behaved.

I climbed the stairs and clicked on her text just as I opened the door to my bedroom.

*Holy. Shit.*

I kicked the door closed and stared at the picture Tova had sent. She was on a couch instead of her bed. And she’d swapped out her old t-shirt for some bright red lingerie. The red matched her lips that she was biting into as she stared up at the camera. My eyes dropped to her tits. The crisscrossing straps of the lingerie were thick, almost bondage looking. And her tits were pushed together in that way that just made me want to bury my face between them and die a happy man.

But it wasn’t just the bra. She was wearing the full set. Even the strappy garter belt. It made her waist look even smaller. And her stockinged legs even longer.

I groaned. She was even wearing matching red heels. This was better than my fucking dreams.

This was the sexiest picture I’d ever been texted. *Friendzone my ass.* My erection pressed against the front of my jeans, begging to be free.

“What are you trying to do to me, princess?” I texted to her.

I unzipped my pants, wrapping my hand around my cock through my boxers.

I was just about to snap a picture to show her how hard I was for her. But then she texted me again.

“Oops. Sorry. Wrong person.”

I let go of my cock. *What. The. Fuck.* “Excuse me?” I typed. I could feel my blood boiling. What the hell did she mean by wrong person?

“I meant to send that to someone else,” she replied.

*The fuck she did.* There was no way she was talking to someone else. Texting this shit to someone else. She wouldn't. “Liar.”

“I'm so embarrassed right now. Mortified.”

Everything she texted made me madder and madder. I stared at her biting her lip. Looking sinful as hell. For someone else.

This was worse than going to her concert and being sent away.

Worse than my brother embarrassing me on my podcast and Tova *still* not texting me for over a week.

My friends were right. I was friendzoned. And she'd already moved on with someone new. I'd missed my chance. And I was just the idiot with my pants around my knees jerking off to images of her. Just like I had been in high school. *Fuck this shit.*

I wanted to punch a wall.

I wanted to tell her to go to hell.

I wanted to throw my phone out the window.

Before I could decide what to do, my phone buzzed again.

“Got you, bitch!”

*Wait. What?*

“You’re so gullible, Talon.”

My heartrate finally started to slow down. What the fuck? That shit wasn’t funny. But then I laughed. “You’re shitting me, princess.”

“I wish I could have seen your face.”

I laughed again. “Really not funny.”

“Now you know how it feels. You pretending to hurt your knee wasn’t funny either.”

She really knew how to put me in my place. I wanted to make a joke about how much she cared about me. But I didn’t dare. She’d only just started texting me again. I also resisted telling her that I had been seconds away from texting her a picture of my hard cock. That seemed like it would send her running too. Even though she’d just sent me the hottest picture ever.

I scrolled back up to it.

Ah fuck this.

For a second I thought I’d lost my chance with her. She was rarely ever single. And honestly, I was rarely ever single. I had to shoot my shot here. Or else I’d regret it forever.

“Lesson learned, princess.”

She sent her signature eye-roll emoji.

I smiled. Yeah, I needed to take my shot. Because if this thing didn't end with me bunching her skirt around her waist and spanking her, I wasn't sure I'd keep living. I took a deep breath and then texted her again: "After your tour, are you heading home for a while?"

"I have many homes, Talon. Many more than you."

She was such an asshole sometimes. And I fucking loved it. "Which home are you going to?"

"I'm heading to New York City for a few weeks."

I pressed my lips together. The next thing I said would surely result in her not texting me again for hours. But I had that new picture of her to occupy me in the meantime. "I have a game in NYC in a few weeks. Want to meet up?"

I hit the send button and held my breath. I was surprised that the texting dots appeared a second later.

"Like a team party kind of thing?"

I frowned. Not what I had in mind. But...if that would make her more comfortable. "Yeah. After the game."

"See you in New York, Talon."

God I couldn't wait to have those red lips wrapped around my cock.

## Chapter 5 – First Date

Tova

### *Three Weeks Later - September*

I stared at the lyrics in my notebook. They just didn't feel...right.

Nothing about today felt right. I was on edge. I closed my eyes, picturing the last stadium I performed in. The adrenaline rushing through my veins. The cheering crowd.

I opened my eyes and stared back down at the new lyrics. No one was going to cheer for this crap. I tore the page from the notebook, crumpled it up, and tossed it on the floor with the rest of my discarded pages.

“Ugh.” I groaned and faceplanted my pillow.

It was no use trying to focus on my next hit when all I wanted to do was text Talon. I rolled over onto my back, grabbed my phone, and stared at his last text: “Good night, princess. Don't have too many dirty dreams about me.”

It was like he could read my mind. I couldn't even count how many dreams I'd had of him. Weeks of texting. Weeks of him putting all his cards on the table. Weeks of me pretending like his words didn't affect me. But they did.

Somehow over the past several weeks, Talon Kendrick had become my confidant. Being on tour was hard. Lonely. He made it feel a lot less lonely.

I thought when I got back home, everything would feel normal again. But most of my friends weren't in town. They were on their own tours and fashion runways and movie shoots. And I wasn't sure I would have called them even if they were here. Because the only person I wanted to call was Talon.

I scrolled back to the picture of him he'd sent the first night we texted. He was out with his friends. God he was handsome. That smile just did something to me.

His game was starting in a few hours. And then a few hours after that...I was supposed to meet up with him.

I wanted to. Desperately. But I was also terrified.

I wore my heart on my sleeve. Everything I felt went into my music. And after writing dozens of songs about heartbreak, it was hard to not think that maybe there was something wrong with me. I loved fiercely. And that meant that when I lost that love...I felt like I was breaking in two.

Stumbling from one relationship to the next was not a good move. And I already felt attached to Talon. We weren't even dating and I was grabbing my phone every few minutes, hoping he'd texted me.

Sometimes I worried I sought this pain out. Because it fueled my music. Like I wanted the heartbreak. But no one wanted this. I didn't even want this.

I felt a tear roll down my cheek.

I quickly brushed it away.

My heart still hurt. It had been a few months since my last breakup, but I just felt this...ache. Almost like there was a piece of me missing. And it scared

me that I didn't feel it when I talked to Talon.

I never would have agreed to go out with him tonight. But I'd been on an adrenaline high after a performance when he'd asked me. I always felt like that after a performance. I was my best self. My most confident. I felt alive. And whole. And happy. I wished I could feel that way all the time.

The only time I didn't like talking to Talon was when he'd pretended to hurt his knee in that preseason game. So I'd sent him a sexy lingerie selfie and pretended like it was meant for someone else. God, it felt so good to mess with him.

But yeah, I never should have agreed to meet up with him. Because I hadn't been kissed in months. I hadn't touched anyone else in months. And when I closed my eyes and reached out in bed, I still expected to feel my ex beside me. I'd expected to feel him beside me for the rest of my life. And it still fucking hurt.

Another tear spilled down my cheek.

*Screw this.* I wiped the wetness off my cheeks. I had a breakup song to write. Some days the only thing that kept me going was that my broken heart might help heal others. Because nothing was better than singing at the top of your lungs, cursing the boy who stole a piece of you.

Well...maybe there was one thing better. Because instead of grabbing my pen, I grabbed my phone again. "Good luck today," I texted.

"Will you be watching?"

*Always.* "You wish."

"But I might break my leg. And I'll feel better if you're watching."

Talon Kendrick was insane. And he made me feel better. He made me laugh. He infuriated me. He kept me up at night. And recently, when I reached out in bed, I was starting to wish he was there.

I shook the thought away. “If you ever actually get hurt, no one will believe you.”

“You’ll believe me,” he texted back.

Yeah. I would. I trusted him. And that was what was so scary. I’d kept this whole thing as a text conversation because that way it could feel like we were just friends. Because that’s all I needed in my life right now. And Talon was a pretty fantastic friend.

There was just one problem. He was my only friend that had me waking up panting in the middle of the night. And I was starting to wonder if he was as sinful in real life as he was in my dreams.

I sighed and grabbed my pen again. I needed to focus on anything but my date with him tonight. Because I was worried if I thought about it any more... I wouldn’t have the nerve to show up.

\*\*\*

I didn’t write a single lyric all night. Because my eyes had been glued to the TV watching the Minotaurs game. And when Talon got his touchdown and twerked and smiled at the camera...it felt like he was smiling at me. And I laughed when he got another touchdown and blew a kiss at the camera. That definitely felt like it was for me. I loved every second of it.

But the game was over.



He'd texted me saying he was already at the bar we were supposed to meet up at.

He'd texted me again, asking where I was.

And again.

And I was frozen. I'd gotten ready. All I had to do was slip on my heels and walk out the door. But instead I was just standing here.

I couldn't date Talon Kendrick. I couldn't date anyone. Because it always ended the same. I was fucking cursed. My phone buzzed and I stared down at his words:

“You're not seriously standing me up, princess?”

God, I didn't want to. I wanted to be tucked under his arm laughing with him and his friends. I wanted to be that carefree girl.

But I couldn't get my mind to stop spinning. I'd never dated a guy like Talon before. I'd looked up his long, sordid past a few weeks ago. He'd hooked up with a lot of people. I didn't want to just be another notch on his bedpost.

For all I knew, this whole thing was some crazy publicity stunt he created. Showing up to my concert. Casually mentioning on his podcast that he wanted to meet me. What if he just wanted me to show up so he could sell more jerseys with his number on it? What if he was just using me? It wouldn't be the first time someone had used me for their own fame.

I tried to shake away the thought. He was already famous. He didn't need me for that. But it didn't mean he wasn't trying to use me. As the next girl on his arm for all the cameras.

He was a player.

And I was worried about being played.

“I’m the last one here,” he texted. “It’s just me. I want to see you, princess.”

My heart was racing so fast it was like I could feel it slamming against my ribcage. It was worse than my nerves before a concert. The anxiety creeping around my chest.

I took a step toward the door. And then a step back. My heart was still broken. And if it broke any more, I was worried I’d never be able to put the pieces back together.

It was too soon.

I needed a friend right now. Nothing more.

My phone started buzzing. *Shit*. Talon was calling me. He’d never called me before. I hit the reject call button.

*God, what am I doing?* I wanted to talk to him. I wanted to see him. But I’d rather do it out of the city. Away from all the crowds and paparazzi. Would he even want that?

My phone buzzed again. He’d left a voicemail. I hit the play button:

“You stood me up, princess.” He laughed, but it sounded forced. “You know, I told my friends you were coming. The whole team is going to give me shit for this. Hell, they’ve already given me shit. I’m in the friendzone, right? That’s what this is? Baby, I don’t want to be in the friendzone.”

Something about the way he said baby made the anxiety in my chest ease.

“Do you have any idea how long I’ve been waiting to date you? I’ve been in love with you since high school.”

*Oh my God.*

He hiccupped.

I laughed. He was so drunk.

“I actually lost my virginity listening to one of your songs. And I was thinking about you the whole time.”

*He did not.* But usually drunk ramblings were true.

“I don’t want to just text you. I want to kiss you. I want to feel you. I want to give you everything you need. Everything you want. I’ll treat you right. I’ll treat you better than anyone else. I won’t stand you up.”

*Ouch.* But I deserved that.

“Princess.” He sighed. “I’d wait here all night for you. But our plane leaves soon. And I have to be on it. You’re going to be the death of me, you know. But at least I took my shot.” My phone beeped, signaling the end of the message.

I pulled my phone down and held it to my chest. He was drunk. He probably wouldn’t remember anything he said. But I’d never forget a single word of it.

He wasn’t playing me. This wasn’t pretend. Talon Kendrick loved me. Apparently he’d been in love with me since he was a teenager.

But he’d also said he’d taken his shot. That was it. He was done. But I didn’t want it to be the end of our story. Not when it felt like the beginning.

## Chapter 6 – Everything You’ve Heard is True

Talon

### *One Week Later*

Tova and I still texted. She’d given me some lame apology about having to work late the night she’d been supposed to go out with me in New York. But I knew the truth. She didn’t want to meet up. She’d stood me up. And a man could only have his ego bruised so many times.

Texting her should have felt different after that. But it didn’t. She was still flirty. I was still flirting with her. I was fucking pathetic.

She had no intention of ever meeting me. I was such an idiot. But I still lived for her texts. Hoping she wanted to pull another prank on me and send me a second lingerie selfie. But I hadn’t heard from her all day.

I turned on the TV to watch my brother’s interview. He usually did a lot of promo for the team in the lead up to game days. He was good at stuff like that.

I’d tuned in just in time. Jasper appeared on the screen. He was just down the hallway recording this. It was weird watching it on TV knowing he was in the same house as me.

I stared at the screen. Maybe Tova hadn’t been joking when she first texted. Maybe she did think she was talking to the big beefy brother. Maybe she had

a thing for Jasper.

“We’ll talk about the game in a second,” the interviewer said. “But everyone is dying to know about your brother.”

*Wait, what?*

“After that podcast the two of you did about Tova Saber, the internet can’t stop speculating. Do you have any insight as to what is going on between Talon and Tova? Everyone’s dying to know.”

I scoffed. There was nothing going on. Tova was just teasing me. And I wouldn’t say the internet was that into it. Because it was all speculation. We hadn’t given any official updates. And thanks to her standing me up, there were no photos of us together.

Jasper smiled. “It’s not really my place to comment on that. Talon’s love life is his business.”

“But you brought up his personal life on the podcast.”

“I did do that. But really, his private life is private.” His smile grew.

*The* smile. The shit eating grin that meant he was about to do something terrible.

“But I guess since you asked, I can confirm that Tova and Talon have been texting. Actually, they’re dating and everything you’ve heard is true.”

*What the fuck, Jasper?!*

I stood up from the couch. I was going to kill him.

The interviewer looked like he was going to ask another question.

But Jasper cut him off. “Sorry, gotta go. Bad connection.” His side of the screen went blank.

I stormed into our recording studio. “What the fuck, Jasper?”

He smiled. “You’re welcome.”

“For blasting my private business to the world *again*? Tova’s going to freak the fuck out.”

“No, what’s going to happen is that it’s going to force the two of you to finally have a real conversation.”

“She likes to keep her private life actually private, Jasper. Even if we were dating, she wouldn’t want my brother to be talking about it in an interview.”

He shrugged. “Nothing is private in this world. Especially for someone as famous as her. And you or whatever.”

My phone buzzed in my pocket. I already had a text from her:

“What the hell, Talon?!”

I wanted to call her. I wanted to clear this up. But I also didn’t dare. Because if I called, she wouldn’t pick up. I’d only ever called her once. And I was pretty sure I’d left a super embarrassing voicemail. But she’d never mentioned it. Maybe she never heard it...

“Did you tell your brother to say that?”

I texted back. “Of course not. I’m sorry. I don’t know what’s wrong with him.”

“What have you told him about the two of us?”

“That we text. That’s it. He knows that.”

“Apparently not. Talon, be honest with me. Is this all some kind of PR stunt?”

“Are you kidding me right now?”

“No, I’m not joking. Tell me the truth. Why have you been texting me?”

*Because I’m fucking in love with you!* “You know why.”

“No I don’t. Or else I wouldn’t be asking. I’ve seen you in the tabloids, Talon. You have a new woman on your arm every week. I don’t like playing games.”

I winced. Yeah. That wasn’t untrue. But it wasn’t like that with her. Where the hell was all this coming from? She didn’t wait for me to respond before she texted again:

“Talon, everyone is going to be talking about this now.”

I swallowed hard. Was that really such a bad thing? Maybe Jasper was right. This was finally making us have a real conversation. I walked out of the room, ignoring him calling after me. “So what?” I texted back.

“So what?! Talon I don’t want people talking about us.”

I was pretty sure that was all I needed to hear. “Sorry that the idea of people thinking we’re dating is so embarrassing for you.”

She didn’t text back.

Because of course she didn’t. Because I was honest and she hated when I was honest. She wanted to just pretend we were friends. When we both knew the

truth. At least...it was true for me. I ran my hand across my mustache. And why the fuck had I grown out this stupid stache?!

I needed to go workout. I tossed my phone on the couch. I was done texting.

\*\*\*

Jasper leaned against the door jamb of our home gym. “You have a bunch of missed texts,” he said.

“I don’t care.” I lifted the bar over my chest again. I’d lost track of how many reps I’d done. But my arms were shaking, and still all I could think about was Tova sitting on her couch mortified about the thought of people thinking we were together.

“Then you don’t mind if I read them to you?”

It wasn’t like Tova was going to have sent me any sexy pics tonight. “Knock yourself out.”

He cleared his throat. “That wasn’t what I meant, Talon,” he said in a high-pitched voice. “I’m not embarrassed by that idea. I just like to keep my private life private. Don’t you?”

I huffed and kept lifting.

“I could never be embarrassed by you.”

“Would you stop it with that voice?” I said. “You’re making it weird.”

Jasper kept going in his normal voice: “Did you mean what you said in your voicemail?”

*Fuck.* The voicemail I’d left when I was super drunk? I put the bar back onto



the rack and sat up.

“Talon, I just need to know that you’re being real.”

I stood up and grabbed my phone from Jasper. That was her last text. From over an hour ago. I wanted to tell her that I meant every word. But I didn’t really know what I said. “Do you mind refreshing my memory?” I texted. “I was a little drunk.”

There was that eye-roll emoji I’d grown so fond of. And then another text came through.

“You said you’ve loved me since you were a teenager. You may have also mentioned that you lost your virginity while listening to one of my songs.”

*Wow. Okay.* I’d been more drunk than I realized. But that’s what happens when you stay at a bar past closing waiting for the girl of your dreams to show up. “That’s all true.”

“Why didn’t you tell me any of that before?”

“Because every time I mention the future, or us, or anything you ghost me.”

“I’m not ghosting you. We text every day.”

“You try and run from me at every turn, princess.”

She didn’t respond. Because our conversation was honest. And this is what she did. But I was so tired of games. “Look, you said you were worried I was playing games with you. But I save the games for the football field. I don’t want to play them in real life. You know how I feel about you. And either you feel the same way or you don’t.”

Still no response.

“I’m sending you tickets to my next home game. I came to see you at Labyrinth Stadium. I tried to meet you in NYC. It’s your turn to show up for me.”

I expected the no response this time. But I still kept going.

“If you come, we’ll give this thing a real chance. And if you don’t...I’ll get the message. And I promise I won’t text you anymore.” I hit send.

“Damn,” Jasper said.

I looked up. I hadn’t realized he’d been watching that whole conversation. “Please stop butting into my business.”

“Our business. I started all of this. You’re welcome.” He slapped me on the back.

I wasn’t sure if I was grateful or not. For weeks, I’d been hopeful. Tova Saber was my dream girl. I’d had so much fun getting to know the real her. She was even better than what I’d imagined in my head. She was funny and beautiful and had a twisted sense of humor. She was perfect for me. And stubborn like me. Which is why every time we took a step forward we immediately took two steps back.

But now the ball was in her court. She either wanted this or she didn’t. I’d find out in two Sundays.

\*\*\*

I hadn’t heard a word from Tova since I told her I was sending her tickets to my game. Not a single text. But every night I still texted her the same thing:

“Good night, princess. Don’t have too many dirty dreams about me.” And now I’d added a new line to my nightly routine. “I’ll be dreaming of you.”

I wanted her to know that I meant what I said. That I was a man of my word. And that I was still thinking about her.

The Thursday before my home game, I was asked for an interview. Before I even went on, I knew they’d ask about Tova. Because everyone was asking about me and Tova. She’d been right. It had completely blown up overnight. But this was the first time I was actually addressing all the rumors. I pulled on my earphones and waited for the broadcaster to put me on the screen.

Tova would probably be pissed about what I was going to say. But I was just going to be honest.

It took less than 30 seconds before the reporter asked me the pointed question: “You have to give us all the details about you and Tova. Are the two of you really dating? There have been sightings of you together. Two times. Is that right?”

I smiled. *I wish*. Tova didn’t seem to have any interest in seeing me in person. I wasn’t sure who had “seen” us together, but whoever it was was full of shit. It was probably Mav. Maybe he saw me signing an old man’s jersey or something and thought it would be funny to say he saw me and Tova. Even though it was definitely her, Mav still liked to warn me about it possibly being a stalker. I exhaled slowly and stared at the camera, hoping Tova was watching. “All I’m going to say about that is...this all started when I went to see Tova at Labyrinth Stadium. It only seems fair that I put on a show for her at Labyrinth Stadium too, so I’ve sent her some tickets for our game this weekend.”

“So she’ll be there?”

I shrugged. “We’ll see what happens. The ball is in her court.” I smiled at the camera. I smiled at her. *Come to the game, princess. Let me give you everything you need.*

## Chapter 7 – Game Day

Talon

I stared at all the unanswered texts I'd sent her. "Good night, princess. Don't have too many dirty dreams about me. I'll be dreaming of you."

She hadn't responded to me for a week and a half. And for a week and a half, all I thought about was her.

You'd think that her not speaking to me would make me believe she wasn't coming to my game today.

But for some reason...I had this hope in my chest. Or maybe I'd just lost my damn mind because I had perpetual blue balls. I couldn't stop staring at the pictures I had of her. She was probably out there forgetting about me and I was still obsessed with her. And I wasn't sure how to stop. It was like I needed to see her. Needed that release when I stared at her image. I was a sick fuck.

"Interesting choice of outfits if she shows up," Mav said as I walked into the locker room.

Jasper snickered too.

I looked down at my outfit. "I look good. Both of you quit it."

"It's so...geometrical," Jasper said.

"And so Canadian tuxedo," Mav added.

I took off my jean jacket and hung it up. "I'm ignoring both of you."

"Do you think she'll show?" Mav asked.

Thinking she would and hoping she would were two very different things. But I was a determined guy. "Yeah, she's coming."

"I knew it," Jasper said. "I knew she'd come. Did she already pick up her ticket?"

I didn't respond.

"Mom is going to be so excited," he added. "Is she coming early? Let me text Mom." He pulled out his phone.

"Don't," I said.

"Why?"

"Because."

Mav shook his head. "Dude, she's not coming, is she?"

"She is."

"That's exactly what you said during that afterparty in New York."

*Don't remind me.*

"Did Tova actually say she was coming?" Jasper asked.

"Not exactly."

He groaned. "Why am I so invested in this saga? I'm going to have to intervene again, but I'm running out of ideas. Maybe I should just start hitting

on her instead.”

“I’m game,” Mav said.

I glared at both of them.

Mav laughed. “I’m joking. Kind of. But damn, I was really hoping she’d come. We all were.” He gestured to the rest of our teammates who were all definitely eavesdropping on our conversation.

“Well, we’ll just have to see what happens.”

\*\*\*

I looked up from the huddle and into my box for what felt like the millionth time. My mom waved at me. Some of my friends were up there too. But there was a noticeable face missing. Tova’s.

The game had already started.

She hadn’t come.

I’d told her what that meant. That whatever the hell we were doing was done. That I would stop texting her. I thought about my last texts to her, all unanswered. Saying I was dreaming of her. This had turned into more of a nightmare than a dream. My postgame interview was going to be a disaster.

Stood up at her concert.

Stood up for quite a while after that podcast reveal.

Stood up in NYC.

Stood up at my game where I’d told the world I’d invited her.

She thought I was a player. She thought this was some kind of twisted PR stunt. Apparently she thought very little of me.

But I wasn't the player here. She was. She'd fucked with my head. Sending me those pictures? Saying all that shit to me?

I shook my head and tried to listen to Mav shouting out the play call.

I didn't need Tova Saber. I had this. My friends. The game. This was all I needed. But I didn't even believe my own thoughts. I'd been so close to having everything I'd ever wanted. My high school self was so close to giving present day me a well-deserved high-five.

*Focus.*

I had a fucking game to win.

And a team I wasn't going to let down.

The ref blew the whistle and we lined up. I was going to win a third Super Bowl ring. And then a fourth. And I was going to get MVP both times and tell Mav to suck it whenever he mentioned his MVP wins. This was what mattered. This is what I had control of.

\*\*\*

We got up 7 zip and I ran over to the sidelines. Everyone was talking excitedly. I mean...Zayden Slayer had made a good catch. For a rookie. If Mav would ever throw me the ball I would have done it better. But I was glad to be up by a touchdown.

I pulled off my helmet and grabbed some water.



“Holy shit,” Mav said and clapped his hand on my shoulder.

“What?”

Jasper squealed at the top of his lungs.

“Cut it out.” I lightly punched his stomach. “Why are we all making a big deal out of one touchdown. It’s only halfway through the first quarter. There’s a lot of game left.”

But no one else on the sideline seemed to have gotten the memo. It felt more like we’d just scored a game-winning Hail Mary rather than a first quarter back shoulder fade.

“I’m not freaking out about how amazing we all are,” Jasper said. “Which, by the way, is very amazing.”

I almost rolled my eyes but stopped myself. Because rolling my eyes made me think of Tova’s eye-roll emoji. Which made me miss her. I’d really loved texting her. *Fucking hell.*

Jasper smiled. “We’re freaking out because your girlfriend showed up this time.”

*What?*

Mav pointed up to my box.

I followed his finger. Tova was sitting there talking to my mom. *Oh my God.* Tova was in my box!

She turned her head. And smiled at me. I quickly looked away. I wasn’t sure why. *Why the fuck am I looking away?* I looked back and she was still

smiling. She lifted her hand and waved.

“I can’t believe she came!” one of my other teammates said.

Someone else slapped me on the back. “Dude, your girlfriend’s actually here.”

Everyone was pointing up at my box. Lots of the guys looked shocked. Some were giggling like little schoolboys with crushes.

*Back off, she’s mine.*

I smiled. She came. *I can’t believe she came.* Tova knew what not coming to the game meant. She also knew what coming to the game meant.

We were going to give this thing a real go.

Mav waved his fingers through the air and smiled up at my box.

So I elbowed him in the ribcage.

“Ow,” he said. “Not the ribs. You know I’m scared about rib injuries, man.”

*Yeah, that and knee injuries.* “Then keep it in your pants.”

“I was just waving. But damn, she’s even hotter in real life.”

“So fucking hot,” Jasper added.

I really didn’t love the way they were talking about my girl. I didn’t love the way any of the players and staff were looking up at her.

I cleared my throat. “Guys, we have a game to focus on.”

But my words were pointless. We knew where everyone’s focus was going to

be the rest of the game. The beautiful blonde sitting in *my* fucking box cheering for me.

\*\*\*

“I swear to God if you don’t pass me the ball I’m going to kick you right in the kneecap,” I said to Mav.

He stared at me in horror. “Then get open, man.”

“I am open.”

Jasper laughed. “You are such an attention whore.”

They both knew I wanted to get a touchdown for Tova. “I’m serious,” I said to Mav.

“I’m serious too. Get open.” He called a play that did not involve him throwing the ball to me.

“What the fuck?”

He ignored me. I wasn’t doing that play. As soon as the whistle blew I cut left instead of right. Because there was a perfect gap in their defense. I ran into the endzone.

Mav wasn’t looking in my direction.

So I started waving my hands around.

He finally saw me. He cocked his arm and threw a perfect spiral in my direction.

I caught it and the whole stadium erupted.

But all I cared about was one person's reaction. I rolled my shoulders and shook my hips and smiled up at Tova. She was screaming at the top of her lungs. Screaming *my* name.

I smiled. She'd be screaming my name even louder in a couple hours when I finally got to fuck her tight little pussy.

Mav and Jasper ran up to me and we all chest-bumped in the air.

"I can't believe we're up 34-0," Mav said. "This is epic."

"Yeah," agreed Jasper. "Maybe Tova will be so excited she'll want to congratulate all of us by..."

"Don't even finish that sentence," I warned. I looked back up at my box. Tova was still cheering. I hoped she didn't wear out her throat too much. Because there wasn't a chance in hell that I wasn't going to celebrate this win with her red lips wrapped around my cock.

\*\*\*

We ended up letting our opponent score 13 points, but we still slaughtered them. None of that mattered though. No one was even really focused on the game. All my teammates were infatuated with Tova. Half the people in the stands were turned around watching her instead of the game.

I thought I was bad with my obsession with Tova. My whole team was acting like giddy little schoolgirls. I hit Mav's hand when he waved at her again.

"Are you going to do any interviews?" he asked.

"Nah, I'm heading straight to the locker room." I needed to shower before meeting Tova. Before I ran off the field, I stopped the waterboy. "Can you go

up to my box and escort Tova down to the locker room?”

“You want me to do it?” He looked so flustered.

“Yeah.”

He nodded. “Okay. Yes. I can do that.” He started running like he was worried I’d change my mind.

I pushed through the crowd and ignored all the microphones being thrust into my face. It only took me a few minutes to shower and get dressed.

“Canadian Tuxedo,” Mav said as he walked out of the showers with a towel around his waist. “Are you rethinking that?”

I shook my head. I felt like I could barely breathe. I was just sitting here. Waiting.

My mom was probably talking Tova’s ears off.

Or maybe Tova was stopping to sign autographs all the way down to the locker room.

But each minute that ticked by had me on edge.

Tova Saber liked running from me. But God, I’d chase that girl anywhere.

And then she was there. Walking through the door. She was wearing a Minotaurs t-shirt and jean shorts that hugged her hips. I needed to get her one of my jerseys. I wanted my number on her. My eyes fell to her thigh high red boots that matched the color of her t-shirt. Damn, I was a lucky man.

“Nice to finally meet you,” she said. Her cheeks were rosy like she was embarrassed about something.

“Oh, the pleasure is all mine,” Mav said and slid in front of me. He grabbed her hand and kissed the back of it.

*Son of a bitch.*

“We’ve heard a lot about you,” Jasper said and put his arm around her shoulders.

I was going to kill both of them.

Tova laughed. “I actually have a bone to pick with you, Jasper. Maybe don’t talk about me during your interviews?”

Jasper opened his mouth and then closed it again. “I can definitely do that from here on out. Now that I finally got you two together.” He guided her closer to me and dropped his arm.

“Hey,” she said, her voice hushed this time. She seemed nervous.

And it was strange, but I was too. We’d talked endlessly for weeks. But it had all been through texts.

“Hey,” I said back and smiled.

Her cheeks turned rosy again.

“You look beautiful...”

“Great game,” she said at the same time.

We both laughed.

God, I loved the sound of her laughter. My eyes dropped to her lips. And I swear she leaned a fraction of an inch closer.

“You came,” I whispered.

Her blue eyes met mine. “I mean...I haven’t yet, Talon,” she whispered. And then she laughed and pulled back a bit.

*Fucking hell.* This girl was sent straight from my dreams.

“Do you want to get out of here?” I asked.

She bit her lip as she stared up at me. “What exactly did you have in mind?”

I wanted to take her back to my place. I wanted her naked in my bed, screaming my name. I wanted to talk to her for hours. I just wanted to be with her.

“I need to steal your girl for a second and introduce her to everyone,” Jasper said. Before I could tell him no, he’d put his arm around Tova’s shoulders again and pulled her away from me.

*Fuck.*

Tova kept stealing glances at me over her shoulder as she shook hands with everyone. *Or hugged them.* Zayden Slayer lifted her up, hugging her way too tightly. *Freaking rookie.*

She looked over at me and smiled while she was mid-air in his arms.

It was like she knew I’d be jealous. Like she wanted it.

I folded my arms across my chest. Zayden didn’t have a shirt on, but at least he wasn’t naked. Everyone in the locker room had at least some clothing on, or towels. Or I would have lifted Tova over my shoulder and carried her out of the building.

Everyone kept snapping photos. And she signed everyone's jersey who asked her. She was sweet. Kind. And she kept stealing glances at me.

It really seemed like she wanted me jealous. I just knew in my gut that she was kinky as hell.

I exhaled slowly. I'd rented out a whole restaurant for us tonight. I wanted to do this whole romantic dinner thing. Show her that I could be a gentleman, despite my forward texts. But now that she was here? I wasn't sure I had enough self-control to make it through dinner.

I wanted to be alone with her. *No*. I needed to be alone with her. We were used to texting for hours. Just us and silence. I looked down the dark hallway that led to the showers, exit, and equipment room. I smiled. I had an idea.

When Tova wasn't looking, I snuck down the hall, into the equipment room, and closed the door behind me. The lights were off in here. You could barely see anything. I waited for my eyes to adjust to the darkness. There was a window that looked into the hallway. But on the hallway side it was a mirror. So I could see out, but no one on the other side could see in.

I stared through the window and down the hall and could just make out Tova looking around for me in the locker room. She started walking in this direction.

I opened the door right before she passed by. I grabbed her wrist, pulled her into the dark room, and slammed her back against the wall.

"Tova Saber," I whispered against her lips. "I think it's about time you stopped teasing me."



## Chapter 8 – A Private Show

Talon

Tova's throat made an adorable little squeaking noise. "You scared me half to death, Talon!" But she didn't shove me off. Her breasts pressed against my chest, rising and falling with her accelerated breath.

I was breathing fast too. Excitement coursing through my veins. I knew we had a lot to talk about. But there was something I'd been dying to do for weeks. And I knew she'd been dying for it too.

Her sharp exhale made my dick stiffen. Just one touch and we were both already gone.

I moved my hand into her hair, tangling my fingers in the strands. "You're used to people worshipping you on stage," I said. I lightly tugged on her hair, exposing her neck to me.

I pressed a kiss against the side of her neck and she grabbed my shoulders, pulling me closer. She moaned as my lips traced down her throat.

"Is that what gets you off, Tova? A crowd of thousands cheering your name?"

She didn't respond, but her fingers dug into the muscles of my back.

I couldn't even count how many times I'd chanted her name in my head with my hand wrapped around my cock. Picturing her lips around me instead of

my hand. Or her legs spread for me. Her greedy pussy just begging for my cock. I could give her exactly what she wanted. “You have no idea what it’s like to be truly worshipped yet, princess.”

I’d been waiting weeks to taste her. Years if I was being completely honest with myself. And I finally had her right where I wanted her. I was seconds away from getting on my knees and showing her I meant every word I’d said.

But then her lips traced my ear. “You’re used to being worshipped too, Talon.” Her fingers fell to the waistband of my pants.

*Fuck. Me.* She wanted to wrap her lips around my cock and worship me. And I wondered how many times she’d had my name on her lips these past couple weeks. With her fingers tracing her wetness. Wishing it was me.

Maybe I had her pegged all wrong. She pretended to be a good girl. Maybe she usually was. But she wanted to be bad for me. All those flirty texts, buried between the more serious ones. That was the real her.

I could give her fucking both. I’d treat her better than anyone else ever had. Like the princess she was. And I’d be as rough with her as she wanted between the sheets. I wouldn’t end up as a lyric in one of her new songs. She wouldn’t be cursing my name. She’d be begging me for more.

“Dirty girl,” I whispered against her lips.

She grabbed the front of my shirt, pulling me down into a kiss.

God she tasted sweet. I grabbed her thighs and hoisted her legs around my waist. I slammed her back against the wall again, kissing her so hard I was sure I was bruising her soft lips. “Do you want to be a little slut for me, princess?”

She moaned into my mouth, her fingernails digging into my back so hard it almost hurt.

I couldn't stop kissing her. Touching her. We were still completely clothed, but my hands couldn't stop. I palmed her left breast through her t-shirt. I gripped her right ass cheek in my other hand.

"Talon," she moaned. She pushed my jacket off my shoulders and grabbed the fabric of my t-shirt. She pulled the fabric up, her palms splayed against my back.

I reluctantly let my lips fall from hers and pulled my shirt the rest of the way off. And then I grabbed the hem of her t-shirt. I was about to pull it off, but she caught my hands to stop me.

"I swear I planned on buying you dinner first," I said.

She laughed. "Sure you did."

And for a second we just stared at each other. The silence stretching between us. But just like when we texted, the pause wasn't awkward. It was like I'd known her my whole life. And maybe it was because I'd wanted to know her my whole life.

"I can't believe you're here," I said.

"You gave me quite the ultimatum." She stared into my eyes. "Just...please don't break my heart, Talon."

"Never in a million years, princess."

For a second I thought she was going to cry, but then she laughed. "So this is the real you?" She put her hand on the center of my chest. "Bringing girls

back to the locker room after games? Or...equipment room?" She looked to her right at all the shelves of gear.

"No, I just do that with you."

She pressed her lips together as she studied me. I wasn't sure if she believed me or not. But it was the truth.

Tova Saber could have anything in the whole world. But she was here. She wanted me. So I'd show her every side of me.

She knew I was funny and flirtatious. That I wasn't serious most of the time. But there was a lot she still didn't know. And I didn't mind showing her everything. "Do you want to know what kind of man I really am? The real me?"

"What kind of man are you?"

I pulled her off the wall and set her down on her feet. "The man whose name you're going to be screaming in a few minutes."

She laughed.

"Turn around, princess."

She just looked up at me. "Better idea. You turn around."

I raised my eyebrow at her.

"I promise you won't regret it," she said.

I was used to the one being in control. But something about her telling me what to do made me even harder. "Whatever you say, princess." I turned around.

I heard her rummaging around on the equipment shelves. And then something fell to the floor. I swallowed hard. I swear to God if that was her clothes...

The lights turned on and a whistle blew.

I spun around and lifted my hand, squinting in the bright light.

*Holy. Shit.*

Tova was standing there with her red lips wrapped around a whistle. But I was more distracted by the fact that she was wearing nothing but yellow lingerie with a red garter belt. The straps from the garter belt were clipped to her red thigh-high boots. She was sexier than any cheerleader I'd ever seen. And this set was even better than the red lingerie she'd been wearing in that picture. Especially because she couldn't joke around about this not being for me. She was wearing the Minotaurs colors. She'd planned this whole thing.

This was a hell of a lot better than the dinner I'd planned.

Tova pulled the whistle from her mouth and let it drop between her breasts.

*Holy shit.* Her tits were even better in person.

And then she closed the distance between us, the heels of her boots clicking on the floor.

"I'm used to being the one performing," she said and dipped it low. "And I didn't let you come backstage at my concert. So I feel like I owe you a private show."

I expected her to rise back up, but instead she undid the front of my jeans, and pushed them and my boxers down just enough to expose my erection.

She wrapped her hands around the base of my length.

I groaned.

And then she pulled my tip to her mouth. It almost looked like she was going to start singing. My dick her microphone. But then she wrapped her lips around me and went all the way down.

*Fuck, Tova.*

And then she did some kind of humming thing on my dick. The sensation almost made me cum on the spot. I buried my fingers in her hair. Her mouth was a fucking miracle. *I should have known.*

I reached down and squeezed her tits.

She immediately pulled back and threw a yellow flag.

Where the hell had she gotten a flag? She'd had too much fun perusing those shelves...

“Penalty!” she said. “Fifteen yards for roughing the princess.”

I laughed. “I thought you hated when I called you that?”

She unhooked her yellow bra and threw it at me like it was another penalty flag. “That’s another five for talking back.”

I swallowed hard. “That’s definitely not a penalty.” God, her tits were perfect.

“Are you talking back again?”

“If that’s what I have to do to get you to throw your panties at me, then yes.”

She pretended to look shocked. “What kind of girl do you think I am?”

*Exactly the kind of girl I've been dreaming of.* I stepped forward, closing the distance between us. I liked her little striptease. I *really* fucking liked that humming thing she did. But there was something I'd been dying to do to her. Every time she sent me one of the eye-roll emojis.

The window behind Tova suddenly lit up. Someone must have turned the lights on in the hallway. And suddenly the empty hallway wasn't so empty anymore. I smiled. This was why I'd brought Tova in here in the first place. Because I had a feeling she liked an audience. “Turn around, princess. It's my turn.”

She didn't move. “Your turn for what exactly? A sexy striptease? Do you want to borrow my whistle?” She made a show of reaching between her breasts for it.

I'd be spending plenty of time between her tits later. “Turn around. Now.”

She bit her lip and finally turned around. And then she gasped and threw her arms across her chest when she saw my teammates walking past the window. “Talon!” she yelled.

“We both know you like an audience, dirty girl.”

## Chapter 9 – Bend Over, Princess

Tova

I loved having an audience when I was performing, but I wasn't performing right now! Why would Talon think I wanted his teammates to see us fucking?!

I tried to spin around, but he caged me in against the window.

I'd dressed up like this because I wanted Talon to know that I didn't just text him filthy things. This was the real me. I'd wanted to give him a show *after* dinner. But as soon as he kissed me, I couldn't keep my hands to myself. The weeks of teasing had made me lose my mind. And apparently it had made him lose his mind too. Because what the actual fuck was this?! I was kinky, but I wasn't this freaking kinky.

"They can't see you," he whispered in my ear. "It's a mirror on their side."

"They can definitely see us!"

Mav Perrigan walked by, looked in the mirror, winked at himself and gave himself finger guns. At least, I hoped he'd done that to himself. Because that was a weird reaction to seeing me topless. I kept my arm over my breasts anyway though. My heart was beating like crazy. Could they really not see us?

"He's just checking himself out. See?"



Another one of Talon's teammates walked by whistling. And he must have caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror, because he tore off his towel and flexed a little before continuing on to the showers. I gasped. I hadn't expected that. Yeah, those guys definitely couldn't see us. But we could see them. And Talon was right. I had no idea why, but it was kind of hot.

"I have you figured out now," he whispered in my ear as his fingers trailed up the sides of my torso.

"Talon." My voice caught weird in my throat when another player walked past the window.

"They can't see you." He grabbed my arm that was covering my breasts and lowered it to the side.

I could just make out his reflection in the glass. I could see the desire in his eyes. And it was in mine too.

"But I think you wish that they could," he said. He slid his hand down the front of my torso, dipping it below the waistline of my thong.

I moaned and pressed my ass against him as soon as his finger brushed across my clit. This man definitely knew what he was doing.

"See," he whispered into my ear. "I knew you were kinky as hell." He slid one of his fingers inside of me. "You're wet just thinking about being caught."

I whimpered. Talon was right. This was so fucking hot. Performing in front of an audience gave me an adrenaline high. Combining that with sex? I couldn't even think straight. And if Talon's fingers felt this good, I couldn't wait to feel his mouth on me. And his cock deep inside of me.

“You like an audience. It turns you on. And you also like being worshipped. Do you know what I like?” He brushed his thumb against my clit.

I whimpered again, pressing my ass back against his erection. God he felt big.

“How about you be a good girl and bend over so I can show you.” He pulled his fingers out of my wetness. I moaned in protest.

“Bend over, princess. Don’t make me repeat myself.”

I really wanted to see what he had planned next. I leaned forward.

“Put your fingers against the glass.”

I followed his instructions. And then I arched my back. I knew his eyes were probably glued to my ass now.

He cupped my right ass cheek in his big hand. And then he spanked me.

I gasped and shifted forward. He’d threatened to spank me via text before. I hadn’t been sure if he was serious. But I was glad he was. I loved the feeling of the burn of his palm.

“Do you have an idea how many times I wanted to spank you after you rolled your eyes at me?” He spanked me again.

This time I expected it. I arched my back more.

“Tova Saber, I had no idea you’d be such a tease.” He spanked me harder.

I moaned as he massaged the spot he’d just struck. I was sure my ass was red. And I was also sure he liked his handprint on my skin.

More of his teammates walked by in varying stages of undress.

If there was one thing I knew about Talon, it was that he got jealous easily. I'd joked about liking his brother. I'd joked about meaning to send that lingerie pic to someone else. I liked winding him up. He even looked jealous a few minutes ago when I was meeting his friends in the locker room.

Honestly, it was part of the reason why I'd stopped texting him and just showed up tonight. That and the fact that I was a little scared about being hurt again. But I believed what he'd said in his drunken voicemail. I believed in him. I was always going to end up coming to his game. Because I'd regretted not showing up for our date in New York City every single day since. But making him wait to know if I was coming tonight? I knew he'd be desperate for me. Because I was fucking desperate for him too. I loved our back and forth. And I didn't ever want that to stop.

I pressed my ass against him again, feeling his erection pressing against my bare skin. "You're so big," I said.

"Damn right."

"No, not you. I was talking about him." I pointed out the window at one of his teammates who had just dropped his towel.

"I'm bigger," Talon said very seriously.

I bit my lip so I wouldn't laugh. *So jealous.* I loved winding him up. And I loved when he spanked me when I did it. "Are you? Maybe we should invite him in here so I can compare."

## Chapter 10 – Soaking Wet

Talon

Zayden had just walked by without his towel. And I knew damn well that he wasn't bigger than me. Tova knew it too. She was just fucking with me. I loved that she was exactly the same in person as she was via text. A little shy. A lot bold. And such a fucking tease. "So you like watching my friends?" I asked.

She didn't respond.

So I spanked her again. "Don't make me repeat myself, princess."

"Yes," she said. Her voice was airy.

I didn't know whether I liked her response or not. But I was so fucking turned on that I didn't even care. I was lost in the moment. Lost in her. "Do you wish they could see you? Do you wish they were cheering your name?"

"Yes," she moaned.

Now she was really asking for it. My girl liked it rough. Hell, she'd already thrown a penalty flag for roughing the princess. But she hadn't seen rough yet. So I spanked her even harder.

And she just pressed her ass against me, grinding against my length.

*My perfect little slut.*

I spanked her again and stared at her reflection in the glass. Every time I spanked her, her tits bounced. And she was biting her lip, staring back at me. She was barely paying attention to the people walking down the hall. She was staring back at me. Desperate for my touch. Desperate for whatever I was about to do to her next.

And I never wanted her to know what was coming next. So instead of spanking her again, I slid one finger along her wetness, teasing her.

And all she did was moan in response.

I massaged her sore ass cheek with one hand, as I slipped two fingers inside of her. She really was a dirty girl. “Baby, you’re soaking wet.” Almost dripping down my wrist.

She tossed her blonde hair over her shoulder. “Maybe because my football superstar is all talk and no...”

I pulled my fingers out and ripped her thong in half, the material snapping against her hips. The fabric fell to the floor in shreds and I spanked her again. And this time I got to see her mouth turn into the perfect “o” shape.

“Unlike you, I’m not a tease, Tova. But naughty girls need to be taught a lesson.”

She arched her back again, waiting for me. Proving that she was the tease I loved her being. “I still think maybe that guy is bigger.”

I shook my head. “You better stop checking out my friends or I’m going to be so rough with you that you’ll need one of those helmets.”

She turned to see the display of helmets on the wall next to us. “One of these?” She picked one up and pulled it on.

This was never one of my fantasies. But hell, it was now. I'd never seen her look sexier. Her blonde hair cascading out the bottom of her helmet. The only thing remaining on her was her garter belt, her thigh high boots, the whistle around her neck, and my handprint on her ass. I was really fucking fond of that handprint.

She turned and looked back out the window at my teammates walking by. Practically begging me to be rougher. I hadn't expected her to love being spanked so much. But it was a good thing she did. Because she'd rolled her eyes at me too many times to count. And she deserved to be punished for every single time.

So I'd give her exactly what she liked. "Spread your legs, princess."

## Chapter 11 – Begging for It

Tova

I followed Talon's instructions, stepping my legs farther apart. He was right. I was so turned on I could scream.

His friends were just inches away in the hallway. Walking by staring, without actually staring. I loved performing for a packed stadium, but performing behind this secret window might have been even better.

I liked his teammates staring at the mirror. Staring at me. While Talon spanked me harder.

*Fuck.*

I didn't want anyone but Talon. But it had been so long since I'd had sex. And I was so turned on that suddenly Talon's sinful words had me fantasizing about more. Did he really want one of his teammates to drop their towel for me? To guide their cock into my mouth? Gripping my hair, guiding me just the way he liked.

I could feel my wetness dripping down my thighs. I needed Talon's cock. I'd needed it for weeks. Watching him playing out on the field and scoring that touchdown almost felt like performing myself. I just needed a release. I'd take anything he gave me.

He spanked me again just as one of his teammates walked past. I swear he looked me right in the eyes. And if there hadn't been glass between us, I

would have grabbed him and pulled him into a searing kiss.

Talon slid his fingers back inside of me.

*Fuck.* The sting of pain followed by the feeling of pleasure had me so close to the edge. He knew exactly what he was doing to me. And I was trying my best not to grind against his hand.

Talon massaged my sore ass cheek. No one had ever spanked me before. No one had ever turned me on this much in my life. Every inch of me wanted his mouth, his fingers, his cock. God, I just needed anything he'd give me.

He spanked me again. "That's for not speaking to me for over a week."

I regretted that. I'd needed time to figure out the shit running through my head. But mostly I'd just been winding him up. Because if I was being completely honest with myself...I'd fallen for Talon Kendrick a long time ago. As soon as he invited me to his game, I knew I'd come. And I knew we'd probably end up in a room with him fucking me too. I had worn lingerie in his team colors, after all.

"For torturing me." He spanked me again.

I moaned. I never thought I'd like being spanked this much. But every time he massaged my ass after leaving a mark with his hand, I swear I almost came.

"For teasing me for weeks." He spanked me even harder.

"Please," I begged. "I need you." I juttied my ass higher in the air. "You promised I'd need this helmet, Talon. Please," I begged again.

He exhaled, like a weight was being lifted off his shoulders. "You finally



figured out what I like,” he said.

I turned to look at him over my shoulder.

“What gets me off. I love when you beg for it, princess.” He grabbed my hips and thrust into me hard.

My hand slammed against the glass to catch myself. His teammates couldn’t see us. But they’d probably heard that.

*Holy shit.* I was right. Talon was so fucking big. Definitely bigger than anyone else walking by. And all my teasing him had paid off, because when he pulled back and thrust in again, I swear I saw stars.

“Talon!” I moaned.

Yeah, his teammates had definitely heard that too. And I didn’t fucking care. *Let them hear.*

“Dirty girl,” Talon said again and thrust into me harder, his hipbones digging into my ass cheeks. “Your pussy was made for my cock.”

*God.*

He groaned. “The way you grip me.”

He thrust into me harder, stretching all my walls.

“Talon,” I moaned. And then I bit my lip. “Do you think your friends can hear us?”

“Why? Do you wish you were on all fours in the middle of the locker room, princess? Another cock down your throat? Putting on a show for the whole team?”

I whimpered.

He grabbed my breast and then his fingers traced up my collarbone. Up my neck. For a second I thought his hand was going to tighten around my neck. Instead he slid his thumb into my mouth. “Suck, princess. Let me fill you from both sides.”

I wrapped my lips around his finger.

He groaned behind me.

Another naked player walked by and stared into the mirror. And it was like it was his cock being shoved down my throat. I was greedy for all of it.

But mostly I was greedy for Talon. I wanted to see him. I squinted at the reflection, making out his abs in the image reflecting back at us. His finger in my mouth. His cock deep inside my pussy. I wanted to remember this image forever. I never wanted to forget this feeling. Because this feeling could write a thousand love songs.

“My perfect little slut,” Talon said, the fingers of his free hand digging into my hips so tightly, I was sure they’d leave a mark. “You got your audience. Now let me worship you.”

## Chapter 12 – Good Girl

Talon

I slowly pulled out of Tova's tight pussy.

She moaned in protest around my thumb.

*Jesus.*

But she had nothing to be upset about. I was just getting started. I spun her around and lifted her thighs around my waist, pushing back into her tight pussy. I wanted to fuck her so hard. But I also didn't want to hurt her. She was a national treasure. Although, she was wearing a helmet...

I slammed her back against the wall and went so deep inside of her that she let out a little scream. She threw her head back in pleasure. And the helmet did its job.

I fucked her on the wall until I could barely stand. And then I pushed her against some shelves. Hard.

Too hard.

The shelf wobbled and then toppled over. Dozens of helmets and shoulder pads crashed to the ground.

*Oops.*

But I didn't fucking care. I just needed more of her.

I shoved some cleats off a bench and tossed Tova onto it. And then I knelt down in front of her.

Her tits rose and fell with her breath. I leaned forward and swirled my tongue around her right nipple. “Touch yourself,” I whispered against her soft flesh. “Touch yourself like you did every night these past few weeks when you wished I was with you in your bed. Show me.”

For a second she didn’t move. I grabbed her hand and placed it on her upper thigh.

“Play with your pussy for me, princess. Show me what you like. Show me how desperate you were for me.”

Because I needed a second with her tits.

She slid one of her fingers into her wetness and moaned.

I could just make out her smile through the face mask. She’d just been pretending to be shy. I bet she fucked herself with her fingers every night to pictures of me.

“Good girl.” I buried my face between her tits and breathed in her sweet perfume. I sighed. This high was definitely worth everything she’d put me through. I lightly tugged on her left nipple with my teeth.

“Talon,” she moaned and tilted her head back.

“Do you have any idea how many times I stroked my cock while picturing you naked beside me?”

She moaned again, her fingers moving faster.

“What did you think of while you touched yourself? My cock? My fingers? My mouth?” I sucked on her nipple hard.

“All of it,” she said breathlessly.

I kissed between her breasts once more and then left a trail of kisses down her stomach. “I dreamed of tasting you.” I grabbed her wrist to stop her fingers. “My turn, baby.” I pulled her fingers out of her wetness. But before she could move them away, I slid them into my mouth. *Fucking hell*. She tasted just as sweet as I thought she would.

I pulled my mouth off her fingers and thrust my tongue deep into her pussy.

“Talon.” Her fingers gripped the back of my head, keeping my face flush with her pussy.

But she didn’t need to hold me down. I could feast on her delicious cunt all night. She tasted like heaven. The soft velvet of her pussy lips was better than any dessert. And there was something I knew I needed to do.

Maybe my friends were full of shit. Maybe they weren’t. But I’d been dreaming of Tova riding my mustache so many nights. And I’d lose my mind if it didn’t happen.

I leaned back, pulling her off the bench with me. Until my back was against the floor and she was hovering above me.

“Ride my face, princess. Keep showing me what you like.” I grabbed her ass and pulled her pussy against my lips.

She didn’t even hesitate. She leaned forward and grinded her greedy pussy against my mouth. I grabbed her ass, pulling her harder against my mouth.

I rubbed my nose against her clit and she moved her hips faster.

*Ride my mustache, baby. Just like that. Take everything you want.*

She grabbed my hands and moved them to her tits.

I squeezed them hard as my tongue swirled around her pussy.

She rode my face and I feasted on her.

She spread her legs wider, a moan escaping from her lips.

I knew she was seconds away from coming.

And I wanted to feel her come for the first time around my cock. I swirled my tongue around her wetness for a few more seconds, savoring the taste of her, breathing in the scent of her.

I grabbed her whistle and pulled her forward. And then I lifted her helmet off her head.

She smiled down at me. She probably thought I wanted to see her face when she came. And that was true. But she was going to be coming around my cock.

I grabbed her hips, lifting her off my face.

She moaned in protest.

“Don’t worry, I’m not finished with you yet.” I stood up, lifting her with me.

“Not even close.”

She straddled my waist. “Good, because I really didn’t want to make a joke about how maybe one of the other players out there could keep up with me

better.”

Yeah, I wouldn't have liked that joke. “In all seriousness, Tova...if I ever actually see another man touch you, I'm going to kill him.” I slammed her back against the glass and thrust back inside of her.

Fuck that felt good. I'd never wanted someone so desperately in my life. All those nights jerking off to images of her. All those years listening to her music. Dreaming of her.

It was fucking worth it. She was fucking worth it.

Her lips. Her tits. Her pussy. She was perfection. And I was never going to get enough.

Her hands fell to my biceps. I grabbed her hands and slammed the backs of them against the glass so she couldn't move.

“No one can see us,” I whispered against her lips. I thrust my hips faster and her ass squeaked against the glass.

“But it feels like they can,” she said.

*Damn right.* “And I want everyone in that hallway to know that you're mine and only mine.”

She moaned as I pressed the backs of her hands harder against the glass.

“Tell them you belong to me. Say it.” I was seconds away from cumming.

“I'm yours, Talon.”

*Fuck.* I'd been dying to hear those words.

Her pussy started to clench around me.

I'd been dying to feel that even more.

I exploded inside of her. With her chanting my name. Shot after shot of cum. And I was right. Her chanting my name was way better than a crowd chanting it.

I sighed and let go of her hands.

She immediately wrapped her arms behind my neck.

"I'm yours," she said again. "Just in case you didn't hear it the first time."

But I'd fucking heard it. I swear I was smiling like an idiot.

She placed a gentle kiss on my lips. "I'm sorry I didn't text you back for so long. I think maybe I liked winding you up a bit."

"A bit, huh?"

She smiled. "Just a smidge."

"You're going to be the death of me."

"Now *that* would make a great song."

"Don't even joke about that. I'm not going to just be some lyric in one of your breakup songs, Tova. I'm not going anywhere."

"Hmm." She pulled me a little closer. "I like the sound of that."

*Me too.*

"And all joking aside...can we maybe keep this between us for just a little



while? Just us. Without the press. Not because I'm embarrassed to be seen with you." She looked down at my cock that was still buried in her pussy. "But because I want to just be...us."

I understood that. I did. And I liked the idea of just getting to be us. "You like sneaking around with me, princess?"

"Eh, and that's the other thing. How many times do I have to tell you to stop calling me that?"

"You know you love it."

She laughed, and the vibrations somehow made her grip my cock even tighter.

I groaned. I really wanted to ask her to do that humming thing again. But that could wait until after dinner.

She smiled at me. "Actually, Talon. I do kind of love it."

I knew she did.

"Tell me you're mine too." She said it like she really needed to hear it. Like she didn't already know how I felt.

But I'd give her anything she needed. Always. "I'm yours, princess."

\* \* \*

I hope you loved Talon and Tova's story!

And if you're already missing Talon's dirty mouth...you haven't seen anything yet.

My spiciest hero - James Hunter - is about to turn up that volume 100%. And he wants you to read his story, dirty girl.

[Click here to read all about my spiciest hero!](#)



I'm not a good man. And it turns out I'm an even worse professor.

I have sinful thoughts about one of my students. Every night. I picture her in my bed. In my shower. Underneath me. Right up against the chalkboard. I'm especially fond of that one.

In my defense, I know her thoughts are as sinful as mine. She's begging me with her beautiful blue eyes. She's daring me to cross the line.

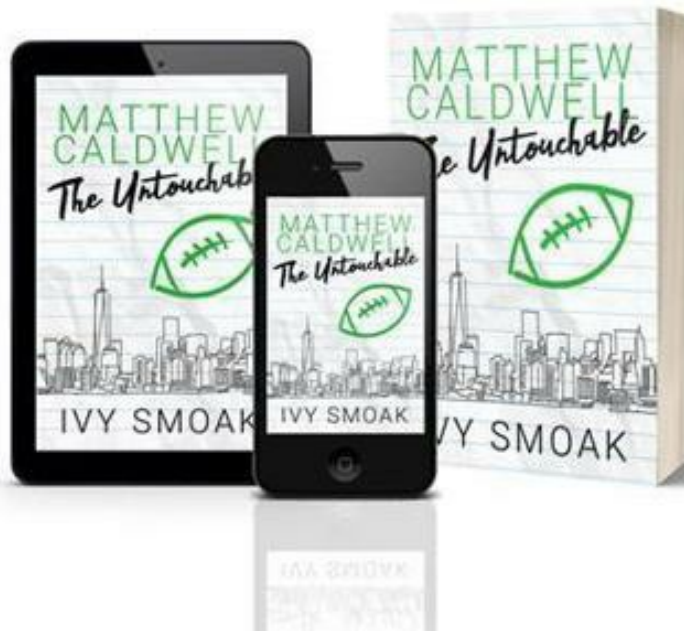
No, I'm not a good man. And I'm done pretending to be. I know exactly what I'm going to do to her as soon as she walks into my office hours...

[Click here to read Obsessed now!](#)

## Matthew Caldwell – The Untouchable

Did you love Talon? Well, he's not my only football star hero. Matthew Caldwell is ready to steal your heart on and off the football field.

[CLICK HERE](#) to get your **free** copy of *Matthew Caldwell - The Untouchable*.



The Untouchables. That's what everyone called us. The nickname had followed us around since we were kids. I wasn't sure who started it, but the premise behind it was simple. My friends and I could get away with murder.

Literally. That's what happens when your parents own the two biggest companies in Manhattan.

We were untouchable. And I was...sick of it. I was sick of the lies and the secrets. I was sick of the pedestal we had to stand on. And I was sick of the

girls throwing themselves at my feet like I was some sort of god. I was tired of being untouchable. Especially when all I wanted was someone who would never belong in my world...

**[CLICK HERE to get your free copy!](#)**

## A Note From Ivy

I got the idea for Talon and Tova's love story on Sunday, but my writing schedule was already full.

But then I kept thinking about them all throughout Monday.

And then I couldn't sleep that night. The story just took over my mind.

So I dropped everything and went into my writing cave. And then I stayed up ALL FREAKING WEEK writing it as fast as humanly possible. Thank you, insomnia and coffee.

If you don't hear from me for a while, hopefully I'm finally sleeping again. Or maybe not because I usually write series and I'm already having trouble saying goodbye to Tova and Talon. And Jasper – I mean, he's clearly heartbroken and needs to find another great love. And something makes me think that Mav's stalker might not be done stalking him. Who needs sleep anyway? I bet Talon and Tova aren't sleeping tonight either ;)

Gah my heart with those two! Hopefully you freaking loved Talon and Tova's story!

P.S. Go Eagles!



Ivy Smoak

Wilmington, DE

[www.IvySmoak.com](http://www.IvySmoak.com)

***Before You Go***

Please consider leaving an honest review.