



ALL ON THE
FIELD

CASSIE LEIN & BRE ROSE

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THE OUTLAWS DUET BOOK 1

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To the bitches who want to be us but could never!!

-XOXO- Cassie and Bre

Content Warning

Cassie and Bre are so excited to bring you their very first sports romance. All on the Field is a contemporary sports why choose romance and book 1 will end in a cliffhanger however book 2 will result with an HEA.

TROPES

- Secret girl- think the movie She's The Man
- Stepbrother romance
- Second chance romance
- Friends to lover
- Sports romance
- Forbidden Romance

Triggers

- Past SA off page and outside of the harem
- Underage alcohol use
- Divorce
- Less than stellar parents

Blurb

Dylan

I had one dream of life. Attend college on a lacrosse scholarship.

But that dream was shot to shit when my mother uprooted us and moved us to another state to live with my aunt. Even worse. This new school doesn't have a girls' team.

I'm not going to let that stop me. They have a boys' team and I intend to be on it. Look out boys there's a new girl in town.

Jacob

Seeing her on the field, demanding to try out for boys' lacrosse wasn't what I expected.

I thought I'd lost my chance to tell my childhood crush how I felt about her when my father was reassigned to a new duty session.

But here she is now and I'm not letting this chance slide.

Do I go along with her plan?

What do I do when my best friend also wants her?

Guess we're going to have to leave it all on the field and see what happens.

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CHAPTER 1



Today after school, I'm going to try out for the guys' team and no one's going to stop me. I told my mom I had to stay after school in the library to finish a Literature assignment. Making this team is the one thing standing in my way of getting my dream. Being a senior means I only have this season to prove to any scouts that I have what it takes to play college-level lacrosse. There are only two hours before the final bell rings, then I'll be making my way to the field to prove to the coach and the other players that I will be an asset to their team.

The minutes tick by at a snail's pace. We're sitting in class reading *Lord of the Flies*. *More like I'm staring at the pages while everyone else is actually reading or texting on their phone.* We have until the end of the month to finish the book, then write a five-page essay on the ability to commit brutal acts no matter one's background. I could write that shit in my sleep, so I'm just watching the clock. My phone vibrating pulls me out of my thoughts. Sliding it out of my pocket, I see a text from my mom.

Giver of Life- Phi Mu is looking for early applicants for the 2024 Fall Term! I attached the link! Maybe you can fill it out while you're at the library?

I can feel my eyes rolling into the back of my head. Mom seems to forget I have one passion in life and one goal for my future. Play lacrosse and get chosen to play for a college team on scholarship. This brings us full circle to the number one reason I hate this fucking school. There's no girls' lacrosse

team. Apparently, ladies shouldn't play contact sports. They only have a guys' team, the *Pinewood Pumas*. They're an alright team from the stats I looked up, but if I have any hopes of being scouted for college, I need to play this year.

There is no way in hell I want to go to school in Alabama. I've tried explaining this to her a million times, but it must go in one ear and out the other. Obviously, we're still just ignoring my dreams and focusing on what she wants. Colorado is where I want to go. They have one of the best college-level lacrosse teams. At this point, if it helps her leave me alone, I'd vow to join some lame-ass sorority there as long as she supported me in playing the game.

Never gonna happen, Dylan. Keep dreaming. You're more likely to win the lottery than have her do that.

Knowing she's not one to be ignored, or she'll show up here in a flair of dramatics, I let my fingers fly over the keyboard.

Me- I'll look and think about it, but you know I wanna go to Colorado. Do they have a sorority I could join? Ps- I'm in the library so I'll talk to you when I get home.

Knowing she's going to have something snarky to say back, I power off my phone. I'd rather keep my mind in check and not let her rattle my nerves prior to trying out. Plus, if she asks anything, I'll say the teacher caught me texting and made me turn it off. She'll believe me since academic good standing is important to me. What she doesn't know is no one pays me any mind here.

I've been at this godforsaken school for three months now. I hate it as much today as I did the day my mom told me I was being transferred here. With the size of the school and the student population, I've disappeared into the crowd. One of the almost seven hundred kids at the school. Heck, I haven't even made one friend. Acquaintances, yes, but everyone has known each other for years. They all have their cliques and I'm just the odd girl out.

When my parents got divorced, Mom and I moved in with my Aunt Kelly, which meant moving to a different school. That wouldn't have been so bad if it hadn't been Pinewood Prep. What makes it worse is this is my senior year. It was supposed to be amazing, but nope, it's fucked.

I'm not sure why I couldn't stay with my dad at my old school, but Mom insisted I had to move with her to Aunt Kelly's, so here I am. Makes me wonder if my dad wanted me to stay at all. This past year, he'd barely been around, anyway. Always off on some business trip or—when he was home—stowed away in his office behind closed doors. I bet we barely said a hundred words to each other in the last year.

Living with my aunt isn't so bad, if you don't mind musicals blasting on the television or radio at all hours of the day and night. What's worse is that she thinks she can actually sing and belts the songs out at the top of her lungs. To me, it sounds like fingernails on a chalkboard. But she talks to me and actually listens when I speak. So I guess that's a plus. At least she notices me, unlike my dad.

My mom got a job at a doctor's office a few blocks away. Since she started, I barely see her. She's always working late or has some work dinner she has to go to. Sounds suspicious to me. But it gives me a reprieve from when she is home. Anytime she sees me, she's pushing me to be more ladylike and giving me the fifth degree on what college I should attend with the best sororities. *BLAH BLAH BLAH!* My only goal is to make this team today.



I'm all alone in the girl's locker room getting dressed for tryouts. As I pull on my sports bra and t-shirt, my hands are shaking. I can do this! I'm just a girl out to show the world I'm a badass player. I step into my *Nike* shorts, and roll my socks onto my feet, before sliding my feet in and lacing up my cleats. They're so pretty. I only played one game in them before being forced to attend this nightmare of a high school, so they still look brand new.

Reaching up, I tighten my ponytail. The long blonde strands hitting at about the middle of my back. Wearing it up is a must when I'm playing sports, so it's become a habit now.

Picking up my powder blue Cascade helmet, I make sure the mouth guard is still attached. Satisfied that it is, I grab my white and blue Exult 600 stick from the bench beside me and head to the exit. Taking a deep breath and blowing it out, I

open the door and step outside, making my way to the field where they're holding the tryouts. This is it.

The closer I get, the louder the sounds of the guys chatting and ribbing each other get. Echoing across the field. They're so caught up in what they're doing that they don't notice me approaching, thankfully. I know it's only a matter of time, but I just need a little longer to get my nerves under control first.

There's a medium built man in his forties in black jogging pants, white shirt with the school emblem on it, and hat approaching from the side. He has a clipboard in hand and a whistle hanging around his neck. That must be Coach Blue. He lifts his whistle to his mouth and blows. The guys all gather around him quickly. I follow suit, coming up to the side of the group and standing next to him. As I'm standing there, I take in the faces of the guys trying out with me today. I recognize some from class, but others I don't know at all. Not totally surprising since I socialize with no one and do the bare minimum to get A's and go home. Coach Blue turns his head to look at me, his eyes widening in surprise.

"Young lady, what are you doing here? This is a boys' team," he scolds, his whistle dropping from his mouth. I look around at the other guys here, to see if any of the neanderthals will say anything to him in my defense. They all just stand there with varying looks of shock, confusion or smugness on their faces. Some will barely even look me in the face when my gaze meets theirs. Of course, no one opens their mouths about how sexist he just was. That's okay, though. I can handle

this on my own. Popping my hand on my hip, I glare back at the coach, waiting for the snide comment I know is coming.

“The handbook doesn’t state that a female can’t try out for the lacrosse team. This school doesn’t have a girls’ team, so I’m trying out with the rest of these meatheads,” I reply, my voice unwavering, wanting to cut him off before he even tries telling me I can’t.

Coach quirks a brow at me. “You mean to tell me, *you*”—he glances down to my feet and back up like he’s mocking my frame—“want to try out for the guys’ team? You know this is a full contact sport, right?” He chuckles as he crosses his arms, causing the clipboard to rest firmly between them and his chest.

“Sure do! For your information, I was varsity at my old school. I was an *attacker*. Now, are we going to stand here and debate? Which will inevitably lead to me going to the Headmaster and telling him his coach is sexist, and he has not one player on the team that will stand up for women’s rights or are we gonna warm up for try-outs?” I quip.

I can hear the rest of the assholes snickering behind me. A bunch of shit-talking comes from their little boy band. *Just say no, Coach. She’s only here to be a stick bunny, and my favorite; let her try out, she’ll cry in the first ten minutes.*

Waiting for this dude to make a decision is like waiting for my aunt to pick her favorite musical. Finally, he lifts his face, making eye contact with me again. He opens his mouth to reply before something over my shoulder catches his eyes.

Smirking, he looks back at me, “Ya know what, girly? We’ll let our captain decide if he’s willing to have a girl on the team.”

“Hey, Coach! Sorry, I’m late. I was at tutoring, and it ran late. What’s going on?” a deep, but rough voice says behind me. One that sounds eerily familiar, but I can’t put my finger on why.

“Well, Stoll, this girl here wants to try out for the team. I was about to give her an answer but then decided you’re the captain, so I’ll leave it up to you, if you wanna risk a girl making the cuts or not. So what do you say?”

Stoll. Did he just say Stoll? No, it can’t be.

I whip around so quick I almost get whiplash, but I need to see this guy, to look him in the eye. I want him to see that I’m serious and that I’m not going to give up. Show him he doesn’t intimidate me. I’m here for the fucking long haul; no matter what it takes. But I also need to know if it’s him.

When I meet his gaze, I’m met with a pair of very familiar green eyes. *What the hell is he doing here? How have I not seen him before now?*



Jacob

Why the hell is it that the one day I'm running late, all hell seems to break loose? I forgot my homework. We had a pop quiz in math, and that just so happens to be my worst subject. Then tutoring ran late, causing me to show up to practice late.

Then, of course, Coach wants me to break this poor girl's heart by telling her there's no way in hell she's going to be joining our team. I mean, he's the fucking coach, the adult, why can't he? It's not like he doesn't already know the answer. Let's face it, there's not a chance in hell we're going to let a girl play with us. She can cheer from the sidelines if she wants, but she's not stepping one foot onto the field.

But when she turns to face me, I'm smacked in the face by those creamy milk chocolate eyes that have filled my every dream for two years now. The ones I see when I'm rubbing one out or on the face of whatever bimbo is hitting on me. The reason why my cock won't get hard for anyone else. Which is why I'm eighteen and still a blushing virgin.

What the fuck is she doing here? Not that I'm not happy to see her, but I thought when I moved away during sophomore year, I'd never see her again. We promised to keep in touch, but when she messaged, I wouldn't answer—it was too hard. I had the biggest crush on her, but was too much of a chicken shit to say anything. Her friendship was more important to me, then when I finally built up the nerve to tell her, my fucking

dad let us know we were being sent to a new duty station. So I kept it to myself. Fuck me, if she doesn't look more beautiful now than she did then.

“Well, JACOB?” Putting her hands on her hips, she says my name loudly, with a hint of anger. At first, she looked shocked at seeing me, but that quickly morphed into rage.

She remembers me. I wonder if she has the same type of dreams as I do? Did she feel the same?

“Yes, Jacob. Can we please get your decision, so we can get this practice started sometime today? Fucking kids and their drama, I should have tried harder to get a college coaching position,” Coach grumbles under his breath with annoyance. He's not normally so douchey, he just really hates for his practices to start late, since he's a stickler for time management.

“Sorry, Coach.” I run my fingers through my hair, my voice cracking as I speak. “Since I actually know her from my old school. I know Dylan has some amazing skills, and she's one hell of an attacker. Well, from what I remember. She'd definitely offer the team a bump in our agility, but she's a female, and this is an all-male team.”

“And what does that have to do with anything? As I've already pointed out to the coach, there's nothing in the rules that says I can't play,” Dylan interrupts.

“As I was saying, while we would take it easy on her, the same can't be said of those we play against. Not to mention we'd be the laughingstock of the league.”

I know my words are cruel and she can handle herself, but I don't want her to get hurt or any other guy putting his hands on her curvy body. She doesn't know it, but I'm going to tell her what I never got the chance to say before. I won't be a chickenshit this time around.

"I say we give her a chance." Ford steps up beside me, his eyes dragging up and down the length of her body. I wonder if he's figured out that this is *the* Dylan. The one I never got over and compare all other girls to.

"Thank you..." She looks at him, a smile on her face, and I'm jealous as fuck. She should be looking at me like that.

"Ford, and you are?" he asks, holding out his hand to her. She reaches out, taking it in hers and gives it a shake. And this is where he will know for sure, if he hasn't pieced it together already.

"Dylan, Dylan Murphy." She puts a hand on her hip as she flips her stick up to rest on her shoulder with the other. I can see the moment it clicks for Ford.

"Not *the* Dylan. The powerhouse on the field, the one this guy can't stop obsessing over, the one who got away." She cuts her eyes at me, causing me to duck my head as heat rises to my face.

"I'm Dylan, but I don't know about all the rest. I do know I would be an asset to the team. If you're afraid of the other teams making fun of you"—she rolls her eyes, and my dick hardens at her sass. Thank god for a cup and loose pants—"then keep it a secret. Only our last names are on the back

of the jersey, my first name sounds like a guy's, and I'll keep my hair under my helmet. No one will ever know, unless one of you says something." She lets her eyes roam over the team, before spinning in her spot, glaring at Coach. "So what do you say, Coach? Or are you simply scared that I'm better than any of these guys?" She tosses her thumb over her shoulder at us.

Did my sassy girl forget I'm the one making the decision here? Guess it's time to give her a reminder.

"Dylan, I think you forgot a vital detail. I'm the one who's making the decision. The best interest of the team is what's important to me, and there's no way I'll let us be the laughingstock of the league, especially with all the scouts scheduled to be coming to the games this year. There's a number of us counting on the scholarships that they'll be offering." Her jaw drops and her face goes red. But I'm the captain and I have to do what's best.

CHAPTER 2



Jacob's putting forth a good argument to keep this goddess with the ashy blonde hair off the team. Seeing that she's the girl he's been going on and on about since I met him, I'm confused about why he wouldn't want her to play. Especially since it meant he'd be able to get closer to her. Maybe finally tell her how he feels.

But I have to admit I see the draw. She's gorgeous, but in the 'I don't know I am' type of way; she has fire, and images of her in my bed flood my brain, shooting straight to my dick. *Calm down boy, now is not the time.*

And damn if she doesn't love lacrosse. That's the problem I have with chicks, they don't get how important it is to me. The only way I can attend college is with a scholarship. Yeah, I have decent grades, but not good enough to compete against all the others. Lacrosse, that's where I shine. I'm the best lineman in our whole division. It's going to get me that free ride to college.

I need to do something. If she can help get us to the championship, then I'm all for her being on the team.

"Jacob, give her a shot. What's it going to hurt?" He glares at me as he grabs my arm and pulls me along behind him, away from the others. Seeing him so riled up has me dying with laughter.

"Fuck, dude. What the hell?" he whispers, even though we're out of earshot of the others. He knows when he gets excited, his voice carries, and he's definitely amped up right now.

“It’s simple, dude. We need to start tryouts. You said she was good, so why not let her try out? Then when she gets hurt, cries about it, and quits, we don’t have to listen to it anymore. The worst thing that happens is she makes it through the tryouts and we go along with her plan,” I say, using my best negotiating voice. Maybe those years of participating in debate will pay off.

Admittedly, though, I’m torn between the two. I mean, is there a no-dating-your-teammate rule? Cause if there is, then hell no, I don’t want her to join.

Where the fuck did that come from? I don’t date. Ever. I’m a fuck ‘em and leave ‘em guy. Why settle for one pussy when you can try them all?

I can see him thinking about my argument. Going through each possibility. He cuts his eyes at me. “Fine. But I’m making it a team vote, it has to be unanimous. If just one fucker votes no, then it’s over.” His eyes are laser-focused on the beauty across the field, who’s glaring at us with contempt.

“Jacob, man, how does it feel to see her again? She’s everything you said she was,” I whisper, but I don’t get to say anything more because he slams his hands on my chest and pushes me backward.

“Nuh-uh. No. You’re a fucking slut and there’s no way in hell you’re going to screw her over. I don’t care how long it’s been since I’ve seen her. She’s not for you.”

“So you plan on shooting your shot with her this time? Finally tell her how you feel.” Because if he isn’t, then I’m not

holding back and I'm taking a chance.

“No. I don't know, but just don't, Ford.”

“Don't what?” I'm not stupid. I know exactly what he means, but why not have some fun and ruffle his feathers while I'm doing it?

“Fuck with her. She's off-limits whether she's on the team or not. I know you, Ford, and she's not like that. At least she wasn't.” He storms past me and jogs back over to where everyone is, with me hot on his heels.

“Okay, I've come to a decision. Since we're a team, it will be a group decision. One person says no, then Dylan, you're not trying out. One at a time, say yay or nay. I won't get a vote. Unless there's a tie. And Dylan, I can already tell you that it will be no.”

“What the fuck is that? You're a guys' group and you've made it clear you don't want me trying out. There's no way your team is going to vote against you. This is bullshit.” She immediately spins her body, so she's facing Coach Blue. “You're just going to allow this? Let a bunch of horny-ass teenage boys dictate how your team is run? Are you that much of a fucking pussy, coach?” she seethes.

“Now, listen here, young lady, you'll do well to remember who you're talking to. They may let you talk like that wherever the hell you come from, but there's no way you're talking to me like that. To answer your question, not that I need to, but they are the ones who will have to play with you and be humiliated if anyone finds out a girl is on the team, so

the decision should be theirs. You wanted a chance; here it is. But I remind you, it's just to try out, and if your skills aren't up to par, you still won't make it. That's where I will have the final say so." He crosses his arms over his chest.

"Oh, guess the itty-bitty girl hurt the big man's feelings. Boo hoo. If these fuckers think they're getting rid of me that easy, they're sorely mistaken. I'll take this shit to the press." The little spitfire announces as she cocks her hip out again, crossing her arms over her chest as her foot taps on the ground. Just let this vote go sideways and I'm guessing we'll see how far she's willing to go for her dream to play lacrosse.

"Okay, we've got to practice, and if we don't get started, the Princess will keep bitching. The decision was left to me and this is it. So, let's get this shit going. Ford goes first," Jacob orders, and I can see the war within him, but if he keeps fucking opening his mouth like that, he's just digging his own grave and leaving it open for me to slide in and pick up the pieces, Ford style.

"My vote's yes." I give her a cheeky smile and wink that has her—is that a blush I see? Guess I might not be off the beauty's radar.

"Jack," Jacob calls the next person.

"Umm... shit, why not? She'll add a little eye candy to practice. So yes." I can see Dylan rolling her eyes at his response already, but hell, it's a vote in her favor, so she keeps her lips shut.

One by one, the guys vote, each one saying yes. With each vote in her favor, my heart soars a little more and I begin to hatch a plan to get closer to her. I can be the support she needs.

It's down to the last vote. All eyes are on Max. He's a wildcard at the moment. He's a total Jacob butt-kisser, the newest member of the team, and he always wants to fit in and be part of our inner group. He could go either way. And with Jacob already voicing his answer would be no, I'm afraid my chance of getting Dylan on the team is over.

“Okay, Max. It's up to you. Are we shaking things up and allowing a girl to try out for our team? Or are we keeping shit the way it's supposed to be?” Yeah, like we all didn't get the subtle innuendo that Jacob was giving there. He knows he only needs one person to vote no to keep her from being able to try out.

“So. My vote is...”



Dylan

“Come on Max, just say yes or no,” Jacob snarls.

“Yes.”

I let out the breath of air I was holding at his answer. Shocked as hell that each of these guys actually said yes and went against their captain.

“Well, that was entertaining, now hit the track and give me four laps!” Coach hollers as he blows the whistle at us.

The vote is in and I get to try out for the team. They might not believe that it’s a possibility, but you’re looking at the newest member of the Pumas. Mark my words, I’ll make this damn team and make them all eat shit for doubting me.

We drop our sticks and jog to the track to start our laps. Jacob, right away, jogs next to me. “Hey, Pickle, no hard feelings on the vote and stuff, okay?”

“Don’t fucking call me that! You lost all rights when you turned into an asshole. So go fuck yourself. There are definitely hard feelings, and they started a few years back,” I growl at him through clenched teeth and I pick up the pace so I can be away from him.

Who does he think he is? No hard feelings, my ass. He’s the one who, right away, said I shouldn’t be able to try out. He thinks he can just leisurely start a conversation with me after he fucking left and didn’t say shit to me? I think the hell not. I

mean, was it too much to ask that he pick up the phone and call, or even text? Shit, he could have gone the old-fashioned way and mailed a letter. Instead, he left my messages on read until I finally gave up trying to contact him. If he was done being my friend, all he had to do was grow some balls and say that.

I'm not the shy little girl I was when he knew me two years ago. I've been through too much and had to harden myself for him to think I'm still his Pickle. He had to move. I get that, but we agreed we'd stay in contact no matter what. He didn't hold up to his end of the promise. I at least tried to.. Nope, Jacob moved and apparently forgot I existed, and shortly after, my life started crumbling.

My parents started fighting all the time and my dad stopped being around as much. Then I tried to date Brock Johnson, who was on the boys' lacrosse team at my old school. Let's just say that was an utter nightmare. We were together for six months and even went to prom together my sophomore year, his junior. He tried to feel me up all night and when we went to the after-party, he assaulted me. Luckily, things didn't get as far as he wanted, since the cops broke up the party.

I broke up with him, obviously, that same night and went home to pick up the pieces of my life, trying to process what the fuck just happened. The next week at school, the rumors started. He made me a pariah at school, which was cool with me. I just wanted to play lacrosse and get good grades to get a scholarship. But those lies even seeped into those dreams. It wasn't long before my own teammates believed them and tried

to get me kicked off. Thankfully, the coach didn't go along with it. She had a soft spot for me.

When my parents split, I was hoping I could stay with my dad, even though I hated that school. However, that wasn't a possibility. So I came here with my mom and had a hissy fit when there was no girls' team. No more being nice and letting people walk all over me. If I want this dream to be a reality, I have to fight for it.

A foot tripping me snaps me from my thoughts of the past as I slam to the ground. I didn't have enough time to try to catch myself and now I have scrapes down my knees and forearms. "Oops, guess you should be careful with those two left feet," some jerkwad says, shooting me a wink as he runs off in front of me. Standing up, I brush myself off and finish the last lap.

Okay, I see how it is now. They only wanted me on the team to fuck with me. To taunt and make fun of me. I'm really going to make these assholes pay.

I jog to the center of the field to where the coach is waiting for the last few to finish. "We'll start out easy today, since we wasted so much time on the new diva. Grab a partner and start some basic passing line drills."

Everyone partners up and starts running down the field parallel to each other, passing the ball back and forth. Looking around, I see no one is going to attempt to ask me to partner up. I'm just about to ask the coach if he can throw me some misguided passes, so I can at least still practice.

“Hey, Dylan! Come on, you can run passes with me!” Turning my head toward the voice, I see its Ford. His honey brown curls bounce with every step. Meeting him halfway, I get to my line and start running and pass him the ball. He catches it with ease and tosses it back. I snatch it with my stick easily, and we continue this for twenty minutes. Every time I catch the ball, his jewel green eyes twinkle and fill with what I think is desire.

“Enough playtime, ladies, it’s groundball time! I’ll count you off by twos, then y’all take a side. I’ll drop the ball in the middle and you’ll battle to see who can scoop it first.”

I’m a two, so I head to the side of the field and get in line, waiting my turn. Nerves fill me as I watch player after player battle it out on the field for the ball. They aren’t holding back, and I hope I can hold my own against whoever I’m with. By no means am I some shrinking violet, but most of these guys have a good seventy-five or more pounds on me.

I’m in the front of the drill line and look up, seeing Max. He was the last deciding vote earlier, and I could tell he didn’t want to say yes, but felt obligated to since the rest of the team said yes. He sneers at me as the coach walks up and drops the ball. We run toward the ball, getting to it at the same time. I drag my stick on the ground in an attempt to scoop the ball, but my stick is slapped out of the way and his whole weight is thrown into me. He scoops the ball and starts running back to his side, but I’m quicker. I make it in front of him and he slams to a halt, dropping the ball. I catch it before it even hits the ground and spin, making my way back to my line. Just as

I'm two feet away, I'm slammed to the ground, a heavy weight on top of me. The impact is so forceful, my face is slammed against the face mask of my helmet.

As Max moves to get off me, I roll so I can try to stand, but an elbow is thrown into my gut and my left leg is stomped on as he stands to his full height. He runs to his side just as I get up and start limping after him. Coach blows the whistle, calling Max the winner, and I limp back to the end of the line. I bite my lip the whole way as the other guys on my side laugh and make lewd comments as I pass.

Practice continues like this, me getting beat on more than anyone else before Coach calls it quits. I've never been happier for a practice to be over than I am today. I slowly make my way to the locker room to shower and change.

Once I've washed and put my street clothes on, I hobble outside and head for the parking lot. I've almost made it there without issue or seeing anyone which I'm happy about. Just as I've made it to my mom's car, I'm startled by someone tapping my shoulder.

"Easy there, babe. You really took some hits in practice today," Ford says as he wags his brows at me.

"No shit, Sherlock, your teammates are a bunch of fucking assholes. I didn't want it easy, but they cheap shotted me and made it hurt every chance they got."

"I saw. What do you say we stay after every practice this week and I'll help you get faster and more agile so you can at least avoid them?"

“What’s in it for you? Why are you so willing to help me?” I ask. This better not be some joke or prank, and he’s the instigator. I’ll fucking bury him if it is. They think I’m weak, but I’ll be back tomorrow and the next day. They won’t stop me from trying out.

“Saturday night, you go out with me.”

“Absolutely not. I may not know you or even recognize you from school, but I’ve heard your name, Ford Nickels, and I know you’re a fucking man whore.” He laughs like I’ve told a funny joke. I don’t know who he is, but I’ve heard girls and guys talk about Ford sleeping around. I don’t need a guy in my life right now, especially a player. I have enough just playing on the field—there is no need to add dating to it.

“Come on, Kitty, let me take you out. We can talk about plays and it can be a quick dinner. Pleeeeeeaaase!” he whines as his bottom lip sticks out, pouting as he waits for my answer.

I draw it out, taking a few minutes to consider my answer. Do I go to dinner with the man whore in exchange for some help, or suck it up and show these guys a girl is just as good as any of them?

“Ford, your offer sounds promising, but I don’t think so. I need to focus on lacrosse and school. So while having someone to practice with would be good, I don’t want or need anything else.”

CHAPTER 3



I'm fuming as I storm through the front door of my house. Heading straight to the kitchen, I grab a bottle of water from the refrigerator before stomping up the stairs to my room.

She had the audacity to blame all of this on me. Like it's my fucking fault my dad was assigned to a new duty station. Yeah, I could have written to her, but why add to the heartbreak? I honestly thought we'd never see each other again. If we did, it would be when we were older. I'd be settled financially and could've gone back to visit my old home town. It would have been like fate, running into her in a supermarket or something and maybe, just maybe, if she was single, we could reconnect, maybe even pick up right where we left off, except this time I would tell her how I felt.

Dropping my bag on the floor, I place my bottle of water on the nightstand before falling backward across my bed. I could kill Ford. How dare he flirt with her. I still feel something for her. She's even more gorgeous than she was two years ago, if that's even possible.

Each time one of my teammates would hit, trip, or cheap-shot her, I wanted to run and comfort her ass and kick theirs. I can't be mad at them because they were following my orders. There's no one to blame but me. I spread the word for them to not make it easy for her, and they took it to heart. Hopefully, she gets the point and doesn't show up tomorrow.

I hear the doorbell ringing and drag myself out of bed. I run down the stairs to open the door, only to see Ford standing

there looking smug as fuck. *Asshole*. Letting the door go, I let it slam in his face. Turning around, I go to head back upstairs, but sadly, Ford doesn't get the hint. The fucker has been over so many times, he just opens the door back up, and comes inside, following behind me.

I'm so pissed at him that I don't even say a word, just head right into my bedroom, slamming the door behind me, praying to God he gets the picture that I don't want to see him. Unfortunately, he doesn't as the door comes flying open. "What the hell is your problem, Jacob?" he asks as he moves across the room, plopping down in the chair at my desk.

"You are. I told you she was fucking off-limits. You think I didn't see you talking to her, helping her up when the others knocked her down?"

"Just because I don't want to be an ass to her, you want to act like a dick to me. Get over it, man. She's fucking hot and to top it off, she seems cool. You had your chance and didn't take it. Don't be pissed with me about it." He glares at me, his words filled with venom.

"You think I don't know that? I never thought she'd show up here at the same school. She's a great player and would be a winning addition to the team." I don't even get to finish before he's butting in.

"Hold the fuck up! Then why are you making such a big deal about her trying out? Are you afraid of some name-calling from the other teams in our division? Who gives a fuck what

they think? They're the ones getting their asses whooped by a girl."

"I don't give a fuck about what they say. I'm more concerned about her getting hurt because you know they'll zero in on her. Plus, what would the fucking scouts think? They may not come to any of the games because of it. Have you ever seen a co-ed team at the collegiate level?"

Ford just stares at me and shakes his head. Finally, he stands and heads to the door. Opening it, he pauses and turns to look back at me. "I don't care what anyone thinks. If she can take us all the way, what the hell does it matter? Plus, she has that plan to have everyone think she's a guy." He goes to step out the door but stops again, not even turning around this time. "I like her and I'm going to see where it goes. Also, just so you know, I'm going to help her train." With that, he shuts the door. I hear his feet thudding down the stairs, and just a few moments later, I hear the front door slam.

He knows I like her, how I compare every girl to her, and none of them ever holds a light to the memory of her. Honestly, I don't know why I'm fighting to keep her off the team so hard. We used to play together all the time. Maybe not on the school team, but in rec games. She was always the only girl. God, she grew up to be a spitfire. Her perky breasts and those legs that I want squeezing my head as I eat her pussy, making her orgasm all over my tongue. Hell, I wonder if she's a virgin?

Reaching down, I undo my pants and pull out my cock before extending a hand over to the nightstand. Opening the drawer, I take out the lube I keep in there and squirt some in my hand. Grasping my cock, I stroke up and down, imagining her face. Her beautiful eyes glare up at me as she takes my dick in her mouth and begins to suck.

Her fucking moans cause me to pump faster. I can feel my orgasm building as my balls tighten. The need to come has me stroking harder until ropes of cum shoot out all over my hand and clothes.

It's the same vision I've had for two years. Hell, since I hit puberty. But seeing her today shot all images I had of her to shit and replaced them with the new bold, confident, fiery, sexy as fuck Dylan.

Sitting up, I pull my shirt over my head and clean up before tossing it across my room. It misses my laundry basket and lands on the floor. Fuck! I rake my hands through my hair and sigh in frustration. What the hell am I going to do? Do I keep having the guys take their best shots at her and hope she quits if she shows back up to practice tomorrow? Let's face it, Ford just admitted he's going to help her train, so even if she was planning to quit, after getting his help she won't.

Fuck, if I'm going to try to repair this strained relationship between us, I need to do something. Ford is circling her like a vulture and once he has his eyes set on something or someone, there's no stopping him. He's going to pull out all the stops, doing anything and everything to get in her good graces.

Ugh... I was a dick today. She probably doesn't even want to talk to me?

I know what I need to do. Sitting up, I pick my phone up from where I dropped it on my bed and scroll through my contacts. Looking for one in particular. When I land on it, I hit call.

One ring...

Two rings...

Three rings...

“What?” the voice barks on the other end.

“We need to talk, Ford,” I sigh.

“I was just at your house and tried to talk to you. You told me in not so many words to fuck off. Now you're calling to what? Yell at me some more? Threaten me if I don't back off?”

“You know how I feel about Dylan. How I've always felt about her. Not only are you training her to make the team, but you're flirting nonstop with her. It's bullshit,” I reiterate to him while leaning against my headboard.

“You're right. I know how you feel, but you fucked up my man. You not immediately saying yes to her being able to try out was a dick move. It was shady as hell in general since there isn't a rule saying girls can't try out, but if you feel as strongly as you say you do, why wouldn't you help her?”

“I don’t know,” I groan. “It just didn’t seem like the thing to do. Shit, Ford, I felt like I was protecting her. Ughhh. Why is she even here? She won’t talk to me and I have so many questions and not one damn answer for any of them.”

“Well, you sure ain’t going to get the answers acting like you are. I understand why you like her so much. She’s easy to like. I’ve never felt like this about anyone else before.”

“I’m going to talk to her and tell her how I feel. So just back off, okay? She doesn’t need the school manwhore messing with her reputation.” I hang up and knock my head back against the headboard, closing my eyes. Ford better leave her be and let me have her. I’ve wanted her since before I even knew what wanting was and I will have her.

I just need to show her and make up for being a dick. Maybe once I explain why I acted like I did, she’ll understand. She has to know what I did was for the best in the long run and that I was only trying to protect both our hearts.

CHAPTER 4



Practice was a total shit show today. The guys are still doing Jacob's bidding. Hell, I used every opportunity when she was knocked down to race over to her, offering her a hand to get up. She's going to be in love with me by the time I'm done and at the very least agree to the date. I'm going to wear her down. Truthfully, I've never had to work this hard for a date. The girls always fall at my feet, even begging for me to go out with them. Maybe that's why it never lasted with them. They were a one-and-done—once I got my dick wet, they were of no further use to me. My gut is telling me Dylan's going to be different. Somehow, there's a fire within me telling me she's the endgame.

Reaching my hand out to her, she grabs hold, and I hoist her up from the ground. “Thanks, Ford. Guess this shit is continuing past just day one hazing. Real mature group of teammates you have. If they were planning to just get me to quit by doing this, why even vote to let me try out?” Defeat is written across her face and the look has my skin boiling as the rage builds in me.

“They're assholes.” I'm truly disappointed in my teammates. They should have embraced this opportunity. She's got the skills, she just needs a little fine-tuning with some of her speed and strength to compete with the guys. Don't get me wrong, the girl teams are vicious, the guys are just cut-throat.

“Aren't they your friends?” she says jokingly. “Maybe this is for nothing. I want to play, but I don't want to be on a team where no one wants me here or isn't going to have my back on

the field. Maybe I can convince my mom to let me go back home to my dad if I bug her enough about it.”

No, no, no. She cannot do that. Fucking Jacob. “Have you thought about my offer? You’re good, Dylan, but I can make you better. We just need to get you to be more forceful in your attacks and speed. You have the agility and skills.” I put it all on the line and hopefully, she’ll take me up on it. I need her to stay here, to find out what we can be. *Why do I feel so differently about her than any other girl?*

She looks around the field at the others huddled together in groups, laughing and joking, until her gaze lands on Jacob. He’s glaring back at her with a scowl on his face. She turns back to me and smiles. “Let’s do it. But it’s just one date, this Saturday.”

I do an inner fist pump, just like that guy did at the end of that movie as he’s walking across the field after spending a day in detention on a Saturday. Coach blows his whistle and we huddle back up. The thought of spending some alone time with her after practice is all I can think about. I have no idea how in the hell I didn’t see this girl at school until the day she showed up to practice. But then again, I looked for her today and couldn’t find her, so maybe it was fate. My objective today is to weasel her into giving me her class schedule.

I can’t help but notice how Jacob watches her throughout the rest of practice, and when he tries to talk to her at the end, she storms away from him. Passing by me, she lets me know she’ll be back in a minute after she hits the restroom.

“What the fuck are you doing? I told you to stop flirting with her,” he spews between clenched teeth as he charges at me. He grabs a hold of the collar of my shirt, jerking me toward him roughly.

“Hey, it’s not my fault you pissed her off, but I’m taking my shot. You’re my boy, but I’ve never felt this strong or had such an instant connection to someone.” I smile at him cheekily since he still holds my shirt in his hands.

We’re still like that, neither one backing down when Dylan comes jogging back up. Man, she’s quick or we totally lost track of time. “What’s going on?” she asks. Jacob quickly drops the hold he has on my shirt and looks at her innocently.

“Pickle, I need to talk to you, please,” he almost begs her.

“First, may I remind you that you have no right to call me that anymore. Second, no! Did it not sink into your thick skull that I don’t have anything to say to you? Did the repeated ‘leave me the hell alone’ not get through to you? Now, if you’ll leave us alone, Ford and I have shit to do.” She quickly turns her back to him and looks at me. “Ready?”

“I sure am.” I link my arm through hers and we head back over to the middle of the field. I look over my shoulder and see Jacob still standing there, staring after us, until he finally gives up and leaves.

“Finally! He’s been following me around all day, begging me to forgive him for his screw up. Good thing I didn’t believe a word he said because nothing changed at practice today. He just wanted to make a fool out of me. I was still everyone’s

personal punching bag because of him.” She takes her stick and scoops up the ball before flinging it at the goal.

“Yeah, he called me last night. Wanted me to back off—said he was going to finally talk to you about what happened two years ago.” I don’t want to tell her how he still cares for her and likes her. How he wanted to date her then and has never stopped thinking about her. Not when I want a chance with her. No, that’s for Jacob to explain, and with how pissed she is at him, hopefully it’s after she’s fallen for me.

“Why would he want you to back off?” she asks, confusion on her face.

“Because I told him how much I like you. How you made me feel like no other girl has before and I think you might be the one. That I dream about tasting those plump lips of yours.” Her breath hitches at my words.

I move closer to her, our bodies practically touching. Reaching out, I take her chin in my hand. “So tell me, Kitty, can I taste those lips?”

“I’m all sweaty and gross,” she whispers, looking up at me through her thick lashes.

“Doesn’t matter. I’ve been thinking about my lips on yours since you went all bitchy on coach and Jacob. One kiss, Kitty, that’s all I’m asking.”

“You ask for a lot of ‘ones’, Ford. One date, one kiss. What’s next?” she murmurs.

“Let me kiss you and find out.” I dip my head and firmly press my lips to hers. I swipe my tongue over the seam of her lips and she opens for me instantly. Sliding my tongue into her mouth, I massage hers with mine. Unintentionally, I groan at the taste of her and I know at this moment that just one kiss won’t ever be enough.

One kiss and I’m a goner. Jacob was right, she’s unlike anyone else and she may be his, but I’m going to make her mine too. There is one more ‘one’ and that’s the big one. She’s the last one for me, there will never be another girl, Dylan is it.

CHAPTER 5



Three days...it's been three days of practices. I'm fucking sore and hate this entire team with a burning passion. Every single day they've gone out of their way to knock me down, trip me, and wear me the fuck out. I've even taken some hits with sticks. It's fucking petty and if Jacob was any sort of worthwhile captain, he'd have told his team to knock it the fuck off. But he hasn't!

He just runs practice alongside the coach, making sure to glare at me and Ford every time he helps me get up. I've saved my tears for home every single night, when I sink into a bathtub of ice and bandage up my scrapes. There's no way in hell I'm giving those jackasses the pleasure of seeing me this way. Coach Blue and the team have a look of shock on their faces each day I show back up at practice. Guess they thought I would have cracked by now. Fuck them, I'm not giving up. They'll have to drag me from the field broken and bloody for that to happen.

Each night after the team practice, Ford and I stay after to train even more. If I'm honest with myself, I look forward to our time together each day. Ford is funny, kind, and brutally honest, but I fucking love that about him. "Kitty, if you want on this team, you have to be faster than that."

Running down the field as we work on our clears, I run toward Ford and scoop the ball up, flinging it past him in seconds. He keeps coming toward me and I know he wants me to check him. Body checking is where I'm the most out of practice, since it's 'illegal' in women's lacrosse. Putting my

dominant foot forward with knees bent, I square my shoulders and prepare to hit him.

Just as we're about to connect, I bend my knee and drop my shoulders. We collide hard and, using my bent position, I'm able to use all my power and push him with my gloves away from me. He falls backward, hitting the ground, and I jump over him and pump my legs toward the goal. *Holy fuck, I knocked his ass down!*

Once I get to the goal, I whirl around to see Ford running toward me again. I panic for a moment before he throws his helmet to the ground, scoops me up, and twirls me around.

“Fuck yeah, babe, you did it!”

I throw my head back, laughing as he sets me down. “I can't believe I knocked you down. Holy shit, Ford.”

We've worked on body-checking the last few days, and this is the first time I was able to take him down. All the other times he's knocked my ass down, not intentionally, just the sheer size of him when I would hit him, I'd knock myself back on my ass. It's a good thing the lord blessed me with some extra cushion back there or I'd have broken my tailbone.

I've been fine with stick checks because that's all women's lacrosse can do. Speed is another thing we've been working hard on. The goal is to not have to do body checks, so I need to be quick enough to dodge them. I hope Monday, when cuts happen, I can do what I just did and knock whoever I'm paired with on their ass. *Please, let it be Jacob. There's nothing more*

I want than to knock him on his ass and stand over him laughing. Just like all these assholes have done to me.

“Let’s call it a night. I want you well rested for our date tomorrow,” Ford says as he wags his eyebrows at me. Giggling, I nod my agreement and give him a quick hug.

“See you tomorrow, Ford. I’ll meet you at the diner at seven,” I call to him as I turn and jog back to the locker room to change and head home.



Walking in the door at home, I’m promptly bombarded by my mom. “Oh, Dylan, I’m glad I caught you! I got this in the mail today and thought we could go over it together.” She’s waving a huge envelope in her hands and when I take it from her, I see it’s from Colorado State University. *Well, at least she’s in the right state this time, but I know there’s a pitch for a sorority coming.* “I listened when you said Colorado and while it’s not Phi Mu in Alabama, I did some research and talked to some friends and, well, Alpha Sigma Kappa is top tier, so I got some informational packets!” And there it is!

Internally, I roll my eyes, but on the outside, I smile at her. “Thanks, Mom. I’ll look over all this.”

“You’ll find the application process and some of their scholarship opportunities that you fit the criteria for inside the packet. You really should have done more with clubs or joined cheerleading instead of that archaic lacrosse team,” she

chastises. “You’ll be lucky if, when you rush, a sorority takes you with that brutality on your application.”

“I know, Mom, what a silly thing to do, playing the sport I love most and that I’m passionate about. Cheerleading should have totally been my focus, especially since I loathe it.”

“You’re right about that, Dylan. Thank goodness this new school doesn’t have a girls’ team. Maybe there’s time for you to try out for the competitive cheer team.” She jumps a little, clapping like this is the most exciting thing she’s ever heard. “You’d be adorable in the uniform and I’d come to all your games.”

“I’m good, Mom. In case you missed it, I’m going to repeat it for you but slower this time, so hopefully you will understand. I hate cheerleading. There is no way I would ever join or try out. We’ll just have to rely on my GPA and smarts to get a scholarship.”

“Why did the Lord have to bless me with such a lug for a daughter? I swear I’d be better off with a son at this rate.” She shrugs and turns toward the kitchen.

“Love you too, Mom!” I holler at her, but she just waves a hand in the air, ignoring me.

Annoyed, I head to my room and throw the envelope on my desk. It was nice of her to at least get the school and state right, but everything else has me rolling my eyes so hard, I think I got a peek at my brain. I thought parents were supposed to be supportive of your goals and dreams. Not mine. My dad is MIA and my mom wants me to be her version of a princess.

Hours later, I'm lying in my bed watching reruns of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* when there's a light knock on my door. It opens and there's my mom again, "Hey, honey, Gideon just called and asked me to a late dinner. So I'm going to head out, unless you need me?" She bites her lip as she waits for my answer. She's hoping I don't say anything to make her stay.

"Go have fun, Mom, I'm good," I tell her, and I am. She's been seeing this Gideon guy for a few weeks now and, while I'm not over the moon about it, she's an adult, and her and my dad's divorce is almost finalized. My mom wanted nothing but me, and my dad apparently wanted everything but me. *Fucking ironic, isn't it?* She nods and shuts my door. I hear her a few minutes later setting the alarm as she leaves.

Deciding I'm worn out and done with tonight, I crawl under my blanket and turn the television off. Closing my eyes, I fall asleep to the faint sound of *Hairspray* playing in my aunt's room and dream of taking the Pumas to the championships and getting my lacrosse scholarship to CSU.



What does one wear to a date that might not actually be a date? I know Ford said it's one, but we're also going over plays the team uses. So is it like a *date* date or did he just call it a date and it's a teammate thing? I mean, he asked if he could taste my lips. At first, I thought he said it just to rile Jacob up, but Jacob wasn't near us. Then he actually kissed me

and I kissed him back. Ugh, I don't know, and now is not the time to decipher what he truly meant. I need to find something to fucking wear.

I only have a little over two hours left, so I've got to get my ass in gear. I lay a few options out on my bed and hit the shower so I can come back with fresh eyes. I wash with my coffee body scrub, before hurrying through my hair and shave routine. Getting out, I wrap my hair in a towel and another around my body before sitting on my desk chair and slathering my body in vanilla bean lotion.

Happy with my skin, I head back to the bathroom now that the mirror is finally fog free and pull the towel off my head. I defuse my ashy blonde hair with my blow-dryer before putting some product in to give my loose curls some definition. I'm not really a makeup type of girl, so I settle on mascara and lip gloss and call it good.

Moving over to my bed, I stare at the two outfits, scrutinizing both before deciding to go with the black spaghetti strap dress and my favorite brown and white plaid long-sleeve shirt. Pulling the dress over my head, I pull it down so it hits mid-thigh, and instead of putting the shirt over the dress, I wrap it around my waist.

Checking my phone for the time, I see I need to be there in thirty minutes. Where did the time go? Fuck, I'm going to be late. Hurrying to the closet, I pull out my black ankle boots and shove my feet into them. Giving myself one last check in the mirror, I have to admit I'm happy with this. It's cute, not

too sexy, but not frumpy either. Picking up my purse, I slide my phone into it and snatch my Dylan necklace off the dresser before heading out the door.

I get to the diner with seven minutes to spare. My phone beeps just as I'm about to get out of the car. Pulling it out of my bag, I see it's a message.

Unknown: Heard through the grapevine you have a date tonight. You better not go, Pickle!

Christ on a cracker, is this guy for real? Obviously, it has to be Jacob. No one else would call me that stupid juvenile nickname. He must have gotten a new number since he moved, because it didn't come up under the name that I had programmed in my iPhone. Seriously, who does he think he is? When he moved, we promised to stay in touch. He didn't answer any of my letters, emails, or texts. I followed him on *Chatterly* for a while, but all the pictures of him with other girls hurt. He was off living his best life and forgot all about me. Our friendship was obviously very one-sided. Now, I end up at the same school as him and he thinks he can lay claim to me? Tell me what to do? Pick up where we left off at sixteen? He's got to be fucking stupid. There's no way in hell that's happening.

Ignoring him and his bullshit, I shove my phone back in my purse and head into the diner to meet Ford. He's been a damn sweetheart all week, and while he flirts with me nonstop, I enjoy it. I've heard he's a player, but I still developed a huge crush on him. I'm not about to get played, though.

Walking into the diner, I see Ford sitting in a booth by the window, waving at me. Heading his way, I can see his eyes raking over my body. The appreciative look on his face solidifies that I made the right choice in attire tonight. “Hi, Ford.”

He motions for me to sit across from him and I listen, plopping down in the booth and tossing my purse next to me. “I didn’t think you’d show up,” he admits and his voice has a nervous tone to it.

“What kind of lady would it make me if I didn’t show up to properly show my thanks to my lacrosse coach?” I purr at him, and his pupils dilate. *Who the fuck am I?* I’ve always been sassy and bold, but flirty and seductive? Nope. Ford just makes me more playful, I guess. I kinda like it, but then again, I kinda really like him.

“Coach, you say. I was hoping for another name.” He grins and winks.

Holy fuck, what name is he wanting me to call him?

CHAPTER 6



“Umm... Huh?” she croaks out, as her face blushes.

God, I love how caught off guard she is. The way her cheeks are turning pink, but I feel her legs shifting underneath the table. I know she’s affected by my words. I don’t want to scare her away just yet, especially since I don’t know how sexually experienced, she is.

“Oh, you know something like god, or handsome—even boyfriend!” I throw the last part in, and she just gives me the sweetest smile that goes from ear to ear, making my spirits soar. “But why don’t we look over the menu so we know what we want? I recommend the spinach lasagna; it’s amazing. Then we can go over the playbook.”

The smile begins to fade as an “oh” pops from her mouth.

“What’s wrong, Kitty?” There’s no fucking way I ever want to see this girl sad.

“Umm...hell...this is embarrassing. Fuck, let me just get it out, but if you laugh, I’m going to knee you in the balls at practice once I make the team. Here it goes. You’ve been flirting with me all week and I had it in my head that you liked me. So I thought perhaps this may be a date. Guess I was wrong.” She has her hands on the table as she picks at her nails, not once looking me in the eye. “And why do you call me Kitty?” she asks softly.

“Well, that’s a lot, so I’m taking it one question at a time—” I begin just as the server steps up to the table.

“Good evening. I’m Jamison and I’ll be your server tonight. Can I get you started with some drinks and an appetizer?” The six-foot Adonis, because, man, the guy isn’t bad looking, asks as he stares at Dylan. The grin on his face grows as his eyes linger on her chest, his tongue gliding across his lip in appreciation. I get it, but he doesn’t have the right to look at her like that.

“Can I get some water, please? I’m actually ready to order. I’ll take the baked ziti and a salad with Italian dressing.” She closes up her menu and hands it to the fucker. He lets his fingers graze along hers, staying there a little longer than they should.

“I’ll take the vegetarian ravioli and a Pepsi, and if you haven’t noticed, she’s here with me,” I rudely inform him, staring him down and daring him to say something back so I can punch the shit out of him. This prick has no right to ogle my date while she’s sitting with me.

He just jerks his head to me, glaring. “I’ll get this right out to you.” He sneers as he turns and walks away.

“Okay, so back to before we were interrupted by the dick of a server. Yes, I have been flirting with you all week. Thank god you noticed, for a minute there I thought I was losing my game. I definitely think of this as a date but wasn’t sure how you felt, especially with the way I had to force it out of you with bribery. Now the playbook I brought is just so we could get one final look over it before the cuts at Monday’s tryouts. I want you to be one hundred percent ready for anything Jacob,

the team, hell, even the coach tries to throw at you. So, with all that being said, this is very much a date in my mind.” The smile crossing her face fills me with excitement, but it quickly disappears when the server makes his way back over.

He sets the glass of Pepsi down with a slight thud, but much to my dismay, none spills, so I can’t fucking complain. The server, Jamison, never once looks at me, his gaze solely on Dylan as he sets her glass of water down gently in front of her. “Here you go, just let me know if you need a refill. I’ll be right over there,” he says as he extends out his arm, pointing over toward a register where two girls dressed in the same outfit as him are standing. He winks—the fucker actually winks at her before turning and walking away.

I’m fuming. I mean, who the hell blatantly flirts with someone while they’re on a date? Obviously, freaking Jamison does. I want to kill him.

“Hey, earth to Ford,” her sweet voice calls out as she waves her hands in front of me. “He’s just trying to rile you up. Forget about him. Who am I on a date with? You or him?” she says in her sassy little voice, instantly bringing back my cheery attitude.

“Yeah, I’m the lucky one,” I say, making sure I send the bastard a cocky smirk. “So let’s get the business part of this date over with so we can have fun getting to know more about each other and eat some food.”

“Sounds like a plan. So what’s the one thing I should know?” she asks, leaning forward in the booth, with her arms

on the table, as she lets her foot slide up and down the length of my calf.

I don't know if she's doing it intentionally or if it's just a freak accident, but that one simple move has my cock rock hard. We spend the next twenty minutes going over plays and the fucking server keeps finding the most mundane reasons to keep coming over to the table, making sure each time his sole focus is on Dylan, until at last, he brings out the food. I swear, I'm ready to punch him in the fucking face.

Now that the business part of dinner is over, it's time to up my flirting game. Jacob's been following her around like a little lost puppy and I need her to know that I'm a hundred percent invested in being with her before he weasels himself back into her good graces. He may have dicked around and blown his chance with her, but I'm not. We'll cross the Jacob bridge later, if or when it comes up.

“So, I'm having such a good time. I was wondering if you'd like to come back to my house and we could watch a movie. I found this really cool one the other night, kinda reminded me of you.”

“Oh, really?” she asks as she takes a bite of her pasta, and my eyes zero in on the way she places the fork in her mouth.

“Yeah, so what do you say?”

“Maybe. You still owe me an answer to one of my questions. You tell me what I want to know and maybe, just maybe, I'll come watch a movie with you.” She bites her bottom lip and fuck if it isn't the hottest thing I've ever seen. I will my cock

to go down, so when we stand up, I don't have a noticeable bulge.

“What didn't I answer?” I ask, confused.

“Why do you call me Kitty?”

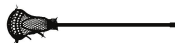
I flash her a Cheshire smile. “That's easy. That first day on the field when you thought your lacrosse dreams were being shut down, you extended your claws and hissed and bit at anyone who crossed you. I liked that. You're still doing it to Jacob, and while he's my best friend, I like that you're giving him hell. So Kitty fits. You have claws and aren't afraid to use them. It doesn't hurt that with the way you look tonight, I'm hoping you will show me your purr later.”

“Fuck, Ford, does that cheesy shit work on everyone?” She laughs.

“No, but it was worth a try. So what do you say about that movie?”

“Let's go watch a movie.” She grabs my hand, holding it from across the booth. Her thumb brushes the tops of my fingers gingerly.

Hell yeah! I mentally give myself a high five.



Ford

As soon as she says yes, you have never seen someone eat as fast as I do. Which doesn't escape her notice by the muffled laughs escaping her lips. I'm excited for her to come back to my place, especially since my parents are gone for the night, having their monthly overnight date. I don't even want to think about what they're doing.

Dylan's just finishing the last of her food when our server brings back the check, and the fucker has the audacity to slip her a piece of paper right in front of me. "What the hell, man!" I snatch the slip of paper up, seeing his number on it. "She's here on a damn date with me and all you've done all night is fucking flirt with her." I'm standing at this point with my fists clenched at my sides.

"Look, man, calm down. Your girl has been giving me the eye all night. So I just assumed you two weren't together." He glares at me with a cocky ass grin on his face.

"I've been doing what?" Dylan shrieks. "You need to get your eyes checked if you think I've been giving you anything but my order. What was your name? Jamison? You don't hold a fucking candle to the guy I'm actually here with. It's guys like you who made me who I am today—who see and hear what they want and not the reality of the situation. You make me sick." She continues giving the server hell, and I just drop

back down into the booth, proud as hell of the girl standing before me. The way she's defending me has my dick hard.

The manager chooses that moment to come rushing over. I don't even get a chance to explain before Dylan is filling him in on every single detail of the night, and just how rude Jamison has acted. With the way the manager is shooting daggers at him, I don't think he's going to have a job very much longer.

"I am so sorry for the way your server acted. It was completely unprofessional. I will be speaking to him about his behavior later and there will be consequences. We have a zero tolerance policy for these types of things. I'd like to make it up to you and pay for your meal tonight and invite you to be my guest another time. On the house, of course." As the manager talks, Jamison stands there like a puppy with his tail between his legs.

Guess I'm going to be getting a second date with the beauty before me.

Thanking the manager, I take Dylan's hand in mine and lead her out of the restaurant. "So...are we still a go for the movie?" I ask her nervously.

She stops in her tracks, raises up on her tiptoes, and whispers in my ear, "You said your parents aren't home?"

"Yup, they won't be home until sometime tomorrow afternoon. It'll just be me and you. Is that a problem?" *God, please don't let it be.*

“Sounds perfect. Do you have a television in your room? I’d love to stretch out.” She winks.

Oh, my girl must be wanting more than just to stretch out and watch a movie. I’m down to do whatever she’ll let me. The image of me sinking my cock into her has the hairs on my arms standing up.

“I do.”

“Then what are we waiting for? Let’s get out of here.” Her voice is playful as I slip my arm around her waist and guide her to her car.

“Follow me. I only live like ten minutes from here.” I open her door for her, allowing her to slide in before shutting it and walking to my car.



We’re lying in bed with her nestled up against my body. Her head and hand are resting on my chest as we watch *She’s the Man*, and I feel at peace. I let the pads of my fingers trail up and down her bare arm, eliciting a soft moan from her luscious lips that has my cock straining against my pants.

“Dyl, I need you to stop that. Those sounds are driving me crazy.” She lets out a small snort before rolling over more onto her stomach so she can look me in the eye.

“Tell me, Ford, what are they doing to you? Do they have your cock begging for me?” She lifts her head up, placing her

lips on mine and kisses me. Softly at first, but she gradually increases the pressure. Her tongue presses against the seam of my lips, and I eagerly open for her.

She moves so that she's straddling me, her hot center pressed against my dick. "Ummm, someone is enjoying this," she moans as she grinds on me, her lips leaving mine.

Straightening up, she unties the shirt wrapped around her waist and takes hold of the bottom of her dress. She slides it up over her head and tosses it to the floor.

Fuck me! Dylan is in front of me with her bare tits on display. How the hell did I not notice she wasn't wearing a bra, especially with those pebbled nipples staring back at me? I take a breast in each of my hands, cupping them as I let the pads of my thumbs rub back and forth across her hardened peaks.

"Are you sure?" I need to know she wants this just as much as me.

"Yes," she moans, grinding her core against my cock harder.

Gripping her hips, I thrust up and flip her off of me onto her back. I move on top of her and pin her between my thighs.

"Are you sure, babe? I need to know something first, though. Are you a virgin?" I can't wait to have my cock seated inside her delicious pussy, but I need to know how gentle I need to be with her. If she's losing her virginity to me, I want it to be special.

She lets out a laugh. “I’m definitely not a virgin. Now, are we doing this or not? I want you. You want me. I know for a fucking fact that you didn’t invite me over here tonight just to watch a movie—”

“Dyl—” I interrupt her, but that’s all I’m able to get out.

“Dyl nothing. I know better things you can be doing with that mouth other than talking.” She winks at me.

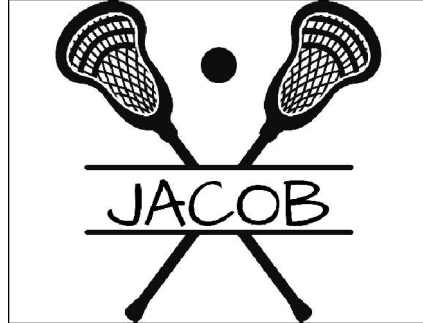
Game on!

Slowly I move my hands down her body before taking hold of her lace panties and gingerly pulling them down her golden tanned legs. When I catch the first glimpse of her smooth, bare pussy, her lips already glistening with her arousal, I can feel pre-cum leaking from my tip.

Leaning over, I lick a trail up her slit, stopping at her nub and nibbling on it. Her legs spread wider, giving me enough space to lie down between them. I slip my left arm underneath her thigh, gripping her hip, and slide one, then two fingers into her hole. I pump them in and out as I feast on her clit.

She begins to buck her hips up into my face, spurring me to pump faster inside her. The prettiest sounds are leaving her lips as she comes on my tongue and I lap at her release. Too wrapped up in enjoying my dessert, I’m startled when my bedroom door slams open and an angry voice growls out, “Get the fuck off of her.”

CHAPTER 7



“What the fuck, man?” I’m seething. My best friend is in bed with the girl I love, nestled between her thighs as she comes all over his tongue.

“Jacob, what the hell are you doing here?” he yells as he quickly pulls a blanket over her exposed bottom. While I’m filled with rage, I also wish I could see more of her.

“What the hell, Jacob?” Dylan screams as she covers her face with her hands. “Don’t you knock? Hell, this isn’t even your house. Can you at least turn the fuck around so I can put my dress back on?”

I open, then close my mouth, anger bubbling inside of me. Coming here and finding her in bed with Ford wasn’t what I was planning on. I needed to talk to him about my feelings for Dylan and the fact she was out on a date with someone who wasn’t me.

Ford doesn’t do dates. He fucks and leaves them, never settling on one woman and definitely not taking them out before having sex with them. The fact he’s using her like this—I don’t care if he’s said it’s not like that, I know him better than anyone—has me pissed off.

“Okay, you can turn around now,” Dylan tells me.

“Pickle, what the hell are you doing? I thought you were on a date?”

“First, I already told you that you don’t get to call me that anymore. You lost that right when you left and tossed me to the curb like a piece of trash. Second, Ford was my date, not

that it's any of your damn business." She crosses her arms over her chest. Ford moves over to stand beside her, taking her hand in his and my heart plummets at his show of affection toward her. A tenderness that he's never shown to any girl before.

"Pic... Dylan, come on, you went on a date with him, now you're just going to let him take your innocence. He's just going to fuck you and leave you," I shout, anger laced in every word as I glare at the guy I once called my best friend.

"Shut the fuck up, man. You don't know shit. What Dyl and I do together is between us. I fucking like her and she likes me, so what the hell does it matter to you?" Ford spits right back at me, puffing out his chest in an attempt to show his dominance.

"Ford, you know exactly why I'm pissed at you. You knew how I felt, and what it did to me."

"How you felt? Are you talking about the way you treated me like shit since seeing me on the field a week ago? And for your information, Ford wasn't doing anything I didn't want. That innocence you're so worried about was lost a long time ago. It left right after you did. You don't know shit about me or what I've been through. Just get out!" she screams, her words crushing my heart. I wanted to be her first, but I screwed that up.

"Dyl—" I start again, needing her to listen to me.

“GET. THE. HELL. OUT!” she screams, pointing toward the door.

My head hangs low in defeat as I turn and leave, taking one final look back at her as I shut the door behind me. The pain in her eyes rips my heart to shreds. I race down the steps and out the front door, dropping down on Ford’s steps.

Ford’s betrayal hurts, but not as bad as the hate I saw in Pickle’s eyes toward me. I don’t know how long I sit there, just staring out across the yard at the neighbor’s dog running back and forth along the fence.

“Jacob,” an angelic voice comes from behind me.

“Pickle—” I begin as she sits down beside me.

“Don’t call me that,” she hisses, cutting me off. “How many times do I have to remind you?”

“Dylan, why did you go out with him? He’s my best friend. Did you do it just to get back at me?”

“No, I really like him and he likes me,” she tells me.

“I like you too, always have. If only things were different,” I confess to her.

“You’ve treated me like shit since the day you figured out we attended the same school. Before that you ghosted me, just enjoying your new life. I needed you, Jacob, but you forgot I existed. That’s something a kid would do, not the boy who claimed he was my best friend, my soul mate.”

“It’s more than that,” I tell her.

“More? You were my best friend, Jacob, and you never even answered a text, a letter, or a phone call. That killed me. It was bad enough that you moved, but to cut me out completely destroyed me.”

“That’s just it, Dylan. Being your best friend doesn’t cut it for me. I want to be your boyfriend. I’ve been in love with you for years and was going to tell you, but then my dad got his PCS orders. A long-distance relationship wasn’t something I could do to you. To not be with you, hold you, kiss you? I couldn’t live like that. Seeing you on the field that day, all the feelings I’d tried to push down and hide came flooding back. I’ve never been with anyone, hoping that we’d make our way back to each other after graduation and you could be my first. Dylan, Pickle, I want you so bad. Seeing you with my best friend is torture. Especially when he knows how I feel about you.”

She just sits there in silence, a shocked expression on her face.

“Dylan, talk to me please, baby,” I beg, needing to hear her say she wants me too.

“Jacob, this is all too much. I just need time to process everything.”

“Dylan, please just give me a chance.”

She just stares at me before turning and walking away, heading back into the house.

I sit on the porch in a state of wonderment and shock at what just transpired. The vision of Pickle arching up and grinding her pussy on Ford's tongue fills me and I can feel my cock begin to harden in my joggers.

This whole situation is fucked. And what did she mean I left her when she needed me? What happened after I left? She didn't tell me, but I intend to figure it out. Standing up, I brush off my joggers and run a hand over my hair before heading to my car.

I have a lot to think about, but I'm not going to keep sitting on Ford's porch like a creep. It's time to go home and devise a plan to get my girl back.



Dylan

I leave Jacob sitting on the steps and head back inside. I don't know how to process what he just told me. He's loved me for years? Wanted me to be more than his best friend? I'm trying hard to understand his actions, but I just keep coming back to the fact that if he loved me that much, why was it so easy to just never speak to me again?

Walking back into Ford's room, I see him sitting on the bed with his head in his hands. "Ford, Jacob just told me he has been in love with me for years. I think we also both heard him yell at you that you knew all this," I tell him and I'm looking for an answer even though it wasn't a question.

"He told me the story of the girl he loved, but let go. But when I saw you that day, I knew I had to be with you. I've never been attracted to someone like you before. So I went to him and told him I was interested in you and I wasn't backing off, especially since he was acting like a dick toward you. It wasn't my place to tell you his business. He needed to do that. I'm sorry for the part I played, though. I understand if you're pissed at me," Ford replies and his tone is sincere.

"I'm pissed, but not at you and not really at Jacob, either. I'm pissed at the situation. I need time to think about this."

Turning around, I head to the door, pausing before I open it and whip back around, crossing the room to Ford. "Oh, and Ford?" His eyes lock on mine as he lifts a brow in question. I

straddle his lap. “I’d like to continue this later, if you’ll have me.”

“Fuck yeah, I would. And next time I eat that pussy, baby, there won’t be an interruption. I want to taste you exploding on my tongue over and over again,” he purrs as we kiss. I pull away and he kisses my nose before I remove myself from his lap and leave his house.

When I get home, I immediately head to my room. After everything that’s happened tonight, I’m not in the mood to deal with my mom or aunt. Deciding I should shower, I drag my ass to the bathroom, undress quickly, step into the shower, and stand under the hot spray. I hurry through my normal routine, wanting to crawl into my bed and deal with the clusterfuck of a date I just had.

Dressing in my favorite lavender lounge set, I get in my bed, shimmying under the covers. I can’t believe Ford was literally between my legs when Jacob stormed in and started yelling. Then, outside, he spilled his heart and soul, confessing everything.

I can forgive Jacob. Honestly, I already have, but I can only ever be his friend. I’m pretty sure Ford and I are together, at least by my standards. He is a bit of a slut though, so I should probably clarify this with him. Fuck buddy isn’t a title I strive to hold while he dips his stick into every Amber, Kelly, and Laura he meets.

Grabbing my phone from where it lies on the bed next to me, I text him, needing to make sure we’re on the same page.

Me- Hey, so this is gonna be awkward, but I don't know how else to ask besides just asking...

Ford- Ugh, okay, you're making me nervous, Kitty

Me- Are we a couple?

Ford- Lol yeah babe

Me- an EXCLUSIVE couple?

Ford- Yeah, Kitty, I only want you. You've changed me from a whore to a house husband.

Me- I can't stand you!!

Ford- You can more than stand me by the sounds you were making earlier.

Me- Oh, for fuck's sake. I'll see you tomorrow.

Ford- See you tomorrow, Babe.

Well, I guess I have a boyfriend, but now what do I do about Jacob? My phone vibrates, so I pick it back up, thinking it's a call from Ford, but I'm shocked when I see who it's from. Fucking Jacob; I saved his number earlier when he texted me and now he's calling. Why isn't he catching the hint? I don't want to speak to him right now.

I hit ignore and throw the phone back onto the bed. Immediately it starts to ring again, and once more I hit ignore. This happens at least five times before I let a loud, frustrated growl tear from my throat and answer Jacob's call.

"I have nothing to say to you right now. You need to stop calling. I need to think about what happened and what you

said tonight,” I snap, making sure to enunciate each and every word.

“I’m sorry, Pickle. I just can’t stop thinking about what you said. I need to know what you meant,” he murmurs in a defeated tone.

“I said a lot of things, Jacob, so you’re going to have to elaborate. But the one thing I’ve said the most is that you don’t get to fucking call me that anymore. I am Dylan to you.”

“Fine, you’re right, Dylan. What I remember the most is how you said that you needed me and I wasn’t there. Did something happen? My thoughts are all over the place about what you could have meant, and I just think there’s something you’re not telling me.” He sighs.

“You don’t deserve to know everything about me, Jacob. Not anymore. I needed you—emphasis on the past tense. You weren’t there, so I picked myself up and handled my shit. It made me stronger, braver, more open, and it’s over. That’s all you’re getting for now. Stop calling me and let me process the shit storm that was tonight.” I hang up and power my phone off for the night.

Falling back onto the mattress, I stare at the ceiling, remembering that night sophomore year. It had been six months since Jacob left and I hadn’t heard from him, so when Brock invited me to prom, I was ecstatic that I’d get to go as a tenth grader since prom was usually only for upperclass students.

The dance itself was fun. We danced, sang along to the songs, and hung out with our friends. Afterward we went to a house party and had a few drinks. When we went upstairs to have some privacy to make out and maybe grope each other a little, Brock tried to take it too far.

I remember the feel of his hands on me as he held me down and how he kept telling me I wanted it and that I had teased him all night. How he waited for Jacob to leave to have a chance with me and I led him on. Luckily, he drank more than me, so as he pulled my panties off, there was screaming from downstairs that the cops were there. He bolted from the room and I hurried to get off the bed and head home, too.

The next week at school, the rumors went around. We fucked, then I broke it off for someone else, and I was the one who called the cops on the party. That I probably left the party to go fuck someone else after Brock. Nevermind that I was actually at home, probably in the shower trying to wash off the feel of Brock's hands.

I tried to call Jacob and tell him what happened, to confide in the one person who I knew would have my back, but he never answered. That's not something you write in a text. So I had no one. I finished sophomore year and hung out alone all summer, reinventing myself.

Junior year, I was still a pariah, but I had lacrosse, so that's all that mattered. I should have been excited when my mom announced we were moving and I'd have to change schools. But I did some research and Pinewood didn't have a girls'

lacrosse team. After moving here, I was back to square one. Only this time I wasn't a pariah, I was the nobody new girl.

None of that matters anymore, as long as I can play the sport I love, but Jacob popped back up in my life and tried standing in the way of that happening. All of it makes it hard to forgive and forget.

CHAPTER 8



The rest of the weekend was slow and boring. I spent Sunday in my room watching *Burlesque* and doing homework, avoiding all the texts and calls from both Jacob and Ford, needing time to think.

It's now Monday morning, today is the final tryout and I'll find out if I made the lacrosse team. Fuck, I hope so. If I don't, I have no clue what I'm going to do. Beg my mom to let me go back to my old school? I have to make it, because she won't allow that to happen and fuck knows if my dad even wants me.

Getting to school, I head straight to my locker and put my stuff away before grabbing the textbook and binder I'll need for my first few classes. Just as I shut my locker and turn to head to Physics, Jacob steps in front of me, blocking my path. "Hey, Dylan, I wanted to say sorry again for Saturday."

"It's fine, Jacob. It's done and over with," I tell him, trying not to dwell on the fact he saw me getting eaten out like a prime cut of filet mignon.

"Ford is a good guy. He's a player, though, so I just want you to be careful. And if he hurts you, I'll beat his fucking ass. I still don't like this one bit," he growls out, his voice tight like he struggled to say those words.

Throwing my head back, laughing, I take a few breaths before composing myself. "I know all about Ford Nickels. As for his player days, he agreed to be done with that. Guess he just needed the right coach." I wink and click my tongue at him before maneuvering around him to go to class.

“Just be careful!” he shouts down the hall after me.

The rest of the day drags by; I barely survived Trigonometry with how boring it was. The teacher just kept going on and on about cosines and tangents. Now I’m in Literature class, anxiously waiting for the bell to ring. I want to get my ass to that tryout and smash it, because I’m ready.

Finally, the long, high-pitched sound of the bell rings and I bolt from my seat, running to the locker room where I shove through the sea of girls who are bitching about PE being a subject they’re forced to take as they leave the gymnasium.

I change like my life depends on it and hurry to the field to stretch. When I make it there, it seems like I’m not the only one who had this idea. Ford is sitting on the ground, touching his toes. “Hey, baby,” he says as soon as he sees me.

“Hey, are you ready for this?” I ask, and he nods his head.

“Are you?”

“Ready as I’ll ever be,” I tell him as I balance on one leg and bend the other at the knee behind me, stretching for the hell I’m sure I’m about to endure. Coach joins us on the field and minutes later, players begin to funnel out of the locker room.

Coach blows his whistle, then lets it fall from his lips. “Alright, men and Murphy lineup! We’re going to start with passing line drills, ground ball drills, and then move on to a simple scrimmage. When the tryout is over, you can take your butts to the locker room to change and I’ll post the list of this season’s players on the wall between the two locker rooms. No

one here has a guaranteed spot. Don't think because you played last season and had the most goals you're a shoe in. Everyone's ass is on the line today!" He blows his whistle again and we run to our starting positions.

I get to the line and the coach tosses me a ball. I rush toward the player directly across from me and deliver a pass. My job is done, so I move to the back of the line and do this process repeatedly. This goes on for about an hour. I have delivered the ball and been passed the ball by every player now. Fucking killed it too; I haven't missed a pass yet. I've got to admit I'm pretty proud of myself for holding my own against these guys.

Next, we do ground drills. The coach will throw the ball out in front of me and another player, and blow the whistle, signaling us to go after it. We will then vie for possession of the ball by trying to outmaneuver one another. This is the part I am most nervous about because I'm not as strong or built as the guys.

I step up and Max is on the other side, staring at me like I stole his lunch money. The coach blows his fucking whistle and drops the ball. I scoop it up off the ground and take off running. Max is hot on my heels and checks me with his shoulder, causing me to drop the ball. It rolls away a bit, stopping in between us. We stare at each other before I get my ass moving, heading straight toward it. Max does the same and neither of us stops. We crash into each other and my body vibrates with the impact. Seeing my opening, I swoop the ball into my stick and take off. Fuck yes!

I survived the scrimmage. My team didn't win, but that's okay, because I think I held my own. My teammates actually utilized me on the team, too, which was surprising. I rinse off quickly in the locker room before I slide my school clothes back on and head out. Sitting on the ground, I wait for the coach to come tack up the list.

Twenty minutes go by before I see him come from the athletic office field entrance. He ignores me, moving straight to the wall between the two locker room doors, and hangs up the sheet. Getting up on unsteady legs, I take a deep breath and walk over so I can see the sheet.

I scan the list of names, looking for my name. Fuck, I don't see it. Panic takes over as my heart starts to beat erratically and I feel like I'm going to vomit.

Taking a deep breath, I scan the list again, slowly this time. I run my finger from the top to the bottom, gliding over each name. Stoll, Nickels, Hawthorne, Timsby, Murphy.

Holy shit! There's my name in big black letters for all these fuckheads to see. I made the team! I really made the fucking team. Excited is an understatement of how I'm feeling.

Coach Blue comes up, grabs my elbow, and pulls me to the side. "You'll have to pretend to be a guy. I don't want nor need flack from the other teams for allowing a girl to play or single you out on the field."

"Deal! Whatever you want, coach. I'm your man." I giggle at the last part and he rolls his eyes before turning and walking away.

He stops and turns, looking at me once more. “Murphy?”

“Yeah, Coach?”

“Don’t make me regret this!” He heads on his way again.

“I won’t!” I shout.

I should be pissed or insulted by his comment. However, I’m too excited that I made it. Plus, it was originally my idea, anyway. I can now compete for a scholarship that will cover college, and I won’t have to join a damn sorority like my mom wants. He could have asked me to pretend to be a hotdog on the field and I would have agreed.

CHAPTER 9



Getting home, I'm on cloud freaking nine. Not wanting to risk seeing Mom and her spoiling my good mood, I head straight to my room. I've just turned down the hallway when she steps in front of me, blocking my path. She's beaming as well, all dressed up like she's about to walk the red carpet. *What the hell?* "What's with the outfit, Mom?" I ask as she giggles excitedly.

"You know I've been seeing Doctor Gideon." I hide the eye roll I want to give her. I mean, who dates their boss? Isn't fraternization frowned upon in the workplace? "Well, today he asked me to lunch and took me on a picnic, Dylan, a legit actual picnic. Anyway, he proposed, and I said yes!" she says excitedly, as she shoves the hand that was behind her back into my face, showing off her new over-the-top diamond.

"The hell, Mom? You can't be engaged to someone you've only known and been dating for a few months! And that's if you were technically dating that whole time. I've only ever met him one time for like two minutes. What kind of shit is this!?!?" I scream at her. I cannot believe she's serious right now. How can she be engaged to someone so soon after her and Dad's divorce? How can you move on that quick from someone you claimed to love? Hell, she was in tears when we moved here, still holding onto hope he'd come and take her back. She swore he was just going through some kind of mid-life crisis.

"You will stop yelling at me like that right this instant, young lady! When you know, you know. We are in love. You will be

joining us for dinner tomorrow. His son has just recently moved back here, after graduating from UCLA this winter with a sports management degree, and it's the perfect opportunity for our children to meet each other. We are both proud of him. He's already got a job of some sort lined up," she tells me and I roll my eyes. She's proud of him, but doesn't even know what the actual fucking job is.

"I'm not going to any dinner with your new sugar daddy and his creep of a son," I grumble.

"Dylan Paige! How dare you call his son a creep! You know nothing about him. You will be at the dinner tomorrow. Do you understand me? You'll meet your new step-brother so we can talk about wedding plans. And if you make one disparaging remark, I'll ground you," she hollers at me.

"Yes, if I must," I murmur, walking to my room and slamming the door. I can't afford to be grounded. Not now that I've made the team. I do feel bad about the creepy son thing. For all I know, this dude might be super nice, but I'm pissed that my mom decided to get engaged. He's her boss for god's sake, and I've only spent a couple of minutes with him when I brought her lunch. What if he's some kind of perv? You hear those stories about men who marry women quickly, only to get close to their teenage daughters.

I drop my shit on the floor and throw myself on the bed. Pulling my phone from my hoodie pocket, I FaceTime Ford. I need to talk to someone about this and he gets to be the lucky one, since I have no friends. And well, he is my boyfriend, so

it's his job to console me when I need it. He answers after only two rings.

“Miss me already, baby?” he purrs and my core tightens because my boyfriend is looking fine as hell right now. He's lying shirtless on his bed with his honey brown hair a mess.

Distracted by his sex appeal, I lose track of why I actually called. I don't even tell him about my mom. “Sure did, and I thought what better way to remind you of what you have than a little show.”

“Dyl, do you want to see me stroke this big cock while I tell you all the filthy things I wanna do to you?”

“Yeah, Ford, I really wanna do that,” I breathe.

“Take your shirt off, baby. Let me see those perfect tits,” he tells me. I set my phone on the stack of books on my bed, leaning it against my Dr Pepper bottle. At this angle, I have the perfect view of myself against my headboard. I pull off my hoodie and sports bra and give Ford a coy smile. “So fucking hot. Now play with your nipples, Kitty, and imagine it's my mouth sucking your stiff little peaks.” I lie back and begin pulling and twisting on my nipples. “God, you make me so hard, babe,” Ford whispers.

“Let me see,” I tell him and he pans the phone down to his dick. He pulled his shorts down just enough to let it spring free and is stroking himself slowly. I whimper at the sight. “I wish I was there to taste you, Ford.”

“Are you wet, Kitty?” he asks, and I nod my head while chewing on my bottom lip. Ford groans. “Show me.” I sit up, shimmy my yoga pants down my legs, and take my panties with them. I sit back against my headboard and spread my legs, looking at my phone and making sure that my pussy is in full view of my phone.

“Fuck!” Ford growls. “Stroke your clit, Dylan,” he commands. I take two fingers and slide them to my clit, moving in tight, fast circles. Moaning, I hear Ford curse before he says, “Does that feel better than my tongue, baby?”

“No!” I cry.

“Good, now put those fingers in your pussy, Dyl, and fuck yourself hard and fast. I want to see you come.”

Doing as he says, I slide my fingers to my entrance and insert them into my tight channel, pumping them in and out.. My back arches at how good this feels and how fucking hot this whole situation is. I cry out, “I’m gonna come, Ford, fuck! Let me see your big dick.”

Looking at my phone, I can see he’s still leisurely jerking himself. “Faster, Ford, I want you to come with me,” I tell him. He listens and starts pumping his hand up and down at a faster pace.

“That’s it, baby, ride your fingers. But know, they’ll never be as good as my cock.”

“Oh god! I’m so close!” I cry out.

“Come, Dylan! Come on your fucking fingers!” Ford roars, and like a good girl, I come undone. My pussy spasms around my fingers as I cry out, and my eyes scrunch shut. His grunts get louder, so I know he’s close. I open my eyes and glance down at the camera. Just as I’m about to get my own money shot from Ford, my phone powers off.



Ford

I squeeze tightly on my cock, and cum shoots out, coating my hand and stomach. Fuck, that was amazing. Not as good as her pussy would feel clamping down on me. But shit, I've never had phone sex before, and this was phenomenal.

"Fuck, baby, that was hot," I tell her as I lean over the edge of the bed and pick up my shirt I dropped earlier to clean the cum off of me. "Was it good for you?"

Nothing. She must still be riding out the wave of her orgasm. She can call me for phone sex every night if this is how it's going to end.

"Dyl, you there?" I ask, as I pick up the phone from the bed, only to see she's not on the call any longer.

Calling her back, it immediately goes to voicemail. Three more attempts and it does the same. What the hell?

Me: Hey baby, is everything okay?

Five minutes later, still nothing. I'm starting to get worried. Was the phone sex too much? Did it scare her off? She's so forward and open with her sexuality, it was just never something I thought she'd be upset about. She could have asked to stop and I would have in a heartbeat, no questions asked.

Me: Did I do something wrong? Go too far?

Nothing. It's like fucking crickets.

Lying back on the bed, I turn on the television and put on my girl's favorite show: *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*. She doesn't know, but I've been binge watching it so I can talk to her about it. I got to say; I like Spike. He's one bad ass dude.

I'm so engrossed in the show that when my phone vibrates against my leg, it catches me off guard. Picking it up, my anxiety lifts when I see it's Dyl responding.

Dyl: Hey babe, sorry phone died. Got to say I'm a little disappointed I missed seeing your grand finale. Can I get a raincheck?

Me: Anytime you want it. My dick and orgasms are all yours.

Dyl: I like that. My own personal little sex slave.

I can't help but laugh. But it's true, I'll be anything she wants me to be. Hell, maybe we can try out some kinks together, see what we like.

Dyl: You distracted me and I didn't even get to tell you why I called in the first place.

Me: Sorry but not sorry.

Dyl: Can you believe my mom is engaged to a man who is not only her boss, but she has only known for a couple of months? And to top it all off, I have to go to some fucking dinner tomorrow to meet his son.

Me: Shit that's rough.

Dyl: I mean, the ink has barely dried on her and dad's divorce papers.

Me: Well I'll be here if you need me after. Just promise me one thing.

Dyl: What?

Me: Don't get a crush on your new stepbrother. I've seen the videos on tokster. I know how you women go crazy reading books about falling for your step sibling.

Dyl: Trust me, you have nothing to worry about. GTG just wanted to let you know what happened and that I miss you.

Me: I miss you too baby. See you tomorrow.

I can't erase the smile off my face, knowing she's not mad, and that she knows I'll be here for her no matter what.

CHAPTER 10



I was so exhausted when I got in from California that I headed straight to my bedroom at my dad's house. The lights were all out and it was eerily quiet. He must be out with his newest bimbo or asleep. My guess is on the first. How those women at his office haven't caught on to the fact he only uses them for one thing is beyond me.

Opening the door to my bedroom, I see it looks the same as the last time I was here. The shirt I had thrown on my bed the morning I left on my last visit is still there. Guess he didn't have the maid come in and clean up. Moving over to my dresser, I open the drawer, a cough escaping me as the movement shifts some of the dust in the air. I should go downstairs and get my bags out of the car, but I'm too fucking tired and I can do it in the morning.

I'm only here until the fall, and then I'm headed to Colorado for work. They decided it would be easier for me to scout the schools here and work remotely versus traveling for the time being. So first thing tomorrow, I need to get boxes, so I can start packing up my room with what I want to take with me.

Once I've changed, I head over to my bed, taking a moment to pull back the comforter and lie down. Before my head can hit the pillow, I'm fast asleep.

The next morning, I wake up bright and early. I need to bring in my shit, so I have clothes to wear. I've just stepped back inside the house with my luggage when I hear dear old dad summon me to his office. Like I'm not a grown ass man he could come and talk to. Instead, he has to yell at me to come to

his office like a child he's about to scold. Couldn't even be bothered to come and greet me. He hasn't seen me in months, but obviously, that's not a big deal to him.

"Welcome home, son. I'm glad you're here, and you're just in time for the dinner I'm having tonight. I expect you to be there," he tells me.

"Who's coming over that we have to schmooze? Are you looking at bringing a new doctor to the practice?" I ask.

"Actually, Matthew, it's so you can meet your soon-to-be stepmom and her daughter. They will be here tonight for dinner, so we can discuss wedding details. And, of course, I want you to meet the love of my life."

What the hell? He's engaged? Did I hear him right? I didn't even know he was seeing someone, let alone *in love*. My mom died when I was fourteen. Dad is only forty-one, so I never thought he would be single forever, but I didn't think he'd be engaged without even telling me till the deed was done.

"Okay, I was under the impression you weren't even dating anyone. I thought you were more of the fuck and leave them type," I tell him, my tone slightly cross.

"That was the old me. I'm reformed." He even has a straight face while he's saying it.

"Really?" I can't help the shocked, sarcastic reply.

"Yes, she is a wonderful woman. I met her at work; her name is Holly. Her daughter isn't that much younger than you, she

will be eighteen in just a few weeks,” he tells me and I just roll my eyes.

“Whatever, I’ll be at the dinner tonight, but don’t count on me being pleasant to Stepmommy dearest. I’m out of here in August,” I snap and head back to my room with my bags.



I lounge on my bed most of the day, annoyed with how my dad treated me this morning. Finally, I get up and start to unpack all my shit from school. I’m just putting the last of my clothes away when my dad bellows from downstairs, “Matthew!” Shaking my head as I look up at my ceiling, I blow out a breath as my head begins to pound from his antics. Opening my door, I head down the stairs.

“You yelled?” I ask, and he glares daggers at me.

“Yes, our guests are here. It’s time to sit and eat. They’re already in the dining room, waiting. So move it along,” he commands, and I sigh before following him.

Stepping into the room, I take my seat before I look across the table. My breath catches in my throat. Sitting across from me is one of the sexiest girls I’ve ever seen. Fuck, this is so wrong. Not only is she not eighteen yet, but she’s about to be my stepsister.

“It’s so good to finally meet you, Matthew. I’m Holly and this is my daughter, Dylan,” Holly pipes up. So, the blonde-

haired goddess is named Dylan. Good to know. I look at Dylan, and she gives me a pissed off look in return.

“It’s nice to meet you, too. So, Dylan, what do you want to do after high school?” I ask, trying to make conversation. The girl looks annoyed to be here, so I’m trying to lighten the mood. *But also, same.*

“Oh! Dylan here wants to go to Colorado for college and join Alpha Sigma Kappa,” her mother pipes up, not even giving her a chance to answer for herself.

“Okay, but what about a major?” I retort.

“She’ll probably major in some sort of Literature. She loves to read, don’t you, Dylan?” I look at the girl in question and she grits her teeth as her mother answers another question for her.

“Actually, I’m hoping to major in sports medicine,” she pipes up, and the tone of her voice is screaming that she’s pissed.

“What about sports medicine interests you, *Dylan?*” I emphasize her name, hoping that my future stepmonster gets the picture of who I want to answer.

No wonder the goddess in front of me has the scowl on her face. Her mother won’t even let her speak for herself. It’s like Holly wants to control Dylan’s every thought.

“I love sports, especially lacrosse. I actually played at my old school.” She smiles.

Oh, I get it. She's one of those girls that wants to get into sports medicine to get closer to the players. I'm sure she played on the girls' team and probably only so she could stick hop from member to member of the guys' team. I've seen a million of her type in high school and in college.

"You played lacrosse?" I asked skeptically, fully ready to hit her with a barrage of questions to prove her a liar.

"What did I say that confused you? Aren't you a college graduate?"

"Dylan!" Holly cries out, her face turning red from embarrassment as my dad clears his throat. Dylan just looks at her mother and gives her a smirk.

"I graduated from college. Top of my class, to be exact," I throw back at her.

"Okay then, I shouldn't have to explain when I say I played lacrosse and I want to major in sports medicine. Not become part of some stupid sorority."

"Yes, I am so proud of Matthew. I'm just sad that he will be moving to Colorado," Dad pipes in randomly to break the tension.

I smile at him before looking back at Dylan, who's glaring at everyone. I was hoping when my dad said Holly had a daughter, we could commiserate together on how fucked this situation is. But she is coming across as very stuck up and bitchy.

Breaking the awkward silence that fills the room, Holly pipes up, “So what are you going to do in Colorado, Matthew?”

“Well, Holly, I can’t quite disclose that yet since the final contracts haven’t been signed,” I tell her, and Dylan chuckles and rolls her eyes at my answer.



Dylan

Dinner was a shit show. I already know from the side eye I'm getting from mom that she's not happy about how it went either. Gideon seemed nice enough, I guess. A bit of an uppity snob, in my opinion, but he fits what my mom always tried to get my dad and even me to be.

Matthew, on the other hand, is a complete dickhead. No way are we ever going to be on good terms as step siblings. He is the stereotypical macho man asshole that I can't stand.

The way his voice and stare were condescending when I told him I was interested in sports medicine and that I played lacrosse grated on my nerves. He obviously thought I was just talking shit because I'm into lacrosse players or worse, trying to snag a professional athlete as a lover. Note to you Matthew; I want to be the professional athlete.

Mom sighs and I look at her. She looks upset, so I decide to break the ice and get her lecture out of the way. "So dinner went well, I think. Gideon seems okay, but Matthew is kind of an ass. Maybe he's not on board with his dad getting married?"

"Dylan Paige Murphy, you completely embarrassed me tonight. I am mortified by your behavior. First by telling them that blatant lie about your major and then to be so rude to Matthew when he asked about that sport. Really, Dylan, he played college level and graduated with honors and you think

you can speak to him like that? I raised you better than this young lady!” she scolds, her grip on the steering wheel turning her knuckles white.

“I’m not majoring in Literature, Mom, that wasn’t a lie. I fully plan on majoring in Sports Medicine. You know this.”

“You’re a lady, Dylan. Time to grow up and pick a major that is more becoming of a woman,” she sighs.

“I’ll be eighteen when I’m in college. You can’t dictate what I major in, Mom. I want to be an athletic trainer or coach. Unless I’m playing lacrosse myself, then I’ll be doing that,” I inform her.

“Well, don’t think I’m paying for you to throw your life away like that. Good thing Pinewood doesn’t have a girls’ team, so I at least know you can’t play that barbaric sport anymore for now.”

“It’s called a scholarship, Mom. And don’t worry, I plan to go to college and never come back. So no worries. You can ride off into the sunset with Gideon and his dick son.” I roll my eyes.

“Dylan! You will not call him that and you will be on your best behavior around them from now on. Do you understand me or shall I call around and see if there is an all girls boarding school you can transfer to? I’m sure I could arrange for your father to pay for that.”

“Nope. I’ll act like the precious princess you want me to be, Mom. But as soon as I graduate, I’m out of here and not

looking back.” I cross my arms and close my eyes as I lean further back into the seat.

I can't wait to get home and be alone in my room. Hopefully Ford answers when I call because I have so much to tell him and maybe, if I'm a good girl, he'll help me take my mind off of it.

CHAPTER 11



I've never been more thrilled to get to school than I am today, knowing that Dylan is there and she's my girlfriend. *Girlfriend!* Never in a million years did I see myself saying that. I've never found a girl who could hold my attention past having sex with her. I want to scream it from the roof of the tallest building I can find, announcing to the world that she's mine.

Dylan Murphy is my girlfriend!

Walking into the school, I head directly to her locker. Luck is on my side, just as I turn the corner I see her. She's standing at her locker with her back to me, pulling out some books. She's a fucking goddess from behind, too. The way her jeans fit her butt perfectly has my mouth watering. That ass of hers makes my cock rock hard, and I can feel it already getting stiff as it presses against the zipper of my pants.

I creep up behind her, not wanting her to know I'm here yet. One of the girls standing near her starts to say something and I put my finger to my mouth, telling her to be quiet. She's vaguely familiar and it only takes a second when I see the pout on her face to remember who she is. Kallie Connors. Fucked her once last year and she latched onto me like a koala bear. She totally didn't get the hit it and quit it vibe I was giving off that night.

Coming up right behind Dylan, I let my backpack slide off my shoulder, lightly placing it on the floor. I let out a breath of relief when she doesn't turn around. Guess me and my girl need to discuss self awareness; she should know what's going

on around her at all times. Reaching out, I let my hands slip around her waist, spinning her around so she's facing me. Dylan lets out a yelp until she sees it's me and throws her head back in laughter as her hair sways.

“You scared me, asshole!” she screams, softly slapping my chest.

“Oh, I'm sorry. Just seeing you standing there all sexy, I couldn't help myself. Plus, I wanted to do this.”

“Do what?” she asks in confusion.

Letting go of her with one arm, I pull her into my side with the other and clear my throat. “Hey, everyone!” I holler, causing everyone in the hallway to turn and look at me. “See this girl right here? This gorgeous morsel of a woman has agreed to be my girlfriend. I'm officially off the market, reforming my whoring ways. Also, all you fucking dicks, she's off limits, so keep those eyes and hands to yourselves. You may carry on now.” The guys and some of the girls in the hallway let loose with an array of congrats, hoorays, and laughter. I couldn't help but notice the stank eye stares from some of the other girls at Dylan, especially Kallie. I'm not worried, though, my girl can handle herself.

Coming up on her toes, she places a delicate kiss on my lips and goes to pull away, but I'm having no part of that. I move toward her, causing her to step back until her back meets the locker. Taking her mouth with mine, I deepen the kiss she attempted to tease me with. She moans, and fuck if she's not going to be the death of me. A string of whistles and shouts of

‘get a room’, pulls me back to reality, and the fact I almost dry-humped her right here in the hallway for all to see.

“I missed you,” I tell her as I break the kiss, releasing my hold on her.

“Missed you too, Coach,” she says with a wink. “We almost gave them a show.”

“Negative, baby, your body is for my eyes only. So, my mom won’t be home tonight. Wanna come over and have dinner?” She just looks at me, so I go down on one knee, putting my hands together like I’m praying, and put on my best pathetic face. “Pleeeasssee!”

“Get off the floor, Ford. You’re so dramatic,” she giggles.

“Not until you agree to come over, so I can wine and dine you.”

“Fine, but I wanna watch a movie after, and tell you again all about my dreadful dinner last night. I still can’t believe my mom is doing this. What’s worse is the prick of a step brother I’ll be gaining by this ungodly union!” Cynicism laces her tone. “I need to go to class, but I’ll see you later, babe.” She comes up on her toes, giving me one last lingering kiss to hold me over until the next time I see her.

As she walks away, she glances back at me, and damn if she isn’t beautiful. I keep my eyes on her until she turns the corner and I can’t see her any longer.

I’m so lost in my haze of lust for my girl that I don’t notice the person charging at me from the side until it’s too late and

I'm slammed against the locker. My head bounces off it so hard that I know I'm going to have a goose egg. *Hmmm... maybe my girl can give it some love later. I bet she'd be sexy as hell in a little nurse uniform. We can have our very own game of doctor, one with a happy ending.*

Jacob stands in front of me, his hand pressed against my chest as he snarls at me. "You knew I fucking loved her, and you went after her, anyway. What's your game, Ford? You have her. Congrats. Now, are you trying to rub it in my face by kissing her in front of me? Showing me every chance you get that I fucked up? What kind of friend are you?"

I grip his wrist and shove him off of me. "You're a dick. And for the record, the only person being a shitty friend is you. You had your chance with her, Jacob, and you blew it. Then, by the grace of God, you were given a second chance and screwed that one up, too. I like her and I'm not losing my chance with the best thing that's ever walked into my life. Get your shit together, and maybe you can salvage a friendship with her." Reaching down, I pick up my bookbag from the floor, before knocking Jacob in the shoulder as I walk past him. If I don't go, I'll kick his ass, and for now, he's still my friend. He needs to get his head out of his ass. But I take the moment to get in one final jab. Turning back to him, I put a smile on my face before letting him know. "By the way, you should also know we're dating now... officially." The shocked look on his face lets me know my words hit him hard. I turn, heading off down the hallway to class, leaving him frozen in his spot with his jaw dropped.

I slide into my desk in homeroom just seconds before the bell rings. Jacob is going to need to calm his ass down. The way he's acting right now is not the way to win Dylan over and honestly, I'm only going to be able to let him put his hands on me so many times before I knock his ass out.

He's my boy and I love him. We've been best friends since tenth grade when he moved here, but he can't keep grabbing me and yelling at me like he has been.

Pulling my phone out, I send a message to Kitty just letting her know Jacob is still mad at me, at least. She doesn't respond but I know she puts her phone away during homeroom cause she likes to go over her homework and make sure she didn't miss anything. My woman is determined to get a scholarship come hell or high water.

Resting my head on my desk, I close my eyes and pray Jacob pulls his head out of his ass. It seems like I've barely put my head down before the bell rings. Somehow, I totally zoned out during the morning announcements. Picking up my bookbag, I slip the strap over my shoulder and head out the door, just to run smack into Jacob.

"What the hell you doing here, man?" I'm curious since his homeroom is in a whole other hallway.

"I wanted to talk to you." His voice is flat, and his face tense.

"What else is there to talk about? Either you've come to your senses or you haven't and you need to get the hell out of my face. I don't want to fight with you, Jacob. You're my best

friend, but there's no way in hell I'm going to let you hit me again." I widen my stance as I stand in front of him, crossing my arms over my chest, making sure he knows I mean business.

"Look man, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that. We're brothers. It's just this shit with Pickle has me tied up in knots. I just want her happy, but I fucked up. I know I need to repair the friendship that I had with her before anything else," he says, blowing out a breath of air.

"I'm glad you're finally admitting your error in the whole thing."

"Yeah. Just promise me you won't screw her over and treat her like all the other girls you fuck. Dylan still means the world to me and I love her."

"I'd never do anything to hurt her. I promise."

Jacob just nods his head and turns and walks away, his head held low as he weaves his way through the crowd in the hallway.

I know his heart is breaking, but I can't give up what I've started with Dylan. She means everything to me. But maybe I can find a way to make us all happy.

CHAPTER 12



I royally fucked up. Dylan is the girl of my dreams, the one I measured all others to. Fate dropped a gift into my lap when she stepped on the field that day. A second chance to get the girl of my dreams and I squandered it. Instead of explaining what happened when I left—why I did what I did—I treated her like shit. Hell, I pushed her right into Ford's waiting arms. I literally handed her over to the biggest womanizer in the school on a silver platter. When he ends up breaking her heart, it's going to be my fault. It'll be the end of our friendship because I'll never forgive him.

Ford is like a brother to me and I love him, but what I said I'd do to him if he hurt Dylan is one hundred percent true. It still kills me that my best friend could do that to me, swoop in on the one girl he knows I love.

One thing I know for sure is that I'm going to get back my friendship with Dylan. It may take me forever, but I fully intend to do it. When Ford breaks her heart, and he will, I'll be there to pick up the pieces and mend her broken heart like I should have before.

Hell, I know why he wants to be with her. She's fucking amazing. She's beautiful but doesn't know it, smart as fucking hell, and to top it off, she loves sports. Dylan is the perfect blend of girly and sporty, all rolled up into one. Every guy's wet dream, the perfect girlfriend.

The bell rings and I realize I've been standing outside my classroom, putting off going in so I don't have to sit through another boring lecture.

Stepping inside, Mrs. Beasley looks over at me, her eyes looking down her nose through the glasses perched on the tip. “So nice of you to join us, Mr. Stoll, but if you could take your seat now so we can get started, I would appreciate it.”

“Yes, ma’am. Sorry for being late, my umm... locker got stuck.” Not a great lie, but the best one I could come up with on the spot.

“Yes, yes. Hurry along to your seat. We have a lot to accomplish today,” she rambles out, but I know she doesn’t believe my lame-ass excuse. Hell, I don’t. If she did, I’d seriously question her bullshit detector, which I thought all teachers were equipped with.

Sliding into my seat, Priscilla glances over at me with her bedroom eyes, giving me a wink as she lets her tongue trail over her lips. She’s been trying to get into my pants since I moved here, but I have no interest in her. You’d think she’d get the picture when I turn her down every time she mentions hanging out alone together. She thinks I’m clueless, but I’ve heard the rumors she spread about how we’ve fucked and I gave her the best orgasm ever. Yeah, that’s a good one. I’ve never given anyone an orgasm but myself as I choke my dick with my hand. That was a first I planned on having with Dylan. Yet another thing I fucked up.

I’ve held onto my virginity, always having the hope of seeing Dylan again after high school, and her being my first after confessing my love to her. Even if she hates me, I still don’t want any other girl sexually. There’s a tiny glimmer of

hope inside of me that she'll still be my first, even though I know I won't be hers.

I need to get back into her good graces and repair our friendship, because I don't want to go another minute without her in my life. Reaching down, I pull my phone from my back pocket, hold it in my lap, and begin moving my fingers over the keyboard.

Me: Dylan, I know you said you need time to think. I've told you how I feel and why I did what I did. If I could change how I handled things, I would, but can we start fresh from this point? Having you in my life, even if it's only as a friend, is what I want.

My anxiety escalates to epic proportions as I hit send and wait. I don't know when she'll read it or if she'll respond; but worst of all, what if she just flat denies me at having a shot of even friendship?

I leave the phone in my lap so I can feel the vibration if she responds. But nothing. Class continues on and still nothing. Not a peep. My heart begins to drop, thinking she's given up on me completely. Then I feel it, five minutes before the bell is supposed to ring. Picking it up from my lap, I anxiously read what she wrote.

Pickle: Jacob

One word. That's all she sends. One fucking word. But, it's a start and I'll take it. I go to type back a message when I see the tiny bubbles dancing up and down on the screen, and I get excited. She's writing another message.

Pickle: I'd like that.

Fuck yeah! When everything goes to shit with Ford, I will be there for her.



Dylan

I'm sitting at our lunch table alone, nibbling on my slice of pizza, waiting for Ford to get here. Sometimes Jacob joins him, but today I hope he doesn't because I need to tell Ford about our texts earlier. I'm getting a little curious about what the fuck is taking him so long today. This morning Ford was all lovey dovey with me, announcing to the whole locker bay that I'm his girl but now he's missing in action.

Jacob sent me that text earlier, and I agreed to give our friendship another go and let bygones be bygones. If this was all some ploy and I'm going to be the ass of some joke like that girl in the movie who gets the pig blood dumped on her, I will come unglued and they'll wish they never crossed Dylan Murphy. I need to come clean to both of them about my past and what happened at my previous school. About what Brock did to me.

Jacob already got the subtle hint something happened when I let it slip that I needed him. Ford doesn't have a clue about it and I just don't think either will take it well. That is, if one or both of them ever shows up for lunch. I might not have to worry about telling them at all cause they're blowing me off.

"Kitty. Fuck! Sorry I'm late." Ford lets out breathlessly as he steps up to the table.

"Well, if the mighty Ford isn't gracing me with his presence. What, the other bimbos finally let you go?" I know I sound

like a bitch, but I'm pissed.

“Dylan, come on baby, you know that's wrong. I was with the guidance counselor, filling out some scholarship applications. It's the only way I can afford college, so I have to get them done and sent off before the deadline. Don't be mad at me, baby. I'll make it up to you.” Ford drops into the seat next to me. Right away, he grabs me and pulls me over so that I'm sitting in his lap. “Kitty, you spoil me, did you get me a slice too?”

“Yeah. When you didn't meet me outside the door, I grabbed both you and Jacob each a slice, just in case he showed up. Do you know where he's at?” I ask, watching as Ford picks up his pizza and takes a huge bite.

“Yeah. Since we have practice right after school now, he has to go to tutoring during lunch for Trig,” he mumbles around the pizza in his mouth.

“Don't talk with your mouth full.” I chuckle while rolling my eyes. “I didn't know he was the one getting tutored. I thought he was doing the tutoring.”

“No. Math isn't his best subject and even if he was getting better, Priscilla has been trying to fuck him since tenth grade, so she's going to insist to Mrs. Beasley he needs help still.”

Priscilla. I roll my eyes again and stick my tongue out, faking a gag. She is rude and catty and throws herself all over any guy she can. While I'm pretty open about my body and sex, I still have boundaries. She has none. Once in Anatomy, she kept touching this guy. He asked her three times to stop

and she wouldn't listen. Finally, he raised his hand and asked to be moved away from her. That is the type of shit I can't get behind.

I don't like Jacob being in a position to be alone with her, especially if he's already had issues with her. "If he needs help, I aced Trigonometry when I took it and I'd be happy to help him. We could all study together since I told you I'd help you too if you need it."

He picks me up out of his lap and for a minute I worry he's going to set me back in my own chair. Instead, he spins me so I'm straddling him.

"Are you and Jacob on good terms now? Cause this morning it seemed like he was still pretty pissed about us?" Ford asks.

"Yeah, I was going to talk to you about that. So maybe it's good he isn't here. He sent me a text and asked if we could start fresh. He would rather have me as a friend than not in his life at all," I confess, worry filling my gut that Ford isn't going to like this update.

"That's good news. My girl and my best friend are becoming friends again. Hopefully, this also means he's relaxing on his caveman routine. *Pickle mine. Ford no touch,*" he says in his best caveman imitation, causing me to laugh.

"I hope so. I'm a big girl and I'm with you. If he can't accept that, then he has no business being my friend. Are we still on for our date tonight at your place?" I chew my bottom lip while looking at him.

“Of fucking course,” he growls, grabbing my chin and turning my face before pressing his lips to mine.

CHAPTER 13



“What do you wanna watch, Dyl?” Ford asks as he flips through movies.

I turn to face him, where he lies on the bed beside me. “I don’t care, babe, whatever you want. Oooo ooo, that one!” I point as he lands on *Wild Things*. Shit, I haven’t seen that movie in forever, and I have a huge girl crush on Matt Dillon. He hits play, tosses the remote onto the nightstand, and pulls me closer to him so that I’m snuggled against his chest.

“I have to admit, I’ve never seen this movie,” Ford murmurs against my hair.

“That is a crime! How have you never seen this? It’s older, but I love it,” I volley back at him. He chuckles at my outrage, but humors me and watches the movie in silence. We’ve just come to the infamous spicy scene with Matt Dillon, Neve Campbell, and Denise Richards. *The infamous three way*. I rub my thighs together as the scene plays and Ford notices instantly.

“You like that, baby?” he asks. “Does that make you hot?”

I whimper, “Yes.” Ford moves, so I roll flat on my back, and he crawls on top of me. His lips find mine and we kiss softly, our tongues dancing back and forth.

“I can’t get enough of you, Dylan. You make me feel things I’ve never felt before,” he whispers after breaking our kiss. He grabs the hem of my shirt and lifts it up. Moving so I can sit up a bit and raise my arms, he pulls it on off. Our lips meet

again as he reaches behind me and unfastens my bra, letting my tits fall free.

Ford lays me back down and latches onto a nipple, swirling his tongue around the stiff peak. I arch my chest and moan, loving the warmth of his mouth on my nipple. My pussy quivers and I can feel a gush of wetness running from my slit to my ass. He kisses down my stomach, dipping his tongue inside my naval. His hands find the button of my jeans, and he undoes them quickly, peeling them down my legs. “No panties, Dylan? What a naughty, naughty girl,” he growls as he throws my pants to the floor with the rest of my clothes.

“This isn’t very fair, Ford. I’m naked and you’re still dressed. Let me see you,” I whine. He stands from the bed and pulls his shirt off, only using one hand. His jeans are next, he pushes them down his muscular thighs and kicks them to the side, putting his glorious body on display. “Seems like I’m not the only naughty one. You didn’t have underwear on either, mister.”

I get only a wink in response, and then he’s between my thighs, spreading my legs wide so that my wet pussy is on full display for him. Using his index finger, he swipes gently through my folds. “You’re soaked, Dyl. You really did like that little trio scene, huh?” Ford slides two fingers inside my tight channel and fucks me roughly with them. “Answer me, baby.”

“Yes! I did, okay. Yes!” I wail as he leans in and licks me from where his fingers are to my clit. “I’m not into girls

though, Ford, so keep dreaming.” He chuckles against my pussy and I gasp from the feeling. Ford sucks my clit into his mouth hard, and I buck against his face as I reach my peak.

When I come down from my high, I look down to see him smiling from between my legs. He places a light kiss on my clit. “There are other ways to have a threesome, baby. What about another guy?” I don’t answer him because that sounds hot as hell, but I’ve never considered it could be a reality.

Ford moves so that he is hovering over me, his face in front of mine. Reaching down, he grabs his cock and lines it up with my entrance. First, he pushes the tip in gently, but then he loses his patience and slams inside me with one thrust. With an arm on either side of my head, holding him up, he pounds into my pussy.

“Answer me, Dylan! Do you want a cock in that pretty mouth while I fill this tight pussy?”

He reaches down and pinches my clit, and I explode, screaming his name. “Ford! Fuck, babe, fuck!” He continues fucking me ruthlessly until his muscles tense and he stills inside me. I feel hot ropes of cum coat my walls as his cock jerks inside me.

“God damn, Kitty. You are so sexy and tight.” He says as he collapses next to me. “I don’t think I’ll ever get used to that. Especially that pretty little cunt. I love you, Dylan. I know it’s soon and you don’t have to say it back, but I had to say it. I’ve never felt this way before and I know it’s love,” he tells me

and I turn to face him, seeing the sincerity in his eyes. He gives me a quick peck on the tip of my nose.

I wished I could say it back, but I just can't yet. I need to make sure he means it and isn't just caught up in his first real relationship. I need to make sure when I say those three words to someone for the first time, I mean them whole heartedly.

Ford's voice snaps me from my inner panic. "You do still owe me an answer, though, baby."

I roll my eyes but decide to answer him honestly. "Yeah, what you described would be hot as fuck, but it's not a real possibility."

"But what if it could be? What if I arranged for a fine young gentleman to join us? Would you like that?" he questions.

"Yes," I tell him matter-of-factly. Listen, I know what you're thinking, but it's not like that. I'm not some young in love girl trying to get her man to stay with her. A threesome with another hunky stud would be hot as fuck and, well, it's on my *fuckit* list. You only get one chance to live, and I will live it up.

"Hmmm," Ford hums.

"Is it something you want? This is new, me and you, and I don't want to ruin it before we get started. Not everyone is made for threesomes." God, I don't want him to do it, then turn around and hate me for it after—regret what we did.

"I wouldn't have mentioned it if I couldn't handle it, Kitty. Now, is it still something you'd like?"

"Yes," I answer softly. God, I would love it.

Ford looks at me with a sly smile on his face, but I ignore him and turn back to the television to finish the movie. He gets up from the bed and heads to the bathroom connected to his room. I hear the sink running for a second before he reappears with a washcloth in hand. He gently washes me up and then himself before climbing back into the bed behind me and holding me close to his chest.

After the movie, I need to go home, so I stand and begin to put my clothes back on. “Kitty, I wish you didn’t have to leave. Waking up with you in my bed would be the perfect morning.” Ford tells me as he walks to his dresser and pulls on a pair of black sweats. “Fuck!”

“What? What happened? What’s wrong?” I ask, whirling to face him.

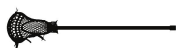
“We didn’t use a condom, Kitty. I’ve never done that before. I’m so sorry, babe.” He walks my way and wraps his arms around my neck, resting his forehead against mine.

“It’s okay. I have the implant and I’ve been tested,” I reassure him.

“I’ve never not used protection before, but I got tested at my last physical a few months ago and I’m good, too.”

“Then we have nothing to worry about. Plus, I liked feeling you filling me up,” I purr, batting my lashes at him.

“You better get going, baby. Or I’m going to tie you to my bed and fill you up a lot more.”



I rush inside the door of my aunt's house and I can hear my mom talking to someone, but I don't see her. She must be in her room. I walk to her door and hover my hand, about to knock, when I hear her speak again. "Yes, I plan to tell her tonight. Oh, she's a teenager. She hates everything right now. It will be fine, love, relax."

Not sure what she's telling me, but I doubt I'm going to like it. Especially since I have a sneaky suspicion she's talking to her new sugar daddy—about to be husband. Deciding not to bother her, I drop my hand and head to my room. I'd rather avoid the inevitable bad news I'm about to get as long as I can.

I take a quick shower and I'm just sitting down on my bed to towel-dry my hair when she bursts through my door. "Good, you're home, and we need to discuss this late coming and going, young lady. It's almost ten thirty, you should have been home long ago. Nevermind that for now. I need to tell you the most glorious news!"

"Since when have you ever been worried about my coming and going, Mother? And what counts as glorious news? Am I going to live with Dad? Did you decide to not marry Gideon? Because those two things sound glorious and both are something I'd love to see happen," I sass.

“My word, you are dramatic today. And neither of the options you mentioned are happening. So get them out of your head. You’re close, though. We won’t be living here anymore as of two weeks from now.”

I just stare at her, waiting for her to spit it out. But when she doesn’t and instead just continues to look at me with that goofy ass smile on her face, I feel like I’m going to explode.

“Well then, where will we be living? On the streets? In the car?”

“We’re moving in with Gideon! We will have the trucks here in two weeks. Oh, I just can’t wait to decorate!” With that, she spins and leaves, shutting the door behind her.

I’m left sitting on my bed, mouth wide and my eyes even wider. What in the fuck did she just say? Moving in with Gideon. NO! NO! NO! Moving in with him means moving in with his cocky ass son.

Kill me now. Just when my life was getting good with dating Ford, being on the lacrosse team, and maybe having my old best friend back, she slaps me in the face with this shit.

I should have stayed at Ford’s.

CHAPTER 14



Sitting on the edge of my bed, controller in hand, I let all my aggression out on the zombies on the screen. Their heads and bodies blow up left and right while I rain bullets down on their reanimated corpses. I let this whole situation get out of hand all because I'm too much of a chicken shit to open my mouth to say what I needed to, both in the past and now.

Dylan, Pickle, I love you!

See how fucking easy that was? I hear my phone ring and my heart soars with excitement that it might be her. She left me with that text, but then it was radio silence for the rest of the day. I have every suspicion she's with him, his slimy hands all over her. It should be me she's with—my hands on her curvy sinful body. Fuck me! My dick is hard at the thought. Dropping the controller beside me on the bed, I stand and make a mad dash to the dresser, not wanting her to hang up before I get there. Not even looking, I answer quickly. "Pickle!"

"No, but I guess that could be one word for it. But when you imagine it, make it one of the fat long ones, not the skinny or short stubby ones. Better yet, can we call it eggplant or zucchini? The huge ones that people win county fairs with," the masculine voice jokes from the other end. *Fucking Ford!*

"What do you want?" I ask coldly. His voice wasn't the one I wanted to hear. He probably just wants to rub everything he's gotten to do with my girl in my face.

"I need you to get your ass over to my house now! I have an idea and believe me, you're going to want to hear it."

“Why should I?” Really, does he want to rub it in my face in person? Did they just have sex, and he wants me to smell it on him? I mean, this is Ford, he’s that much of an asshole—it’s something he would do to get even.

“Just get over here. Think I have some news you might like to hear. Let’s just say I’m trying to help you with your problem and fix the black hole our broship has turned into,” he says, but there’s no cockiness in his voice—he sounds genuine.

“Fine, give me twenty minutes and I’ll be there. But I swear to god, Ford, if this is some fucked up way to tell me all the ways you worshipped Dylan’s body, I’ll kill you.”

“I’ll order us some pizzas. The door is unlocked. But if you want to hear all about how amazing her body is, I’d be glad to share,” he says and hangs up, not giving me a chance to reply.

Asshole. But fuck, I would love to hear about her amazing body. The sounds she makes when she comes. Better yet, I want to see it, to experience it for myself. But baby steps. Ford better watch out because bro or not, Dylan will be mine in the end.

I head out the door and drive twenty minutes over to his house. I pull up in his driveway after fighting the urge to head back home. But I’m here now, so it’s time to see what he’s up to and at least he ordered food. The latter is my lame attempt at talking myself into going inside. My stomach growls on cue to let me know it likes the idea of eating as well.

Finally, I suck it up, get out of the car, and walk across the yard to the front door. I know he said to let myself in, but as I

open the door, I still call for him. “Ford, where the fuck are you?”

“In the living room. Get your ass in here!” Ford yells and I shut the front door behind me before reluctantly heading to see why he invited me over tonight.

As I step into the room, I see Ford sprawled out lazily on the couch, a box of pizza and a six-pack of beers on the coffee table that he must of stolen from his dad’s beer fridge. He sits up and leans forward. Opening the box, he takes out a slice and begins to eat, while I just stare in shock. Really, he invites me over on the pretense of needing to talk to me and he fucking eats.

“Can you just tell me what the hell you couldn’t tell me over the phone?” I flop down onto the loveseat kitty corner from him.

“Calm down and eat. I’m fucking starving. I worked up an appetite tonight, then I’ll tell you what I have to say. Trust me, you’re going to love it. It’s about Dylan,” he tells me smugly, with a cocksucking grin on his face.

I knew it. He fucking screwed her, and now he’s tossing her to the curb. My fists are already clenched at my side, and I bet steam is escaping from my head. I’m so pissed. “You fucking dick—” but I don’t get any further before he bursts out laughing.

“Stop it. I already know what you’re thinking and I’d never hurt my girl, but I do have something to talk to you about.

Trust me, it's good and you'll love it." Ford smirks and I'm already over his bullshit. He hands me a slice of pizza and a beer. Reluctantly, I take them and pop the top off the bottle on the corner of his end table. "Look, if you called me here to gloat about the two of you, then I'm out of here."

"Shut the fuck up, drink your beer and listen, and don't open it that way again. If my mom sees you doing that, she'll have a cow," he barks as he drops his pizza slice back in the box and picks up a bottle of beer, taking a swig. "So Dylan and I were talking, and she wants to do something fun. I thought no one other than you would be the perfect person to do it with." He just gives me a shit-eating grin, like he has the biggest secret that, once exposed, will blow my fucking socks off.

"I'm out of here," I say, dropping the pizza in the box as I stand and head for the front door. I'll take my beer for the road because honestly I'm going to need it after this. I don't care about drinking and driving if he's gonna just be a smug fuck about the girl I love.

"Jacob, fuck man, stop and listen. She wants to have a threesome. Now would you rather it be with you, or some other random dude?"

I freeze in my spot at his words and slowly spin back around to face him. "She what?" I need to make sure I heard what he said correctly. There's no way that my Pickle would want that. Would she?

"She wants to have a threesome with another guy. It turns her on and hell, the thought of her taking another guy's cock in

her mouth as I fuck her tight little pussy turns me on, too. I told her I'd make it happen and find the perfect guy. Jacob, I know you want her, and you'll treat her right and make it enjoyable."

Fuck me!

I stare wide-eyed at him, not able to even formulate a response. "Come on, man, I need an answer," he tells me.

"I knew you were going to fucking play her. Was it your plan all along to use her up and then pass her on to me? What were you planning to do? Share her with all the fuckers on the team?" I spit through gritted teeth.

"Fuck you, Jacob. I'm trying to make my girl happy by giving her what she wants. There's no one else I would want to share her with other than you because I know you want her just as much as I do. You love her and hell, I do too. I told her so tonight. She didn't say it back, but she will in time. I've never had feelings like this for a girl, Jacob. You need to stop waiting for me to fuck up; it's not going to happen. So what do you say? Polyamory is a thing, so why can't we do it? We're both with her and no one else. A committed relationship between the three of us. But of course, no sword crossing is going to happen. Just swords adjacent."

I stand there thinking about what he just said and I don't even know where to start unpacking. He loves her? Ford Nickels—the biggest whore I know—loves my girl. I guess if anyone was to make that happen, it would be Pickle, but I'm still shocked. Not only is this asshole asking me to fuck her

with him, but he's talking about going much farther than that. Both of us being with her, in a relationship; like some brother-husbands shit.

“I can't, Ford. Hell, man, you know I've never been with anyone. How can I make anything enjoyable for her? Can you really say you'd be okay sharing Dylan with me if you claim to care for her so much? Imagining and actually watching someone pleasure the girl you care about are two totally different things. Plus, are you really sure she wants it and isn't just saying it because she thinks it's what you want?”

“She wants it, man. And I think deep down she wants you, too. The three of us are perfect. You reconnect with Dylan and the two of us go back to being the best of friends while sharing the sexiest and coolest chick on the planet,” Ford tells me, sincerity laced in every word he speaks.

“I need to think about it,” I tell him as I turn back to the door and leave.

On the ride back home, all I do is think over all the pros and cons of what Ford has propositioned. Finally, I know I can't let another chance slip past me. Pulling out my phone, I send a text to Ford.

Me: If she'll have me, I'm in.

CHAPTER 15



“ Yeah, I’ll get those final contracts to you right now. Look them over and sign if everything looks good. Then you just need to send them back over to me and everything is all set ,” my new boss tells me over the phone.

I open my laptop and check my email, and sure enough, there sit the contracts in my inbox. Opening them, I read over them. Once I’m positive everything is good and is exactly what we discussed, I sign digitally and send them back instantly. Truthfully, at this point they could tell me I’m working for free and I’d still sign these fucking contracts. This is what I’ve worked for my whole life and I’m ready to start immediately. Not to mention I can’t wait to get out of my father’s house. Moving back here wasn’t part of the plan, but with the apartment that comes with the job not being ready until the fall, I really didn’t have a choice. Well, unless I wanted to pay out of pocket. I did manage to convince my boss to let me start scouting while I was here, to cut down on travel costs and he agreed, so that’s a win.

This wedding looming over my head like a dark cloud hasn’t made anything better. I can’t believe my dad is marrying some woman he barely knows and is obviously a stuck up snob. I think back to the dinner we had when she barely let her daughter answer any questions and kept inputting herself into everyone else’s conversations.

“I just sent everything back over. Let me know if you need anything else from me, Bryce, otherwise I’ll see you when I get there in a few months,” I respond.

“I see it now. You didn’t waste any time. I’ll get that all sent down to HR. Congrats, Matthew. You’re officially the new Lacrosse Recruiter for the Southwest Region.” He hangs up, and I flop down on my bed and let out the breath I’ve been holding. This is all I have ever wanted, to coach or recruit for college level lacrosse. Everything I’ve done is for this; going to UCLA and graduating early with honors. I’m about to move to Colorado and live my dream. Life doesn’t get much better than this.

Now, I just need to tell my dad that I’ll for sure be gone this fall and moving to Colorado permanently. After that, I’m going to relax for the rest of the day, maybe just watch a movie or hit the sauna. A couple minutes later, Bryce sends me a follow-up email saying I’ll start receiving tapes at the beginning of next week.

I get up from my bed and leave my room in search of my dad. He’s in the guest bedroom, moving everything from that room into the hall. “What are you doing, Dad? Finally, going to use this room for something other than storage?”

“Yes, the room will finally be put to good use. Holly and Dylan are moving in and this is going to be Dylan’s room,” he informs me.

This can’t be fucking happening. They’re moving in now? That prissy little thing is going to be right down the hall from me and sharing a bathroom. “Are you sure that’s a good idea? So soon, I mean?” I ask.

“Well, we are engaged and will be married soon, so it only makes sense for them to move in. Plus, I want to get to know my new stepdaughter and you should get to know them both better as well,” he scolds.

“When will our new roommates arrive?” I ask sarcastically.

“Two weeks. The movers will get their things from Holly’s sister’s house and the storage unit and bring them here,” he informs me. Great, two weeks until my house isn’t my house anymore. Good thing I’m moving, so I only have to endure them imposing on my life until fall, then I’m fucking out of here.

“Two weeks?” I ask again, making sure I heard him correctly.

He sets the box that’s in his hands down on the floor, then looks at me sternly. “Yes Matthew, two weeks and don’t think of screwing this up for me, son. Now why don’t you get in here and help me so I can get this done faster. I have goodwill coming in a couple hours to take some of this stuff.”

Shrugging my shoulders, I reluctantly follow him into the room, murmuring yes sir under my breath.

“Did you wanna tell me something, son? You look like you have news.”

“Oh, yeah. They offered me a recruiting position in Colorado, and I accepted, so I’ll be moving in the fall,” I tell him.

“That’s great, son. We’ll have dinner to celebrate!”

“No, I don’t want anyone to know. They might send me to recruit from the local lacrosse teams nearby and I don’t want to get wires crossed. Including Holly and Dylan,” I tell him, my voice stern.

“They’re your family, Matthew. Why can’t we tell them?” he snaps.

“Correction, they’re your family. Dylan is a lacrosse fan and I don’t want, nor need, every Tom, Dick, and Harry coming over to hang out with her to get recruited,” I bark back at him.

“That makes sense, I guess. I’ll respect your wishes since it’s your career, but I don’t like it.” He rolls his eyes.

I nod and leave the room, heading outside to my car. Needing out of here for a while, I decide to head to the bar for a few drinks. Maybe I’ll meet a nice woman to take my frustrations out on.

Pulling up in front of Union Jacks, I shut my car off and head inside. I need a stiff drink and a tight pussy to take the edge off. My dad is insane, letting the two of them move in. There isn’t a doubt in my mind that Holly is a golddigger. Seriously, she was an entry level receptionist and now all of a sudden she’s marrying a successful doctor.

Not my business, though, I suppose. I only need to ride this out for a few months until it’s time to head back to Colorado and then I’m gone and will only have to deal with my dad and them at Christmas and Thanksgiving.

“Hey cutie, what can I get you?” the bartender asks as soon as I sit down on a barstool.

“VO and Seven. Make it a double.” I pull my wallet from my back pocket.

“Sure thing, handsome.” A few minutes later, she slides my glass over to me with a wink. “Name’s Darla. I haven’t seen you here before. Are you new to town?”

“Matthew. And no. I’ve lived here my whole life but left for college and I’m just back for a few months visiting my dad. You?” I lift my drink to my lips, watching her thin pink lips turn up into a smile.

She throws her blonde hair over her shoulder and leans her elbows on the bartop in an attempt to push her tits up higher. “Moved here a year ago and worked here ever since. I hope this isn’t too forward, Matthew, but I get off at eight. Wanna buy me a drink?”

I look her up and down one more time and decide she’s not the hottest piece of ass I’ve seen, but I just need to blow off steam, so she’ll do for tonight. “I’ll be here.”



It’s eight thirty and I have Darla on her knees on the dirty floor of the men’s bathroom as she swallows my cock. My left hand is wrapped in her blonde hair as I fuck her throat, my cock

twitching at the gagging noises coming from her. “Just like that Darla. Suck my cock.”

She attempts to mumble something, but it's not understandable since her mouth is stuffed. Darla has been giving me this subpar blowjob for almost ten minutes and if she doesn't improve her performance, I'm going to have to finish myself off while she does the walk of shame back out onto the main floor.

“Play with my balls,” I tell her, and she obeys immediately. Her hand coming up and cupping my family jewels as she squeezes them firmly. That's it. That's what I needed to approach the finish line and get out of this musty bathroom. “Fuck Dylan, I'm gonna come.”

She rips her lips off my cock. “Who the fuck is Dylan? My name is Darla.”

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. “I've been drinking, you know that. I just said the wrong name. Don't be like that baby, let's finish what we started,” I lie to her, trying to cover that I just called her my soon-to-be step sister's name. A highschooler. Fuck, this is so messed up. I might as well turn myself in to the local law enforcement for being a fucking creep.

“Go fuck yourself!” She stands, shoving me away from her and storming from the bathroom.

God dammit. I tuck my still hard and throbbing cock into my pants and button them back up. I lean against the bathroom door, dropping my head back against the hard wood with a thump. Well, this night went to hell in a handbasket real quick.

Time to head home and finish myself off so that I can get rid of this hard-on.

With a sigh, I push away from the door and leave the bathroom. I don't pay any attention to Darla and the other bartender she's crying to about what happened as I hurriedly leave Union Jacks. I can't believe I called her Dylan's name. What the fuck is going on with me?

CHAPTER 16



My body's sore as fuck and I just want to go home and lie in bed and not move for an entire month. Lacrosse practice has officially been underway for a week now and I'm out of shape. Actually, let me correct that—I'm in really good shape, but the boys' team is no fucking joke. We've been practicing every day from four to six in the evening in preparation for our first game on Friday.

We're playing Northport and while they aren't at our level and should be an easy win for us, it's still the first game of the season. Not to mention that I'm also playing disguised as someone else. I've been drowning in anxiety all day—Friday is only two days away. If my cover is blown and someone realizes I'm not a guy, my lacrosse dream will once again be down the drain.

So many things could go wrong. What if my helmet falls off, or they know just by my body and voice that I'm a girl? The rules don't say anything about a female being on the boys' team, but the only way the coach agreed to let me play was if no one finds out. The minute someone does, I'm gone. He very clearly explained to me that he won't be made the laughingstock of the division.

To make matters even worse, the movers come on Saturday and I'll officially be housemates with my mom's stuck-up fiancé and his asshole son. I'm not looking forward to living with Matthew. He was so fucking rude during that dinner, acting like I was some naïve bitch who just liked to fangirl over the guys who play lacrosse. God, if he only knew the

truth, he would be eating crow right now. As much as I want to shove it in his face, I know I need to keep my mouth shut.

For Matthew to be smacked in the face with the truth would mean my mother would also know. She would throw a tantrum of epic proportions about me playing lacrosse. She's never understood my love of sports and how I want to have a future revolving around it. Never would she approve of me being utterly and totally in love with lacrosse. If she was to pick a sport, she'd have picked cheerleading, poms, or fucking tennis. Not a high contact, aggressive sport like I'm in now. I think in the five years I've been playing, she has come to maybe three games. The whole time, she just sat there playing on her phone, only cheering when those around her did. What a proud parent. Yeah right!

"Hey, Pickle, wait up!" Jacob hollers as he exits the school and jogs after me in the parking lot.

"What's up?" I ask.

It's been a bit awkward between us this week. I let him in, talked with him, and stopped pushing him away. But it's hard to rebuild a friendship when all I can think about is how much history we have. I need to stop it though because I'm with Ford and I won't be one of those girls who is with one man and pines for another. It's not fair to anyone for me to do that.

Jacob broke me once and while I miss him and still care for him, I won't let him break me again. I'm comfortable calling us friends, not besties or anything else, just friends. I can't risk

giving him a piece of my heart once more. He broke it the last time I did and I can't go through that again.

“What ya doing Friday after the game?” he asks. I curse under my breath and roll my eyes. Friday is also my birthday and I haven't told anyone, including Ford. But Jacob knows what day it is.

“Nothing, why?”

“It's your birthday, Pickle. I wouldn't forget that,” he responds with a chuckle.

“Don't tell Ford.” I stop and turn my body to face him, so he can see how serious I am about this.

“Why? He's your boyfriend. He'll want to get you something.”

“Because he'll make a big deal out of it because he's Ford. And I love that about him. But I want to just focus on the game and go home because Saturday we're fucking moving. Okay, please? Promise me you won't say anything?” I beg.

“Moving? No, you can't, Pickle. You just got here. I just got you back. If I did anything and that's the reason, I'm sorry,” he rattles off frantically. His face is panicked, and as much as I want to see him sweat, I decide to let him off the hook. That's what friends do, right?

“No, not that kind of moving. My mom's getting married and we're moving in with her new man and his asshole son. So, please, just keep it quiet and don't tell Ford.”

There's enough going on in my life right now with my mom dumping all her shit on me without adding in birthday shenanigans. We can celebrate my birthday later, after the team is further into the season and my mom isn't shoving her new lover down my throat. I doubt she even remembers it's my birthday weekend—if she did, she wouldn't have the movers coming the day after.

“Fine, but I don't like it. I just got back in Ford's good graces, and I don't like keeping shit from him. But Pickle, your birthday is worth celebrating. I can't promise I won't have something for you.” He winks at me.

“Thank you and if Ford gets mad, I'll make sure he knows you were doing what I asked,” I whisper, turning back around to head to my car. I'm not going to let his slip about a gift phase me. Friends get gifts for friends, so it won't be a big deal if he does.

Speak of the devil, Ford is leaning up against my car waiting for me. He looks just like Jake Ryan from that eighties movie, when he's waiting for Molly Ringwald outside the church. “Hey, baby,” he purrs as I lean into him and he wraps his arms around me.

“Hi, Ford,” I whisper, nuzzling my face in the crook of his neck, breathing in his pine scent, and I can't help the seductive tone in my voice. The guy just does it for me. He's so confident and sexy, it's a huge lady boner inducer, alright? Sue me.

“A little birdie told me it’s your birthday this Friday and you’ll be eighteen,” he whispers against my lips as he kisses me. Dammit! How did he find out? And who is the little birdie if Jacob just swore he wouldn’t say anything.?

I whimper into his mouth, and he pulls back, looking into my eyes. “Why didn’t you tell me it was your birthday, Dyl?”

My head jerks to the left to look back over at Jacob, who’s holding his hands up in the air. “It wasn’t me, Pickle. I promise. “

“Well?” Ford asks.

“I have to move and we have the game. Honestly, I just didn’t wanna make a big deal about it. That’s all. How did you find out, anyway?”

“I flirted with Miss Cordray and she let me take a little peek at your personal file this morning,” Ford admits. Jacob barks out a laugh beside us.

“You flirted with that old bag of bones in the office? She’s like eighty, dude. Have you no shame?” Jacob asks.

“She’s sixty-nine for the record,” Ford snaps as he wags his brows at us. “And yes, I’m serious. I wanted to know when my woman’s birthday was, so I could prepare the ultimate gift. And baby, I think I have the perfect gift for you,” he brags.

As he says the last part, he throws Jacob a wink. *What the hell? Are they planning something behind my back, and do I even want to know? Something tells me the two of them together is a recipe for disaster.*

He doesn't give me a moment to ask about their little shared moment or say anything else before slamming his lips down on mine again. God, this man is so fucking sweet, but sexy. I don't know what I did to turn him from a hoe to my man, but those other girls missed out.

"So tell me, Dylan, what are you doing this weekend?" he asks as he releases my lips from his.

"Sadly moving into the new step daddy's place. You could come over to my new house on Saturday—God, that hurts to say—and take my mind off of the movers. We could chill in the hot tub and celebrate my birthday. Nothing crazy, Ford. I mean it," I tell him firmly.

"If it means I get to see you in a sexy little bikini, I'm in," he teases.

"You're insatiable!" I laugh.

Remembering we have company, I turn to Jacob. "You can come too, Jacob," I tell him, not wanting him to feel left out. After what he's told me about having feelings for me, I can't imagine seeing me and Ford make out is fun for him.

"Yeah, Jacob, you can come too," Ford mocks me.

I slap his chest and quirk a brow at Jacob, waiting for him to answer.

"Sure, I'll come. Send me the address." He shrugs. "I gotta get going, though. I've got a ton of homework to do." He waves and turns, heading to his car, parked only a few spots down from mine.

“Hey Jacob, wait up for a minute,” I call out to him. He stops mid-step and turns back around.

“I hope I’m not overstepping, but that first day at tryouts I thought when you were late because of tutoring it was because you were the tutor. Ford may have let it slip that now that practice has officially started, you’re getting tutored during lunch. I can help if you like. I got an A in Trig at my old school and we could meet up after practice some nights so you don’t have to miss lunch or deal with Priscilla.” I have my hand behind my back, fingers crossed, hoping he accepts my offer.

“Are you sure?” he asks in disbelief, but seems to sigh in relief.

“Yeah. I wouldn’t have offered it if I didn’t mean it.”

“Are you okay with it, Ford? It’ll be taking time away from you to spend with her.” God, if he didn’t just earn a tick in the redemption column with that.

“Of course it is. She’s going to be tutoring me as well, so we’ll probably have some sessions together. We could make it one big date night.”

“Okay, then yeah, thank you, Pickle. I’ll let the guidance counselor know tomorrow. Well, I’m going to get out of here.” He turns and rushes off to his car.

Turning back to Ford, I step into his embrace. “What do you mean, date night?”

“It was just a phrase, baby, but I should get going too. I have an epic gift to plan, and well, you need to get home and rest. I can tell you’re sore.” Ford pats my ass as he pushes me away from his body. He kisses me once more before he opens my car door and shuts it after I climb in.

“Text me when you get home, Dyl,” he says as I start the car. I shoot him a thumbs up and back out of my parking spot, then head toward the exit.

My phone beeps in my pocket, so I hit the brakes and shift into park. Pulling my phone out, I see it’s a text from Ford.

Master of Orgasms: I can’t wait for you to see what I have planned for you. Your mind’s gonna be blown, baby.

Me: Couldn’t even let me leave school grounds before you started planning.

What in the fuck does his crazy ass have in store for me?

Looking up, I gaze over to where he’s leaning against his car. His beautiful eyes are staring right back at me before glancing down at his hands.

Master of Orgasms: What can I say, I missed my girl already. And you were a very good girl parking before texting.

Me: Will I be getting a reward?

Master of Orgasms: Yes, you will.

Me: Can’t wait. Now I GTG. I’ll message when I get home.

Master of Orgasms: Make that 2 rewards for my good girl.

Looking back up, his eyes are on me again and I blow him a kiss. Tossing my phone down on the passenger seat, I shift the car back into drive and pull out of the parking lot. God, I love that boy and I can't wait to tell him.

CHAPTER 17



I t's our first game and my girl's birthday. I had plans to celebrate it with her, not only treating her like a fucking queen, but getting Jacob and her back together. Our own little throuple. Me, my best friend, and our best girl—together against the world.

But when she reminded me she was moving this weekend, it threw a wrench into my plans. It's okay, next weekend will be better. Jose, who graduated a few years ago, is supposed to give me the fake ID he's making on Wednesday, at the latest, and then I can get us some alcohol and a room. Not only can we be as loud as we want, but we don't have to worry about a parent walking in on us while either me or Jacob are mid thrust into her tight little pussy. She's going to have the night of her life. Fuck, in all honesty, so are we. As long as Jacob doesn't screw up and do something stupid. Which knowing him, isn't out of the question.

We're all in the locker room getting changed. Since this is a home game and the other team is using the girls' locker room, the coach had to make some adjustments. To cut down on any chance for someone to see her, Dylan is in the coach's office with the door closed, changing into her gear. Both me and Jacob hurried to change and headed to the office. We're watching the door with eagle eyes, making sure no one on the team gets a wild hair up their ass and tries to and catch a glimpse of our girl.

Just the thought of seeing her step out, all dressed down in her gear, has my cock hard. Shit, I bet Jacob is the same. I

don't have to wait long because Dylan opens the door and steps out of the office. *Yep, I'm hard!* And this fucking cup ain't helping.

“You look good, Kitty,” I tell her. “Let's hit the locker room so we can go out with the team. Plus, I think Blue has a first game pep talk he wants to give.”

When Coach sees us coming, he stands and blows his whistle. “Alright, boys, put your junk away, lady on deck,” he calls out just moments before we enter the locker room with the rest of the team.

Dylan moves across the room confidently, Jacob and I flanking her on either side and take a seat on the bench next to each other. Leaning into her, I risk the wrath of Coach coming down on me. “Fuck, babe, you make me hard. Now, all I can picture is me sliding my cock into you from behind while looking down at you wearing only that jersey.”

She gives a little smile, leaning close and whispering, “You want me wearing the shoulder pads too?” I know what she's doing, my saucy little minx.

“Nah, then you'd look too much like a dude, and I definitely like chicks, more specifically you,” I tell her.

“Okay, cut the fucking chatter out.” We all shut the hell up and listen as he continues. “Northport isn't going to take it easy on you guys tonight. Even though this game is pre-season and doesn't count toward the championship, they are still going to play like it is. So don't let your guard down.”

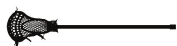
“They ain’t gonna know what hit them. We’re going to murder them!” Chad whoops, getting us all fired up.

“Okay now, remember the big thing is also to keep Murphy under wraps. They shouldn’t suspect she’s a girl, and thankfully, the uniform helps,” Coach says, gesturing toward Dylan.

“Now, Nickels, you’ll be handling the face-off. Murphy, Stoll, Sanchez, Hannaford, Michaels, Rose, Lein, Baker, and Andre, y’all are our first string. Get the ball, score and win. That’s your mission tonight...” Coach continues to ramble, and though I try as hard as I can to focus on his words, my thoughts are on my girl and the plan I’m cooking up.

“Let’s get out there!” Coach yells, and we all stand, whoopin’ and hollerin’ as we take off out the door to the field.

Dyl stays back to put on her helmet, making sure all her hair is tucked inside and nothing gives away that she’s a girl. But before she does, I take her in my arms and demand a kiss from her. One she willingly gives. Just as we part, I look over her shoulder to see Jacob looking on longingly from the door. Yeah, my boy wants our girl. I know he’d kill to be the one kissing her right now.



I take my place at the center of the field, ready to face off with the player from Northport. Everyone is in their position and I know once that whistle blows, it’s on, and Jacob will be there

battling by my side. Lucky for me, no one can beat my speed in a face-off.

The ref steps up beside us and yells, “Down!” The other player and I immediately drop to the ground, getting in position, and placing our sticks on the ground at the center of the face-off X. My pocket is primed and ready to catch the ball. It’s game time, everything else is wiped from my mind as I focus.

Bending over, the ref checks our positions and then places the ball between us. “Set,” the ref calls. The whistle is going to blow soon, and none of the players on my team better flinch, or I’ll fucking kill them. One little movement can get us a face-off violation, and the fuckers who did it better prepare for the fallout from my wrath.

Then it happens: the whistle blows and I’m on it, sparring against the other guy for the ball. I can hear the midfielders heading for me, and I know if I don’t get the ball, Jacob will be there, ready to snatch it up.

Lucky for me, he doesn’t need to. I scoop it up and immediately turn, spotting Jacob and tossing the ball back to him. His stick flies up and catches it. “Release,” the ref calls, since we took clear possession of the ball, and now Dyl is in the game as the attackers are released.

The game continues, and while Northport is good, they’re nothing compared to us. It’s close to half time when the fuckers start playing dirty. Jacob and I both give each other a knowing glance when we see how they’re taking cheap shots,

especially at Dyl. I begin to worry if they know our little secret, that she's actually a girl.

She's heading down the field, moving with such swiftness I'm proud of her. All those extra practices have really paid off. She's got her stick poised ready to sling the ball into the goal when number seventy-two comes speeding up behind her and number twenty-four comes barreling in her direction from the side. The fucker behind her slams his stick into her back, causing her to stumble forward, but Dyl is amazing and catches her balance. She sends the ball flying just as number twenty-four goes down to the ground like a baseball player sliding into home, and trips her, sending Dyl face first into the ground.

The ref calls a foul on the field, my eyes bouncing back and forth between Dyl and the ball she just sent spiraling to the goal. I want to scream out for her, run to her and pick her up, but I hold back, not wanting to draw any attention to her. My heart sighs with relief as she slowly stands, knocking the grass off of her. Our team starts shouting in excitement, and runs to Dyl, embracing her in a hug. She made the goal!

The game progresses and they continue to play dirty, scoring a couple of goals on us, but in the end we win by a landslide, 10-2. Kitty is smiling behind her helmet and I'm thankful no one realized she, well, is a she. This is the hardest part about being with her, though. I want to celebrate our victory. It's hard not to swoop her up and kiss her and slap that perfect ass every time she blocks or scores, or just exists, but I can't. It kills me.

We all head back to the locker room, everyone with their helmets on, wanting to keep a uniformed look. There's no way we want anyone to question why one player keeps their helmet on. Once inside and out of view of anyone who could see, Dyl takes off her helmet, sweat pouring down her face. I immediately pull her into me, wrapping my arm around her waist.

“Now that's what I call teamwork. Well done, keep up that energy and there is no way we won't be undefeated this season. Everyone shower, except you, Murphy, head to my office and change. Wait there until Stoll heads your way and tells you it's clear. The players on the other team can't see you leave here, so you're going to have to act like one of these guys' girlfriends and wait at the door,” he announces before taking off.

I can feel Jacob's eyes burning through me and Dyl as he keeps giving us a side eye. He's nervous about what he agreed to, it's obvious, but he needs to simmer down. What he doesn't get is that I've got it all planned out, and she's gonna love it. Plus, if everything goes my way, she'll be our girl, not just mine. I've done my research on this poly shit and it just makes sense for Jacob and I.

We all head to shower after Dyl disappeared, and I threatened those fuckers that if they lollygagged, I'd cut their fucking dicks off. Let's just say it was the right incentive, since they are washed up and dressed in less than fifteen minutes.

“I’ve got Dyl,” I tell Jacob as I head to the coach’s office. She’s dressed, seated in the chair behind the desk, and doing something on her phone when I open the door. *Damn, if I wasn’t disappointed; I wanted to catch her undressed.*

“Ready, baby? How about I take you out and we do something to celebrate the win?”

“Raincheck? I can’t tonight. The movers are coming tomorrow and I need to finish packing, or listen to my mom bitch about it not being done. You and Jacob are still coming over tomorrow, right?” she asks.

“Of course, we wouldn’t miss it for the world. Just message me the address. How about we hit a drive thru to eat real quick and then I’ll take you home?”

“Perfect,” she says.

Thankfully, the Burger Shack wasn’t busy, and we were able to move through the drive thru quickly, both getting a bacon cheeseburger with ranch bacon fries and pops. We begin to eat in silence as I drive us toward her house. From the corner of my eye, I see her picking at her fries and not touching the burger. “Everything okay, Kitty?”

“Yeah. I’m just still so amped up from the game, I can barely eat,” she responds, dropping a ranch bacon fry in her mouth.

I think it has more to do with her nerves about moving. She’s been stressing a lot about this change, especially being in the house with her new steps. I have to admit, I’m a little nervous

about her being in the house with a stepbrother. I'd hate to kill the fucker if he makes an unwanted move on her.

Reaching over, I throw my wrappers in the backseat to the floor. They're later tonight Ford's problem. I place my hand on her thigh, thanking the good lord above that she wore a skirt to school today. Allowing my fingers to trail up her thigh to her delicious center, where I'm pleased to find she's not wearing anything. *My wicked little girl.*

She spreads her legs for me as I slide my fingers in and out of her hot, tight core, making sure to pay special attention to her tiny little nub. I continued this all the way to her house, making her ride my fingers until she came right as we pulled up out front.

Everyone deserves a birthday orgasm, right?

CHAPTER 18



“Matthew, there you are,” my dad calls out as I step off the last step on the stairs.

“Yeah, it’s me. Did you need me for something?” I really hope not. All I want to do is get something to drink and go back to my room. Holly and her bitch daughter moved in today and I’ve been trying to stay out of the way.

“Yes. Dylan is having some friends come over today, and I wanted to make sure you could keep an eye on them. Holly and I are headed into town to do some shopping. I want her to make the house feel like hers, and it could use some redecorating.”

I groan at his words. “Really Dad, I don’t want to babysit a bunch of girls.” Especially if they are like her.

“No, Holly said it’s her boyfriend and someone she used to know from their old town. I need you to make sure they don’t get into any”—he clears his throat—“trouble.”

Great, just what I wanted to do, be the one keeping the horny teenagers from fucking.

“Fine.” Dad just smiles and I go into the kitchen to get something to drink. I might as well make myself a sandwich while I’m here.

Once I’m done, I head back upstairs and sit down at my desk. Bryce sent me a list of the schools I’ll be covering and their game schedules. Getting out my planner, I go about scheduling which games I’ll be going to. Once I get the tapes, I’ll know who I plan to scout.

It takes me about an hour to do everything. The doorbell rings and I'm expecting a package from Bryce, so I'm hoping that's it. I've just stepped into the living room when Dylan comes flying past me to get to the door. She opens it and sure enough, it's two guys wearing their school lacrosse spirit wear, each with a box in their hands.

This is exactly why I didn't want to announce I was scouting for our region. Just as I thought; she's a stick bunny, her whole 'I love lacrosse and played back at my other school' was bullshit. She likes to hang with the guys on the teams, begging for a chance to ride their dick, and the proof is right in front of me.

My future step-sister will have the entire team over in no time and I'll have to deal with her never wearing anything but the skimpy bikini she has on now. The worst thing will be the boys on the team wanting to hand me tapes of their plays. "Hey, babe. Hey, Jacob," she squeals.

"Hey, sexy," the honey brown haired guy says as he wraps his arms around Dylan.

"Hi, Pickle, this was on the doorstep, thought we'd bring it in." The larger of the two, with brown hair, smiles as he looks at her.

"Ford, Jacob, this is my kinda step-brother, Matthew. Matthew, this is my boyfriend, Ford, and my friend from my old town, Jacob. We're going out back to hang out. So, umm, bye," she says, then grabs each of their hands and leads them toward the back of the house.

“Matthew, I guess this is for you, then.” The one that called her Pickle hands the box over to me. What the fuck kind of name is Pickle, anyway?

“Pickle, I got you something for your birthday yesterday, but since we had a game, I didn’t get a chance to give it to you. Where should I put it?” Jacob asks and I look at her, confused.

Yesterday was her birthday? Her mom didn’t say or do shit. What the fuck?

“It was your birthday?” I ask, and she turns back to look at me.

“Yeah, the big eighteen. I’m all legal now,” she replies with a shrug and an awkward laugh.

“Why didn’t your mom or my dad do anything? She didn’t even say anything. You went to the lacrosse game and came home, and today you were moving,” I tell her like she doesn’t know. But I’m fucking annoyed that it was her birthday and no one even told the damn girl happy birthday. I mean, I can’t stand her, and think she’s a spoiled little brat, but everyone deserves, at the very least, just having happy birthday said to them.

I will be speaking to my dad about this because this is not okay. Her mom should have at least said something or, I don’t know, not scheduled the movers to move all their shit today. Then she and my dad jet off to do shopping for the house instead of spending any time with her? *Selfish bitch.*

“Well, brother dear, I’ll clue you in on something, not that it’s any of your business, but I don’t fit into my mom’s pretty little box that a girl should stay in, so she doesn’t like to *deal* with me,” she says the last part with air quotes.

“That’s shitty. It doesn’t mean shit since we don’t even know each other, but happy birthday,” I tell her.

“Thanks.” She smiles, turns back to the guys and leads them out the patio door to the backyard.

I grab my package and head upstairs to my room to watch some of the tapes I know are inside. Setting it on my desk, I bend over to grab the remote that fell to the floor earlier, and take a minute to peek out my window. Dylan sits between Ford and Jacob in the hot tub, looking sexy as hell with her full tits sitting just above the water in her bright blue swim top. Fuck, she’s been covered in clothing every time I’ve seen her. I never knew she had fucking perfect perky breasts.

I force myself away from the window and sit down at my computer, open up the internet browser, and start searching the Colorado area, wanting to know what would be near the house I’ll be staying in. Distracting myself online works for a short time, but then I find myself pulled back to the window like a fucking creep.

Cracking the blinds with two fingers, I look down on the backyard and see Dylan and Ford still in the tub. No Jacob, though. He better not be roaming around my fucking house. Opening my bedroom door, I step out into the hallway, seeing nothing. I have to step around the painters in the hallway as

they go in and out of her room. Apparently, the color of the room wasn't to her majesty's liking and needed to be redone. Going downstairs, I check all the rooms, including the bathrooms, and each second I can't find him, I get more annoyed. Opening the front door, I see a car in the driveway, but I don't know if they came separately or if they rode together, so I shut the door and continue my search.

But then I hear it. Her shrill laughter has me rolling my eyes. Curiosity overtakes me and I head to the kitchen window so I can spy on Dylan again. It's still just her and the boyfriend Ford, no Jacob. Maybe he left. Ford smirks before grabbing her and pulling her down into his lap. She squeals, and he kisses her passionately. I reach down and have to adjust my twitching cock. *What the fuck is wrong with me?*

Ford whispers something into her ear and she nods before getting up from his lap and sitting on the edge of the hot tub. Ford stands, prowling toward her, and his eyes lock on mine. *Fuck! I've been caught being a peeping Tom.* Oh, I can't wait to hear my dad's thoughts on this. No doubt Dylan will tell her mommy that I was spying on her.

He doesn't say anything to Dylan, winking at me instead before crouching down, moving her swimsuit bottom to the side, and burying his head between her thighs. She throws her head back as he devours her, one of her hands cupping the back of his head, holding him to her core. My cock grows hard at the sight.

Dylan moans her release, and the sound has my already rock hard cock jumping. Ford stands to his full height once more and smirks at me as he wipes his mouth with his thumb and sucks the digit into his mouth. I glare at him before turning and storming from the kitchen back upstairs. I need to stroke one out desperately. This is so fucked up.

Opening the door to my bedroom, I step inside and slam it hard enough that it bounces off the doorstop on the wall behind it before swinging itself closed. Stomping over to the nightstand, an act I know is reminiscent of a two-year-old, I rip open the drawer and pull out the lotion. Not what I'd normally use, but desperate times call for desperate measures.

Moving over to the window, I hide in the shadows like a creeper and watch Dylan and Ford in the hot tub once more. She's straddling his lap as they kiss and I can tell by the slight roll of her hips he's inside her. Does she even care that our parents could come home any minute and find her full of cock? Then again, she knows her mom better than me, so maybe she knows they'll be gone all day spending my dad's money.

I slide my hand down and pull out my cock, shoving my pants down just enough that it's comfortable. Pumping a few squirts of lotion in my hand, I grab my dick and pump my shaft a few times, just making sure he's fully lotioned and ready.

A loud moan has me focusing back on the couple in the backyard. I squeeze my shaft harder as I stroke myself to the

sight of Dylan's head thrown back, riding Ford faster. "You like that, don't you, little slut? Taking that cock so well," I grunt.

She changes the movement of her hips, bouncing more than rolling now, and Ford reaches up, grabbing her tits as he bites his bottom lip. "That's right baby, ride my dick. Take what you need from me," I growl.

Dylan opens her mouth as a scream rips from her throat. Ford removes his hands from her tits and grabs her sides, thrusting up into her. "Fuuuck!" he shouts as his hips still, and I know he's filling her with his cum. I lean my forehead against the wall as my own release finds me. My cock jerks in my hand as I pump myself through it. Hot cum covering my hand and the wall as I cross the finish line.

Shoving my cock back into my pants, I move to the dirty laundry basket in my room and grab a shirt. I wipe myself off and then go back over to the window and clean up the mess I made on the wall. With the shirt back in the laundry basket, I lie down on my bed and close my eyes. I can't believe I just watched my new, almost little sister get fucked in the hot tub and I jerked off to it. I'm so fucked. I need to get out of this house and town sooner rather than later. Because if I stay here, I'm afraid of what will happen if I continue to subject myself to that temptress.

CHAPTER 19



Today, I need to unpack my room and get everything put in its new home so that I'm ready for school in the morning. While my mom unpacked and was in and out of the house with the movers yesterday, then shopping with step daddy dearest, I had the guys over, so I didn't get anything done.

It worked out, though. I was going to start unpacking in the morning, but the room that's now mine was a god-awful lavender color. I asked my mom if it was possible to repaint the walls and as expected she said no, we would not be putting Gideon out like that. Surprisingly, Gideon sided with me, saying it was no big deal and had someone on the line right away to come paint. Maybe he's not so bad after all.

So while I didn't get shit done yesterday, minus an amazing day with the guys and a few mind-blowing orgasms, I now need to unbox my whole life. Looking around my room at the mound of boxes to unpack, I can't get over how in love I am with the cornflower blue color on the walls. I can already envision exactly how I want to decorate.

Cutting open the first box, I see all my books inside. I pull them from the box and make sure my genres and authors are together in stacks on the bed before sliding them on my bookshelf.

My lacrosse trophies are next and I set them on the shelf above my bed, along with a few pics of my old girlfriends and me at practices or games before they shunned me for Brock's lies. The shelf was another small thing I requested, and much

to mother's objections, Gideon said he could have that done as well.

After hanging my clothes in the closet and putting what I can in drawers, the only thing left is to get my shit squared away in the bathroom. However, I will now be sharing one with Matthew, so Mom bought me a rolling cart that I can keep my shit on and roll with me back and forth from the bathroom. God knows, Matthew would probably have a cow with all my stuff in there, cluttering it up. I can already hear him bitching about it now. Maybe I should leave it there just to piss him off. But then my mind drifts back to yesterday and how pissed he was about everyone forgetting my birthday. Maybe there's a nice person somewhere in there, buried deep.

I organize the cart by usage, placing the most used stuff on top, which would be my body wash, shampoo, conditioner, and shaving supplies. All my hair stuff, including my hair dryer and straightener, is on the middle shelf, and lastly, my makeup is on the bottom, since I don't tend to wear a ton of it on a daily basis.

After four hours of unpacking, my room is set and ready to go for the most part. I grab my bookbag, pull my laptop out, and set it on my new desk to charge for school.

Picking up all the boxes I broke down, well, as many as I could, I open my door and step into the hallway, running right into Matthew as he steps out of the bathroom. He knocks me off balance and I end up dropping all the boxes to the floor.

“Sorry,” I mutter, as I bend down and begin picking them up again.

“It was my fault, Dylan, I wasn’t paying attention.” Am I in the fucking twilight zone? Did he actually admit some fault and apologize?

“I’ll just get out of your way and finish taking these down to the trash.”

“Is this all the boxes?” he asks, throwing me for a loop.

“No, there’s a few more in my room.”

“I’ll get them,” he says before stepping into my room, collecting the rest of the boxes and then passes by me, heading down the stairs.

What the hell? Is he like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde? Who am I going to get the next time I see him? He must be doing this to stay in his dad’s good graces. Just like my mom, Gideon must be pushing for us to get along.

I head on down the stairs and outside to the trash can. Matthew has already put the boxes inside the can and reaches out, taking the others from me, placing them on the ground now that the trash is full.

“Thank you.” I tell him, but he just nods and then heads back into the house, leaving me standing alone. Guess nice Matthew is gone now. Letting out a sigh, I head back inside, only stopping in the kitchen to get a bottle of water before heading to my room.

Exhausted now that everything's put away and cleaned up, I think it's time to reward myself with a little relaxation. Picking up the remote, I flop onto my bed and turn on some cooking show for background noise while I read a book. *Take My Daddy, I'll Take Yours* by Jenika Snow is supposed to be a short, hot as hell read, so I download it to my kindle and prepare to spend the evening reading.



My alarm blaring has me rocketing out of bed, disoriented, and rubbing my eyes, trying to figure out where the hell I'm at. Shit! I'm in my new room at Gideon's house; I momentarily forgot we moved. Grabbing my kindle off my chest where it must have dropped when I fell asleep reading, I set it on the bed next to me and stretch.

Getting out of bed, I grab my clothes for the day and my cart, rolling it out of my room and down the hall to the bathroom. Matthew is nowhere in sight, so I enter the bathroom, turn on the light, and lock the door. Knowing that I need to hurry, I go about showering and dressing, finally putting on the light makeup before smiling at the final product in the mirror.

Just as I'm about to open the door, I jump out of my skin at someone banging on it. "Come on, girl, it's been forty minutes. I need to piss!" Matthew hollers from outside the door.

“Fuck off! I’m getting ready for school,” I yell back at him, even though I’m already dressed. I waste some time just to piss him off a little more and chalk it up to hormones from starting my period. Looking in the mirror, I take one final look at myself. What I’m wearing is perfect for a casual day at school; leggings and my favorite lacrosse shirt that says “Turf Monster” across the chest. Once I feel I’ve made him wait long enough, I open the door. Matthew’s standing on the other side with a pissy look on his face.

“About fucking time, little sister,” he growls, and I can’t help but think about how hot my new step-brother is. He has dark blond hair and baby blue eyes, and lord almighty, his body must have been chiseled by the gods. His skin is still sun-kissed from the California sun and he has tattoos covering both biceps. He may be a fucking asshole, but he’s a hot asshole.

Rolling my eyes at him, I grab my cart and start rolling it past him. “You’ll live. I had to get ready for school and you have to do what today? Sit in your room and watch porn all day?” Shoving past him, I don’t give him a chance to reply. I push my little cart back to my room and slide my boots on before grabbing my laptop, put it in my bookbag and head out the door.

I exit the front door right as Ford pulls into the driveway to pick me up. He texted last night asking if he could drive me to and from school now that I live closer to him. Of course, I said yes because I love spending time with him and maybe he’ll let me come in his car again.

Getting in, I throw my bookbag in the backseat and buckle up. Ford leans over and gives me a quick kiss. “You look good, baby,” he compliments me, and I blush.

“Thanks, Ford.” God, I love how he loves me all dressed down instead of made up like some barbie doll every day. If it was up to my mother, that’s exactly how I’d look.

He grabs my hand, and we sing to the radio all the way to school. When we get to the school parking lot, Ford pulls up next to Jacob, who is leaning against his car waiting for us. Ford grabs my bag from the back and gets out as Jacob opens my door for me. “Thank you,” I say softly as I get out.

“You’re welcome, Pickle,” he says, wrapping an arm around my shoulders as Ford comes around and wraps his around my waist. We walk into the building with me between the two of them. *Why does this feel so right? So perfect.*



Jacob

I thought for sure Dylan would pull away from me when I put my arm around her, but she didn't. It was almost like she sunk into my embrace, fitting up against me like a second skin. When Ford slid his arm around her waist and we headed inside, every eye was on us, gawking at the uncommon sight before them. Let them stare, it felt right.

We head to her locker, and I drop my arm when we get there. She opens the door, putting the books she's holding inside, and swaps them for the ones she needs. "Mondays are the worst," she mumbles. "Add in starting your period, and it's the equivalent of what I assume being in hell is like."

"Oh, my little Dyl, want me to bring over ice cream, sappy movies, and a hot pack to your house after school? We don't have practice today." Ford leans in, giving her a kiss to her temple just as she mumbles, 'fuck, yeah,' to him.

Dylan turns to face him and stands up on her toes, placing her lips on Ford's as they share a passionate kiss, before pulling away. God, I'm so envious of him, wishing it was me kissing those full, pouty lips of hers.

"We should get to homeroom, Jacob," Ford tells me as I push off the locker I was leaning up against.

"Yeah, see you later, Pickle. Oh, hold on," I tell her, as I pull my bookbag off my shoulder and rummage through my bag

until I find it. Pulling out the baggie of painkillers I keep just in case we have a rough practice, I hand them over to her. “I remember how bad your cramps used to be, and didn’t know if you had anything to take.”

She reaches out, taking the bag from me, my body lighting up with electricity from the touch of her fingertips. She looks at me with such warmth I never dreamed I’d see again from her.

“Thank you,” she replies, stepping into me and placing a kiss on my cheek.

Ford and I turn and head down the hallway. Just before we turn the corner, I take one final look back over my shoulder to see her staring after us.

“So, Jacob, I heard a rumor there’s a new scout for our area. Have you heard anything?” Ford asks as he bumps into my shoulder, pulling my attention.

“Not directly, but I heard Coach Blue mentioning it to Assistant Coach Milner after the game on Friday. Hopefully, he can get him to come to one of our games and we can get scouted for the same school.” Honestly, I hope all three of us can. I’m just getting Pickle back, and I don’t want to ever be separated from her again.

“But what about Dyl? Once they find out she’s not a guy, there’s no way they’ll give her a scholarship. I need us all to be at the same school. What the fuck do we do?” Ford stops dead in his tracks and looks at me, concern etched on his face.

Taking a deep breath, I think about what to do, then it hits me. “We keep it a fucking secret. The scout never sees her out of uniform, then when we have the press conference, because there’s no way he won’t want all three of us, we divulge her true identity. No way will they pull a scholarship then. They wouldn’t want to risk allegations of sexism or discrimination. College lacrosse has the same rules we do. There is no direct line in the rule book stating a female can’t be on the team.” I look at Ford for his thoughts.

“I like it. But I still worry about her. She’s still not at the physical strength of the guys on the other teams we’re playing. I’m afraid of her getting hurt before she even has a chance of the scout seeing her. This is all she wants, though, so we have to help her. If she doesn’t go to college and play, I think she’d end up in some deep depression, or even worse, a sorority girl.”

“We could train her together. Between the two of us, we could ramp up the difficulty in her training, but we have to be just as hard as the players she’ll be going up against.” I can tell Ford is starting to get upset at my words. “Look, I’m not being mean or rude, hell, I just don’t want her getting hurt. She’s a top-notch lacrosse player, better than a lot of the guys, but she doesn’t have the physical strength because of her size. That’s my only issue. If she gets hurt in a game, I’m afraid of what I’ll do to the person who did it.”

Ford’s facial expression does a three sixty, and he gives me a sly wink. “Is that the only training you want to do? We do have this weekend. Or I guess I should be worried about the

training Kitty is going to give you.” He gives me a slug in the arm before he heads off down the hallway, leaving me to stare after him with my jaw dropped.

CHAPTER 20



Happy hump day to me. I've been dreading today all week. We have a double practice today since we have an away game against Cape Fear on Friday. As I was running out of the house this morning, I yelled to my mom, reminding her I had Book Club tonight and would be late getting home. A lie, of course, but she doesn't care. She just waved her hand at me, since she was nose deep in some fancy wedding magazine. Matthew snorted from the couch where he was eating a bagel and I threw him the middle finger and continued to Ford's car.

I'm lost in my thoughts during the ride, knowing I should feel bad for lying to my mom about being on the lacrosse team. She doesn't even bat an eye at all the lies I make up about a book club meeting or assignment for every practice and game. She's too worried about finding the perfect napkin color or the right cardstock thickness for invitations to pay attention to me. I snap myself from my thoughts as we pull up to the school.

Ford gets out and opens my car door for me and we head inside to my locker together before once again parting ways for our morning classes. He gives me a brutal, but hot as sin kiss before he goes. "I'll see you at lunch, baby," he tells me, leaving me at my locker.

The morning drones on, homeroom, then Anatomy, and US History. Notes, notes, notes—that's all I do. I just want to see my guys and I'm pissed they aren't in any of my classes, but Priscilla the bitch is. Listening to her go on and on about

how she's going to have Jacob begging to be her boyfriend makes me want to vomit. He may not be mine, but there's no way in hell he's going to be hers. *Shit, am I getting territorial over him?*

When the bell for lunch finally rings, a burst of excitement hits me. Thankfully, my Anatomy class is by my locker so I make a pit stop, dropping off my books and getting the ones I'll need after lunch.

Heading into the cafeteria, I grab a tray and get in line. Today is pizza day, so at least Wednesday has that going for it. I grab a slice of mushroom and sausage and some garlic bread and make my way to my table. Jacob's already there waiting for me when I pull out my chair and flop down, setting my tray down on the table. "Where's Ford? He's usually here with you already." I pick up a piece of garlic bread and dip it into the marinara before shoving it in my mouth.

"He got asked to take his lunch to the Chemistry lab. I guess he needed some extra help on an assignment." Jacob shrugs and keeps eating.

"Oh, okay, guess I need to add Chemistry to the tutoring. I'm helping you in Trig, so I can add Chem to the tutoring rotation," I reply, thinking it's weird that Ford didn't tell me he needed help. If he needed help, he could have asked me. Hell, I got an A in that class also. I'll have to offer him some tutoring later when I see him. We could have a session like that Adam Sandler movie where I lose an article of clothing every time he gets an answer right.

“Yeah, where math is my kryptonite, Chemistry is his. You got any plans this weekend?” Jacob asks, snapping me from my sexy school teacher thoughts. “Well, besides the game on Friday, I mean.”

I finish chewing the pizza in my mouth before answering. “Nope. Just a boring weekend at home for me.”

“Do you maybe wanna go see a movie Saturday night? Just the two of us like we used to.” He’s looking at me nervously, his green eyes staring into my soul while he waits for my answer.

“Umm, I’d have to make sure Ford wouldn’t be pissed since you’re a guy. But if he’s cool with us going, then I’m down. What do you wanna see? I’ve been wanting to see Cocaine Bear. It looks ridiculous, but you know I love cheesy movies,” I ramble, lost in how excited I am about going to the theater. It’s been a while since I’ve been and now I’m pumped at getting to see a psycho bear rip shit apart on the big screen.

Jacob belly laughs. “See what he says and then let me know. I’ll pick you up and we can ride together.”

“I’ll text him now.” I slide my phone from my pants pocket and send him a message.

Me: Hey babe. Jacob invited me to see Cocaine Bear on Saturday with him at the theater. I told him yeah, but wanted to make sure you’re cool with it since he’s a dude lol

Ford replies almost instantly, the screen lighting up with his response.

Master of Orgasms: Yeah, have fun. Just don't do anything I wouldn't do. 😊

Me: OH, what wouldn't you do? Also why didn't you tell me you needed help with chemistry?

Master of Orgasms: I was planning on asking you. I'm just being kept for a review for a quiz.

Me: Okay. If you need help I thought I could quiz you and when you get an answer right I'll take off my clothes

Master of Orgasms: Fuck yes! Next week though I want to study up so I get no questions wrong.

I roll my eyes and send him a kissy face emoji back and shove my phone back into my pocket. “Your best friend is ridiculous, but he said to go have fun,” I tell Jacob as he picks up his tray and drink.

“He may be my best friend, but he's your boyfriend. What does that say about you?” he teases as we grab our things and throw them away just as the bell rings, signaling lunch is over. We walk out of the cafeteria together, but I need to stop at the bathroom and deal with my lady business, so Jacob bumps my shoulder as he walks on without me.

“Bye, Asshole!” I shout down the hallway. He tosses a peace sign in the air but doesn't turn around.

“See you later, Pickle.”



Ford

When Dylan's text came through while I was getting help in Chemistry, I couldn't help the laugh that exploded from me. It wasn't until everyone started breaking their necks to stare at me that I realized I did it out loud. I'm loving how perfectly my plan is coming together. They're basically doing everything for me.

Should I feel bad that I'm scheming behind Dyl's back? Absolutely! Is it going to stop me? Hell to the fuck no! Nothing is going to keep me from bringing this throuple together. Plus, she did distract me with her sexy tutoring idea, so I mean, realistically, this is partly her fault.

This is the chance to get the girl and not make my best friend mad, all in one fell swoop. Dylan loves him, but she loves me too, I know it. My girl has enough love in her for both of us. My mom always told me when I met *'the one'* I would know it. And I did from the first moment I locked eyes with her on the lacrosse field.

My only obstacle at the moment is Dylan and Jacob being worried about what society considers "the norm" for a relationship, and getting them to start thinking about how perfect this situation could be for all of us.

When Dylan asked me about Jacob asking her to see that freaking, weird-ass, bear movie that I had no desire to see, I jumped on it. Told her to absolutely go. Now, I need Jacob to

use this opportunity to woo her and get on her good side. He's actually been doing a great job at it. And I've just got a great idea.

Me: Hey your mom liked Jacob, right?

Dylan: Like is an understatement she loves him.

Me: Did the two of you ever have sleepovers?

Dylan: Yeah actually. She thought we considered each other like siblings so she never questioned it. Come to think of it neither did his mom. Weird.

Me: See if you can get her to let you stay the night with Jacob. That you want to have a sleepover in the living room then when you're done seeing the movie, you can meet up with me and we can have our own little sleepover.

Dylan: I don't know if she'll say yes.

Me: Butter her up. Tell her how excited Mrs. Stoll was at finding out you were here and she really wants you to stay over.

Dylan: I can try. What are you planning?

Me: I got that fake id and I'm going to get a room at the Rosewood hotel and some alcohol so we can celebrate your birthday finally.

Dylan: Ok I'm on it. I'm not promising anything but I'll try.

Me: Love you babe. I need to get off here before the teacher gets pissed.

She doesn't know that I've already got the reservation. Jacob asking her to watch a movie just took care of how I was going to get her there for the night. While they're watching their stupid ass movie, I'll be getting our room ready. My girl deserves romance, and she's going to get it. Thanks to Jose and the fake ID he gave me, there wasn't an issue getting the room or the wine I plan to have.

Chocolate-covered strawberries and wine seem to work romancing women in the movies, so why not give it a shot? What they both don't know yet is that the hotel room is for all three of us. I'm hoping it ends with us as a throuple.

With my mind running through all the plans, I almost miss my phone vibrating. Looking down, I see it's my girl messaging me back. Her mom said yes, thrilled she reconnected with an old friend.

Perfect. Now to message Jacob and fill him in on all the details.

"Mr. Nickels, you know the rules. No cell phones in class," the fucking teacher scolds me.

"Sorry, it was my mother. She needs me to pick my little sister up after school," I lie to him.

"Okay, son, but next time, remind your mother of the rules and have her contact the office to send you the message." He goes back to his lecture. Stupid teacher doesn't even know his students, because I don't have a sister. Hell, I'm an only child.

Moving the phone under my desk, I send a message to Jacob.

Me: Operation threesome is a go, I have the hotel. After your date bring her there. Her mom thinks she's spending the night with you

Picking up my pen, I jot down a few notes. I actually need to pass this class. Even though I have no fucking clue when I'll ever need to use chemistry in the real world.

Jacob: Are you sure she wants this?

Me: Yes! Get your head out of your ass. Everything is going to work out.

Jacob: She's just started talking to me, I don't want to fuck it up.

Me: Trust me, you aren't

Now that I have that sorted, I get back to class. Got to keep my grades up, especially with a new scout coming to see us.

CHAPTER 21



I'm in my car driving to Cape Fear for tonight's match against Pinewood. Godsmack is blaring through the speakers as I sing along. Scott Donaldson from Cape Fear is on my radar, his coach has sent in tapes, and Scott seems like he has raw talent. I'm hoping this match shows me if he has what it takes to play college level lacrosse. It was a last-minute decision to stop in and do some observations of his skill level against a formidable opponent. Pinewood is predicted to be the winners for this season.

I finally chose how I wanted to prioritize my visits, and Cape Fear is first up. The plan is to do all my games as surprise drop-ins. It gives me more of an idea of a player's true skill and talent. Not to mention, if they know a scout is coming, they get anxious, and I'm trying to avoid that.

Playing at college level in a stadium full of people is pressure enough, so I want to see their true talent. We'll deal with the anxiety of crowds and showtime later. College coaches are used to dealing with and working through that. But they're not trying to teach the basics, that's why it's my job to send them talented players.

I get to the field and head inside to the concession stand to get a drink and snack while I watch. After ordering some popcorn and a Gatorade, I head to the stands. Easily enough, I find a seat that gives me the optimal view of the entire field. I sit in the stands toward the bottom so I can really focus on footwork. This also allows me to see the teamwork and sportsmanship the players have. The game starts and I'm lost

in the sport I love. I don't think there will ever be a time I don't enjoy lacrosse. If it wasn't from having too many concussions from hitting the ground on top of two ACL repairs, I'd be playing professionally now.

The injuries ended my first dream, but I've always been quick to adapt. As soon as I was cleared from my doctor's care with a stern warning not to play professionally again, I changed my dreams. So, instead of playing, I'm now going to be a scout with dreams of becoming a coach for CSU. As soon as I got word they were looking for a scout, I applied. I'm hoping this is a stepping stone to coaching.

Cape Fear is putting up a good fight, but Pinewood is better. Donaldson isn't too bad of a player. I don't think he's cut out for one of the top-tier schools, but he would fit in well over at Fort Lewis with the Falcons.

While he has crazy speed and is powerful when he hits, he's missing the fine tuned stick skills you have to have for those higher powered school teams. I jot notes down on Donaldson and take some video to send to the Falcons' coach so he can make the decision on if he wants to offer him a place on the team.

In the end, the Pinewood Pumas win and their team erupts into cheers. Donaldson storms to the bench, throwing his stick to the ground. Pinewood picks up the smallest player on the team and cheers as they carry him to the locker room on their shoulders.

Adding that Donaldson needs to work on his sportsmanship to my notes, I stand and watch Coach Blue follow his players to the locker room. I'm curious as to why the Pinewood coach hasn't sent any tapes or called about any of his players yet. There's a handful I'd like to see more from. Two of those include jersey numbers six and eleven. After looking at the roster, I realize they are the two fuckheads Dylan had over that day. I should have known she would be involved with two of the best players. If they get scouted to a good school and then go pro, she would be set for life, just like Mommy wants.

Speaking of sister dearest, I wonder why she isn't here tonight cheering on her school's team? Better yet, why isn't she supporting her lover? I've seen firsthand how slutty she can be, so I'm shocked she's not cheering on Ford in a skimpy outfit and waiting to give him a congratulatory fuck. I'll have to ask her when I see her again. Not sure when that will be, since I've been avoiding her like the plague. She rouses something in me that I don't know how to deal with.

The other player who caught my interest is the small kid the team carried away. What he lacks in size, he makes up for in speed and stick skill. He played a great game and actually was a key third man in a lot of set up and points with Stoll and Nickels.

Looking at my roster again, I see that number eighteen is D. Murphy. Odd that they didn't put a first name, but not totally unheard of with high school sports. I've heard the name Murphy before—I just can't figure out where. Shrugging it off since Murphy is a popular surname, I decide if I don't hear

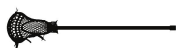
something from the Pinewood coach soon, I'll reach out to him.

Walking out to my car, I see Stoll and Nickels leaving the locker room with a familiar ashy blonde girl between them. I didn't see Dylan at the game, but then again, I didn't look too hard for her since I don't know what to do about the feelings I'm developing. Stoll hugs her, saying he'll see her later and fist bumps Nickels before getting in his car and driving off.

I get into my vehicle and start it up, but instead of leaving, I sit and watch Dylan. Like I said, she makes me do things I don't normally do. Sitting in my truck on a Friday night, creeping on her from across the parking lot, isn't something I'm proud of, nor would I normally do.

Nickels pins her to the side of the car and kisses her before running a hand up her thigh, disappearing under her skirt. It appears like my soon-to-be stepsister doesn't mind public shows; what a naughty girl. I wonder what Mommy would think if she knew what her precious debutante was up to? That she gets off on exhibitionism.

Dylan laughs and throws her head back. Ford kisses her, then they get in the car and drive out of the parking lot. I reach down and adjust my rock-hard cock before putting the car in drive and pulling out onto the road to head home. Once again, I need to take a cold shower. *Fuck! I really need to get my shit together.*



Pulling into the driveway at home, I sigh a breath of relief. Dad's car isn't here, but most importantly, I don't see Dylan's boy toy's car here either. That means they beat me here, and he just dropped her off and left or she hasn't got here yet and they're fucking in his car like the little whore that she is.

I turn off my car, pick up my bag from the passenger seat, and head inside. Now is the perfect time to get all my notes together about tonight's game without any distractions.

Stopping by the kitchen, I pull a microwave pizza out of the freezer and pop it into the microwave. The timer has just barely dinged, telling me it's done, as I'm pulling a plate from the cabinet when I hear the front door open and shut. Whoever it is hasn't said anything, but I have a gut feeling it's Dylan, because her mother is never quiet and her voice is so shrill it echoes through the house.

I smell her sweet strawberry scent before she ever steps foot into the kitchen. Her face is flush and her lips swollen, so I know she was having a heavy make-out session before stepping foot into the house. I wonder if her boy made her orgasm? Then a streak of jealousy hits me that I didn't get to see her O face. Hear her soft moans, as she screams my name as her tight little pussy clamps down on my fingers.

“Oh, hey Matty boy. Is my mom here?”

“How should I know? I’m not her keeper,” I bite back at her as I pull the pizza from the microwave and place it on the plate. Opening the drawer, I pick up the pizza cutter and begin slicing it into pieces.

“Fuck, that smells good.” Her stomach growls and I don’t know what comes over me, but I reach up, taking another plate out of the cabinet and put half of the pizza on it.

“Here.” I hand over the plate to her before picking up mine and head out of the room.

“Thank you.” Echoes out to me, but I speed up, needing to get to the safety of my room and far away from her.

Only when I’ve shut the door of my room, locking it behind me and collapsing in my seat, do I breathe.

The sooner I get out of this house, the better. If I stay here much longer, my obsession with this girl is only going to grow to epic proportions.

CHAPTER 22



I'm sitting in Gideon's living room waiting for Jacob to get here so we can go to the movies. I'm anxious as hell since I haven't hung out with Jacob, just the two of us, in years. Will we fall right back into that easy groove we had before, or will it be awkward?

Getting ready was nearly impossible. I wanted to wear something appropriate for a movie with a friend, but also look good for Ford afterward. I settled on a forest green jumpsuit with gold flats and my hair half up in a messy bun with a barrette.

The doorbell rings, startling me. I jump up and rush toward the door. Opening it, I see Jacob standing there in a navy t-shirt and jeans with a beaming smile on his face. "You ready to go, Pickle?"

Smiling at him, I nod. "Yeah, just let me grab my purse." I snag my little crossbody bag from the table behind the couch and link my arm with his.

"Mom! Jacob's here, and we're heading to the movies. See you tomorrow," I yell, hoping wherever she is in the house, she hears me.

Matthew takes that moment to come down the stairs and rolls his eyes when he sees me and Jacob together. I throw him the finger with a scoffing glare and head out the door. I'm so sick of his better than thou attitude. I've done nothing to him and he's been nothing but a raging dick to me—well, other than last night when he shared his pizza. And wait, he did tell

me happy birthday, so maybe he's been a raging prick ninety-eight percent of the time.

We drive to the theater, laughing as we recount old stories from our past. It feels good being with him like this again. It actually feels like no time has passed. Sadly, the good times pretty much ended when Jacob left. I thought I could move on like I thought he did, but Brock ruined any hope of that.

We get to the theater and buy our tickets; ever the gentleman, Jacob insists he pays, so I let him. "Fine, but I got the snacks."

He laughs, knocking his shoulder gently into mine. "Fine, do you remember what I like?"

"Like I could forget. We only went to the movies every chance we could," I remind him, giving him a playful smile and slap on the chest.

Once we're at the snack counter, I order us a large popcorn, nacho cheese, and two blue slushies. Just like old times, we dip our popcorn into the cheese and take a bite.

"Fuck, Pickle. I forgot how good that tasted. I did it one time here, and they looked at me like I was crazy, so I never did it again."

"Their loss because there's nothing better." We both nod in agreement at my words.

Walking into the theater, we pick seats at the top and sit side by side. I can't help but giggle at how normal this feels. The movie starts and we're both silent as we eat our snacks,

enraptured with the film. Our fingers brush each time we reach into the popcorn bucket, sending goosebumps through my body.

What is wrong with me? I can't have this reaction to Jacob. I'm with Ford, I love Ford. Jacob is my past, and Ford is my future.

The movie was terrible, but I loved it. I covered my eyes a few times at the gore, and Jacob laughed each time. In no time, we're back in Jacob's car heading to The Rosewood where I'm meeting Ford and my heart is beating faster than a hummingbird's wings.

Pulling up to the hotel, I get out and make my way into the lobby with Jacob right on my heels. Ford told him the room number, so he could escort me there safely; Ford insisted I didn't walk in by myself.

We step into the elevator, Jacob hits the button for the fourth floor, the doors close, and we start the ascent. My eyes never leave Jacob as he sways from side to side while worrying his bottom lip. What is going on with him? Did he develop a fear of elevators since we've been apart?

We step out of the elevator and Jacob leads me to a door labeled 426, where he knocks three times. What the fuck is this, a secret code or something? Is Ford expecting someone else?

My boyfriend answers the door wearing nothing but a pair of tight gray sweatpants. Sweet lord, if a clit could get hard, mine

would be a raging boner right now from the sight of his chiseled body in those sweats.

“Welcome to your room for the night, my lady.” He smiles and gestures for us to come in. I laugh as I walk past him into the room and take in the suite he reserved for us. It’s massive and there are rose petals on the floor leading to the bed and champagne next to the already filled and steaming jacuzzi.

I turn around, so I can say goodbye and thank Jacob for the movie night. As I do, I see Jacob step into the room and Ford shuts and locks the door behind him. *What the heck?* Is Jacob staying the night, too? No, he can’t be, or the roses on the bed wouldn’t make sense. That gesture literally screams, ‘I’m going to fuck you, Dylan.’

Maybe he’s just staying for a few drinks and then leaving. Ford’s way of telling him thank you for delivering me safely. I’m so confused about what the hell Ford is up to, but the only way to find out is to ask. So, raising a brow at my boyfriend and friend, I ask, “What’s going on?”



Jacob

Fuck, my stomach is in knots as I step inside the hotel room. Worrying over what her reaction will be while still fighting the urge to turn and run like a chickenshit.

“What’s going on?” she asks, confusion written all over her face.

I instantly look at Ford, waiting for him to say something. This was his damn idea, so I’m going to let him take the lead on this and stay silent. He better have had the right idea and not pulled this out of his ass or he’s fucking both of us over. Dylan will once again be pissed at me, but this time Ford will be right there in the doghouse with me.

Finally, he steps over to Pickle, slipping his arms around her waist and pulling her tight to him. My cock twitches in my pants when Ford tips his head down and she looks up at him. It should be me she’s looking at with stars in her eyes like that. Ford crashes his lips down on hers, kissing her passionately as his hands slip lower, cupping her ass and squeezing her round globes, causing her to moan into their kiss.

I clear my throat, suddenly feeling even more awkward, especially since it seems like I’m intruding. “I’m gonna go,” I tell them. This was a fucking bad idea and I’m going to kill Ford. He was supposed to tell her what the hell is going on, not distract her with a kiss and avoid her consenting.

Ford pulls away, breaking his kiss with Pickle. “No, Jacob, wait,” he calls out, and I stop in place.

Turning his gaze back to Dylan. “Remember a few weeks ago, baby, when we were watching that movie and you told me how you’d like to have playtime with two guys?”

Her face turns a bright red as she nods and whispers, “Yes.”

My cock jerks in my pants. She actually told him that? She’s admitting to it right in front of me. Ford wasn’t fucking with me or making up some cockamamie story to get me here.

“Well, I want to give that to you for your birthday. And who better to do that with than Jacob? He’s your best friend and has been pining for you since puberty hit him and he knew what it was to want a woman. You two have an intense history and I know without a shadow of a doubt that he’ll make it good for you. So what do you say, Kitty? Is it a yes?”

Pickle shoots her gaze at me, her eyes jumping from me to the ground. I know she’s nervous, that has always been her tell. She could never look me in the eye. She nibbles on her bottom lip as she thinks, and God, what I wouldn’t give to be that lip. Her eyes go wide, then her eyes dart back and forth between Ford and me before she finally clears her throat.

“I don’t know, Ford. This could ruin your friendship with Jacob. It could ruin what we’re building between us. What if it ruins all the progress Jacob and I’ve made? We’ve just begun to rebuild our strained friendship.” She looks past Ford, directly at me. “You agreed to this, Jacob?”

I won't lie to her. So I do the only thing I can—answer honestly. “Yeah, Pickle, I did. Not at first. I thought he was crazy. But then he explained it to me and I can't believe I'm saying this, but what he said makes sense.”

Her face morphs into a hardened one. Her eyebrows furrow as her jaw clenches. “So you used our movie date to lure me back here to fuck me?”

“No!” I shout out. “I swear to you, I didn't do that.”

Ford's hands shoot up, cupping her face, turning it to him. “No baby, he asked you to the movies because he wanted to. Not with some devious plan in play. When you texted me and asked if it was okay, I knew it was meant to be. I had this planned and was just looking for the perfect timing. The stars must have aligned because it came together perfectly. So, Kitty, the question is, do you still want this?”

Ford's hands drop from her face, taking her hands in his. Her gaze shifts rapidly between the two of us, and my heart drops into my stomach.

CHAPTER 23



“Guys, I don’t know. This could fuck a lot of things up. I’m not sure sex is worth risking our friendship or our teamwork on the field. I need a scholarship in order to be able to go to college. Not to mention, Jacob and I are just starting to rekindle our friendship. Adding sex to the mix sounds messy.” Even if a fire ignites in my lower belly at the thought of them both worshiping my body.

Ford laughs like the overgrown child he is at the messy innuendo. Reaching my hand out, I smack him across his chest as I give a stern glare, warning him to stop. “I’m sorry, but you walked right into that one, babe. We can just hang out. Have some drinks and enjoy this sick ass suite. No pressure. You’re in control of what does or doesn’t happen tonight.”

“Well, I think that I want to check out the balcony,” I tell him as I turn and head toward the sliding door that leads out to the cityscape. My hope is the fresh air can clear my mind while I come up with how to talk to them about their proposition.

Jacob follows behind me, hands still in his pocket, like he’s unsure of what he’s doing here. And believe me, I get it, hell I’m wondering the same thing. Ford detours to the kitchen, opening the fridge, and rummages around inside looking for god only knows what.

It’s beautiful out here. We’re only on the fourth floor, but still high enough we can see all the city’s lights shining brightly in the night sky. Leaning against the railing, I take in the view and just admire my new town. I miss my dad’s home

every day, my friends, well at least who they were before they turned on me, and the life I had there. But Ford and Jacob have really started to turn things around for me here. Of course, making the Pumas didn't hurt either, even if I have to pretend I'm a dude to be on the team.

Turning on my heel, I walk over to the large circular daybed and plop down. Ford comes waltzing out of the suite with two beers and a seltzer. He hands Jacob a beer, who's sitting on the couch kitty-corner from me, before taking a seat next to me.

"Here, baby, I got you a White Claw. I know you like these gross things." Rolling my eyes, I take my drink and pop the top before taking a long sip.

Mmm, black cherry, my favorite. I let out a moan and I can sense both the guys stiffen.

"Jacob, remember that time in the cafeteria you fell face first into a plate full of taco pizza?" Ford cackles. Jacob laughs with him as he flips him the bird.

"Yeah, I do, asshole. Do you remember that time you came in your pants at the drive-in?" I slap my hand over my mouth, trying to keep from spitting my drink out.

Ford turns, giving me the stink eye, before shrugging it off. "What? Jennifer Aniston is hot. I'm only human. And come on dude, what happened to the bro code? You were supposed to carry that to your grave."

Placing my hand over my heart, stifling my laugh, I speak up, "I promise to keep the secret of you coming in your pants a

solemn secret until my last dying breath.” Both guys double over in laughter.

The night continues on like this. Just the three of us trading embarrassing stories and fun memories. My bladder feels like it’s going to explode after a few hours, so I stand to head inside. “I’m going to the bathroom, so don’t miss me too much,” I tease as I open the door, stepping inside. After I’ve done my business and washed my hands, I grab another set of drinks from the fridge and head back to the balcony.

Setting the drinks down on the table, I take a few steps to the daybed, stumble over my own two feet and start to go down. Jacob grabs me, pulling me into his lap right before I crash into the glass table-top.

“You okay, Pickle?” he asks.

I giggle at my clumsiness and sit up, trying to get my bearings and figure out how the fuck I got tangled up in my own two feet in such a small space. Blaming it on the White Claws, I shake it off.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Thanks for not letting me hit the table. That would have been bad,” I whisper. I look at him and realize how close we are. My face is inches from his and I try to not stare at his full lips. I want to kiss him, to feel his lips on mine. But I hesitate because while I want this, a part of me is still slightly unsure.

“Anytime,” he murmurs.

A rogue pair of hands slide around me from behind and cup my breasts over my shirt. I see Ford in my peripheral just as his lips latch onto my neck, sucking and licking up to the shell of my ear. A low groan has my attention snapping back to Jacob.

“Do you see what you do to him? Should we thank him for saving you from falling through the table?” Ford purrs into my ear as he nips my lobe. I arch back into him, causing my core to grind against Jacob’s, and I feel his cock hardening beneath me.

He grabs my thighs to halt my movements and stares at me, his eyes heated and full of want. “Kiss him, baby. Let him feel your soft lips,” Ford whispers, and I lean forward and capture Jacob’s lips with mine gingerly. I pull back slightly, but Jacob’s hand snaps to my hair, grabbing a hold of my ashy strands, holding me to him as he pushes his tongue into my mouth.

Oh, fuck me. He tastes like mints and years of longing.



Ford rolls the top of my jumpsuit down around my waist and undoes the clasp of my bra with skillful speed. My body prickles with excitement as he places his lips on my shoulder. He lets my breasts fall free before rolling my taut nipple between his thumb and forefinger.

Jacob bows his head and latches onto the abandoned nipple on my other tit, suckling the stiff peak into his mouth. His hot tongue flicks across my pebbled nipple and I moan, throwing back my head in ecstasy. God, this feels amazing. All my apprehensions about this slipping away with all the sensations running rampant through my body.

I'm pulled off Jacob's lap and instantly whine at the loss of his touch. Ford carries me over and lays me on the edge of the daybed before kneeling between my legs, pulling my jumpsuit the rest of the way off of me. He tosses it to the side, looking at the apex of my thighs.

"No panties again, Kitty? You're a naughty girl." He bends down, flattening his tongue and running it through my wet folds.

"Fuck, Ford," I mewl. He rolls his tongue quickly back and forth over my bundle of nerves, and I arch my back up, moaning. "That tongue is sinful, babe."

He doesn't respond, just gives my clit a tender kiss before ending his feast on my pussy. Lifting my head, I look down at him with a raised brow and see a smile form at the corner of his mouth. He looks to Jacob and crooks a finger at him, motioning him to come closer. Jacob stands, taking a few steps over to us, and removes his shirt.

"Taste her, Jacob. Let the first pussy you taste be the sweet one of our girl," he encourages with a gleam in his eye.

Jacob kneels down next to Ford between my thighs, looking at me once more, his green eyes blazing into mine. My heart is

racing and my core ignites in desire for the two guys positioned before me.

I give Jacob a nod, encouraging him to obey Ford's order. He slowly dips his head and licks through my folds softly. A hiss escapes my lips at the feeling and his eyes shoot up to mine once more before he closes his lips around my clit, sucking lightly. A groan leaves his throat and the vibrations against my pussy have me moaning and dropping my head back against the daybed.

Jacob picks up speed as he gains confidence. His tongue flattens against my tiny bud as he laps at it in quick, firm strokes. Two fingers slide into my center and scissor inside me. I arch up off the bed and moan, "Fuck, Jacob."

"Seems our friend caught on rather quickly, baby," Ford teases.

I cock my head to the side, open my eyes, and see Ford kneeling on the bed next to me, stroking his cock. He smiles at me lovingly before rubbing the tip of his cock against my lips. Fuck, I love how this man is feeding me his dick on a silver platter.

My mouth opens willingly in an 'O' for him and he slowly slides his shaft between my lips until his crown bumps the back of my throat. He leisurely fucks my mouth just like that; pulling out as I swirl my tongue around his tip and slowly pushing back in until I'm swallowing around him.

Jacob is still going to town on my pussy as the pressure from my pending orgasm builds. When I can't hold it off any

longer, I scrunch my eyes shut and shatter. I scream out my release around Ford's cock while Jacob licks through it.

When I come down from my high, Ford pulls his cock out with a pop and I sneak a peek at Jacob. He's wiping his mouth with the back of his hand as he stands, pulling his pants and briefs off.

Ford tosses him something and he catches it. As he rips it open, I see it's a condom. My boyfriend crawls behind me, pulling me back to his chest as I sit between his legs. Leaning down, he murmurs in my ear. "Watch him enter you, baby. You're about to take his virginity."

A gasp leaves me, my eyes widening in surprise. I know Jacob told me he waited for me, but I didn't think much about it, nor did I think he was serious. But fuck, he really is a virgin and I'm about to take his cherry. The thought turns me on more than it should. Jacob just gives me a dismissive shrug of his shoulders and finishes rolling the condom onto his thick cock. One that I can't wait to have inside of me.

He's not as long as Ford, but he makes up for it in girth and the small curve of his shaft has me drooling. Grabbing his dick in his hand, he lines himself up with my hole and pushes his mushroom head inside. I'm leaning against Ford watching Jacob enter me, glancing from his face to where we're connected. Jacob meets my eyes, then quickly averts his gaze to his dick before pulling out.

"I can't do this," he breathes as he grabs his briefs and pants and runs inside the suite, shutting the patio door behind him.

Ford and I both look at each other in confusion and shock. But most of all, I feel the sting of rejection. Maybe I should have listened to my doubts more.

CHAPTER 24



Entering the suite, I run straight to the bathroom, slamming the door and locking it behind me. Turning around, I put my back to the wall and let out a deep breath as I drop my clothes to the floor. Holy fuck, I just ate Dylan's pussy, and she came on my tongue. It was hands down the best thing I've ever experienced. She tasted sweet with a hint of musk, and I'm addicted to her already.

Fucking her should've been easy, but I pushed in just enough that I couldn't see my crown anymore. But when I locked eyes with her as she leaned up against Ford, panic coursed through my veins. I should've known that this could never work. *Fuck! Why did I agree to this?*

Pulling the condom off my dick, I throw it in the trash, picking up my pants and quickly putting them on. I need to get the fuck out of here. I leave my briefs on the floor, not having the energy to put them on.

"Open up, man! We can talk about this!" Ford bangs on the bathroom door.

Not wanting to deal with him or face Pickle, I opt to ignore him. I button my pants up and look at myself in the mirror. No idea where my shirt is. I must have left it out on the balcony. Oh well, I have more at home.

I stare at myself, wondering how this all went to hell so quickly. My eyes are still hooded with lust, and I look like a man possessed. Minutes go by, and the insistent knocking stops. Pressing my ear to the door, I don't hear anyone, so I

slowly pull the door open. To my surprise, Dylan is standing there in one of Ford's t-shirts.

“What’s wrong?” Her voice is soft, but I can hear the concern in each word, mixed along with pain. I’m sure I hurt her, running away like that.

“Nothing,” I blurt, just needing to get out of this room and not wanting to talk about what happened.

“Then why are you leaving like this?” she questions, her eyes filled with unshed tears.

I push past her into the main part of the suite and head to the door. I open my mouth to say something, but before I can utter a word, she cuts me off.

“This is exactly why I was worried about this whole thing!” she shouts at my back as I keep moving to make my exit. “I knew if we did something, it would impact our friendship.”

“Don’t worry about it, we’re fine. I just can’t have sex with you,” I throw over my shoulder to her as I stop at the suite door.

She takes a sharp breath in and I wince at how my words came across. Turning, I look at her and see a tear roll down her cheek. “I’m sorry, Pickle. We’re fine though. I just can’t do this.”

“Why? I’m not forcing you, but what happened out there?” she begs as she takes a step closer to me, her shoulders quivering as she cries.

“I just can’t do this with you,” I bark at her. Why can’t she just let it go? All I want her to do is take my answer and let me leave. To just forget everything that happened after we left the movies.

She freezes in place and wipes her eyes, and I see the anger burning underneath the tears. “Tell me, Jacob! Am I not good enough for you? Not slutty enough? Not fake-titted and blonde enough? Or did you hear the rumors from our old school? Tell me what the fuck is going on!” she screams.

“You are my problem, Dylan! I can’t have sex with you and it just be sex. I’m still a virgin, for fuck’s sake, because no one was you! I’ve been waiting for you! I can’t fuck you in some meaningless threesome, because I will always want more. I want you to be mine and that can’t fucking happen since you’re my best friend’s girl!” I snap and I can feel the vein in my temple throbbing from the anger I feel at this whole situation. I know Ford thinks polyamory will work for us and I’m not against that idea, but Dylan hasn’t mentioned such a thing. So for her, this is just a fun threesome to check off of her bucket list.

Looking at her, I see her eyes opening and closing rapidly in disbelief. She folds an arm around her stomach as the tears freely fall once more. My heart breaks seeing her like this, but I couldn’t fuck her and then just be okay when I couldn’t have her anymore.

“Why can’t she be yours?” Ford asks as he closes the doors to the balcony, his hands filled with our forgotten clothes and

empty bottles of beer.

Running my hands through my hair, I stare at my best friend in disbelief. “Cause she’s yours, you fucking moron.”

“So I told you before that polyamory is a thing. It’s more popular than you think. Why can’t it work for us? You care for one another way more than friends and have since you were kids. It’s why you’re both so worked up about her being back here now. She’s pissed because she was in love with you, and you left her a few years ago. And you loved her and thought you’d graduate school and go back for her. Well, you both fucked up and you’re both still in love with the other.”

“Wait, you were going to come back for me?” Dylan asks through a sob.



Dylan

“Yes, I was going to graduate from Pinewood and come back for you. The hope was you’d come to college with me or at least agree to be my girl long distance,” Jacob confesses, his voice cracking as he talks.

“Why didn’t you contact me? Why was it okay to be a long distance girlfriend in college and not high school?” I ask, confused because if this is how he’s felt, why did he just drop me like yesterday’s laundry?

“Thought it was easier to get through high school. I don’t know why, other than I was a fucking moron. In my head it would be easier for us to live our lives and then when I graduated and still felt the same about you, then I’d come to confess my lo- feelings for you,” he murmurs.

He was about to say he loves me. Jacob Stoll—who I loved most of my childhood and if I’m being honest, still do—loves me. I take a step toward him, wringing my hands together. “You love me?”

“Always have. Probably always will,” he admits, his eyes looking straight into my soul. He means every word he’s saying. I feel it in my gut.

Butterflies flutter in my stomach at the thought of my childhood crush loving me. Feeling for me, what I’ve felt for

him all these years. Now, though, this is way more complicated because I've also fallen for his best friend.

Thinking of the devil himself, I turn to look at Ford. "And you. You know all of this and want us just to be together? Where does that leave you? I'm not ending things with you, I'm falling for you and I'm not giving you up," I tell him, my tone leaving no room for questions or second guesses.

"Hopefully, the other side of a Dylan sandwich," he snickers. "If we're all consenting and talk to one another, this could work, because as I've said about a million times now; polyamory isn't as uncommon as you think."

"Jacob and I have a lot of things to work out, though. You leaving really hurt me," I say the last part, turning back to look at the man in question.

"Okay," Ford says. "And you can do that while dating. What better way than a few dates and us navigating this together? Think of it as taking the bull by the horns."

What he's saying makes sense, and while I don't know anyone in a polyamorous relationship, I'm not against it. I have feelings for both of them, so why not be with both? If we're all in agreement and all want the same thing, then why not?

"Ford, don't push her. This has to be her decision," Jacob starts, but I step forward, diminishing the distance between us and cut him off by grabbing the back of his head and smashing our lips together.

I've loved Jacob since I was a kid. When he moved away two years ago and cut me out of his life, it killed me. But here he is, still in love with me, and Ford has obviously been scheming behind our backs, but we'll talk about that later.

I run my tongue against the seam of his lips and he opens, allowing me to push my tongue into his mouth, deepening our kiss. "Fuck me, Jacob," I murmur against his lips.

"Pickle," he groans, and I can feel his hardened cock pressing against my body.

"Not in some scandalously fun and friendly threesome. Fuck me like I'm yours. In fact, fuck me and make me yours." My voice takes a wistful tone as a tingling ache takes over my body.

He moans before picking me up and carrying me to the bed; he lays down next to me but I'm not letting him get caught up in all the thoughts in his head again. My mind is made up. I roll over and take hold of his pants, fumbling to unbutton them and pull them down his legs. Tossing them on the floor beside the bed, I climb on top of him and straddle his body.

Ford must catch on to what I'm planning because he climbs up on the bed behind me and grabs the hem of the shirt I'm wearing and pulls it off, throwing it to the floor. Taking hold of his long, hard length, I grip the base, positioning him at my entrance and sink down onto him. I don't sink slowly, either. I sink like an anchor and feel him bottom out inside of me.

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck, you feel so good," he grunts as a shudder runs down his body.

My chest expands as my breathing quickens, and my eyes light up as I feel our connection deepening. I roll my hips and slowly ride Jacob as he groans. I feel his cock twitch deep inside me.

“Can you take more?” Ford asks as he begins undressing.

Looking at him, I smile and nod as I continue to ride Jacob. He bucks his hips up into me from underneath. Ford stands up on the bed and moves to my left, holding his cock and stroking it slowly. Licking my lips, I lean toward him, engulfing his mushroom head into my mouth and sucking hard.

“Damn, baby.” Ford’s moans fill the room, mixing with Jacob’s.

I move my mouth further down his shaft until my nose bumps against the base. Jacob picks up speed, fucking me in short but brutal thrusts. I move a hand down the front of my body and rub my clit with increased vigor.

In seconds, I feel my skin tighten as my heart pounds in my chest. Squeezing my eyes shut, I loudly moan out my release. Ford pulls from my mouth and jerks his dick a few times before he erupts with a deep groan, shooting ropes of his hot, sticky cum all over my chest.

“Fuck, that’s hot. You’re choking my fucking dick, Pickle. I’m gonna come,” Jacob pants, thrusting up into me a few more times before he stills. His body jerks as he grunts and I feel rope after rope of cum empty inside me.

When we've all caught our breath and are a sticky, sweaty mess, Ford collapses onto the bed next to Jacob, sighing. I giggle quietly at the sight of them side by side and shimmy off Jacob. His cum leaks from my core, dripping down my thighs. I can't find it in me to care at the moment. I snuggle down in between my two men and close my eyes.

We have a lot of shit to talk about in the morning, but for now, I'm going to sleep feeling totally content and happy.

CHAPTER 25



Waking up this morning, everything feels right. The three of us are in bed together, our limbs intertwined. Kitty is in the middle of Jacob and me. The cream to our cookies, so to say.

Carefully, I untangle myself from them and slowly get out of bed. I'm starved and I know they will be, too. I head over to the suite phone, pick it up and order some room service—all our favorites: bacon, eggs, French toast, orange juice, and coffee. Our girl will definitely need coffee.

Our girl! Shit, that feels good—natural. It's as if she was always meant to be ours.

My eyes keep straying back over to the bed, where my best friend and my girl lie tangled up together. Her toned, tan legs stick out from under the blanket. All I want to do is lick up the length of them until I reach her wet center and devour her like a starved man.

When they wake up, we need to have a talk and make sure we're all on the same page with what this means for the three of us, because Dyl is it for me, there's never going to be another girl I want as bad as her.

Jacob is the first to wake. He looks over Dyl's body, seeing the space behind her empty, before he spots me sitting in the chair across the room from him. He gently kisses her forehead before pulling free from her embrace.

"Fuck, I'm hungry," he tells me as he drops into the chair beside me.

“Foods on the way. I ordered enough to feed the whole team,” I joke with him. “We need to talk before we leave because I want to make this official, the two of us with her. It’s not a dirty secret I want to hide.”

Jacob nods his agreement before speaking. “I do too.” He jerks his head over to the bed. “But what about her? What do you think she wants? Us, it’s no big deal, but going public could impact her negatively.” He’s right, since we’re males, we’ll get a clap on the back, but females always get the shit end of the stick. She could be ridiculed or bullied.

“Well, why don’t the two of you just ask me instead of speculating,” a very hoarse voice says.

We both jerk our heads over to Dylan, seeing her sitting up in bed. Her tousled hair hangs loosely, the sheet bunched around her waist as her beautiful breasts sit on display, her rosebud nipples begging to have our mouths on them.

“Sorry, Pickle. How do you feel about it? About us being officially together? But before you answer that, I need us to address the fact I didn’t use a condom last night. I’m clean, obviously, and I trust you are,” Jacob says as he leans forward in the chair, resting his arms on his thighs.

“Okaaaayyy,” Dylan replies, drawing out the word.

“It’s just if you get pregnant, I’ll be there. I won’t leave you to raise the baby on your own.” Jacob moves closer to her, taking her hand in his.

“It’s okay. I have an implant, so I’m not worried about getting pregnant. I appreciate you saying that, though. Also, yes, I am clean and Ford and I had this same conversation—he is too.”

“That’s right, my pickle for Kitty Cat is disease free. Now back to the question Jacob asked. I think you still need to answer that. How do you feel about the three of us?” The need to get this conversation back on track taking over. I want to be done with it before the food gets here.

“How do I feel about having the boy I loved since I was a kid, and the boy I’ve fallen in love with since coming here to myself? Hmmmm. Let me think. Yes, I want you both and for this to be official. I couldn’t care less what anyone thinks or says about it. Now, who wants to come over here and make me come?”

We don’t need her to say anything else—we both jump up and rush over to her.



Leaving the hotel, I’m pumped to be an official throuple. Jacob takes her home to keep her mom from being suspicious. Even though we agreed we don’t care who says what about us, we decided to keep it low-key when we’re at home until we’re ready to tell our parents. We’re all eighteen now and they can’t say shit, but we don’t want to cause any waves until we know for sure if we’ll get a full ride to college.

I was on cloud nine the whole way home. Even my mom, bitching at me as I entered the house about where I was all night, couldn't bring me down. She bought the lame ass excuse I gave her about falling asleep at Jacob's and went back to reading her newspaper.

Not even thirty minutes after stepping in the door, my phone rings, and Jacob's face appears on the screen.

I click the accept button, letting the video call come through, and all I can do is laugh.

"What's funny?" he barks out, trying like hell to keep the goofy smile he's sporting from popping back up on his face. I'm sure if I were to look in a mirror, it would match mine.

"That we're both in seventh heaven over sharing the girl of our dreams."

"I know. I can't believe we're officially dating after crushing on her for so long. Are you sure about sharing her? I just need to be sure."

"I've never been more sure of anything in my life. It feels right, like it's the way it was always meant to be." And I mean it with every fiber of my being.

"Good, 'cause I plan on being at all the extra training you do with her now. She's ours to train and protect."

"Deal." I laugh at him. *"I've got some homework to do. Let's plan to video with our girl later, maybe even make it a little self gratifying, if you catch my drift."* Winking, I end the call before he can reply.

I can't wait for what's to come.



Dylan

Jacob dropped me off and thoroughly devoured my lips before I left the car and padded into my house. I need a nap, a good long nap and since I have no plans for today, that's what I'm going to do.

Shutting the door behind me, I head straight upstairs, not wanting to get caught up listening to my mom or Gideon drone on about wedding shit. Thankfully, luck is on my side and I manage to make it to my room uninterrupted and open my dresser so I can change into some clean pajamas.

As I pull my clothes off, I feel the remnants of last night still on my thighs and damn, does my pussy feel sore. But only in the best way.

After Jacob and I took care of that pesky virginity issue, the three of us enjoyed each other's bodies over and over again. Only napping in between fucking, and even then we woke up only to do it again.

"You're a cum dumpster, Dylan. You need to shower," I mumble to myself with a little chuckle. Grabbing the clean pajamas, I slam the dresser drawer shut and head back out into the hallway.

My phone vibrates in my pocket as soon as my bedroom door latches behind me, so I pull it out and see a group text with Jacob, Ford, and I. Ford obviously made it and titled it

Sexy Poly Time. I laugh out loud while rolling my eyes at his antics.

Master of Orgasms: Figured a group text would be easier than playing telephone like we're ten. Thought on the name? I think it's catchy.

Jacob: I think you're fucking stupid. Hey Pickle, I miss you already.

I go to my contacts and change Jacob's name because it's only fair that he has a custom name as well.

Me: Miss you too. I'm hitting the shower ttyl

Poppedhischerry: Text us later!

Me: I'm gonna take a nap after. I'll text you when I wake up. Love you!

Poopedhischerry: Love you 2

Master of Orgasms: Love you! Think of me when you're in the shower.

Not paying attention since I'm lost in texting my guys, I open the bathroom door and step inside.

"What the fuck are you doing? Don't you know how to knock?" Matthew yells at me.

Snapping my eyes up from my phone, it falls from my hand to the floor as my eyes latch onto his massive cock. Holy hell! Is it pierced?

"Eyes up here, little sister," he smirks when I look back up at his face. "I'll ask again, do you know how to knock?"

“Sorry, I was texting and not paying attention. Why didn’t you lock the door?” I ramble.

“I was the only one home. Not really worried about a ghost climbing into the shower with me. But apparently I should be worried about little sisters.” He grabs a towel and slowly wraps it around his chiseled body.

“Don’t get too full of yourself. If I knew you were in here, I would have stayed far, far away. Wouldn’t want your dickheadedness or cockiness to rub off on me.”

“I didn’t hear the door. When did you get home anyway?” he asks.

“Not that it’s any of your concern now that I’m an adult, but I just got home and wanted to shower before taking a nap.”

He moves closer to me, leaning down so his lips are just a smidge away from mine. His hot breath skirting along my skin. “Where you’re at is my concern, especially now that you’re an adult.” He reaches around me, grabbing the door handle and opens the door. “It’s all yours Dylan. Hope I left enough hot water to wash the smell of sin off of your body.”

With that, he moves past me and exits the bathroom, leaving me standing there, chest heaving—a mixture of being turned on and pissed off. He’s such a fucking asshole. A sexy as hell asshole with a huge dick apparently, but nonetheless an asshole.

CHAPTER 26



This week has been insane. I'm glad it's finally Friday and we have the weekend to do nothing but just relax. Jacob and Ford have been double-teaming my training and I'm exhausted. After practice on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, we stay late to run drills, just the three of us. And let's just say they haven't been easy on me, working me just as hard as one of the guys on the team.

I know they just want to make sure that what I lack in brute strength I make up for in speed and agility. They want me fast on my feet, so I can grab passes and get out of the hit zone. I don't totally disagree, but I know I can take a hit and I don't want them babying me. Tonight, we play Loyola and I'm starting according to Coach Blue.

I'm in Coach's office, sitting in the chair behind his desk at Pinewood. I've just finished changing into my uniform and I'm waiting for the go ahead that the team is dressed and I can leave.

While I sit, I have time to think about how good this week has been, having my two guys officially claim me. We got a few odd looks from people when they saw me holding hands or kissing Ford and then later Jacob. I don't care what they think though, they can fuck right off. My happiness and the guys' is all that matters to me, and we're happy.

A knock on the door pulls me from my thoughts. "All clear!" I shout at who I'm assuming is Coach Blue. He or the guys are the only ones who would come in while I'm in here, and

Coach is the only one who would knock. Ford or Jacob would, of course, just stroll right in and probably fondle me.

“Hey, kid,” he greets as soon as he walks in.

He leaves the door cracked with his foot just like he does every time. I think he’s cautious to be in the room alone with me since I’m a female. Also, this is my changing room at home games, so if anyone found out our secret, he wants no other issues to arise. I get it, he’s probably worried about what rumor would be started if we were seen. Which is good for him for thinking ahead, but I don’t worry about him. I’ve seen how he fawns over his wife when she comes to the matches.

“Hey, Coach,” I reply, smiling at him.

“I just wanted to stop over here before we head out to the field and tell you that there’s a scout in the stands tonight. He called me earlier this week about taking a look at Stoll and Nickels.” He grins and looks proud as a peacock that two of his players are being considered.

“Do they know?” I ask, my stomach fluttering at the thought of them getting recruited to separate schools. I can’t think like that. Instead, I need to hope, pray, and envision them getting into the same college, so we can all go together. We don’t have that much time left in high school and we just got together. I don’t want to lose them.

“No, I didn’t tell them and I don’t want you to either. I don’t want them getting in their heads in case it fucks something up. They’ll play like they normally do if they’re unaware they’re being watched by someone important. I’m only telling you, so

you know how important it is to keep in character. No over-lovey, mushy shit on my field tonight. You feel me?” He quirks a brow at me.

“Yes, sir. I want this for them, so my lips are sealed.” He gives me an approving nod before heading out of the office.

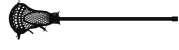
I follow behind him a few moments later, meeting Ford and Jacob in the hall before we head out to the field. We step up to the field just as the announcer calls our numbers and last names and the crowd goes wild. Our town isn’t like most, where people are big into football. Here in our town, lacrosse is the big sport. We pump our hands in the air as we jog to our side of the field.

“Offense, get out there. Minus you Lavern, you’re sitting out the starting lineup. Murphy, you’re in!” Coach hollers, and I see Doug roll his eyes and plop down on the bench. He glares at me, but I shrug it off.

Guess he should have practiced more. Ha!

“Yes, Coach!” I reply and turn so he can hear me through my helmet when I see him shaking hands with someone. I can’t really see them, since Coach’s hulking body is blocking my view. But then the guys sit down and I see that dark blond hair and baby blue eyes staring at me.

Oh, holy fuck! What the hell is he doing here? And why is he shaking hands with my coach? This cannot be happening.



Matthew

I barely made it to the match in time tonight. The step-witch sent me on a bullshit errand to pick up some cake samples for her and my dad to try. The baker was running behind, so I had to stand there and wait for him to give me the tiny bite-size pieces of cake. Then, when I arrived back home to deliver the samples to Holly, that bitch had the audacity to lecture me about my timeliness.

What a fucking cunt!

How dare she get on my ass about how she and my dad are busy people, when I did her a favor, even going to get the damn things. Now, I've barely made it under the wire to shake Coach Blue's hand just as the match begins.

As I move to head to the bleachers to take a seat, I notice a player staring at me from the sideline. Number eighteen just stands there frozen, looking at me. I give a quick wave and smirk before opening the roster for tonight's game.

I'm sure he must think I'm here for a reason, especially since I shook the coach's hand. He must know I'm a scout between that and the notebook in my hand, not to mention there's no way I'm old enough to be any of these kids' parents.

This is why I hate letting players know I'm coming; they act like this and then they don't play to their true capabilities. Too wrapped up in their thoughts on not fucking up because the

scout's here, they end up fucking it up. Ironic, but it's what happens.

Remembering that eighteen is D. Murphy, I look at the roster to see if this time he has a first name. He must be new to the team this year. Blue didn't mention anything about him when I called about Stoll and Nickels. Guess he's not someone the coach thinks would be a good fit for any college program. Opening the roster, I see that Stoll is six and Nickels is eleven. I close it just as the whistle blows.

Stoll is fighting to get to the middle of the field. He's trying to get Loyola's defense to bite, so he can fake them out. It works, and he gets free and throws an outside toss, flying right past their player and into Loyola's goal.

Loyola is on offense now and shoots the ball downfield, but Murphy jumps up, intercepting the ball with his stick. He shoots it immediately to Nickels, who catches swiftly and releases it with a flick of the wrist into Loyola's net once more.

Damn, he makes up for that small frame with fucking speed. He's agile and light on his feet, intercepting passes left and right. The stick skills he possesses are insane. Why Blue didn't mention him, I don't know, but I plan to find out. He'll be the hot ticket for all the colleges this year, ending up with a free ride and choice of any school he wants to attend. Well, that is, if this is how he plays all matches and if he has the academic stats to match.

I watch the rest of the match and I'm still highly impressed with Stoll, Nickels, and Murphy as a trio. They play seamlessly together, always knowing where the other is and blocking each other like they've played together for years. They could be a dream trio for a team if they stay that in sync.

I'm going to have to mention Murphy to Blue and see what he can tell me. He was a fool not to mention him to me when I told him I was coming tonight. Maybe another region's scout has scooped him up already. That won't matter to CSU. If they want him bad enough, they'll sweeten the pot so he'll pick their school.

It's also super impressive that Murphy is the same player who was frozen earlier, staring at me. I thought for sure he'd be a bumbling idiot on the field, but it was the complete opposite. I'm not one to be easily impressed, but these three did it for me tonight.

Pinewood beats Loyola 12-4 and as the team exits the field, I stand. "Coach! Can I have a word with you?" I call out to Blue. He turns to me, smiling, before waving his players off to the locker room.

"What's up?" he asks.

"First, you were right. Stoll and Nickels are impressive. I'll be keeping an eye on them this season to see where they'd be a good fit. I definitely think keeping them together will make whatever team they end up on powerful. But what I wanted to talk about was why you didn't mention Murphy?" I ask,

crossing my arms looking at him with a slight cock to my head.

“M-M-Murphy?” he fumbles.

“Yeah, Murphy, number eighteen? Not quite as big and muscular as the other boys on the team. But damn, is that kid brutally quick and reactive. Combined with the other two? You have yourself quite the powerhouse trio,” I inform him.

He’s rubbing at his throat and refusing to make eye contact with me. My mind begins to run crazy. Is there something he’s trying to hide? Is the kid not even a student at the school? Why is he acting so nervous?

“Yeah, he’s a good kid, a good player. I just don’t think he’s college lacrosse material,” he mumbles, but I can tell by his tone I was right and there’s more to it than that.

“Is everything okay with the kid? No issues or anything?” I push further, needing him to spill his guts and tell me the truth.

“No, he’s a good kid. New this year to Pinewood, transferred in just a few months before tryouts. Barely made the team actually, but Stoll and Nickels took him under their wing. Well, I better get going or the boys will have the locker room torn apart in celebration. You know how they are,” he tells me and scurries away, checking over his shoulder to look at me every so often.

What the fuck was that about? Is Murphy not of age or something or maybe not in good academic standing? Why

would Blue be so cagey about him? I'm not sure, but I intend to find out. I want to know everything there is to know about that kid.

CHAPTER 27



We fucking decimated Loyola tonight. Like there was even a doubt that we would. Now we're headed to a party at Jenkins, one of our defensive lines' houses, to celebrate. His parents are out of town and he has the key to the liquor cabinet. It's time for us to kick back, party and let off some steam with Pickle.

Not only do we get to celebrate a win, but I have my girl. Well, mine and Ford's. I plan to grind up on her every slow or fuck me song that comes on and hopefully, we can all find a room to have some fun in.

The party is already in full force when we arrive. Heading into the kitchen, I grab a beer for me and Ford and make my girl a mixed drink. Ain't no way in hell I'm trusting any of the fuckers here to make it for her. Not to mention she won't be out of either of our sights. I'm not leaving it up to chance for one of these drunk asses to try to take advantage of our girl.

We head out the back door, onto the deck, looking down to the ground below where they've built a bonfire. "Let's go sit there," Dyl says, batting her eyes at me, knowing it's my kryptonite and I can't say no.

Taking the steps down to the bonfire, we choose to go to the far side where no one else is sitting yet so we can have some time with just the three of us, away from the crowd. Dyl takes a seat and Ford and I sit on either side of her.

Ford and Dyl are talking about the game and it hits me that now is the perfect time to bring up what's been on my mind. Before we left the locker room, Coach Blue pulled me to the

side and told me about the scout that was there tonight. But before I get a chance, Dylan speaks up.

“So I saw you and Blue chatting in the locker room. What were you two talking about?” She has a knowing look on her face, and I begin to wonder if she may know more than she’s letting on.

“He wanted to let me know there was a scout at the game looking at me and Ford and that he was impressed with what he saw. But he was also interested in you and wondered why Coach didn’t ask him to look at you as well.” Her eyes go wide at the mention of the scout.

“Ummm... he did?” she asks, stuttering over her words.

“Yeah, he was really impressed with the three of us. He even told coach we’re a powerhouse trio—” I start, but before I can finish, Dyl speaks up.

“There’s something I need to tell you about the scout,” she says softly.

“What is it?” Ford asks.

“Well, first, I knew there was a scout there tonight. Coach told me he was coming to see the two of you, but didn’t want you to know, so your game wouldn’t be off.” Her voice is trembling.

“Okay, that’s no big deal. I actually understand it. We could have blown the game if our egos got a hold of us and we tried to show off,” I tell her, trying to assess why she’s so nervous. We wouldn’t be mad at her for her not telling us.

“There’s more,” she says.

“Okay, Kitty, just tell us.” Ford takes her hand in his hand, rubbing it.

“I saw the scout talking to Coach Blue. He looked right at me and, well, I know who he is,” she tells us.

“Okay, baby, who is it?” I ask her, scooting closer to her, putting my arm over her shoulder.

“It’s Matthew! My fucking future step brother.” I don’t know about anyone else, but I start to panic. If he knows it’s Dylan and he tells her mom, it’s the end of her lacrosse dreams.

“You knew he was watching our game? Why didn’t you say anything?” Ford questions her.

“Like I said, because Coach told me not to. He thought if you knew, you’d be more focused on impressing him and choke, or screw the game completely. But I don’t understand. Matthew looked dead at me. He had to know it was me,” she says.

“I don’t think he did. Well, at least not from how Coach talked. Could it be possible he didn’t put two and two together?”

“Maybe, I mean, he knows my mom’s last name is Clark because she went back to her maiden name after she and my dad separated. Maybe he thinks that’s my last name too and hasn’t linked me to Murphy. He’s an ass, so hopefully he hasn’t. If he does, then I’ll have to find a way to make sure he keeps his mouth shut,” she says adamantly.

Pulling her closer to me, I kiss her on the top of her head. “Don’t worry, we’ll make sure he keeps his fucking mouth shut or else. I’m sure he has some secrets he wouldn’t want to get out.”

“Fuck yeah. Let him try something. This is our year. The three of us together and no one’s fucking ruining it. Not even your pervy ass stepbrother.”

“How about we go find a room? I have some energy to burn off.” She stands up, taking both our hands in hers and leads us to the house.

We make our way upstairs to an empty room and step inside. I flip the light on and turn the lock on the door. Dylan walks to the bed, kicking off her shoes and taking her shirt off as she goes. She shimmies her leggings down her legs, kicks them off, and jumps on the bed. She’s wearing a lacey lilac matching bra and panty set, making my dick stand at attention as soon as my eyes lock on hers.

“You two gonna stand there staring or come over here and play with me?” she teases, cupping a tit with her hand and squeezing her pebbled nipple.

Ford throws his head back in a deep belly laugh but starts stripping. “I told you, buddy, she’s an addict. A little slut for her men’s cocks, huh?”

“Ford, I can think of something else your mouth is much better at than teasing me about always being horny,” Dylan sasses him, spreading her tanned thighs so we can see the lace on her panties is wet.

Naked as the day he was born, Ford crosses the room to her as he strokes his cock. He climbs on the bed and rips Dylan's panties off, causing her to gasp. He wastes no time diving face-first into her cunt.

"Fuck! Yes!" she cries as she runs a hand into his hair and grinds her pussy against Ford's face.

Grabbing the back of my shirt, I pull it off with one hand and make quick work of my jeans and boxers. I cross the room and as I climb up and capture Pickle's lips with mine, she bites down on my bottom lip, arches her back, and wails her release.

Ford pops up from between her legs, licking his lips. "Now, I wanna watch you ride Jacob again," he bosses, and she kisses me once more gently before sitting up, pushing me back on the bed and crawling over the top of me.

She grabs my cock and positions it at her center before sinking down onto me. I groan at the feeling because I don't think I'll ever get over how fucking warm and tight her pussy is. Immediately, she begins to rock her hips back and forth, fucking me slowly.

I find her clit and stroke it with my thumb, remembering how she likes that.

"More," she pants.

Ford crawls behind her and pushes her down, so we are face to face. "I know what you want, baby. We're going to fill you up."

Pickle whimpers in response to his words and runs her tongue against the seam of my lips. I open for her and our tongues tangle, fighting for dominance. She gasps into my mouth before pulling away. “I’ve never—”

Ford interrupts her. “I know, baby. Trust us, we got you.”



Dylan

Ford rubs a hand over my back as his other hand touches where Jacob and I are connected. Rubbing his fingers through my wetness, he gathers what he can and brings it to my tight star.

He rubs small but firm circles around my entrance before dipping a finger in. I hiss at first, but it quickly turns to pleasure as he pumps it in and out of me. Adding another finger, he scissors them in and out of me while I continue my slow and sensual attack on Jacob's lips.

“Ready for my cock now, baby?” Ford asks.

“Yes,” I whisper.

I know he probably thinks after I said ‘*I never*’ that he thinks I meant anal, but I meant double penetration. Ford, however, is being so gentle that it doesn't matter. Feeling his mushroom head push against my puckered star, I moan at the pain and Jacob uses that opportunity to snake a hand between us, stroking my clit.

“God, yes,” I cry and Ford pushes the rest of the way in slowly. Once he is fully seated in my ass, he stills, and I wiggle my hips. “Move. Now!”

Both my lovers chuckle before Ford begins pumping his hips in and out of me. I can't really ride Jacob like I was with Ford's pace. Luckily, Jacob catches on quickly and begins to

buck up into me, alternating with Ford. They fuck me at a consistent rhythm and I can feel my orgasm fast approaching.

My eyes close, and my mouth opens with a scream. “Ohhhh. Ohhhh. Ohhh.”

“That’s it, baby. Cover our cocks with your cum. Fuck, your ass is perfect,” Ford grits.

They don’t ease up as I come down from my high, instead picking up the pace and fucking me harder, faster.

“I can’t,” I cry.

“You will,” Jacob growls as he nips my lips.

“Come with us, Dylan. Give us one more and we’ll rest,” Ford demands, and I nod my head. Jacob circles my bundle of nerves once more and instantly I feel my body climbing the peak to bliss again.

“Come. Now!” Ford barks as he slaps a hand down across my ass cheek.

Jacob stills inside me as he grunts and I feel him shoot his release deep inside my pussy. Ford continues his brutal attack on my ass. I come undone for the third time tonight. My body shakes and I feel my toes curl as jolts of electricity pulsate through me.

“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck,” I moan.

Ford groans as I feel him tense up before hot ropes of cum are released inside me. Ford pulls out first and I can feel his release leaking out of my ass. I roll off of Jacob, collapsing

next to him, his cum dripping down my thighs. Ford runs his fingers through both their cum before holding them up to me.

“Suck,” he orders, and fuck if it doesn’t have me heating up all over again.

I open my mouth and swirl my tongue around his fingers, humming at the taste of them together. Next time, I’m going to ask them to let me suck them both off and come in my mouth. They taste delicious. Both of them groan at the sight of me cleaning Ford’s fingers.

We lay there for a moment, but then Jacob gets up and leaves the room. He returns a minute or two later with a wet rag and cleans me up, then tosses the rag in the hamper next to the door. Thank god we picked a bedroom with an ensuite bathroom.

“Let’s nap, then we’ll head home.”



Blinking my eyes open, I’m confused at where we’re at, but then I remember we meant to take a nap at Jenkins’ and then head home. I look at the Alexa on the nightstand and see it’s nine AM. *Fuck! We slept all night.*

The guys stir next to me and as they open their eyes, I rush out to them in a panic. “It’s nine, and we spent the night. My mom is going to fucking kill me.”

We hurry from the bed, throwing on the clothes we shed last night during our playtime. I wince slightly at the sting in my lower half. Double penetration made me a tad sore, but I'm one hundred percent a fan of it now. We will be doing that as much as we can; I've never come so hard in my life.

"Come on, Pickle. I'll drop you off," Jacob grabs my hand as I kiss Ford goodbye and we head out the door to his car.

The car is silent as we just listen to the radio, holding hands as we make the short drive to take me home. When we pull up in front of the house, Jacob gives me a quick kiss.

"Bye, Pickle." I kiss him again and open my car door, heading to the front of the house.

As soon as I enter, I can hear my mom bitching. I'm worrying she's already aware of my shenanigans, but as I get closer, I can actually make out what she's saying.

"Gideon, you can't allow your son to act that way. I asked him to pick up our cake samples and he was late. How dare he try to sabotage our big day. How selfish can he be?" she screams.

"Holly, honey, I don't think he meant to be late. He said the baker was running behind," Gideon tries to tell her, but in typical Holly fashion, she won't believe it.

"Do something about your son!" she wails.

"I'll take care of him," Gideon snaps, and I laugh, causing both of them to snap their attention to me.

“Something funny, Dylan?” she asks, her hands on her hips as she glares at me.

“Matthew is a grown man. His dad isn’t going to punish him for his manners. He admitted he was late with the cake samples because the baker was running behind. It’s your second wedding, Mother, and it’s not that serious of an issue.” I roll my eyes as she puts a hand over her mouth, pretending like she’s trying not to cry.

“Dylan! How dare you say that? This is the biggest day of my life. Gideon and I are pledging before God and everyone that we want to spend the rest of our lives together. It needs to be perfect. Not to mention you don’t even know what happened,” she whines.

“Seriously, Mom? You’re so fucking different from before. Do you hear yourself? You’re upset your soon-to-be stepson was late bringing you cake samples.” I laugh.

“Watch your mouth, young lady! You don’t understand now, but you will when it’s your big day,” she seethes.

Rolling my eyes at her again, I turn and head up the stairs to my room. As I get to the top of the landing, I notice Matthew standing there with a smirk on his face. I try to move past him, but he grabs me, shoves me against the wall, and cages me between his muscular arms.

“You didn’t need to stand up to the stepwitch for me, little sister. I don’t care what she says or thinks about me. I’m only here until the fall and then I’m gone for good.”

“She’s my mom, so yes, I did. I may not like you.” *Lie! My pussy is throbbing at his closeness—at how he has me trapped between him and the wall.* “But she’s not going to turn your dad against you. Now let me go!” I growl as I push against him.

He moves his arm, but not before my tits press against his toned chest. *Fuck, he’s stacked. I’m gonna need to go rub one out from this encounter.*

CHAPTER 28



My dick is rock hard after my little encounter with Dylan. What was I thinking, trapping her between myself and the wall?

When her tits pressed against me, I was ready to fuck her right then and there. I need to get out of this house before I end up fucking my soon-to-be stepsister, which will really piss off the stepwitch.

Deciding to try to get rid of this hard-on, I head to my room to do some work. If anything will shrink my dick, it's work. I sit on my bed and pull my laptop onto my lap, opening it. The need to know who this number eighteen player is pushing to the forefront of my mind. Pulling up Pinewood's website, I click through the tabs, scouring to see if anything will lead me to Murphy.

Nothing. Nada. Zilch. How in the hell is there no information on this player?

Resorting to trying to become an online investigator like that dude from the MTV show, *Catfish*, I type 'D. Murphy' into search engine after search engine. That brings me to a few different D. Murphys and none of them with pics to say who is who.

I let out a deep sigh and pick up my cell phone, calling Sally, who works in the school office and has for decades. She's always had a sweet spot for me, and I plan to fully take advantage of it. And as luck would have it, I have her number.

"Hello," she answers sweetly.

“Hi, Sally. It’s Matthew Dawson. How are you today?” I ask.

“Oh, Matthew sweetie, I’m good. How are you? Are you back home now? I could use someone to tend my lawn.”

“Yes, ma’am. I’m home and I will come over tomorrow and take care of your lawn. I was calling because there is a player on the lacrosse team I’m trying to check out and I can’t find them on the school roster anywhere. I was hoping you could help me,” I ask, lacing my voice with sugar.

“Of course, I will. What’s the name?”

“D. Murphy,” I reply a little too fast. “I know it’s the weekend, but I was hoping you could check on Monday and get back to me.”

“Hosh posh, sweetie. Give me a moment and I’ll go over to the computer. I can log into the school system from home.”

I wait as I hear her moving around before the clacking of fingernails on a keyboard float through the phone line.

“Let’s see, I have a Dale Murphy, Delilah Murphy, and a Dylan Murphy.”

“Okay, are any of them on the lacrosse team? Does it say?” I’m getting desperate and my tone is showing it. I really want to know who this guy is and talk to him about his interest in playing college lacrosse.

“No, it doesn’t tell me that. I wish I could help, but I don’t keep up with all the sports over here anymore. Too old and

tired for all that. I answer the phone and do the filing. That's it."

"That's okay, Sally. You helped immensely already. I'll be there tomorrow to take care of the lawn. Bye now." I hang up and lie back on my bed. Now I have to go mow her yard, which isn't that hard, but I was hoping to do more research on Murphy.

I wasn't lying; Sally did help.

I know now that D. Murphy has to be either Dale or Dylan. Those are the only two male names at Pinewood with the right surname, so it has to be one of them. Maybe if I go to a few more games, someone will say his name on the field instead of Murphy and I'll be in the money.

I close my eyes and contemplate my new plan. I can make it to most of the games. I'll look at the players on the other teams and figure out who this kid is. I crack open an eye at the same time a loud moan comes from the hall.

I jump up and open my door to see what's going on, but no one is out there. Another moan, "Matthew!" hits my ears and my cock jumps to attention. It's coming from Dylan's room. Blowing out a breath, I step out into the hallway and head toward her door, stopping right in front of it.

Listening quietly, I hear her inside. "That's right, Matthew, you like eating little sister's pussy don't you?" she pants and I feel pre-cum drip from the tip of my cock.

“If you make me come, little sister will ride that fat cock,” she says before she screams out her release, chanting my name.

Holy fucking hell. Who knew Dylan had such a filthy fucking mouth, and from the sounds coming from her room, she wants me to fuck her. I need to get the fuck out of here before I barge in there and ruin her.

She thinks she wants me and maybe in her taboo fantasies she has me. But there are two little problems she hasn't thought about that would send her life into shambles.

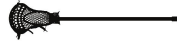
The first being I'm not gentle in the bedroom. I'm a rough lover. I get off on being in control and taking my partner to the brinks of their limits. I know for a fact she's not ready for me. I would destroy her.

Second, giving in on my urges to fuck her would ruin Holly and my dad's relationship. Honestly, I wouldn't care one tiny bit if that happened because I'm not a fan of Holly. What does concern me about ruining his engagement or marriage is that it would harm me and my dad's already strained relationship.

Dylan doesn't seem to have a great relationship with her mom, but in the entire time she's been here, I've heard nothing about a dad. She's not visited him, nor has someone come here to see her, minus the fuckhead twins. So Holly is all she has, I'm thinking, and I don't want to do that to her just because I want to get my dick wet.

So I decide to stop listening to my sister come with my name on her lips and head to my room to once again stroke one out.

I swear at this rate I'm going to own stock in KY or I'm going to give myself carpal tunnel.



Waking up, I stretch my arms above my head as I let out a loud groan. I fell asleep after making myself come twice, both times while watching videos on Chatterly of Dylan.

I'm going to have to start looking at apartment rentals so I can be away from the temptation of Dylan. My poor dick and hand need a break with as much as I've been jacking off. If I hadn't fucked up with that one chick at the bar, calling her Dylan, then at least I could've had someone to actually fuck. I'm grateful I only have a Prince Albert piercing and not a full ladder like I thought about. The ladder would have blisters forming on my palms at this rate.

Getting up from the bed, I head to the bathroom to brush my teeth before going downstairs to make some coffee and eggs.

I return to my room thirty minutes later, plopping down into my desk chair and begin going through my emails. I have coaches from CSU and a few other schools in Colorado messaging me, wanting details on any prospective players I've seen so far. I reply to the coach of University of Boulder, Regis, and University of Northern but CSU is going to have to wait. He's not getting a reply until I've found out more about the dynamic trio at Pinewood. My attempts at talking to the Murphy kid have been fruitless.

“Matthew, darling!” Holly’s shrill voice calls from downstairs. “Can you come down here for a minute?”

Rolling my eyes, I rip open my bedroom door and march down the stairs much like I remember doing as a teen and my dad grounding me. “Yes, Holly.”

“I was wondering if you had an aversion to salmon?” Like she would even care if I did.

“No, I have no food allergies and will eat almost anything. Are we going to dinner or something?” I ask.

She leans back in her high-back chair and laughs. “Oh, you sweet, unrefined boy. The color, not the food. I’m thinking since you’re the only one standing up for your dad in the wedding, you could wear salmon. It would complement Dylan’s dress, and you two would look adorable in the pictures.”

“So pink? You want me to wear pink? Sure I don’t care. Whatever you want Holly.” I tell her, just wanting to be done with this conversation. I’ll wear a fucking thong if it means I can get away from her faster.

“Not pink. Salmon. Don’t worry, it will look good. Dylan’s wearing Sherbert, so you two will be giving us sunset vibes together!” She waves her hands in the air in a rainbow pattern.

“I’m not wearing sherbert, Mother!” Dylan yells as she comes down the stairs.

“Dylan, I told you this was not up for debate.”

“And I told you to pick any other color in the rainbow, but orange of any shade. With my skin tone and hair, I’ll look like a fucking pumpkin, and I’m not doing it.” Dylan puts her hands on her hips and I pray my cock doesn’t get hard at seeing her in the skimpy pajama set she has on.

“Why must you always be so difficult?” Holly sighs.

“What if I wear the sherbert and Dylan does salmon?” I try to fix the situation, and for some reason, I want to help Dylan get what she wants.

“Will you wear salmon, Dylan?” Holly asks her daughter.

“Yes.”

“Fine, then you two can switch. Thank you, Matthew, for being such a good sport. Unlike my own ungrateful daughter,” Holly says cattily to me.

“Am I free to go now?” I ask, ready to be free from this torment.

Holly doesn’t respond, just waves her hand at me, shooing me away, and I don’t hesitate to bolt back upstairs. I do stop next to Dylan though and whisper in her ear. “You’re welcome.”

I don’t miss the way her whole body shivers at my words and closeness. This is exactly why I need to stay away from her. There isn’t a doubt in my mind that the little demon would let me carry her to my room and have my way with her body.

CHAPTER 29



I t's game night—it's an away game against Manhasset and they're fucking beasts. The whole team is pumped up. Especially the three of us since we spied Matthew here, lurking around, talking to the coaches, and watching number eighteen, who just so happens to be Dylan, like a damn hawk.

Dylan is tough, though, playing the game like she never has before. She's even taking everything the other team is throwing at her like a damn champ. Jacob and I almost got removed from the field for fighting after Dylan took two hits from their fucking defensive line. I swear they were fucking built like WWE wrestlers, and took her small frame right to the ground. One time she almost didn't get up, and I nearly died. The medic tried to take off her helmet to check her, but she refused, thank god.

We play hard, but end up losing by one fucking point. While the other team celebrates, we drag our asses back into the locker room.

“Okay team, gather round,” Coach calls out to us as we all sit down on the bleachers.

He moves to the front of us, taking his time, letting his eyes linger on all of us before he speaks.

“We lost, barely, but we did. None of you are to be ashamed. You played hard and fair. Not once did you resort to their tactics, and I'm proud of you. The only thing the other team can say about you is that you fought hard. It wasn't a slaughter that they can brag about,” Coach commends us before releasing us to get dressed.

Dylan stands up slowly and limps away to the coach's office. I turn my head and when Jacob nods his head, I know he saw it, too. They hurt her tonight.

The team showers and heads out of the locker room, then and only then do we head to the coach's office to check on Dyl. We knock on the door as her quiet voice calls out, "Come in."

"You okay, Dyl?" I ask, seeing some bruising already starting on her hip from where she stands in just her tiny panties and bra.

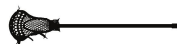
"Yeah, just sore, but I'm sure tomorrow it's going to hurt like hell. My mom and the future stepdad are in the city tonight looking at wedding gowns. Do you want to hang out in the hot tub with me?" She winks at us, biting on her lip and damn if it isn't hot.

"Fuck yeah!" I say excitedly.

"Sounds good," Jacob chimes in.

Dylan finishes getting dressed while we drool over her. Once she's done, we sneak out of the back of the gym, managing to avoid an annoying scout who may be waiting out front.

The three of us thought ahead, just in case he were to show up, and parked at the back of the gym in the teacher's parking lot, versus parking in the front where he'd be expecting us.



We're in the hot tub and I swear our little Dyl Pickle is trying to kill us since she's wearing the skimpiest bikini known to man. Tiny little triangles barely cover her rosebud nipples, that are already erect and begging to have my mouth on them. Her bottoms are a G-string and barely contain the bare pussy beneath it. One slight little move and she'll be exposing her delicious core to us.

Moving closer to her, I reach out and move the triangle fabric to the side. Her pert nipple is exposed to me as I lean in and swirl my tongue around the bud, before sucking it into my mouth, clenching it with my teeth, and giving it a little tug. The action elicits the sweetest moan from our girl.

"You like that, baby?" Jacob asks as his hand moves south, sliding the fabric of her bottoms to the side and plunging two fingers into her tight, needy pussy.

She lets out a moan as she arches her back.

"Yeah, you do. You're clamping down on my fingers like a vise," he tells her before claiming her other nipple for himself.

After the night my girl had, she deserves an amazing orgasm. While she's riding Jacob's fingers, I find her needy little clit, pushing the pads of my fingers down on the little nub as she arches up again, screaming out loudly, "Fuck yeah, baby, make me come. My pussy is so hungry for you."

We hear deep masculine laughter from behind us, just before an angry, deep, husky voice speaks.

“I knew you were a fucking stick bunny. Jumping from one cock to the other. Guess we can add slut to it since you’re here with both of them at the same time. Does Mommy know what a whore of a daughter she has?”

As I work to cover Dylan’s exposed body from his view, Jacob jumps out of the hot tub, charging toward him, growling in anger.

“Don’t you fucking talk about her like that,” he roars as he pulls back his fist to take a swing at him.

“Jacob, man, don’t worry about his ass. He’s just jealous he’s not in our place. Matthew doesn’t know how to handle the fact he has the hots for his new step-sister,” I say with a chuckle as I pull Dylan close to me.

I’ve seen the look in his eyes. How he follows her every moment when I’ve been around. He wants her but doesn’t know how to admit it.

“I don’t fucking want her, a fucking stick bunny,” Matthew snaps back.

Yeah, he can lie all he wants, but the way his eyes roam Dylan’s exposed body and the way his cock is hard in his pants is telling a different story. I wonder if our girl has even caught on to how her stepbrother feels about her.

“Oh, really?” I laugh. Time to put this fucker in his place. “Then explain the hard-on you’re rocking. That is, unless it’s Jacob or me that turns you on. If so, sorry, dude, we strictly like pussy.”

Dylan's eyes turn wide and her face turns a bashful pink as she catches sight of his crotch. Even I have to admit he's got a huge cock from the tenting of his pants.

"Fuck all of you," Matthew barks out before turning and storming off inside the house, leaving us all laughing at his retreat.

"You wish you could fuck us, well, Dylan, but she's all ours," I shout back at him.

Turning to face my girl, I take in her beauty. "Dyl, looks like big brother wants in our little harem," I say with a smirk.

"NO!" she says adamantly. "The two of you are quite enough."

"Well, I know I'm hungry for more. He interrupted us before you were able to get your first orgasm and that just won't do. Will it, Jacob?"

"No, it won't," Jacob says, as he spreads her legs wide, pulling her swimsuit bottoms to the side and sinking his fingers deep inside her pussy.

She's instantly crying out as Jacob works her over. I scoot closer to her, devouring her lips with mine.

If big brother wants to watch, let's give him a show. Let him really have something to tell her mom about. Within a few minutes, Dylan's already orgasming around Jacob's fingers. I wonder if the thought of Matthew took her over the edge.

I'll have to keep that in mind.

Yeah, my girl deserves many more orgasms tonight before we take our first.



Matthew

I storm into the house, pissed the hell off that I was just called out by that little bastard for having a hard-on. Fucking embarrassing, is what it is. I'm a grown man sporting wood over my newly eighteen-year-old stepsister. This is so fucked up; she's in high school and I'm twenty-two and graduated from college. Not to mention I'm the scout for her boyfriends' lacrosse team.

Speaking of boyfriends, how the fuck does she have two of them? Is that a new thing? One isn't enough, so she has more, or are the guys together and she just weaseled her way in as well? Or is she just that much of a stick bunny, opening her legs, whoring herself out to the whole team?

Is it just the two for now, or is she with the others on the nights she's out late? Damn, she must have some loose morals. What kind of family is my dad marrying into?

As much as I try to push it out of my mind, I can't. I need to figure out what's going on.

I don't understand what the fuck I just saw. My impression was that she was with the Ford guy, but after what I just witnessed, that's not the case. Ford apparently is okay with his best friend fucking his girl, too. What I do know is seeing Dylan like that has made my cock painfully hard, and that is a fucking issue.

Her moans from the hot tub pull me from my thoughts, and I find myself upstairs, standing outside my bedroom door. Instead of going to my room as I should, I head to the window at the end of the hall overlooking the backyard and peer out the blinds.

I watch as Ford bends Dylan over the edge of the tub and slams inside of her. She screams in pleasure as he pulls her hair and fucks into her brutally. Her orgasm hits her almost instantly as she arches her back further and wails while Ford groans as he comes. He then quickly picks her up and sits her on his lap on the side of the tub.

Dylan's back is to Ford's chest as he holds her tightly to him, sucking on her neck. Jacob grins as he steps toward her, his cock in his hand as he strokes it. Mindlessly, I run my right hand down my shorts, finding my own dick, and give it one long, firm stroke from base to tip.

Jacob moves in between her legs and lines his mushroom head up with Dylan's pussy as Ford pinches and pulls at her hard nipples. Jacob licks his lips and then slowly eases himself inside of her.

I don't know why, but what I'm seeing is turning me the fuck on. How the hell am I getting hot and bothered over three teenagers fucking? I pump my hand up and down my shaft faster, gathering pre-cum that has pooled at the tip to use as lube.

I fuck my hand steadily to the pace that Jacob is fucking my step-sister's tight little cunt. Dylan throws her head back

against Ford's shoulder as she comes once more and Jacob fucks her through it until his thrusts get shorter and more choppy.

“Fuck, look at you taking both of our cum, Pickle. Such a naughty girl for your guys,” he grunts.

I groan as ropes of hot cum cover my hand and cock. Fuck! What is wrong with me? I'm so fucked. Hurriedly, I take my hand from my shorts and quickly go to my room and take a shower.

I need to get the fuck out of this house and away from my step-sister.



The next morning, I shamefully walk to the kitchen, hoping I don't run into any of the orgy participants from last night. That's not the case. I've barely stepped one foot inside the kitchen when I see Ford standing there spreading cream cheese on three bagels.

Before I can even stop myself, I blurt, “Why do you let your best friend fuck your girl?”

He looks up at me with a smile on his face and a mischievous glint in his eye.

“Not that it's any of your business, but we're all in a relationship. Dylan and Jacob have known each other since they were little. They reunited this year and tried hard to

ignore their feelings for one another since she was dating me, but it didn't work. They were both miserable and in denial. Polyamory is becoming more common, so I brought it up to them, and here we are."

"So you all just fuck each other?" Moving over to the fridge, I open it and pull out the orange juice, bacon, and eggs.

"We both fuck Dylan. I don't care if she's with Jacob, too. He's my best friend, and I know he won't hurt her."

I just stand there in shock, taking in what he said before stepping over to the stove and placing the food on the counter. When I don't say anything, he decides to open his mouth again.

"Are you jealous? Want to join our little trio and fuck little sister, Matty boy?" he teases.

"I could end your lacrosse career, you little dickhead," I growl, slamming a glass on the counter and pouring the juice into it.

"You won't," he shrugs. "That would hurt Dylan and you have it bad for baby sister." He flips me off and heads out of the kitchen toward the stairs.

Just when I think he's gone, he screams out, "But go ahead and try to fuck up our career, because we can do the same to yours."

Fucking little bastard. I should have kicked his ass.

I grab the bacon and eggs and make myself breakfast before sitting at the counter and thinking about what Ford said. Is

polyamory really becoming common? Why does this teen girl have such a chokehold on me?

CHAPTER 30



I t's been a month, and no one has caught on that number 18 —D. Murphy—is in fact a girl. My girl, to be exact. Well, mine and Ford's. Sometimes it still seems like a dream that I managed to snag the girl I was pining over for most of my life —since I realized girls weren't gross and had cooties.

It's the last match of the season and this is the one that makes or breaks us heading to the championships. We need a win tonight, which means we need to bring our A game to the field. No distractions and no mistakes.

It's the fourth quarter and we're down to the last few minutes of the match. We're tied with a score of 2-2 against the Eagles. Both defensive teams have been on point today. But we have the ball currently.

Coach calls a timeout and we rush to the sidelines. "Okay team, this is it. The moment we've been waiting for. Whoever gets their hands on the ball gets it to Stoll. He's going to work it to the goal, then pass it to Murphy, who'll sink it for the win. Now on three!"

We all count out in unison, "One! Two! Three!" Then we all shout, "Pumas!" as we swat our sticks together and run back out to the field.

The referee blows the whistle and Jenkins tosses the ball to me. I run for the goal, dodging between the players, but knowing I'm not going to make it all the way. I pivot on my feet, seeing who's near, and James is wide open. Pulling back my stick, I sling the ball at him. He catches it and darts like a madman toward the goal.

Pickle has already moved into the position. James tosses the ball to her, and she pivots, and pulls back her stick, catches it in the net and takes off at a sprint. Their number one defensive man, number 22, beelines at her. As she nears the goal, she swings her stick, sending the ball flying just as he hits her, sending her flying to the ground.

My eyes want to stay on her and make sure she's okay, but they follow the ball as it continues on its trajectory to the net. *Come on. Come on!* I scream out in my head. The goalie moves to block it, but it slips by him, flying right into the net as the whistle sounds.

We fucking did it!

We won!

We're going to the championships!

The field erupts in screams, but my eyes swiftly move back to Pickle, where Ford is already rushing to her. He comes to a skidding stop at her side as she starts to stand. He puts his arm around her waist as I rush up onto the other side of her, doing the same, to help her limp off the field.

"Did it make it in?" she asks, confused. God, I hope she doesn't have a concussion.

"Yeah, baby, you scored the winning shot," Ford lets her know, before glancing over his head at me. We both are concerned that she's been hurt.

"Are you okay, Pickle?" I ask.

“Yeah, fucker just knocked the sense out of me for a minute. I’ll be fine.”

We head in the direction of the locker rooms with the rest of the team. Glancing up, I see Matthew rushing down the bleacher steps. He’s been at every fucking game. Each time trying to get the coach to let him talk to Dylan, but we’ve created a distraction every time. I don’t know how much longer we can keep him from finding out her secret.

He’s quicker than we think, and we need to give Dylan time to get to the back. “James!” I call out.

“Yeah,” he replies, stopping in his steps in front of us.

“Help Murphy to the locker room, then to the coach’s office. We’ll be there in a minute.”

We transfer her to him, and they continue to the locker room. Turning around, we watch as Matthew rushes toward us.

“Good game. Where did Murphy go? I wanted to talk to him.” Matthew’s eyes are roaming around the last couple of players who haven’t made it to the locker room.

We both give a little chuckle. Stepbro has it bad for not only his sister, but a boy. Wait until he finds out they’re one and the same.

“Don’t know,” I tell him.

“You just helped him off the field. How do you not know?”

“He felt better and took off on his own. Not sure where he went. Why do you want to talk to him so bad? Do you have

the hots for him, too?” I finally ask, wanting to know for myself. Coach mentioned him wanting to recruit Dylan, but he can’t do that without learning our secret, so we have to play it cool.

“Fuck you. Not that it fucking matters to the two of you, but he’s a damn good player. One I’d like to talk about playing at one of the colleges I scout for. But it seems he’s a mystery. Coach Blue won’t let me get within arm’s length of him. No one seems to know who exactly he is or his first name. How about the two of you help me out and I won’t tell step-mommy dearest about what the two of you get up to with her daughter in the hot tub.”

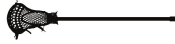
Does this fucker really think he can blackmail us?

“Go ahead, she’s eighteen. Mommy can’t do anything. As for our teammate, well, we don’t know where he is, but we’ll let him know. After we tell him what you said about Dylan, I doubt he’ll want to, especially since they are so close,” I spit out, before Ford and I turn and head into the locker room.

Before we get too far away, though, Ford stops dead in his tracks and turns around. “Hey asshole. Just a warning if you threaten our girl again, I’ll make sure mommy and daddy dearest know how you feel about your new step sister. How you stand in your window and jack off to her. Yeah, didn’t think anyone noticed, did you?”

We both turn and head to the locker room, leaving Matthew standing there white as a ghost. I guess he wasn’t betting on his threats backfiring on him.

Hopefully, what was just said doesn't make things more difficult between Dylan and him. I need to warn her; there's no way he won't be asking her questions and she'll need to know how to answer.



Dylan

I rushed home, hitching a ride with James after the game instead of the guys so that Matthew wouldn't find out my little secret. He's hellbent on figuring out who D. Murphy is and part of me wants to tell him because he could get me that lacrosse scholarship I've been dreaming of.

But Matthew is also a wild card and I'm not sure that once he figures out Murphy is a female, let alone his new step-sister, he'll want to recruit me. He's sure that I'm nothing more than a stick bunny. Little does he know I hate those girls just as much as he does.

I showered the game sweat off of me, hid my uniform in my gym bag under my bed, and went to the kitchen for a snack. Which is where Matthew finds me when he comes barging into the house like a bull in a china shop. I ignore him, but I can sense him staring holes into the back of my head while I make my bagel bites.

The microwave beeps, alerting me that my tasty treat is done, so I grab them from the microwave and move past him, heading back up to my room. He follows me, staying right on my heel until I reach the landing at the top of the stairs.

Finally, having enough of it, I spin to face him. "Can I help you?"

"Why are you limping?" he demands to know.

“Rolled my ankle on the last step on my way to the kitchen for my snack,” I sigh, trying to sound bored with this conversation. “What does it matter to you, anyway?”

“Where were you tonight? It was the last game before the championship. I can’t believe you weren’t there cheering on your boy toys.” He smirks as his eyes pierce mine and I can feel my pajama shorts dampen.

“Stayed after school for a club thing. When I got done, the match was almost over, so I just came home. Ford sent a text and told me they won. Why do you care?” I snap back at him before taking a bite of my bagel.

“Just thought you’d be there to support them, is all. Aren’t you a big-time lacrosse fan?” He raises a brow at me as he puts finger quotes around his last statement.

“You sound jealous, Matthew. Are you envious?” I step closer to him, egging him on as I run my tongue across my bottom lip.

His nostrils flare as he watches me, and I don’t miss the subtle way he tries to widen his stance. I’m sure to alleviate the hard-on he’s forming.

The next thing I know, he’s on me, my back shoved against the door of my room, and his hand is around my throat. The plate with the bagels slips from my hand and hits the floor.

“I’m very jealous, but I don’t share. I don’t think Mommy would like me fucking her little girl.” He licks up the side of

my face, releasing a groan, and I can feel his hard cock pressing into my belly.

“Just say you’re scared,” I whisper, my eyes locking with his once more. “I don’t care what Mommy thinks and haven’t for a long time. She knows nothing about the real me, just the pretty little box she thinks I fit in.”

“I still don’t share, Dylan,” he mumbles against my neck as he takes a deep inhale, but releases my neck, stepping back and watching me.

I glare at him before turning and opening my door. “Your loss.” I slam the door on him, locking it. My chest heaves as I lean against it, this time alone. *Holy fuck!*

Matthew is cocky as hell and sexy as fuck, but he’s a moody asshole. For some reason, I still can’t help but imagine him bossing me around as I wrap my lips around his cock or him choking me as he fucks my pussy.

A wave of guilt washes through me when the images in my mind switch to Ford and Jacob. They need to know what just happened, and that Matthew is not letting up on this Murphy thing, questioning me like we’re in an episode of Law and Order.

I move across the room and grab my phone and call them on a three-way call.

“Hey, babe,” Ford answers.

“Hi, Pickle,” Jacob says.

They're in the same room, which is why only Ford answered.

“Hey, so I need to tell the two of you something and you not get mad.”

“Okay,” they both answer in unison.

“So Matthew just got back, and he was interrogating me when I was in the kitchen getting a snack. Then he followed me up the stairs to my room,” I tell them, pausing before I get to the rest.

“Okay, and?” Jacob asks, and I can tell he's not quite sure why I'm telling them about such a normal interaction.

“Well, then he grabbed me by the throat and told me he was jealous of you guys, but he doesn't share and Mommy wouldn't like it if he fucked me,” I whisper, wincing at the same time.

“What the fuck!” Jacob roars. But I can hear Ford cackling like a madman in the background.

“Calm down, Jacob. When are you going to realize it's only a matter of time before Matty-Pie joins us? He has it bad for our girl and I mean, rightfully so,” Ford tells Jacob, and I hear them start to argue back and forth.

Rolling my eyes, I hang up on them since they're not being much help, but I told them and that's all that matters.

I sit on my bed and watch a movie, wishing I still had the bagels that are now on the floor. Guess I should probably clean

them up, but I don't want to step outside of my room. If Mom asks, I'll tell her it was Matthew, she's already pissed at him.

No matter how hard I try to forget about how hot that hallway scene was, I can't. Even when I try to focus on the tv, my mind keeps going back to him licking my face and his gravelly voice telling me he wants to fuck me.

Lying back in my bed. I reach over, grab my rose toy, and slide my hand under my pajama shorts, finding my clit. Clicking the Rose on, I hold it to my sensitive nub as I close my eyes, imagining Matthew between my legs as Jacob and Ford worship my breasts.

“Fuck, Matthew. Yes. Fuck me!” I scream as my orgasm claims me instantly.

I hurriedly pull the Rose away and toss it back in my drawer. It never takes me long with that powerful little bastard, but I didn't mean to be so loud.

“Fuck!” I hear from the other side of my door and I know Matthew was outside listening the whole time.

Twisted, sexy, fucking stepbrother.

CHAPTER 31



“Jesus fucking Christ,” I mutter as I head back to my room with a raging fucking boner. Something I seem to be doing a lot lately.

My name on her lips, as she made herself come, was the best sound I think I’ve ever heard. The only thing that could top it is if I was looking into her eyes as she came undone around my cock.

Wonder how Stepmommy and my dad will take it when they find out I have it bad for my stepsister? Or that she just used a toy on herself while screaming my name. Holly would have a coronary. Might as well cancel the wedding now and get her a one-way ticket to the looney bin.

Slamming my door shut, I push my shorts down and kick them across the room. I lie on my bed and pull up Dylan’s Chatterly account, finding a picture of her in a bikini in the hot tub from a few days ago. I spit in my hand and move it slowly to my cock, wrapping my fist around it, giving a long, languid stroke. Closing my eyes, I let the vision of Dylan in that bikini flood my mind.

I toss Dylan on the bed and climb on after her as she lies down, her blonde hair fanning across my pillow. Ripping the triangles of her green bikini to the sides, exposing her perky tits, I bow my head and suck a nipple into my mouth hard, lavishing it with my tongue at the same time. She moans and arches her chest further into my face.

Slowly, I kiss down her body until I get to her thong. Grabbing the sides, I tear them down her toned, tanned legs. I

push her thighs apart to show me her dripping core. So pretty and pink and just barely legal. Sticking my tongue out, I run the tip of my tongue through her folds, relishing in her musky taste.

I suck her clit into my mouth as I force three fingers inside her tight channel. She screams as I enter her, but I ignore her cries and fuck her ruthlessly with my fingers. Curling them on the exit, they rub against her inner walls, making her moan. I continue my attack on her little bundle of nerves, lapping at her like a thirsty man in the desert.

She cries out, arching her back and grinding her pussy against my face as she comes. I lick every drop of cum from her swollen pussy before standing up, positioning my mushroom head at her entrance, and slamming inside.

I waste no time in fucking her hard and fast; a hand on each hip holding her in place as I use her for my own pleasure. She's chanting my name as she tugs at her nipples, and I can't contain myself. I come, jerking inside of her as I empty my balls in her tight cunt.

I open my eyes, watching as my cock spasms in my hand and cum shoots all over my hand and lower stomach. Fuck! That didn't take long. Laying there for a little longer, I let my body calm down. Fuck, I've never come so quick or hard in my life from jacking off. Well, not since I was a kid and learned what it felt like for the first time.

Getting up slowly, not wanting to let any of my cum leak onto my bed, I grab a dirty shirt out of my laundry hamper to

wipe off and then sit back on my bed, leaning against the headboard. I can't think about this teen girl any longer tonight. She's a problem for future Matthew. My focus needs to be on Murphy, Stoll, and Nickels. They're my ticket to success. Bringing in a powerhouse trio like that at the beginning of my career will put me on the map, and show what a vital asset I will be to them.

Not only that, but they're also my ticket out of this house. Hell, I can even see them putting me on the track to being a coach, which is my ultimate plan.

I've enjoyed being a scout so far for the Colorado region, but my love for CSU makes me want to have my focus there. It's ironic that CSU is also Dylan's dream school. They do have an amazing sports medicine program, but I'm surprised a girl like her isn't interested in Bama or Tennessee. They have good programs too and more sports teams, whereas CSU's main focus is lacrosse. Guess it proves she's that much of a stick bunny that she wants to be at a school it'll be at.

I sent the CSU coach some clips of the three of them playing in matches and he's very interested. Needless to say, if I could get all three recruited together for his team, it would be a milestone accomplishment in my newly started career. The coach at CSU is ready to give all three of them a full scholarship to play lacrosse for his team.

But for them to know that I need to speak with all three of them and so far I've only had success with talking to Nickels and Stoll. Sister dearest played a big part in that. Wonder if she

could do the same with Murphy. It's a conversation I definitely need to have with her. It's always good to have a back-up plan if your first doesn't work.

Next Saturday is the championship game and come hell or high water, I'm talking to that fucking kid. I don't care if I have to stake out the locker room and stalk him to his house. He needs to know how good the deal is with CSU. And that I've managed to acquire it for him. He'll be kissing my feet and wishing he'd talked to me earlier.

Now I need to get my back-up plan in action.

Putting on some shorts and a shirt, I step out into the hallway. The need to get this out of the way now rather than later overpowers me. Plus, I want to see her fresh post orgasm face after coming to images of me. Let's just call it a little tit for tat.

Stepping up to her door, there's not a peep on the other side. Lifting my hand, I knock three times. I shift my weight back and forth like a nervous kid picking up his date, knowing he's about to meet her father. This girl has me acting like a kid instead of the grown ass man I am.

Movement on the other side pulls my attention just before her door opens. Dylan stands before me in the skimpiest pajama bottoms I've ever seen and a tank top sans bra. Her nipples are still hard and poking at the fabric.

"What do you want?" she barks out coldly, like she just wasn't screaming my name.

My eyes stay fixated on her chest, which she must realize, and she quickly lifts her arm to cover them. A move I'm both thankful and pissed about. Dylan clears her throat and I quickly lift my eyes to her face. Her flushed face.

“Well?”

“Sorry, I was wondering since you're such good friends with the lacrosse team at your school if you could introduce me to Murphy?”

She lets out a laugh, which pisses me off. “And why would I do that?”

“To help them, why else? Figured since you were such a stick bunny, you'd want to help him further his career if you could. Hell, it could benefit him, too. I'm sure once he succeeds you'd be spreading those luscious thighs of yours for him too.”

“You're a fucking asshole. He wouldn't want anything to do with a prick ass like you.”

“Oh, don't be mad, sister. We all know you're a fucking whore.”

“You know what, fuck off, Matthew. As for Murphy, find a way to talk to him your damn self.” She slams the door in my face and I can hear the lock click into place.

Turning, I head back to my room. Fuck, I screwed that up. I was supposed to play nice and use her to get to him. But I let her get the best of me. No telling what she'll tell him. If she's

smart, she'd want to help advance his career instead of hindering him.

He's got to be hiding something. But what could he have done? I could reach out to our communication director. It's nothing she couldn't handle. She is a genius at her job and handles all the 'crises' that any of our players get themselves into. Anything can be swept under the rug or handled with some good PR and community service. The only thing we don't tolerate is serious crimes.

You have a few drinks at a party underage? She can fix that. You drive drunk though? We won't be helping with that. Any act that could threaten other people's lives is a no go. There's a boundary we won't cross and I respect that.

So whatever has Murphy hiding and Coach Blue keeping him at bay, I'm sure we could handle. I mean, he's just a teenager, how bad could it really fucking be?

Now, though, it's time to shower and sleep. Tomorrow, I make my plan to find Murphy at that game and corner him, so I can find out what his deal is. Come hell or high water, that boy is going to talk to me.

CHAPTER 32



We've been practicing nonstop for the last three days— school, practice, extra practice with Dyl, some fun time with our girl, then bed. Wash, rinse, and repeat the routine.

I don't know about them, but I'm fucking exhausted.

But it's Wednesday and where am I?

Right here on the field for another three-hour practice. Coach is determined that his team is coming home from the championship game as winners this year. Hell, we all want it, but I'm fucking worn out. We need a day off to fucking relax and let our bodies and brains just veg out. But he doesn't see it that way.

When we're done here tonight, we're having dinner at Jacob's house. His parents wanted Dyl to come over, and, well, Jacob invited me. I texted my mom and let her know I wasn't coming home tonight and was staying with Jacob. She sent back a text scolding me for hanging out with riff raff and staying out again, but I don't care. She's barely home to be a parent, so not sure why she cares.

Now that I'm older and about to leave home, she's already informed me it's her time to live. So have at it, Mom. I can't wait to be out of her hair, anyway.

Jacob went on about how excited his mom is to have us all over for dinner tonight. She thinks we're both just friends with Dyl, seeing as we haven't considered how we plan to explain

our unique relationship to his parents. It's going to be torture keeping our hands off of her during the dinner.

But later, after dinner, when we escape to Jacob's room, well now, that's a different story. It's game on with our girl. We just need to get through this practice. The hours race by, with play after play, hit after hit, until finally, Coach is calling us in for a huddle.

Glancing over, I see Dyl running up with Jacob. I have to hold back my growl, because my girl is drenched with sweat and her shirt is soaked, putting her hot pink sports bra on display for all these horny ass high school boys. They all know to keep their eyes on the ground after they made the mistake of letting their eyes linger on her far too long. It just took a few punches from me and Jacob to teach them the lesson.

They haven't made that mistake again. She runs up to me, barreling into me as she wraps her arms around me. I have to take a step back just to keep from tumbling to the ground.

"Umm, I like you all sweaty, but for another reason," I whisper, so only she can hear.

Her moan immediately fills my ear, and my cock instantly replies. The only thing preventing it from tenting in my pants is the jock strap. A tormenting pain, but I love it.

"Are you ready to eat?" she asks.

"Uh-huh. Definitely ready to eat you. But I'll save you for dessert, after our sushi." She just giggles and damn, if she isn't adorable.

“Okay guys—” Coach starts, but Dyl quickly clears her throat, “And lady. You looked good out there today, but we all need to stay focused. We need to make it through this one final game without anyone finding out about our newest player. Not to mention we need to win. So get out of here,” Coach tells us and we all take off for the dressing rooms.

Dyl parts with us once we get inside and heads for the girls’ dressing room. Neither Jacob nor I can keep our eyes off of her as she goes.

“The two of you need to be careful.” Coach’s deep voice echoes behind us.

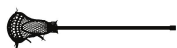
“What do you mean?” I turn and ask him.

“First off, you’d have to be blind not to see there’s something going on between the three of you. If you think you’ve been slick and kept it a secret, you’re sorely mistaken. The biggest thing you need to worry about is that scout. He’s calling me every day, wanting to know who Murphy is. He’s not going to stop until he finds out. I don’t know why he’s so fixated on it.”

Coach places a hand on each of our shoulders, giving us a stern look before he turns to walk away.

“Shit.” Jacob blurts out.

“I know, but Coach didn’t say he disapproved of our relationship, so I’m taking that as a win.” I laugh with him as we walk to the locker room.



Dinner went off without a hitch and Dylan looks adorable cuddled up between Jacob and me. We put all his blankets and pillows on the floor, and relaxed there while we watched the new Mario Brothers movie.

It was cute. Apparently, Dyl was exhausted because she fell asleep halfway through the movie. I've been lying here, letting my fingertips glide up and down her thigh that's thrown over my legs, while Jacob does the same on her arm.

"Are you as hard as me, just having her this close to you?" I whisper to Jacob, not wanting to wake her.

"Fuck, I've been hard since practice. The way she moves on the field, her sweaty body, and the way her wet clothes cling to her. She's my own personal wet dream."

"We need to have a talk about telling our parents about us. I'm tired of hiding that we're with her. I don't want to hide who I'm dating to my parents and I'm sure you don't either. We've made it known at school, but I want to introduce her as my girlfriend to everyone."

"Our girlfriend," he quickly corrects me.

"Agreed. And it's better we do it before that fucking soon-to-be stepbrother of hers blurts it out. I know he wants her, so I can see him doing it if he thinks he can get a chance to keep her all to himself."

“Graduation day. We do it then, or when we find out if we got a scholarship. Either way, once we get to college, we’re all living together and not hiding.” Jacob’s face is determined and I have to admit, I like his plan. Now to get Dyl on board.

“Can the two of you shut up, so I can sleep until I have to leave, or fuck me? Personally, I can go with either option,” she says sleepily and I know for a fact the second option sounds good to me. I let my hand slide up her thigh, slipping under her shorts, grazing over her lace thong that’s already wet.

“Good choice,” she moans, and before I know it, Jacob’s crashing his mouth onto hers.

Looks like we’re in for another workout.



Dylan

It's another glorious Thursday morning and I'm once again doing the walk of shame into my house. Honestly, I'm actually getting a little disappointed that my mom is never home to question where I've been or what I've been doing.

She just thinks I'm off with Jacob spending the night, no questions asked. While I know that she's aware we've always been best friends, you would think that she'd still question it. Especially with us still being in high school, you'd think she wouldn't trust us completely. Sometimes I wish she were a normal parent and all up in my business. The only thing she seems focused on is if I join a damn sorority or not.

I wouldn't. When I have kids, they will not be spending the night at the opposite sex's house. But I plan on being a way better parent than either of mine is. Shit, I haven't even heard or seen my dad since the separation.

I think he texted once asking if it was okay if he moved some of my stuff to storage, but that's it. My dad and I were close at one point, then everything changed. Not just because of their separation, it began before that. I was just too blind to realize it. I want to call and ask him why he hasn't tried to reach out to me, but I'm too afraid of what the answer will be.

Guess I can still hope for graduation. Maybe he'll show up for that. A girl can have faith, can't she?

Sitting down on my bed, I lean against the headboard and grab the remote to the TV, turning on *Jennifer's Body*. I have homework to do and the background noise of one of my favorite scary movies will help me stay on track. I've never been one of those people who can work in silence. I need the soft sound of something in the background or I get distracted.

I fly through my health assignment; making a weeks' meal plan using all parts of the food pyramid is like fifth grade work. Anatomy is the same, we just have to do a worksheet on the body's muscles. And let's just say that's a cakewalk. Anytime I get to talk about my favorite muscle, I get excited. In fact, I love saying it, 'Sternocleidomastoid'.

It's always been my strategy with homework to do the easy assignments, then the ones I love. Once I get those finished, though, I head into the harder classes.

I have a paper in Literature to finish and the topic is sacrifice as the central theme of Harry Potter. We each had to pick a book and then the theme was universal.

Jacob picked Lord of the Rings as his book, so I'm excited to read his essay when it's time to do the peer review. Ford is in English 12, so he escaped this brutal assignment. I only hope he doesn't have anything as hard as this.

Saving the worst for last, I pull out my US History book and start to study. We have a quiz next week on Modern Women Persuading Traditional Men. It's all about the Nineteenth Amendment and women's suffrage in the 1920s. History has

never been my strong suit, so this is the class I have to work the hardest at.

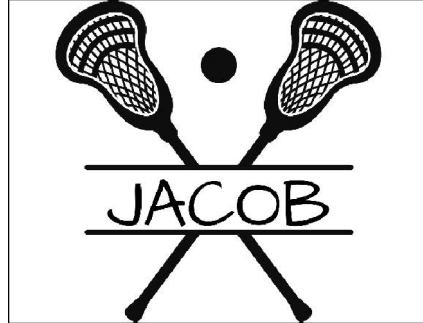
Not acing the quiz, though, is not an option because I have to maintain my 4.0 GPA if I want to go to college on a scholarship. To get in on an athletic scholarship, you have to have the academics also, but if that falls through, I'm hoping my academic career can get me in on its own.

Three hours later and *Jennifer's Body* playing for the second time, I finally close up all my books. I've finished everything and I'm exhausted. Picking up my phone, I see I missed messages from the guys, but I'm too fucking tired to carry on a conversation. Instead, I open up the poly chat, still laughing at Ford and his goofiness, and shoot off one text before powering off my phone so I'm not distracted by it. Knowing I need to use it tomorrow, I plug it into the charger.

Me: Goodnight I love both of you.

My dreams are filled with Ford, Jacob, and, unfortunately, also Matthew. I really need to get my fucking body to stop thinking about him.

CHAPTER 33



Walking into school on Friday morning, I see all the lacrosse players' lockers have been decorated—well, except for Dylan's, since no one knows she's the D. Murphy on the team.

The cheerleaders went all out. They decorated each locker differently, but the commonality is the players' number in big bright cut-out cardboard paper dead in the center. Around that are pictures, ribbons, and everything else you could think of covering the front of it. To me, it's an eyesore. But Pickle, well, I see how her face drops a little, not seeing hers decorated as well.

Honestly, we're shocked. Not one person in this whole entire school has figured it out. Obviously, they're so clueless or don't give a shit. I mean, I thought just one person would have some brains, but alas, no.

"Hey, I'll be right back," Ford announces before running off, headed toward one of the cheerleaders standing amongst a group of girls at the end of the hallway.

Dylan's eyes follow where he goes and I can see the hurt in her eyes. I'm going to kill him for making her look like that. I swear to god if he's fucking with one of them, I'll kill him myself.

"Come on, I need to hit my locker for our books. Anything you want to put in it?" I ask, trying to distract her.

She just shakes her head, but walks with me. Reaching down, I take her hand in mine and give it a squeeze. I catch

her looking back over her shoulder, in Ford's direction.

Stepping up to my locker, I fight against the decorations and open it, pulling out mine and Pickle's History books. We decided to make our lockers communal and place our books in each other's, depending on where our classes were located in relation to the locker.

"How do you feel about our history test next week?" I'm hoping my question gets her mind off of Ford.

"So, so. It's been hard to study with all these practices, but I think I have the majority of the information committed to memory. I know I definitely need to do another cram session over the weekend, just to be sure."

"Got it!" Ford shouts out as he comes running up behind us. He has some cardboard in his hands along with tape.

"Got what and what's that in your hands?" Dylan asks, "And why were you talking to them?" The hurt in her voice is evident, even without the glare she's giving him.

"First, Kitty, I have no interest in those skanks, if that's what you think. I only have room for one girl in my life, and I have the best. Second, there isn't any way I'm letting you go without being recognized, so I got the cardboard and now we can put your number up on mine and Jacob's locker, along with ours." His smile covers the width of his face as he tells her. He hands me some cardboard and tape before he's attacked by our girl.

She wraps her arms around him, crashing her lips on his. Fucking lucky bastard. Now, why didn't I come up with that? They stay like that until the bell rings, causing them to pull apart from each other.

“I've got to run to my locker and decorate it and you two need to get to class.” Ford takes off running down the hallway, leaving us standing there.

I finish taping her number on my locker door, then take my girl's hand and head for class. The best thing I did was sweet-talking the guidance counselor into transferring me into this class with her.

“Ready to go?” I ask her.

We step in the door just as the second bell rings, and hurry to our seats.

“Okay, class, get to your seats. Since we have the exam next week, today is your time to study and ask any questions you may have. You're free to break into study groups as long as you're talking about your coursework. This is not a free period to socialize,” the teacher announces as she looks over the top of her glasses at everyone.

As the minutes tick by, I keep scooting my desk closer and closer to Pickle as she side-eyes my every movement. I can't help it, I want to be near her.

I know Dylan needs to keep her straight A's in order to get a scholarship to college so she can go where she wants and play lacrosse. There's no doubt in my mind her mom could get her

new future husband to pay for her college, but only if she has control over where she goes and what she studies.

Dylan told me all about how her mom wants her to stop worrying about lacrosse and join a sorority—to participate in something more feminine. It's a complete one-eighty to my parents, who can afford to pay for college and have no issue with me playing lacrosse.

The day goes on and I hate the fact that the only other time I get to see Pickle is between classes and at lunch. I wish I was smarter so I could transfer into more of her classes, but there was only one I could switch into.

Sitting in my chair during Anatomy I watch the minutes tick away at the clock. The teacher's monotone voice is just an annoyance in my ear. The day is almost over and I need my girl. I'm already packing my bag, my body getting ready to go just as soon as the class is over.

The final bell rings and I run down the hall, so I can make it to the other end of the school. I grab Dylan's hand as soon as she leaves her literature class, escorting her to her locker to get her things. Throughout the day, for every class she has, one of us meets her at the door and walks her to where she needs to be.

I escort her to the student parking lot, where we meet up with Ford. There's no practice tonight since tomorrow is the final game. We're going to have dinner at the diner and then go home, most likely to work off some pre-game stress and call it a night.

Come hell or high water, we will either be champions or the ones who got this close, but never got the taste of victory.



Dylan

I'm stuffed and feel like Jacob and Ford might have to roll me upstairs to my room. Stepping into the house, the downstairs is dark and quiet. Where the hell is everyone? "Mom?" I call out, but there's no answer. "Mom!"

"Jesus! You're gonna have the neighbors calling the cops with that screaming. Mommy went on a long weekend with her girls. Something about asking them to be in the wedding." Matthew leans over the railing upstairs, looking down at us.

"She didn't tell me she was gonna be gone this weekend. I wanted to talk to her," I tell him, though I'm not sure why.

I was hoping to break the news to her, that I've been on the team all season and maybe, just maybe, she'd come to the game tomorrow. Instead, she dipped out of town without even a text. What the hell has gotten into her lately?

"Everything alright?" Matthew asks, and I almost believe he might actually care. Almost.

"Nope. Was gonna invite her out tomorrow, but I guess I'll go solo as usual."

I grab the guys' hands and start up the stairs. We give Matthew a wide berth when we get to the top and head to my room.

"Wanna join us yet?" Ford teases, shooting him a wink.

“Fuck off,” Matthew growls, turning and storming to his room. The door slams behind him and I look at Ford, my brows raised.

“Was it necessary to egg him on?”

“Yes. I enjoy pushing him when it comes to you. Eventually, he’s going to break and admit he wants to join us.” Ford laughs as he flops down on my bed.

“You are terrible,” I reply.

“You love it,” he murmurs, and he’s right, I do, but I love the terribly wicked things he does to my body more.

Pulling my shirt and bra off in one fell swoop, I move closer to the bed. When my knees meet the mattress, I cup my tits, plucking at my nipples. “Do you want me, Ford?”

“You know I do,” he growls, flicking his gaze to Jacob, giving him a quick nod.

Jacob moves behind me, hooks his fingers in my leggings, and pushes them down my legs. I step out when they get to my ankles and Jacob gives my ass a swat, telling me to get on the bed with Ford.

I climb up, straddling Ford’s crotch, but he grabs me, moving me up further, so my pussy is above his head. Gripping my thighs, he pulls me down so I’m legitimately sitting on his face. At first, I worry he can’t breathe, but then he sucks my clit into his mouth and I grind against him, all worries gone. If he dies down there, at least he made me come

first. And, well, what straight guy wouldn't want to die with his face buried in a pussy?

Jacob appears to my left, naked, and I rake my gaze up and down his chiseled body. Years of lacrosse have been good to him, and I'm thankful he's all fucking mine. He climbs onto the bed, stands up, and positions his cock at my lips. I open my mouth like a good girl and he pushes inside and doesn't stop until the tip bumps the back of my throat.

A groan leaves him, which turns me on, and I can feel myself gush into Ford's mouth. He doesn't make a sound, just laps at my pussy, taking everything I give him. Two fingers caress my ass and before I can think better of it, my back hole is being rubbed vigorously.

I whimper at the feeling and grind down against Ford's face harder. "You like that, don't you, dirty girl?" Jacobs wraps a hand in my hair and picks up the pace, fucking my mouth roughly.

The fingers playing with my ass stop rubbing and push inside to the first knuckle. That's all I need to come undone. My scream is muffled by Jacob's cock, and Ford sucks my clit, forcing me to come even harder.

When I finally stop shaking, I'm covered in a sheen of sweat, but damn, it's worth it. I know my lovers aren't done with me yet and honestly, I'm not either. They need to come.

I make my way down Ford's body, pulling his pants off of him. Once he's bottomless, I straddle him again, this time

sinking down on his long cock. I roll my hips back and forth a few times, watching his eyes hood as he takes me in.

Leaning forward, I take his lips with mine, tasting myself on his tongue. I gasp at the cold liquid being dribbled on my ass and I try to turn to look at Jacob, but Ford keeps his lips locked with mine.

“Sorry, Kitty, we should have warmed it up,” he murmurs.

Jacob’s mushroom head pushes against the tight ring of muscle and I whimper, but try to relax. Ford snakes a hand between us and plays with my clit, taking my mind off the dick pushing inside my ass. His fingers play my clit like it’s his favorite instrument.

“Fuck, I can feel you,” Jacob groans. I feel so full. The sting has subsided, and now I just want them to fuck me.

“Move,” I beg and they do. Getting in a rhythm and bringing me once again to heights I didn’t even know possible. They’re using me for their pleasure, and I’m loving every moment of it.

“Your ass is so tight, Pickle, strangling my cock.” Jacob thrusts inside, his fingers digging into my hips. I know I’ll have marks to remember tonight. “I’m gonna come,” he mumbles, right before his cum coats the inside of my ass.

“Come, Dylan! Come with me, baby girl,” Ford nibbles my bottom lip before pinching my clit and I scream. His mouth on mine muffles the sound, but not by much. He bucks up into me once more before he tenses and I feel the warmth of his cum.

CHAPTER 34



My alarm blaring jolts me awake and I lean over the body to my left to grab it, shutting it off. “Not yet, babe,” Ford whines and I kiss his nose.

“Nope, time to get up, Nickels. We need to shower and head to the field. Today we become champions.” I wiggle from between them, heading to the door.

“Wake up!” Ford smacks Jacob with a pillow. Jacob jumps, falling off the bed, and hits the floor hard.

“What the fuck, asshole?”

“That was fucking priceless, dude. Wake up, it’s time to get ready for the game.” Ford holds his belly as he laughs.

“Where’s Pickle?”

“Right here, Jacob. I’m hitting the shower,” I tell him. His gaze snaps to me and his nostrils flare.

“Not like that, you’re not. Put some dang clothes on.” He snarls, throwing one of their shirts my way. I catch it and slide it over my head with a wicked smirk.

“Anyone wanna join me?” I ask and bolt from the room, heading to the shower.



When the guys joined me in the shower this morning, I could feel their tension and nerves about the game. I helped them relax by dropping to my knees in front of them. I took turns

sucking and licking their cocks until they were both close. Then I jacked them off at the same time until they came on my face.

Jacob returned the favor, helping me to my feet before getting to his knees, pulling a leg over his shoulder, and feasting on my cunt. Ford, that sneaky bastard, snuck up on me while Jacob distracted me and surprised me by licking my back hole.

Talk about a surprise attack with a bang of an ending.

Holy fuck! No one has ever eaten my ass before and I might have said hell no if someone had asked me before. But now that I've experienced it, and the orgasm it caused by being double eaten? Sign me up, it's the only way I'll accept oral now. Kidding... maybe.

Now, as we walk to the locker room to change into our gear, they're both calm and ready to kill the opposing team. Benet Academy doesn't stand a chance. We barely beat them the first time we played them this season, but today is our game and we're ready to annihilate them.

Ford and Jacob take turns giving me a sloppy wet kiss before we part ways in the hall—they heading to the guy's locker room and me heading to the coach's office to change.

I've just laced my cleats when there's a knock on the door. "All clear!" I call as I fiddle with the tongue on my left cleat. Coach opens the door and slides inside.

"This is it, Murphy. Are you ready for today?" he asks.

“Yes, Coach. I’m ready and I have no doubts we’ll come out the victor,” I tell him confidently.

“Good. After today’s match, I don’t care who knows you’re a girl. There’s no rule saying you couldn’t play. Which, of course, you already knew. We kept it undercover, so you wouldn’t get hurt, and well, so we’d save the team some embarrassment.”

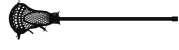
I roll my eyes at the last part because I’ve been an asset to his team, and he knows it.

“Coach—” I start, but he puts his hand up, stopping me before I can say another word.

“I regret my decision. You’ve not once made me feel like we made a mistake letting you try out or that I put you on the team. You, Stoll, and Nickels are an amazing trio on the field. Which is why I wanted to tell you after today, none of it matters. You wanna tell people then go for it. You won’t hear shit from me. We should never have hid who you truly were.” He winks and leaves me alone in his office once more.

I don’t know what I’ll do. I’ve been lucky to fly under the radar since my name is so gender-neutral. Thanks, Mom. And that we only ever listed it as D. Murphy. We’ll see what happens later, but having a secret identity has been kinda fun, and well, it’s been nice not having anyone from the other teams say shit about me being a girl.

But I also have a small bit of satisfaction knowing that when it does come out, they’re all going to feel like shit knowing they got their asses handed to them by a girl.



Matthew

The match is underway and I have my camera filming the whole thing, so I can send more film to the Outlaw's coach. He loved the other shit I sent him, so I figured seeing the players he's interested in at the championship game when the pressure is the highest would thrill him.

The Pumas are currently tied with Benet Academy, 2-2 and it's the fourth quarter, so whoever gets the next goal is taking the trophy home. The defense and goal tending of the Pumas are insane today, and their goalie has been on fire.

Benet scored in the first few minutes of the match and then again in the third quarter. The Pumas scored in the second and third, and now here we are on the edge of our seats to see who's smashing this next goal.

The ball is on the ground, and the Pumas snatch it up, putting them on the offensive. Jenkins passes it to Stoll, who has a little limp in his stride after taking a few good hits in this match. He's looking around for an opening and I look up at the scoreboard, seeing they're in the final minute of the game.

He releases the ball and Murphy jumps up, catching it with his stick even though he was covered by a Benet player. He tears toward the goal, stopping in the strike zone, pulling back, and letting the ball fly.

Benet's goalie dives for it, but the ball slips through his hand and net, sinking into the goal. The buzzer goes off, announcing the end of the game, and the stadium goes wild. Screaming ensues as people are out of their seats and clapping that the Pumas just took the championship.

The Puma players themselves are surrounding Murphy, beating him on the back and shoulders. They whoop and holler that they are the victor and will end the season with a 12-1 record. That's impressive and they seem to all fucking know it.

I make my way from the bleachers with the crowd flooding out onto the field to celebrate with the players. My number one mission is to get ten minutes with Murphy.

At this point, I'm not above stalking him from the parking lot to his house. Looking for him in the crowd, I see him standing with Ford and Nickels. They're huddled together before Murphy wraps his hands around Nickels and.... *Did Nickels just squeeze his ass?*

What the fuck? Is this just one large fuck fest with this team?

Murphy steps back and reaches up, putting two hands on either side of his helmet. Yes, finally let me see who you are, so I can't lose you again. Lifting the helmet off his head, I see a cascade of ashy blonde hair tumble from its hiding spot. Then he turns to face Stoll. I freeze in my tracks.

Fuck me.

She wasn't a stick bunny after all. In fact, she's a phenomenal fucking player and my stepsister. Damn, how did they keep this secret all season? I mean, there's no rule saying a female can't play for the high school league or the college league. So I wonder why they kept it under wraps?

This could affect the Outlaws coach's mind on the three of them joining the team, but I doubt it. He's a pretty open-minded, chill guy.

Composing myself, I stalk toward them once more and I have a few things to say. Dylan sees me and she blows out a breath, watching me head her way. Once I'm in front of her, she looks up at me, biting her bottom lip, and my control snaps.

I wrap my arms around her, picking her up and slamming my lips down on hers in a heated kiss. "You're mine, little sister," I mumble against her lips. She pushes away from me, forcing me to drop her to her feet.

"What the fuck!" she screams, slapping me across the face.

To Be Continued In

All Or Nothing

Thank You

CASSIE LEIN

First I have to thank Chad my husband for supporting this dream. To our kids' Faith, Roshun, Mario, Marshon, Sutton, and Georgia. (Y'all probably thought I was kidding about six kids huh?) Thank you! Thank you for letting me type away while you entertained yourselves and for helping to wrangle your younger siblings when I couldn't. I love you all so much!

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Lastly, to my readers, I appreciate all of you. Without you, I'd still be just playing those stories out in my head.

About Cassie Lein

Cassie resides in Northern Illinois on a farm with her husband and six kids. When not writing, she can be found reading, chauffeuring her kids, or showing pigs.

Cassie is a huge advocate for foster care and adoption. She and her husband have fostered thirteen kids and adopted five from care.

She enjoys a good horror movie, dark romance, and alcohol. Lots and lots of alcohol. You did just read she has six kids right? She is a ball of weird chaos wrapped up in one cool mom bow.

Cassie has one spoiled English Bulldog named Daisy and two barn cats her little girls convinced her to let be house cats named Buffy and Dill.

To keep up to date with Cassie and all that is new with her please join her group on Facebook [Cassie Lein Reader Group](#).

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**Shattered Omega w/ Bre Rose (Coming
2024)**

Kindlevella w/Bre Rose

All on the Field

Shattered Omega

**Under the pen name G.P. Darling
(Cowrite with 2 friends)**

Unknown

Exposed

Collapsed

Thank you

BRE ROSE

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Shayna, my PA. What would I ever do without you? You know how much I love you, even when I know I drive you crazy. I know I can be a needy bitch. I hope you love having your story in one complete book.

Lastly, to the readers. Without you, I would be nothing. Thanks for taking a chance on my crazy ass and reading what pops out of my head.

About Bre Rose

Bre Rose writes under a pen name in both the contemporary and paranormal why choose genre primarily, but does have works that are MF. Bre is a native of North Carolina and mother to three amazing sons and two feline fur babies more affectionately known as her hellhounds.

She's always been an avid reader then progressed to becoming an ARC, BETA and ALPHA reader for some of her favorite authors. After some encouragement she decided to tackle writing the stories in her head and is loving every single minute of it. When she isn't reading or writing she enjoys traveling the world and still has some places to mark off her bucket list. She also enjoys spending time with her family and advocating for the differently abled population.

To keep up to date with all upcoming releases and all things Bre then simply join her Facebook reader group [Bre Rose Petal Readers](#).

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