



F*** ON THE
ICE RINK

THE
ACCIDENTAL
PUCK

SHANNON O'CONNOR

The Accidental Puck

S O'Connor

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Ebook Cover by Sarwah Creed.

Edited by Beth Hale of Magnolia Author Services.

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Also by S O'Connor

Also by Shannon O'Connor

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Chapter One

“I swear I’m not drunk,” I tell my best friend Chelsea. But it comes out more slurred than I want it to. I swear I’ve only had like three drinks, I’m not usually this much of a lightweight.

“Okay, sure you’re not.” She rolls her eyes at me and takes me by the arm.

“If I was drunk, could I do this?” I hand her my red solo cup of beer and put my hands up. Then I proceed to do a handstand and walk a few feet on my hands. It’s a little wobbly but I do it without falling.

“You probably could.” She laughs and I join in, because I hate that she’s right.

“That was impressive,” a deep voice says from behind us. I turn to see none other than the Rookie, number 88 standing before me. Six feet and four inches at least of pure sex on a stick.

“Thank you.” I smile and toss my dark hair over my shoulder. His is darker, slicked up with gel, but he still has that whole, boy next door thing going on.

“I’m Jace—” He extends his hand and Chelsea intercepts.

“We know who you are, Rookie.” She rolls her eyes. Chelsea has a thing against hockey players. They kind of think they own the school, but to me they are just these incredibly good looking guys. A lot of whom have deals with the NHL and can walk around like they own the place because they kind of do.

“Ouch.” He acts like he’s been hit in the heart and smirks at me. “Come on, Chelsea, don’t be a hater, I just want to get to know your friend.”

“You mean try and fuck my friend,” she grumbles.

“Hey, I take a lady out to dinner first.” He laughs, and Chelsea rolls her eyes while walking away.

“I’m Aubree.” I hold out my hand, this time not being intercepted. His hand is huge, completely enveloping mine.

“Jace, nice to meet you.” He bends down to kiss my hand, and I blush. Is he serious? Are all the hockey players this big of *players*?

“You’re just as bad as Chelsea says, aren’t you?” I raise an eyebrow.

“Probably not as bad.” He shrugs. “I am just looking to score, but I’m honest about it.”

“Your place or mine?” I ask, not skipping a beat. I’m not a girl looking for some kind of commitment, especially not from the school’s notorious player. If he wants a one night stand, why can’t I enjoy him for the night?

“Damn girl, you are not what I expected.” He smiles.

“You shouldn’t expect anything when it comes to me,” I add sassily.

“You got it, m’am.” He salutes me and then takes my hand. I think again about how big his hands are and my pussy shivers in anticipation of how big he might be. I’ve had my fair share of bigger guys, but none of them had hands like Jace’s.

Jace leads me out of the house party and down the street to the house next door. I make a mental note to send Chelsea a text and let her know where I am. She won’t be thrilled, but she won’t hold it against me. That’s what best friends are for. I’d be worried leaving her at the party if we didn’t come with a few other people. I am sure she’ll get home safe, especially since she isn’t drinking tonight.

“Where are we going?” I raise an eyebrow.

“My place is right next door,” he explains. He pulls out a key and unlocks the door, letting us in to an empty house. We can still hear the music from the party next door but it is fairly quiet here. He leads me up a flight of stairs and into his bedroom. Before I have a second to look around, his hands are on my waist, pulling me toward him.

“I want your curves wrapped around me.” I am usually a little self-conscious about my curves, I’m not as thin as Chelsea or our friends, but the way he growls that makes all my nerves dissipate.

“Yeah?” is all I can murmur before he’s holding my face in his hands and causing me to look at him.

“You okay with this, baby?” he asks, and I nod. But he looks at me, waiting for a yes, and I whisper out one softly. His lips push against mine and his tongue slips in my mouth, taking control over my mouth. I’ve never kissed anyone so passionately before. It is almost intimate, if you can forget the fact that we are strangers having a one-night stand.

“Get on the bed,” he growls. I fall back into his navy blue sheets and he tugs down my jeans and panties in one swoop. Stopping to kiss me again, he grabs at my chest, pushing his hips against me and I can feel his growing length against my core. Let’s just say I was definitely correct about his larger hands.

“You’re so gorgeous,” he murmurs against my neck and kisses me down my neck. It is sweet but I am dying for him to touch me. I am lying bare for him with his jeans acting as a barrier between us I don’t want anymore. Reaching forward, I unbutton his jeans and take out his cock. Which causes my jaw to literally drop open.

“That’s the reaction I was hoping for, baby.” He winks and then swoops down to climb on top of me. He slides on a condom and brushes his hand against my core. I am embarrassingly wet for how little foreplay we’ve had, but it has also been way too long since I have done something like this.

“God, I can’t wait to be inside you,” he grumbles.

“Please, fuck me.” I gasp and he pushes his length inside me. Slowly and then all at once, I take him completely.

“Oh fuck,” he growls and rocks his hips faster. He slides a hand in between us and rubs small circles on my clit. With his other hand, he rips open my blouse and takes my nipples between his teeth. I close my eyes, enjoying the sensations, the intensity when he notices.

“Open your eyes,” he grumbles and my eyes shoot open, staring into his hazels. As he rocks between us, I can’t help but wonder if I’ll ever see him again. Sex this good for the first time should be illegal.

Chapter 2

8 weeks later...

“**A**re you fucking kidding me?!” Chelsea screams.

“Don’t yell at me, I’m emotional.” I can feel the tears welling over in my eyes.

“You went home with a HOCKEY PLAYER. A *rookie* no less, *and* you’re pregnant?!” Chelsea sits down on the bathroom floor across from me.

In between us are the twenty sticks I’ve peed on in the last week. Because one just wasn’t enough and I couldn’t believe it without the actual test that said the word ‘pregnant’. Some have the plus sign, some have the minus sign, it is very confusing which ones mean I was pregnant. But then here I am. All of them saying, without a doubt, I am pregnant.

“Why’d you let me go home with a rookie?!” I exclaim.

“*Let you?*” She drops her jaw in shock at me.

“I know, I know. I didn’t give you a choice.” I sigh.

“What are you going to do?” Chelsea looks at me, concerned.

“I-I don’t know.” I can’t imagine not having this baby, but I also can’t imagine having this baby. It will completely throw my life for a loop and not to mention where will I live? My parents aren’t exactly the most supportive when it comes to my life. They have always given me a harder time than necessary when it comes to everyday things. And this is not an everyday thing.

“Are you going to tell him?” She makes a face, thinking about Jace.

“I—I don’t know,” I repeat. I’ve barely had any time to process this and she is hitting me with all kinds of questions I don’t have the answers to.

“You have time to figure all this out.” She leans over and pulls me in for a hug. I’m grateful for Chelsea and our friendship. We’ve been friends since freshman year when we unknowingly got paired together for one of those get to know you exercises. We both laughed and made fun of everyone else and that’s how I knew she would be my best friend.

“I don’t know what I’d do without you.” I sigh.

Cleaning up the tests, I slide them into a bag and tie it up before taking it outside. I don’t need my roommates finding out about this before I have a chance to tell them. We aren’t exactly close, but I’m sure they’ll be understanding.



I TELL MY PARENTS FIRST, thinking they will at least be understanding. I mean my mother had me fresh out of college, I’m the first person to get accidentally pregnant. It’s not like they will hold it against me, right? Wrong. As soon as I tell them, my father starts yelling about how I am a slut who can’t keep her legs closed and my mother just starts crying. There’s nothing I can say or do because their immediate solution is to drive me to the clinic to take care of it. When I explain there’s nothing I want to do with that, they both gasp and lose their minds. Hanging up on me almost immediately.

“Are you okay?” Rose, one of my roommates ask. I am crying in the living room after all.

“I didn’t know anyone was home.”

“We all just got back from class, is something wrong?” she repeats. She is kind but I don’t feel like telling anyone else how I am pregnant, not after the reaction I had just gotten.

“Just a fight with my parents, I’m sure things will be okay,” I lie. But she nods and heads upstairs without another word. When it comes to parents, we mainly leave each other alone.

But I am wrong about my parents coming around. Almost immediately I am cut off, credit cards canceled and any money they have previously put in my account has stopped. Thankfully my savings are still there, but it isn’t enough to pay rent and raise a baby with. I will have to tell my roommates the truth. Something I decide to put off for a few weeks until one of them catches me puking three days in a row.

“Are you sick or are you pregnant?” Laurie-Ann asks.

“W-what?”

“You’ve been sick everyday and eating a ton. So which is it?” she asks, waiting for a reply.

I wash my hands and wipe my mouth clean. Brushing my teeth will have to wait. I think about how to respond to her, it has been almost a month since I found out and I thought I was going a pretty good job of hiding it. But I guess not.

“I’m pregnant,” I admit.

“What are you going to do?” she asks, not skipping a beat.

“I’m keeping it.”

“No, I mean where are you going to live?” she snaps.

“W-what?” Never had it occurred to me that I wouldn’t be able to live here. I mean as long as I paid rent, then why couldn’t I?

“GIRLS!” Laurie-Ann shouts and calls everyone down to the living room for a meeting. I follow suit, taking a seat on the couch while she proceeds to tell everyone I’m pregnant.

It’s a chatter of questions and accusations being thrown at me while I try to answer them all. Of course dodging the most

common one, who is the father? They are all angrier than I expected and Laurie-Ann stands smugly, looking at me. Does she want me to move out that badly? What the hell is her endgame?

“You can’t live here with a baby,” Rose points out.

“That’s months away,” I say.

“There’s no reason you should stay now, you’re already a month behind on rent. Let’s just call it a day, you need to find somewhere else to stay,” Laurie-Ann says sassily. With a flutter of agreement from my roommates, that’s how I find myself packing all I own into two suitcases and showing up on the doorstep of my future baby daddy.

Chapter 3

12 weeks...

“**W**hat, are you moving in?” Jace chuckles at the sight of my suitcases and me standing on his doorstep. It’s enough to make me instantly start bawling my eyes out.

“Oh shit, here.” He pulls me in for a hug and picks up my bag, leading me into the living room.

“I’m sorry.” I sob quietly. Wiping my eyes, he waits for me to say something, but I’m at a loss for words.

“I’m just a little confused. What are you doing here?” He raises an eyebrow.

“I’m pregnant. And my parents cut me off so my roommates kicked me out. I have nowhere else to go.” I try not to cry again, but this whole situation had made me full of tears.

“You’re pregnant?” Jace’s jaw drops. “But we used a...”

“Did it break?” I ask, and Jace’s mouth clenches.

“I-I thought maybe you were on the pill. I swear I put it on right.”

“Well, I wasn’t. And now I’m pregnant. So I hate to ask this of you, but can I please stay here until I figure out my next step?”

“You can stay here as long as you need.” He pulls me in for another hug and I’m surprised.

“Really?” I look at him.

“Really. I’m not about to kick the mother of my child out on the street.”

“Okay.” I nod but I am starting to feel a little lightheaded by the whole situation.

“Come on.” He holds out his hand and I take it. Ignoring the small butterflies I feel as it intercepts mine.

“Do you have roommates?” I look, around expecting to see more people.

“I don’t. The team has their own house, but I got this one so I could make sure I can keep my grades up. If I flunk anything, I can’t play,” he explains. I nod and he shows me to his room. Memories of our first night together flood back instantly.

“I don’t have another bedroom or anything so you can stay in here and I’ll sleep on the couch until we figure things out.” He smiles.

“I’m sorry, I don’t want to put you out.” I sigh.

“No, it’s not a problem.” He pauses. “Why don’t I get your suitcases and you can settle in a little bit?”

“Okay.” I nod.

He’s back in a few moments with both suitcases, carrying them by their handles and I’m impressed. They were incredibly heavy to me. Then again, I’m sure he lifts weights heavier than that on a daily basis.

“Do you want some dinner? I can order us in some Chinese or something?” he offers. I think about it for a second, and almost instantly, my stomach lurches.

“Bathroom?” is all I can mutter before running down the hall he points to.

“Are you okay?” He knocks on the door and I throw up again. I try not to think about the fact that he can probably hear me throwing up in here. It’s not like I want to impress him or anything, I am already knocked up and pathetic on his doorstep.

I wash my hands, rinse out my mouth with the mouthwash on his sink and I open the door. “I’m sorry, morning sickness.”

“It’s like six pm.” He pushes his eyebrows together.

“Tell that to your baby,” I mutter. I get sick around the clock these days.

“So, no food then?”

“Maybe just crackers if you have them? And some ginger ale?”

“I don’t keep junk food in the house, I’m on a steady diet for hockey. But I can run to the store, do you want anything else?”

“No, thank you.”

“Okay, make yourself at home and I’ll be right back.” Jace smiles. He walks to his closet and pulls out a flannel shirt for him to throw over his t-shirt and jeans combo. It makes him look like the boy next door, just like the night we met.

He leaves me to be and I look around his room. I never had a chance to do that the first night. We were otherwise occupied. But now I see a variety of trophies aligning over his desk in the corner. The bed is made with navy sheets and I hope they’ve been cleaned in the last twelve weeks. I hate to think about who else has been in this bed since me. I know I have no right to be jealous but fuck, the thought of Jace sleeping with anyone else is enough to make my blood boil. It must be my hormones or something. I mean I barely know him, who cares if he sleeps with someone else?

“Back!” Jace returns carrying a few bags of groceries, so I meet him in the kitchen to help unpack everything.

“What is all this?”

“I might’ve gotten a little carried away,” he says sheepishly.

Jace pulls out five different kinds of crackers, ginger ale, and a variety of other snacks. “I didn’t know what snacks you liked. But these are ones I thought won’t upset your stomach.”

“Thank you.” I smile. It was incredibly thoughtful. I pick up one of the boxes of crackers and start munching away, thankful to have something in my stomach.

“So, we don’t have to talk about it now but you’re thinking about keeping the baby, right?”

“I am. And I don’t expect anything from you. Like I appreciate the place to stay, but I can figure it out and do this on my own if you’d rather not be involved,” I ramble. I don’t want to put this on Jace if he’d rather be out with puck bunnies or something.

“I want to be involved. As involved as you’ll let me be,” he says firmly. “My, uh, father wasn’t there for me growing up and I always wondered why. It felt like it was something I did. I never want my kid to grow up wondering about that.”

“Okay. So you’re involved. We can coparent when the time comes.” I am mainly telling myself this. I can’t live here and reopen the can of worms of being with him. He is a player. A hockey player but also a notorious puck bunny womanizer. I can’t let myself fall for that dazzling smile and boy next door charm again. This time, my legs are staying closed.

Chapter 4

14 weeks...

Something someone should've warned me about was how fucking horny I'd feel with all these extra hormones pumping throughout my body. I swear I am wearing out my vibrator with how often I am using it. Of course, I only can when Jace isn't home. Thank god for late night hockey practices that have a tendency to run late. But it is nothing compared to what I really want. Even though I swore Jace and I would keep a platonic distance, I am wanting him more and more every day. Something about his boy next door charm, the abs he never keeps covered, and the smile he reserves for me. It is enough to go straight to my loins.

Tonight is especially hard because Jace is making us dinner, wearing an apron that says kiss the cook. *Don't tempt me.* I am sitting at the island in his kitchen, watching as he prepares a dinner full of protein and veggies, promising it will taste good and be healthy for us. I've picked up that his health is super important to him and the team. But that should've been obvious from all the muscles he has and his intent to keep them.

He is a year younger than I am so he still has time for the NHL to draft him, and that is his biggest goal right now. Jace talks about it all the time, it is clear he is focused, but it is sweet the way he's started talking about it lately. He'll mention that the money from the NHL would help with the baby and we could talk about finding a place that fits the three of us. It is nice knowing we aren't some temporary thing, he sees the baby and I as his future. No matter how daunting that is.

“Okay, eat up!” He puts the plate in front of me and although it looks spiced, it doesn’t smell overly spicy. So I take my fork, getting a mouthful of chicken and veggies, and dig in.

“Oh my gosh, this is really good,” I say with an added *mmm*.

“I’ll try not to be offended that you sound surprised by that,” he says with a chuckle.

“Sorry,” I say with another mouthful.

Jace smiles at me before taking a seat next to me and eating some of the dinner he created. We’re both quiet besides the sounds of forks scraping the plate and our chewing. It is nice though, like we are both comfortable in silence with each other. After dinner I offer to help with the dishes since he cooked and he happily accepts.

“I hate doing the dishes,” he admits.

“I don’t mind them.” I smile.

“I’ll keep you company then.” He hops on the counter behind me and I suddenly feel self conscious. I am only wearing shorts and a thin t-shirt since most of my clothes are starting to feel a little tight. They still fit, but they constrict my stomach and the baby hates that.

“Don’t you have practice tonight?” I ask, confused. It is already after seven and he is usually gone by five.

“Nope, Coach gave us the night off.”

“That’s great,” I lie. *Now how am I supposed to get him out of my mind if I can’t use my toys?*

“You don’t sound so thrilled.” He laughs. I hate how well he can read me.

“I am, of course.” I force a smile as I finish the dishes.

“Aubree...”

“Jace?”

“What’s up?” He wrinkles his forehead and stares me down.

“I-I’m, well, there’s something I do when you’re not here that I can’t do when you are.” I blush hard, and I’m sure he’ll know what I’m saying but he just looks at me more confused.

“What is it?”

“Masturbate.” I breathe out.

“Oh.” His eyes widen and he has trouble swallowing.

“These pregnancy hormones are kicking my ass,” I admit.

“So you’re horny then?” he asks.

“We so don’t have to talk about this. It’s not a big deal.” I blush again and turn to face the sink.

“D-do you think you want some, uh, help?” He clears his throat and I turn around, thinking about what he’s asking me.

“Jace, are you offering what I think you are?”

“Only if you want me to.”

“I—I don’t know. I mean what about us staying platonic?”

“What’s sex between parents anyway? I can help out my baby mama.”

“Oh,” is all I can say because this conversation has gone straight to my panties. I am soaked before he’s even touched me, and all I want is him to make this ache go away. “Yes.”

Jace doesn’t hesitate before leaning down to kiss me. Our lips meet and I’m reminded of the first time we kissed, how perfect our lips were together. He slips his tongue in my mouth and I let him take over. His hands reach for my breasts and he groans when he realizes I’m not wearing a bra. They slide under my t-shirt and he takes my nipple between his fingers.

“OH!” I call out. My breasts are more sensitive than I am used to these days.

“Did I hurt you?” He immediately lets go and pulls away.

“No, they’re just extra sensitive. But god it felt good,” I whisper.

Jace nods and slips his hand back under my shirt, playing with both breasts this time and I swear he is going to make me orgasm from nipple play alone. But then one hand stops and dips into my panties, brushing ever so slightly against my clit.

“Damn, you are drenched.” He moans. His hand touches my clit and then I gasp when he puts two fingers inside me and begins to pump. Dipping his head to my chest, he puts my nipples in his mouth and I throw my head back in ecstasy.

“Oh my gosh! Don’t stop!” I call out, and with the flick of his tongue over my breast one last time, I’m coming undone in his kitchen.

“Oh, Jace!” I call out his name and shudder into his body. *Why do orgasms from someone else have to feel so fucking good?*

Chapter 5

16 weeks...

“**Y**ou really want to come?” Jace looks at me, confused. I had asked to borrow one of his extra jerseys for the hockey game tonight.

“Yes. I think I should go to at least one to support my baby daddy.” I smile. We have been a little weird with each other since that night in the kitchen. I swore it would never happen again and hid in my room with post orgasm embarrassment. Then it was never brought up again, but we had been doing this weird dance to keep extra space between us. So I am trying to ease the distance by going to one of his hockey games.

“I think I have an extra jersey you can wear, if you don’t mind wearing my number,” he says sheepishly.

“I don’t mind,” I say with a smile.

He paws through the closet and pulls out a large jersey with the #4 on it. I’ve just started to show and although it’s not exactly a secret, we have yet to discuss people finding out about it. A few people have picked up on the fact that I’ve been living here. Mainly his hockey friends, but they know how to keep a secret better than expected. So at least the jersey will be able to hide my small baby bump.

“Thank you.” I tug it on over the tank top I’m wearing and he steps back to look at me.

“Fuck, you look hot,” Jace murmurs.

“Oh, thank you.” I blush.

“Well, I better head out. I need to be there before you, but can I find you after the game?” Jace smiles.

“Of course.” I nod. I wonder what he has in mind for after the game but I will be there nonetheless.

Jace takes off to the game, and I wait for Chelsea to come over. With classes and midterms coming up, she’s only been over once before. It was weird for us to hang out at Jace’s house, even though he promises it’s as much mine as it is his. I still feel like somewhat of a trespasser, sleeping in someone else’s bed.

“You are not wearing your baby daddy’s jersey,” Chelsea deadpans as I open the front door.

“Hello to you too.” I roll my eyes.

“I have to be seen with you in public with his number like he’s branded you?” Chelsea says teasingly.

“It’s just a jersey, not a tattoo.”

“Yeah, well he’s already taken over your uterus too.” She frowns. I can’t tell you how she feels about the baby because sometimes she makes comments like that and then other times she makes comments about how she can’t wait to meet the kid. She is a bit of a conundrum.

“Let’s just go to the game.” I sigh.

We find seats after getting a big tub of popcorn from the concession stand. I didn’t plan on it, but once I smelled that buttery scent, I was hooked. An extra large tub later, I’m sitting and waiting for the game to start with Chelsea.

“Thank you for coming with me tonight, I know how much you hate hockey.”

“I don’t hate hockey, I just hate what players the players are.” She huffs.

“Oh.” I had always thought it was a little of both.

“When do you find out if it’s a boy or a girl?” she asks, changing the subject.

“Two weeks. We have a doctors appointment then and they should be able to tell us.” I smile. A woman in front of us, turns looks at my stomach, and gives me a weird look. Did I know her from somewhere?

“Is Jace going?”

“Yes, he’s been coming with me to every appointment,” I remind her.

“Wow.” She is actually impressed. Truthfully, so am I. I hadn’t expected him to be such a softie when it comes to stuff like that, but he is. The first time we saw the baby together he actually held my hand and I swore he had some tears forming. Not that I asked him about it, and I’m sure he’d blame allergies or something.

“Are you talking about Jace McKenzie? The rookie?” the woman in front of us turns around to ask.

“I’m not sure that’s your business,” Chelsea says snippily. I love how protective she is of me.

“Well, if you are, you should know I heard he’s seeing someone pretty steadily. Someone who’s not pregnant,” she adds with a scoff, and her friends giggle.

“Well, I’m pretty sure I’m the only one living with him and carrying his baby,” I say sassily.

The woman’s jaw drops and then she turns around without saying another word. A moment later her and her friends stomp out of their seats and out of the game. Did they really think they had a chance with Jace? Was that the only reason they were here?

“Stupid puck bunnies.” Chelsea rolls her eyes. I have heard of girls being crazy for hockey players but I hadn’t realized how much.

“Shit, do you think Jace will be okay with people knowing about me and the baby?” I start to worry.

“I’m sure, I mean it’s not like it’s something you can hide forever anyway,” Chelsea points out. I nod and try not to overthink it.

After the game, Chelsea heads home but I hang out by the locker rooms waiting for Jace to come out. There's a sea of girls in scantily clad clothing standing around me, but I'm just waiting for him. A few players come out and talk to the girls, mainly the ones already signed to the NHL. I don't know their names but their faces are familiar. When Jace walks out, he looks around ignoring the puck bunnies and walks straight to me. He smiles, this whole hearted smile. Like I'm the only one in the room, and there go the damn butterflies again.

"Hey, did you enjoy the game?" He puts his arm around me to walk out and I'm only a little bit happy when I see the women from earlier. I shoot them a smirk and let Jace lead us home. Which was still a foreign word to me, but that's what it was.

"Yes, I loved it. Although I still am confused on things. Chelsea was explaining stuff to me so I wasn't as lost."

"We'll have to watch some games together before the baby is born. I can't have a baby mama who knows nothing about hockey," he says with a chuckle.

"You gotta stop calling me that." I laugh.

"Baby mama? That's what you are. I like it." He shrugs. I ignore the part of me that wishes I could be something more than just that.

Chapter Six

Jace and I get home after the game and I'm still reeling from watching him on the ice tonight. Something about watching him do what he loves, and how relaxed he is afterwards is amazing. It doesn't hurt that he is built like a Greek God and I am still unreasonably horny. Another night where I can't use my toy without him hearing. Jace is putting down his stuff by the front door, pulling off his t-shirt, and grabbing us a snack from the kitchen.

"Want anything special?" he asks, looking in the fridge. Is this my opening? I am too horny to be thinking straight and looking at his abs isn't helping.

"You?" I stand across the room so he turns, and looks at me with a tilted head.

"What?" He chuckles nervously.

"I want you." I swallow hard. Is he looking for a way to let me down gently? A million thoughts race through my mind as I think about the two of us being together again.

"Is that...will that hurt the baby?" he whispers.

"No, it's perfectly safe." Something I may have asked at my last appointment while he was filling out paperwork.

"Then get your ass over here." He saunters across the room, his abs a work of art, his arms even bigger, and his body rock hard. I almost groan at the sight of him. He is hot as hell. My baby daddy is fucking hot and he wants me just as much as I want him.

I close the distance between us and we kiss. Our mouths not able to get enough from each other, we fall against the island, our hands a tangle around each other. My hands in his shaggy hair, his hands on my breasts, a light moan escapes my lips and gives him the chance to bite down on my bottom lip. Fuck. I moan even louder and he picks me up, putting me on the island. I'm not sure if I'm turned on by the fact that he did that or by the fact that he can lift me like I am some kind of feather.

"I've wanted you since you put my jersey on." He growls. "You look so fucking sexy, wearing my number." He leans in to kiss my neck, and I moan lightly.

Jace picks me up just enough to slide my jeans off and toss them on the floor. He brushes a hand across my core and I gasp, fuck that feels too good. He picks me up again to take off my panties, they're halfway down my legs when he does the rest with his teeth. Is this man even real? I swear if I am dreaming I don't even care because this is not something I want to be woken up from.

He spreads my legs on the counter and pushes me back lightly. I hold myself up as his face connects with my pussy. A soft, slow lick on my clit before he nibbles away. Something that shouldn't feel so fucking good feeling amazing. I close my eyes, tossing my head back, and let him lick up and down my slit. Jace slides a finger into my core and I moan.

"Oh yes!" I call out. It feels too good to keep that to myself.

"You like that, baby? You want my fingers inside you?" He groans.

"Yes, please," I beg. "More."

"Yes, baby." He curls his fingers, hitting my g-spot perfectly, and I buck under his touch.

"Oh fuck!" I'm breathless as he continues, I can feel my orgasm rising. I am about to cum riding his hand on the kitchen counter.

“I want you to cum for me,” he whispers, and I’m gasping, pulling his lips onto mine. It’s pointless, because as much as I want to kiss him, I’m screaming out his name instead.

“Fuck,” he whispers, pulling out gently. He puts his fingers up to my mouth and I suck each one clean. His eyes widen and his jaw tightens, hooded with lust, he wants me as much as I want him.

“Let’s get upstairs so I can fuck you right,” he murmurs. Placing a soft kiss on my lips, he helps me off the counter and holds my hand as we go up the stairs. It is a sweet gesture that isn’t at all lost on me.

As soon as we’re upstairs, I go to pull off the jersey but his hands stop me. “Can you keep it on? You look sexy as fuck in it.”

“Okay.” I nod.

I lay on the bed and he crawls on top of me, his dick rubbing against my bare core. He is just in a pair of sweatpants but he is way too overdressed. I tug them down his legs and his boxers too.

“Do I need uh…” He pauses.

“Are you clean?” I hesitate to ask.

“You’re the last girl I slept with,” he says shyly.

“You don’t need one then.” I smile and pull him toward me.

His body on top of mine feels like the first night. Like we should always be doing this. Jace’s dick lines up with my pussy and he slowly goes in. I remember how big he is but fuck, feeling it is another story. Everything is more sensitive since I’ve gotten pregnant and this is no different. I swear I am about to cum again. He pushes inside me, filling me with a loud moan and an utter of curses.

“Damn, you feel so fucking good,” he mutters.

“I want you, to fuck me harder,” I whisper. He nods, adjusting, and begins moving his hips.

“You’re so fucking beautiful, Aubree,” he murmurs in my ear as he fucks me. It feels more intimate than last time. I mean sure there is a baby between us, but without the barrier this time of alcohol or condoms.

Jace fucks me hard, pushing his dick deep inside my pussy, and I moan with each thrust. My breathing picks up and I think I’m about to cum when I feel a warmth between my legs. Did I just pee? Oh my gosh. I’m about to ask him to stop when his eyes widen.

“Baby, did you just fucking squirt on my dick?” he says with a moan.

“Did I? I-I never have before,” I admit. I cover my eyes with my hands and he pushes them away.

“That was so fucking sexy, let’s see if we can do it again.” Jace smirks. Suddenly the boy next door charm is gone, and all that is left is this sexy shell of a man who can make my body do wonders.

Chapter 7

18 weeks...

“**A**re you sure you want to find out at the doctors?” Jace asks again on the way to the doctors.

“Where else would we find out?” I look at him confused.

“We could throw a party and do something cool like cut a cake or pop a balloon.”

“Those are cool ideas?” I ask, giggling.

“All right, no, but they were the first things I thought of. TikTok is full of ideas.”

“I’m going to tell your hockey friends you spend your time on TikTok looking up gender reveals and see what they say.” I smile.

“I just thought you might want it to be special.”

“I do, but honestly, it’s not like anyone will come. My roommates kicked me out and my parents disowned me. I don’t have anyone besides you I need to share the news with.” I sigh.

“Okay.” He sighs with me but doesn’t push it further. It sucks that it’s this way, but I only need him to be there and find out what the baby is.

We arrive at the office and Jace checks us in. I am glad he came with me, I can’t imagine going to these appointments without him. I already feel like the youngest woman in the room and coming here alone just leaves me open for more scrutiny. Jace and I wait to be called and for once he loops his hand with mine. I look at him but he’s just looking ahead, he

squeezes gently and I realize he's trying to reassure me. I'm not nervous, but maybe I am. Being here always makes me worry they'll tell me there is something wrong with me or the baby. I am sure that comes with the territory of being pregnant but my leg shakes nonetheless.

"It'll be okay," he whispers when the doctor calls my name.



"So! WHAT IS IT?" Chelsea asks after I come over to her apartment after the appointment. Jace said he had some things to take care of and dropped me off.

"It's a girl!" I squeal. Chelsea and I had been secretly hoping for a girl and I almost fell off the table when they told me at the appointment. Jace swears he's just happy as long as she's healthy but I'm super excited. I know nothing about boys, let alone little hockey playing boys.

"Oh my gosh! I can't wait to throw you the biggest baby shower!" She squeals.

"You don't have to."

"Are you kidding? I'm the godmother, aunt and your best friend. How could I not? I need to spoil this little nugget before it's even born." She smiles.

"Godmother?" I raise an eyebrow.

"Oh come on, of course you were going to ask me. I figured it slipped your pregnant mind." She laughs.

"You know I was." I laugh. I can't even tease her that I wouldn't. Of course I was going to ask her.

"So, Jace and I had sex."

"Uh, yeah, that's old news." She points to my pregnant belly. I am showing these days. There is no longer hiding it

and honestly it feels better this way.

“No, I mean we had sex last week.” I bite my lip, waiting for her response.

“How was it?”

“Amazing. Strangely intimate. But so good. He did things to my body I didn’t know was possible,” I admit.

“Wow, Jace got some game,” she says, impressed.

“I just don’t know what it means.”

“Did you two talk about it?”

“Well, no.”

“Do you think you should?”

“Probably.” I sigh. I just don’t want to pop the bubble I am living in and find out it was a one time thing or that Jace doesn’t actually want to be with me, he just likes being inside me.

Chapter 8

20 weeks...

“Come on, don’t you want to look nice for once?” Chelsea stands on my side of Jace’s closet going through my outfits.

“No. And I’m going to ignore that comment about for once because you’re my best friend.” I lie back down in the bed and curl up with my pregnancy pillow. Jace had gotten it for me a few weeks ago and it’s been like a godsend.

“You know what I meant and you’re getting out of this bed today.”

“But why? It’s cozy and I don’t have anything to do today.” I sigh.

“You have plans with me and I want to look nice with my best friend.” She stands at the foot of my bed, giving me puppy dog eyes and waiting for me to say yes. I hate how well she knew me because of course I am going to give in.

“Okay, fine.” I roll my eyes. I don’t get up but I give her permission to keep looking through my closet. A few minutes later she’s throwing a dress at me and telling me to get dressed and get downstairs. I do as I’m told, moving as fast as I can for someone with a balloon belly. It is crazy that I am only halfway through the pregnancy at this point.

“Chelsea?” I call out, walking downstairs.

“Backyard!” she calls out and I wrinkle my eyebrows. What is she doing back there? I slip on a pair of flip flops and

walk outside to find her and about twenty other people, including Jace in the backyard.

“Wh—what is all this?” I look at Chelsea and Jace, confused.

“It’s your gender reveal.” Chelsea smiles.

“Look, I know you thought no one would come, but I wanted you to know you have support from my friends and family too. For you and our baby,” Jace whispers.

“You did all this?” I look around at the tables of food and decorations in blues and pinks. Sure we already knew it was a girl, but we hadn’t told anyone else yet and I guess this was why.

“Yeah.” Jace smiles, and I feel the tears starting to build that I quickly wipe away. I am glad I didn’t come outside in my underwear and tell Chelsea to just go home even though that was the kind of mood I had been in.

“Come on, come meet people.” He smiles and takes my hand. “Ma, Pop, this is Aubree.” Jace and I stand in front of an older couple that must be his parents. I take them both in, realizing they are now family to me. Jace is the spitting image of his dad except without the gray hair and wrinkles. His mother is beautiful, with curves like me and long blonde hair. She doesn’t look old enough to have a son Jace’s age.

“It’s so nice to meet you.” His mom throws her arms around me and pulls me in for a tight hug. Well, as tight as can be with my belly between us.

“It’s nice to meet you too.” I smile. His dad shakes my hand and they both look at my belly, smiling.

“We’re so excited to be grandparents. And I don’t know if Jace told you but we only live a few minutes away. So we’re happy to help as much as you both want and need,” his mother says happily. It is like meeting the opposite of my parents. I’ve never seen someone so happy to be becoming grandparents.

“Thank you.” I nod. Having them nearby seems like it could be a really great thing for us.

“Come on, there’s more people for you to meet.” Jace pulls me away from his parents and introduces me to his teammates.

They’re hogging all the food and messing around until Jace and I walk over. Tatum, the captain, gives everyone a look and they fall into line instantly. I guess that captain thing works on and off the field. They all shake my hand and smile like it’s great to meet me and I realize these too are Jace’s family. He hasn’t said it, but you can’t spend as much time as they do together and not be. Jace continues introducing me to people until he gets to a crowd of people I know. Chelsea’s standing with people from some of my classes. Girls I’ve tutored, some I’ve had lunch with, and they all look happy to be here. None of them are putting on a show or pretending. They just want to support me and Jace.

“There’s just one more thing we need to do.” Jace’s hand is still locked with mine as he pulls me across the yard.

“Guys! It’s time!” Chelsea cheers and she runs over to hand me a hockey stick.

“Uh, thank you?” I look at it confused and everyone laughs.

“We’re going to hit the puck and the color smoke tells us if it’s a boy or a girl!” Jace explains.

“Oh!” I go to hand Jace the stick but he shakes his head.

“That’s all you, mama.”

“What?” I have the center of gravity of a broken down vehicle. I can’t hit a puck when I can’t even see my own feet.

“I got this.” Jace takes the puck from Chelsea, putting it on the ground in front of us, then hands me back the hockey stick. He gets behind me, wrapping his large arms around me and helps steady me. “On three.” He counts and we hit the puck together, emitting a big cloud of pink smoke.

Despite Jace and I already knowing, I can’t help but be excited by the cloud of smoke. With all of our friends and family cheering for us, it makes all of this become more real. It is like this is actually happening. We are actually having a

baby. In that moment, I feel the baby kick again and I know she's trying to say she's here for this moment too.

Chapter 9

22 weeks...

It's been three weeks and five days since Jace and I have had sex. I know I shouldn't be counting, but it's hard not to when I live with the most desirable man. It's not like we haven't tried, but with our crazy schedules, it's been almost impossible to find any time. By the time Jace is home from practice, I'm passed out in bed for the night and in the morning we both have class. The only light at the end of the tunnel is winter break is finally here. Now that midterms are done and classes are over, we have weeks of time until the new semester starts. Jace still has hockey practice everyday despite it being off season.

"Hey, Jace?" I call from the living room.

"What's up 'Bree?" He's gotten used to calling me that lately instead of the dreaded baby mama. I wait for him to walk out and his eyes almost pop out of his head when he sees me in just his jersey and a thin pair of lace panties.

"Holy fuck." His jaw drops and I'm grateful for the sweatpants he's wearing letting me know that he wants this.

"I thought we could do something?" I blink my eyelashes and saunter over to him.

"Oh yeah?" He smirks. His mind going to playboy mode as he looks me over. The jersey has gotten a little bit smaller with my growing bump and I had been worried it might not be as sexy, but with the way he is reacting, I know it was a good choice.

"Yes," I murmur as he pulls me toward him.

“You know I can’t resist you in this thing,” he growls. It’s instinctual, like he’s desperate for me. Tugging at the seams of the jersey, he pulls it over my head and reveals the lingerie I am wearing underneath. A red lace bra that holds my breasts up perkily and a thong to match.

“Fuck. Bree, you are so sexy.” His hands are on my shoulders, working their way down my chest and to my stomach. He hesitates before touching it softly with two hands and bending down to kiss me. Jace’s lips move from mine to my neck, my chest, and then all the way down my stomach. He kisses softly, each touch more delicate than the last.

“I want you,” I whisper.

“I want you too,” he whispers back.

Instead of going to the bedroom, he walks me to the couch and surprises me with the force of how he pushes me onto the couch. I get on my hands and knees, stretching my back out and I can feel his eyes on me. I can’t dip as low as I used to with the baby in the way but it seems to be enough because he’s looking at me like he can’t wait to fuck me. Jace takes off his t-shirt, tossing it to the ground, and slowly pulls down my thong from my thighs. He dips his hand to my core and touches my clit. Rubbing it with one finger ever so lightly.

“Oh, fuck, that feels good,” I call out.

“Oh yeah?” I can feel his smirk on his lips. He presses his thumb against my clit and I gasp out in pleasure.

“Yes!” I beg and he chuckles. He is torturing me and he knows it.

Jace runs his hands down my stomach and grabs my breasts, taking almost all of it in his hands. Oh god, his rough and calloused hands feel like magic against my chest. He pops open my bra and lets it fall to the ground. Taking my nipples in his fingers, I gasp out his name. I love the way my body lights up for him like the Fourth of July. He seems to be able to elicit everything from me with the smallest of touches.

“I want you to fuck me,” I whisper.

“Yes, baby.” He stands up, removing his sweatpants and boxer briefs, springing forth his large dick. My mouth instantly waters at the sight. Something about his body makes me go absolutely mad for him.

Jace pushes forward, teasing me at first with just the tip of him, running up and down my slit. But I wiggle my ass and beg for more. “Please, I need it,” I call out.

“Oh, I know,” he says cockily.

“Jace,” I say sternly. But I don’t know how effective it is because I’m on all fours, drenched for him, begging him to fuck me. I don’t exactly have the power here.

“Fuck, I love it when you beg for me.” He groans and slides inside me. We take a second to adjust and then he’s moving his hips, and I’m moaning for him.

Jace’s body is behind me, slapping my ass and thrusting in deep with each hip thrust. He holds onto my hips for support and I grip the couch. Slipping a hand between us, I rub my clit as he moves in and out of my core. Fuck, why was I ever having sex with anyone else when sex could feel like this? Is it as good for him as it is for me? As if to answer my question, a guttural moan escapes his lips.

“Oh, Bree.” He groans and I close my eyes. I want to feel every second of this, take in every sensation. I rub my clit even harder, in faster circles, and I can feel my release building.

“Fuck, I’m about to…” he moans.

“Me too,” I whisper.

“Come with me, baby,” Jace says in this tone that makes my body convulse. My legs are shaking and I’m closing against him.

“Fuck! I’m coming! Oh, Jace!” I scream out as he shudders against me. I can feel him finishing inside me and it makes my orgasm even more intense.

Chapter 10

24 weeks...

“**W**hat does this mean?” I ask Jace as I fall into his bed for the fifth time this week. It’s his bed that he gave me but now that he’s been sleeping in it every night with me, I’ve been calling it his bed again.

“What does what mean?” he asks.

“You and I, *this*.” I exaggerate.

“What do you want it to mean?” He puts it back on me and I don’t know what to say.

“I asked first.” I know it’s a cop out answer but I don’t know what I want this to mean, if anything.

He chuckles. “Ha, okay. Well, I know that you and I didn’t have the best starts, this was all thrown at us and everything moved in warp speed, but I think that I like you. I’ve loved getting to know you these last few months and continuing to know you. And the sex is a fucking bomb bonus.”

“You like me?” I tease him, making a face.

“Well, not when you make that face,” he teases back. I scoff, pretending to be offended.

“Come here.” He pulls my chin toward him and presses his lips against mine.

“What was that for?”

“Because I like you, does there have to be a reason?” he asks.

“No, I guess not.” *Does this mean what I think it means? That we are somewhat together?* “What about the baby?” I ask.

“I know we should probably be focusing on the baby, but what if we focused on us so when the baby is here we already have our shit together?”

I pause to think about it. He actually has a good point. I don't know why I am surprised, he is always the one to think about the baby and I. He is more than thoughtful when it comes to the both of us.

“Okay.” I nod. Does this mean, are Jace and I together? Like together *together*?

“So, Bree will you be my girl?” he asks with a smirk.

“Yes!” I wrap my body around his and kiss him passionately. I want him even more than I did a few minutes ago. I decide to do something I don't necessarily love. I slide myself down Jace's body and find myself face to face with his dick.

“Baby?” Jace looks at me surprised.

“Shh,” I murmur and take him out of his boxer briefs, wrapping my hand around his member.

He shudders and I put my hand to my mouth, lick it, and place it back on his dick. I pump for a few minutes, getting him nice and hard before I take him in my mouth. I tease him, taking part then all of him, little by little until I encase him fully. Gagging a little, I have his dick right where I want it. Pumping with one hand and bobbing my head along the rest. Jace curses and grabs a fistful of my hair.

“Oh fuck, Bree,” he mutters. I moan against his dick, letting him push my head down further.

I pump my hand up and down his shaft while he pushes my head, letting my gag on his dick. When I feel him stop and grab my hair. “I'm gunna..” He doesn't finish because I move my head up and down even faster, letting him finish down my throat. Suddenly warm ropes of Jace are squirting down my throat while he utters a multitude of curses.

“Well fuck, if I knew you’d be that happy to be my girl I would’ve asked you sooner,” he teases.

“I just wanted to show my appreciation.” I smile and meet his lips for a chaste kiss.

“Why don’t we go out tonight?”

“Like a date?” I ask, confused.

“Yes, like a date. I think I should take my girl out on one of those.” He chuckles. It’s the second or third time he’s called me his girl and each time, my heart swells.

“Okay,” I smile.

“Let’s get dressed and grab some dinner.”

“Sounds good to me, I’m starving.” Although these days, I could always eat.

Jace stands up, looks in his closet and picks out an outfit. “I’ll be downstairs so you can get ready in peace.” He smiles.

I stand up, waddle over to the closet, and look for something sexy I can wear. It has been awhile since I’ve been on a date but I still want to look nice. I put on a lace bodysuit that fits over my pregnancy bump and reach for my favorite pair of ripped jeans. I don’t know where we are going but I assume someplace not too fancy. Just going out to dinner with Jace will be a nice change from cooking with him at home. I pull on my jeans but when I go to button them, they don’t close. I try sucking in my belly, but it’s no use. With baby in there it’s like trying to suck in a cement block. All I want to do is wear these jeans and look nice for Jace. I know he’s seen me in a multitude of sweats and pajamas, but I thought dressing up for once might be a nice change.

I feel the tears start to fall down my cheeks and I begin to sob. I can’t help it, my hormones are a wreck these days. I keep crying and sobbing, that Jace comes running up the stairs.

“Are you okay?” I’m sitting on the edge of the bed and he gets on his knees to look at me.

“I—My pants don’t fit,” I cry out.

“What?” He looks at me, confused.

“My pants don’t fit,” I say clearer.

“Oh, baby, I’m sorry.” He takes my hand in his and sits next to me on the bed. “Do you want to wear something else?”

“No.” I cry even harder. I don’t know why I am so upset over the loss of these jeans. It probably has nothing to do with the pants and more to do with this body I barely recognize anymore.

“I know this may not help, but you’re beautiful. Pants or not. You’re growing our baby and that means the world to me.” He takes my hand in his. I sob even harder and he wraps his arms around me.

“Okay, then why don’t we change into sweats, order in, and watch that new reality show you’ve been itching for me to watch with you,” he suggests.

“Really?” I look at him with watery eyes.

“Yes, I just want to spend time with you.”

“Okay.” I smile through the tears.

“Now come here.” He wipes my eyes with his thumb and brushes away the tears before pressing his lips to my forehead and giving me a soft kiss. It is like he takes away all the bad emotions with a simple gesture.

Chapter II

26 weeks...

It is week one and classes are already kicking my ass. I am in my last semester of college and I am determined to finish on a high, despite the pregnancy. I know I can do it, but the classes aren't exactly electives and the homework is hard on top of growing a small human. Jace and I had been attached at the hip all winter break since I officially became his. But now that school and hockey are starting up again, it is hard to see him. Except for today. We carved out a few hours of time to go to the baby store near campus and register for stuff for the baby shower. Chelsea had insisted we have a baby shower and let her be the one to throw it after, and these were her words 'she was denied the chance to throw a gender reveal party'.

"Do we need all this stuff?" Jace asks, picking up a toy bouncer seat.

"Yes. Babies need a lot of things for how small they are." I sigh. It is a tad overwhelming but I am trying to ease into the reality that in fourteen short weeks, the baby will be here.

"What is this?" Jace picks up a pump and holds it up.

"A breast pump, which we will need so scan away." I point to the nicer model than the one he has his hands on.

"Damn." I know he's looking at the prices and I do too. It is hard not to notice them.

"We can get the cheaper model if it's too much," I offer.

“No, you deserve the best one, I just feel like there’s so much I don’t know about babies.” He scratches his head.

“I feel that way too, I only know a little more from some of the books I’ve been reading.”

“I might have to pick those up then.”

“Jace!” I squeal, and his eyes widen as he sees what I see. A girls hockey jersey with socks that look like ice skates and a little hockey uniform.

“Oh my gosh. Please tell me we can buy that today. My baby girl is going to be the best dressed player out there,” he says proudly. “What size do we get?”

“Well, considering your size, it might be smart to get six to nine months. We don’t know how big she might be coming out,” I say truthfully. It has crossed my mind once or twice that having a hockey player’s baby does have its downfall.

“Shit, I didn’t consider that.”

“Trust me, I did.” We laugh and he picks up the six to nine months outfit with the matching shoe socks.

“It’s so small.” He makes a face. “I know babies are small, but damn.”

“It doesn’t help that you’re a giant,” I point out.

“I didn’t see you complaining about that last I checked.” He wiggles his eyebrows, and I blush.

“Jace,” I scold him, biting my bottom lip.

“Eh, you love it.” He chuckles and tosses the outfit in the basket I’ve picked up. There are some things I want to buy ourselves.

We continue shopping, putting some clothes in the basket that Jace eventually takes from me. After adding way too many things to the registry, we decide to head out to dinner. I am exhausted but Jace says he knows a good steak place not too far away. Once he says that, it is all I could think about, his little carnivorous baby wanting steak.

“Is that the sonogram?” I ask, getting into his truck. I never noticed it before but it is sitting on his dashboard for him to see.

“It is,” he says proudly. It is the small moments like this that I know he’ll be a great dad. A simple gesture that he thought of all on his own.

“I love that.” I smile.

“I want her with me no matter where I go,” he explains, and my eyes start to tear up. Damn hormones.

“We should probably talk about names at some point,” I say. It has been on my mind the last few weeks, especially since we just refer to her as the baby.

“Do you have any in mind?” He glances my way.

“I do, but do you?”

“I have a few ideas but I’d love to hear yours first.” He smiles.

“Okay, well I was thinking about Laura or Erin.”

“I was thinking more about Sophie or Fallon.”

“Hmm.” I consider his name choices. They aren’t bad, not necessarily my first choices but they aren’t bad.

“Are you considering my choices or thinking of how to tell me they suck?” he asks with a chuckle.

“They don’t suck! I just don’t know if I like them,” I admit.

“I like Laura but I’m not a fan of Erin, I once hooked up with one who got majorly clingy,” he explains.

“Alright, Erin is off the list then.” I sigh.

“What about Eleanor?” he asks.

“Like Ellie for short?” I ask.

“Yeah, I like that.”

“Baby Ellie,” I say and rub my stomach. She kicks fiercely. “I think she likes her name.” I laugh.

“Good, I like it too.” Jace smiles.

“That was easier than I anticipated.”

“Yeah, I thought we might be fighting over names like some couples do.” I still am not used to him referring to us as a couple or anything more than his baby mama. It is something I love getting used to. Even though it has only been a few weeks, it feels like we are finding our groove together. We make time when it matters and talk about the important things. It is hard not to start falling for him the closer we get. I just wonder if he feels the same. I want to take things slow, but there is nothing slow about our relationship. And maybe that is a good thing, maybe that is just how we are supposed to fall for each other.

Chapter 12

28 weeks...

“**A**re you sure about this?” he asks, standing behind me.

“Yes.” I nod. He’s been sleeping in here most nights anyway, but I want to make it official.

“We’re all moved in together then.” He kisses my cheek and I place a hand on my stomach. It is officially out past my feet and I can’t see my toes anymore. But Jace still manages to make me feel beautiful and sexy.

“You moved all your stuff back upstairs already?” I ask, surprised. It had only taken him two trips.

“It wasn’t a lot, most of my things were in my closet to make room for your stuff,” he explains.

“So we’re really doing this?” I ask.

“Babe, if you’re scared or anything I can go back to staying downstairs, it doesn’t change anything for me. I promise.” He brushes his hand across my cheek and I close my eyes, falling into his touch.

“I want you to be up here so we can be used to it by the time Ellie comes,” I explain.

“You think she’ll have enough room in here with us?” He looks over the room. It isn’t huge but it will do and I think it is more than enough for the three of us. Once we get the crib all set up and put together.

“I think so, their stuff takes up more room than they do.” I laugh.

Jace settles on the bed and pats his lap as if for me to sit. “You’re crazy if you think I can sit on your lap.” I laugh.

“Oh that’s just a stepping stone, I want you on my face baby,” he growls and pulls my hand toward him. I straddle his lap, pushing him back on the bed and leaning down the best I can to kiss him.

“On your...Really?” I blush. We’ve never tried that before.

“Oh yes.” He wiggles his eyebrows and starts undressing me. Pulling my t-shirt over my head, revealing my oversized breasts and pregnant belly. He kisses down my collarbone, to my chest, and takes a nipple in his mouth. I groan at the contact; he flicks his tongue across my nipple and I throw my head back in pleasure.

“Oh Jace.” I moan.

“You like that, baby?” He growls against my skin. He hesitates before placing soft kisses down my belly and grabs my ass with two hands.

“Nice and full, mmm,” Jace says before smacking it lightly with one hand. “Get on your back,” he instructs.

“Okay,” I mutter. I’m not really supposed to be on my back but a few minutes couldn’t hurt. Laying back, Jace grabs a pillow to prop under my back and I smile; he remembered.

Tugging down my sweatpants, he’s face to face with my bare core. I have stopped wearing panties for the most part, more out of comfortability, but it is also a big turn on for him. He growls against me and I shudder at the contact.

“I want to taste you,” he mutters and licks me from clit to hole. I’m already soaked, a hazard of being pregnant and my hormones being out of wack. And from having a hockey player boyfriend who looks like *that*. He is still dressed but his abs are a work of art. I have them memorized at this point and I close my eyes to picture him.

Jace licks me for a few minutes before he tells me to sit on his face. He tugs off his t-shirt in one swoop, over his head, and my eyes are on his body. A sculpted masterpiece. Laying down on the bed, he rests his head on the pillows and tells me

to come over. Patting his face like it's a seat, I begrudgingly make my way over. I am sure I'll end up suffocating him or something but he is insistent.

"You're so fucking beautiful," he mutters and runs his hands down my body.

"Jace," I warn him. "Tell me if this is too much." He nods and I climb on top of him.

Lowering myself on his face, I hover about a few inches above but he pulls me down. My hands grip the headboard and I throw my head back as his lips connect with my clit. Sucking not so gently, I can't help but want to ride his face. Moving my hips steadily, he grips my thighs and pulls me on him even closer. His tongue is working overtime to lick and suck, with the bed rocking away. It's not going to take much to get me to come. I reach behind me and begin to stroke his hard length through his jeans. I can't unbutton from the position I'm in, so I have to settle for teasing him.

"Oh fuck!" I call out as he nibbles on my clit. "Wow!" I gasp and almost fall forward into the headboard.

"Jace..." My tone is warning. "I'm close," I beg. I am desperate for a release and I know he'll want to give it to me.

He mutters something under me but I can't make it out because he's licking even faster and harder. One last nibble on my clit and I'm seeing stars. Tossing my head back, I ride his face even harder as I cum.

"Oh Jace! Fuck!" I moan out.

Climbing off him, I lay next to him my head in the pillows, my mind in the stars. Jace wipes his mouth and places a kiss on my lips. I can taste myself on him but it's kind of hot. Almost erotic. I pull him in for a deeper kiss, our tongues dancing across each other as I soak in every taste of myself. When I finally pull away, he's out of breath and pulling me into his arms to cuddle. I reach for him but he stops me.

"I just want to hold you, we have all the time in the world for more," he whispers.

“Okay.” I smile. I am exhausted anyway, which is how I end up falling asleep in his arms. For the first time I know what falling in love feels like.

Chapter 13

30 weeks...

“I’m knocking because if I see you guys together, I’ll be scared for life.” Chelsea knocks on the front door and I laugh. She is always a little dramatic.

“We’re not fucking don’t worry.” I laugh. “We already did that this morning,” I add with a whisper.

“I heard that.” Chelsea’s carrying in a huge box of decorations and struggling to shut the door behind her.

“Please let me help.” I reach for the box but she pulls away.

“No, but I wouldn’t say no to your baby daddy’s strength, there’s another box in the car.” She smiles hopefully and Jace chuckles.

“Happy to help.” He heads outside while I follow Chelsea to the kitchen.

It is too cold to have the party outside like the gender reveal so we’ll have to have it inside. Chelsea said I was not to lift a single finger when it came to my baby shower and I believed her. She is already putting up decorations and making herself at home.

“Where should I put this?” Jace asks, carrying the other box in.

“On the counter is perfect, then can you help me hang this sign?” Chelsea asks. I am glad she had gotten over her problem with hockey players enough to be sort of friends with

Jace. I think she sees how much he does for the baby and I, and knows it isn't right to write him off.

"You got it." He helps hang the baby shower sign and the rest of the things Chelsea couldn't reach. I take a seat on the couch, offering my help but being denied at every step. I am already dressed and ready for the party so I decide to lay down on the couch for a bit. It's not before long that I feel my eyes closing and my mouth yawning.

"Baby?" Jace is shaking my shoulder gently and giving me a quick kiss on my forehead to wake me.

"Was I sleeping long?" I whisper.

"Long enough for us to set everything up." Chelsea smiles. She is now dressed for the party with her hair and makeup done too.

"It was just a little nap, I think you needed it." Jace smiles.

"I really did." I sit up and stretch.

"People are going to arrive soon so we thought you might want to get up." Chelsea chuckles. I nod and look around. The place looks amazing, decked out in all pink baby things. A sign that says congratulations across the living room and a bunch of balloons on one wall, all set up for the perfect photo op.

"It looks amazing, thank you so much, Chelsea." I stand and give my best friend a hug.

"Least I can do for my little El," She rubs my belly and smiles blowing the baby a kiss.

"My parents are here," Jace announces and my body tenses. We've had dinner with them a few times since the gender reveal and I'm always so nervous around them. I know it is stupid, but I don't want them to see me as this pregnant girl their son is stuck with. I hope they'll see me as me and Ellie as just a little bonus. It is just hard for me to read them sometimes.

"Don't be nervous, baby." He kisses my forehead for reassurance and then opens the door.

“Jace!” His parents greet him happily with hugs and kisses, holding out an oversized bag of presents.

“There’s more in the car, but you can get it after the party, your mother went a little crazy at the baby store,” his dad says with a chuckle.

“Hey, it’s my first grand baby. I’m excited!” His mom defends herself. “How are you feeling? You look beautiful.” She walks over and gives me a hug.

“I’m doing good, El is kicking like crazy these days.” I pat my belly and she smiles.

“May I?” She holds her hand out tentatively.

“Of course.” I take her hand in mine and lead to where Ellie is currently kicking away. She does an over the top kick and Jace’s mom’s eyes widen.

“Little soccer player you got in there, Jace.” She laughs.

“Oh no, our girl is a hockey player through and through,” Jace says.

More people start to arrive so we stay by the door, greeting people. Jace and I decided to have a joint baby shower so I would have more support than I would if it was just me. I was nervous no one would show up if Jace wasn’t here. Not that I had told him that. I didn’t want him to back out or anything and I needed him by my side. Chelsea is playing host across the room to the rest of Jace’s family while I’m showing the hockey family where the food is. Everyone greets me with a smile and a hug which is encouraging.

“I told Jace we’ll have to introduce you to our girls. You’ll like them, maybe do a girls night out or something,” one of the guys says, smiling.

“I’d love that.” I am nervous committing to that, but it also excites me. The thought of being apart of Jace’s hockey life more makes me happy. It is like they are letting me into the inner circle and that only means Jace and I are getting closer and closer.

Not that it isn't exciting but I still haven't gotten around to telling Jace how I really feel about him. It isn't that I am scared he won't feel the same way, I am pretty certain he will. I am just afraid of what it might mean for us. We already moved at hyper speed with Ellie and moving in and everything, it was a little crazy. It worked for us, but that didn't mean it wasn't a little crazy. What if one day he turns around and realizes things moved too fast and that it's not actually what he wanted? My head is spinning at the thoughts. I excuse myself to get some water.

"Are you okay?" Jace's mom finds me in the kitchen guzzling down my second cup of water.

"Oh of course," I lie and force a smile.

"You don't have to lie, but I understand. I can find you Jace if you'd rather talk to him?" She looks around the room for Jace, and I sigh.

"I'm sorry, I'm not okay. I just feel like this is all happening so fast," I admit.

"It is. Motherhood happens right before your eyes." She laughs.

"I mean, everything with Jace too. I hope he's not just settling with me because I'm carrying his baby." It's the first time I've ever said that out loud and I can't believe I just admitted that to his mother.

"Oh dear." She pulls me in for a hug as the tears fall down my cheeks. There goes my makeup.

"I know you can't see it, but that boy is crazy about you. It's a little fast, the way it happened, but that doesn't make it any less real. He knows who you are and the way he talks about you is like you've hung the moon. Just take it one day at a time and it'll all happen the way it's supposed to." She rubs my back with slow circles, the way Jace does when I'm having a rough day, and I instantly feel comforted.

"Thank you," I whisper.

"No need, you're family now, dear. It's all okay." She kisses my cheek and hands me a tissue to wipe my eyes. "Now

go enjoy the party and don't let the hormones get in the way.”

“Okay.” I laugh. Of course, she is right. At least for now, I can relax.

Chapter 14

32 weeks...

Jace and I are laying in bed together with his body wrapped behind mine perfectly with the body pillow on my other side. He's rubbing my belly with one hand and I can feel his light breathing on the back of my neck. I feel at peace. Which is why my mind must be spinning out of control.

“Shouldn't we be focused on the baby?”

“W-what?” he asks, confused.

“I mean we're about to have a baby, shouldn't we be more focused on her than us?”

“I thought we agreed that we would focus on us until she's here so she can grow up in a house with two parents instead of two co-parents. Did something change?” Jace asks.

“I-I don't know,” I whisper.

“Bree, tell me what's going on through your head.” He rubs my back in slow circles.

“I need to tell you something,” I whisper to Jace.

“You're pregnant?!” He laughs to himself and I turn to look at him.

“I'm being serious.” I sigh.

“Baby, whatever you have to tell me you can just say it.”

“I—I think I'm in love with you. And it's okay if you don't feel the same way,” I blurt out.

Jace laughs. He actually laughs out loud like he's just heard the funniest joke in the world. Which of course causes me to cry like an idiot. Damn hormones not letting me hide my true feelings like I wish I could. He immediately stops laughing and holds me close to his chest, then tilts my face up to his.

"I love you too, baby."

"Y—you do?" I look at him, surprised. His mother was right.

"Of course I do. Have we been living in the same house? I thought it was abundantly clear how I felt about you." He chuckles. "I love you, Bree."

"I love you too," I whisper.

"I'm not going anywhere, baby. I just want to be with you and our little girl, forever."

"You do?"

"I will keep saying it over and over until you believe it, I just want you to know I love you both more than life. I know it was an accident, but I don't regret you or El one bit. In fact, it's just given me more purpose than anything." Jace smiles.

"I love you, Jace."

"I love you, Aubree."

He snuggles back behind me, wrapping his large arms around me and that's how I fall asleep. Reassured and safe that the man I love loves me back. Although he might have to keep reassuring me if he wants me to believe it. For right now, in this moment, I do.



WHEN JACE and I wake up, he's getting ready for hockey practice and I'm sitting on my exercise ball. I like to still get

somewhat of a workout in when I can and my doctor says it's good for me and the baby. So I'm bouncing on the ball in the living room, staying in one place, when Jace comes over and looks at me.

"What?" I give him a weird look. I know I'm not wearing a shirt, but I have on a sports bra and sweatpants.

"Can I see the ball for a moment?" Jace asks.

"Uh, sure?" I look at him wearily and he laughs.

I pick up the ball and hand it to him, he turns around and spends a moment ruffling it around before turning around with the exercise ball under his shirt.

"Now we're twins." He laughs. The ball almost falling out of his shirt with how much he's laughing.

"Oh shut up." I roll my eyes and try to get the ball back.

"Come here." He pulls me over to the full length mirror in the living room and pulls out his phone. He takes a picture of him with his hand on the ball while I stand there giving him a look.

"Perfect, this can be our Christmas card." He chuckles.

"You're something else. Give me back the ball, Jace."

I reach for it and this time I almost get it. But Jace is quicker and gets it back, dribbling it like a basketball. I reach for it again and I'm met with his hand on my chest to hold me back lightly so he can run around the room with it. You can take the player out of the game but you can't take the player out of the man. I stand in one spot, rolling my eyes until he comes back and gives it to me. With a kiss on my forehead and placing it on the ground steadily.

"I'm sorry, that was too funny." He laughs again.

"Get to practice before they kick you off the team there, Rookie," I tease.

"Rookie? Damn, giving me flashbacks to the night we met." He holds his heart and wiggles his eyebrows.

“Oh, don’t get any ideas. You have to go and I’m as big as this house.”

“A house I wouldn’t mind fucking.” He comes over and smacks my ass for good measure.

Standing up, he kisses me. His mind clearly on one thing as I feel him harden against me. Our tongues dance across each other’s mouths and I moan slightly as he reaches for my breasts. At the last second I push him away and I remind him about practice. He adjusts himself and leaves with a quick kiss.

“I love you, see you later,” he calls, walking out the door.

“Love you too,” I call back. The words slipping from our lips as if they always have. As if it is as natural as possible.

Chapter 15

38 weeks...

“**T**his is it!” I scream squeezing Chelsea’s hand tight.

“Are you sure?” She looks at me with panicked eyes. I don’t blame her. We are in the middle of watching Jace play hockey at an at home game in the arena. Jace is skating on the ice while I am in the stands, squeezing Chelsea’s hand for dear life and having Jace’s baby.

“I’m pretty sure. I’ve never done this before but it sure feels like it!” I whisper yell over the crowd.

“Okay, okay.” Chelsea isn’t panicking, she is just trying to think.

“Please get me out of here so I don’t have baby Ellie on the hockey stands,” I beg.

“Okay!” She helps hold me up and walks me out of the stands. We walk all the way down to the front of the arena and I knock on the plastic that keeps you from getting smacked with a puck. I need Jace and I need him now. Security is on their way over to tell me to stop but I don’t care. I am going to get Jace’s attention if my life depends on it.

“Ma’am, I can’t have you doing that,” he says as if on cue.

“Sir, I’m about to have #4’s baby and he’d very much like to be there so unless you can get me back into the locker rooms, you need to let me hit this glass and get his attention,” I growl. He takes a step back and nods. Then surprises me by helping me knock on the plastic. Chelsea joins in and even a

few random fans do which is enough for them to stop the game.

Jace finally notices me and skates over. He says something but over the crowd, I can't hear a thing. I just point to my belly and scream, "I'M HAVING YOUR BABY!"

His jaw drops through his mask and I know that he's heard me. He nods and I see him skate toward his coach. I make my way out of the stadium, toward the locker rooms, and meet Jace there. My contractions aren't close enough yet where I need to rush to the hospital, but I want Jace to be the one tracking them, not Chelsea.

"He'll be out any minute," Chelsea says and sure enough, Jace runs out of the locker room, pulling on his sweatpants and his mouthguard still in.

"Hey!" I call as he almost runs past us in his hurry.

"This is it? It's really time?" he asks his eyes wide.

"Yes." I nod. I can feel the tears starting but he stops them.

"No, this is a happy moment. We're about to be parents. We can do this, Bree." He takes my hand and just as another contraction hits, I squeeze as hard as I can.

"Shit, you've got a grip."

"Tell that to my hand," Chelsea says rubbing her own.

"Hospital now, please," I whisper and they both nod.

"Let me drive you, that way you can be there for her." Chelsea takes Jace's keys and nods. The three of us started out together almost nine months ago and the three of us will be there again. I always wanted Chelsea and Jace to be the ones holding my hands while I had Ellie and now I can.



EIGHTEEN VERY STUBBORN HOURS LATER, our beautiful girl Eleanor Barelli is born. We decided to give her Jace's last name since it will very likely be mine one day. Plus I like the idea of her being apart of the Barellis. My family no longer speaks to me and I no longer hold any feelings toward my last name. But Jace and his family are now my family. Although she was born two weeks early, she is a healthy seven pounds and four ounces. Which of course, Jace takes to be a sign. It also helps that she was born on the fourteenth of the month. Another sign that she is definitely going to be a daddy's girl.

"She's so precious," Chelsea whispers, holding her in her arms.

"Is she sleeping again?" I swear she's slept more since being born than she ever did in my stomach.

"She is; here, Jace. I should get going." Chelsea yawns. I have no idea what time it is but considering how long my labor was, we should all be exhausted. I think I am too high off my new mom hormones to be tired but I'm sure it will kick in.

"Thank you for being here." I give my best friend a hug and she smiles at both of us.

"Bye Ellie, bye...R..Jace." Chelsea waves.

"I think she likes you now," I tease Jace as Chelsea leaves. She's finally stopped calling him Rookie.

"It's about time." He chuckles lightly, careful not to wake Ellie.

I watch him with her and I can't help but think about that night nine months ago. Sure, I won't be having sex anytime soon, but I am thinking about how much one night changed for us. We fell in love with each other and our daughter before she was even here. We made a life for each other and everything changed because of one night and a broken condom. I will forever be grateful for Chelsea not dragging my drunk ass home and Jace being at the right place at the right time.

"I love you," I whisper to Jace. He looks up from Ellie and smiles at me. His goofy smile he saves just for me.

“I love you too,” he whispers back.

I can't help but feel like everything is falling into place. For once I feel like I am exactly where I am supposed to be and there is nothing standing in our way.

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POETRY

For Always

Holding on to Nothing

Say it Everyday

Midnights in a Mustang

Five More Minutes

When Lust Was Enough

Isolation

All of Me

Lost Moments

Cosmic

About the Author

S O'Connor is the alter ego of Shannon O'Connor who writes MF romances. She is often found writing queer romances under her name. Both S & Shannon aim for love stories that leave you smiling.

Steamy, Sexy, Stories.

Check out more work & updates on:

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