



COACHES

Pet

CASSI HART

Coaches Pet

Sweetheart Campus

Cassi Hart

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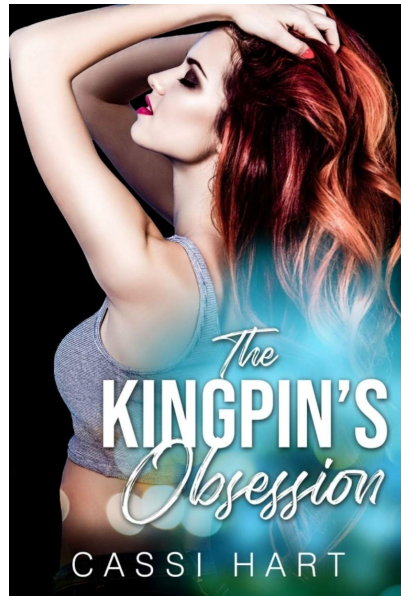
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Chapter 1

Nathan

The women's team. I came all the way to America with my tail between my legs, thinking this position was a way to get some of my lost glory back, only to find out I'm coaching girls. Not that I think girls shouldn't play football—sorry, they call it soccer here—but it's not the best way to get my name in the news. I need good press, and lots of it, to prove I'm staying on the straight and narrow.

I look over my new team, a row of curious faces.

“All right, ladies, why don't we jump right into some drills,” I call out.

“Where's your accent from, Coach Browsers?”

Well, that stings a little. But then I remind myself this is America. South Carolina to be exact, and foot—ahem—*soccer* isn't that popular here. Then again, these women are college-level athletes. Shouldn't they follow pro teams?

“He's from London, but played for Manchester United,” another one pipes up. “He played for the England National team last year.”

Okay, that's more like it. I locate the speaker in the lineup and offer her a smile that sends her into a gale of giggles.

“Until he got kicked off.”

I swivel my head in the direction of the new voice. I move down the line to stand in front of a tall redhead and give her a

lingering once-over that's meant to intimidate. Instead, all it does is make me realize how hot she is. Her fiery hair is pulled into a ponytail, but I can easily picture it hanging free down her shoulders, tumbling over the taut breasts that strain against her jersey. Her leggings cling to shapely, long legs that I just as easily picture wrapped around my waist.

No. I *cannot* get turned on by my players. That's a one-way ticket out of here, my chance at redemption. I'm not a pro anymore, and she's not a groupie. I'm her coach. I have to stay focused.

I still get a little too close for comfort. I tower over her, despite the fact she's taller than most of the others. The player next to her sucks in a breath, but my ginger stands her ground. I take her by the shoulders and turn her around so I can see her name embroidered on the back of her shirt. The heat of her body makes my fingers tighten of their own volition, and I quickly let her go. "Are we going to have a problem, Adams?"

"I hope not," she says, looking me straight in the eye after she turns back around. "And you can call me Maya."

Her eyes are dark blue and there's a hint of a smile on her full lips. Christ, she's gorgeous. I take a step back to keep myself from reaching out for her again. No fucking the players. I haven't actually read the code of conduct manual I was given, but I'd bet my former salary it's in there somewhere.

"Start running laps, ladies," I bellow.

I rigorously put them through a training sequence that would make even me drop, and I'm glad to find out that they're actually pretty good. I shouldn't be anyone's coach; I should still be out on the field. I know I only have myself to blame for

the bizarre twist in my life, and I should be grateful to have a job at all. Still, all I want is to get back home and get back on a team. *Any* team. But I'm poison; no one's going to touch me until I can prove I can keep it together. No more bar brawls, no more public drunkenness, no more womanizing. And especially no fraternizing with anyone on my new team.

It's hard to keep my eyes off Maya Adams as she bounces with ease through all the drills I assign the team. God, she's got an amazing ass ...

In my distraction, I miss someone making a goal, so I quickly turn away when the others cheer for her. I clap and blow the whistle to finally end the practice. I can't keep torturing them just because I want to continue watching Maya strut her stuff. They're laughing even though they're sweating through their uniforms, and I'm sure their legs are shaking. I'm impressed, if I'm being honest. They're a tough group and they definitely have potential. For the first time since I stepped foot on this continent, some of my bitterness at being stuck here fades.

"You ladies are alright," I say, looking over them fiercely. "Why aren't you winning more often?"

A few of them shrug. "We were half and half last season."

Maya snickers and shakes her head. "That's nothing to be proud of."

"She's right," I say. "That actually sucks. Expect more practices like today. We're going to blow some minds this season."

There are a few half-hearted cheers, and I repeat myself, but louder this time. "Get excited, you lazy ..." I trail off, unsure

of what I can call them without it coming back to bite me in the ass. I'm used to coaches who don't hold back, professionals no less. Then there's the whole thing with them being college girls. "I'm not going to go easy on you. What the hell is your team's name, anyway?"

"How are *you* our coach, again?" Maya asks, with hands on her perfect hips.

"A series of mistakes on my part, but now I'm here. I don't want you half-assing this. I don't play on losing teams, and I'm not about to coach them, either."

"We're called the Lady Rams, but we hate it. Every women's team here is just the lady version of the boys."

"That's some fuckery, you're right," I agree, earning a huge smile from the player that had spoken.

"We petitioned to change our name to the Seahorses last year, but it didn't pass."

"Well, for now I'll call you the sea cows until you win your first game, and then we can talk about an upgrade."

They're too worn out to really voice their outrage, so I send them to the lockers, hollering after them to be ready for worse tomorrow. One of them flips me off; surprisingly, it's not Maya, who instead stays behind.

I ignore her and start packing up practice equipment, inwardly grumbling that I don't have assistant coaches. Walton College isn't some huge university, but it's still a prestigious private school that should absolutely be putting more funding into its women's teams.

"Uh, Coach Browsers?" she finally asks.

Her voice is soft, less confident than it was when she was sassing me in front of all her teammates. I'd love to hear her say my first name, preferably while she's underneath me, all that red hair fanned out on a pillow. The thought makes my abdomen tighten. When I turn and see that her sweat-soaked jersey has plastered itself to her small, pert tits, my cock stirs in my pants.

"What?" I snarl, hoping she'll turn and run.

A delicately arched eyebrow raises. She's not even a little bit afraid of me. She's pale like most gingers are, but her cheeks are still rosy from the workout I put her through. She's beautiful enough to make my breath catch. I glare at her. She rolls her eyes.

"I was wondering about this play I made in our last game. We were close to getting a final goal, but when Laura volleyed, the ball went wide. I've been practicing with her, and we both can't seem to direct the ball properly. Do you have any pointers for that?"

Her sincerity and the way she earnestly twists her hands together makes my icy heart melt a little. Damn it, I can't *like* this girl in addition to wanting to press her up against the goalpost. That would be a disaster. She's crossing the boundary from slightly annoying to downright dangerous.

"Well, Adams, it sounds like you just need to get better."

Grabbing the equipment bag, I storm off the field, but not before I see the flash of hurt in her eyes. It takes every ounce of willpower I have to keep myself from turning back to apologize, to make it up to her. I could easily show her what

she's doing wrong, put my hands on her and guide her, maybe kick the ball around with her for a little bit ...

Of course, I can't actually do that. I'm way too attracted to her, and she's off-limits. Completely out of bounds. It's better if she hates me.

"I can see why they kicked you out of England," she yells.

Bloody hell, they didn't kick me out of the entire country. I whip around to see her flouncing off toward the locker room. Mission accomplished, I guess, because it seems she well and truly despises me now, which means she won't come close enough again to be a temptation.

Chapter 2

Maya

Oh my God, I can't believe how excited I was to have such a big-time player become our coach. Now I'm completely disillusioned because Nathan Browers is rude and useless. He ran us ragged, but he didn't actually coach us at all. He couldn't even show me what I've been doing wrong on my volleys. Or, rather, he *wouldn't*. Because he's rude and useless.

I slam my way into the locker room to change. Laura and Desi are excitedly prattling on about Coach Browers's amazing former soccer prowess, citing all his famous goals and how he was on the fast track to becoming one of England's greatest players.

"Why's he even slumming it with us, anyway?" I ask.

Desi's eyes light up, eager to share the story. "I thought you followed European football?"

"I follow the games, not the players," I say. "I couldn't care less what they do off the field."

She rolls her eyes at my haughty tone. "Or *who* they do," she says.

Laura cackles and scrolls through her phone. "Drunk and disorderly, breaking a paparazzo's camera after a game, breaking someone's nose in a bar fight. That's just the legal stuff. Then there's the scandal with an Instagram model who cheated on her low-level royal fiancé with him."

“Gross,” I say.

“As if you wouldn’t.” Sherry Lynn walks past and plops down on the bench next to me, taking Laura’s phone and sighing at a picture of our new coach.

I look over her shoulder to see that it’s some kind of cologne ad. He’s shirtless. “Well, maybe I would,” I admit, just to make them laugh. And it’s not a total lie! He’s blazing hot. Sure, I’d noticed it right away, same as the rest of the team. He’s the prototype for tall, dark, and handsome, with a bit of added swagger and talent to really get a girl’s panties wet. He just had to open his mouth and wreck it. “He called us sea cows and losers, though.”

“We’ll just have to show him we’re not,” Desi says with a shrug, then she grimaces. “Ugh, I’m going to be sore tomorrow.”

I tune them out and head for the shower. I’ve been playing soccer since first grade and I’m good, one of the best on the team. Maybe my pride is hurt a little that our bigshot coach didn’t notice, or maybe I’m pissed that we got stuck with someone who’d clearly rather be somewhere else. Our last coach had phoned it in during her last year before retirement. When I heard we were getting Nathan Browsers as our replacement, I was stoked, thinking we were about to really rise in the ranks.

It’s a blow to find out that he’s only here because he got kicked off his team and has nowhere else to go. I put my head down and let the stinging hot shower rain down on me, trying not to think about the intense look in his chocolate-brown eyes or how I’d dropped my gaze to his chest to keep from getting

flustered by how pretty his lashes were. But his chest had been just as distracting. That stupid sexy accent of his didn't help matters either.

Except when he bluntly told me to get better; that wasn't sexy. And it wasn't coaching! It was rude and arrogant. Nothing sexy about that at all. At least, that's what I'm telling myself to help blot out the shirtless image of him stuck in my head.

Chapter 3

Nathan

I'm whipping my players into shape, growing more and more confident that they won't embarrass me during our first game together tomorrow. I've been keeping up my no-nonsense demeanor so none of them get too chummy with me. I'm not going to be here long so there's no use letting them get attached. No chance of that anyway, especially not with my star player, Maya. I still can't seem to keep my eyes off of her, even after a few weeks of grueling practices. She just takes whatever I dish out. I'd say without complaint, but she and the others do plenty of that. But with Maya, the dirty looks and sass just inflame me.

"Hopefully, you lot won't make a mockery of my good name tomorrow," I tell them after practice.

"I don't think we can put a dent in your good name, Coach Browsers," Maya says.

With the way her voice drips with sarcasm, it's clear she's filled herself in on the exploits that got me here. For the first time, I feel a bit ashamed of myself. This sour-faced beauty scowling at me while dripping in sweat from the paces I put her through can't be tweaking my conscience, can she? The others giggle nervously.

"I'm going to lose my patience and start calling you rude names," I bellow. "Get lost, get some good sleep, and don't be late tomorrow."

“Wait, you haven’t been calling us rude names all this time?”

Maya asks as the others drift toward the locker room. They pause to hear my answer.

I’m honestly stunned, because I’ve been holding back out of chivalry. If they were men, they’d be underground from all the abuse I’d heap on them. This is nothing compared to that.

“Wait, you mean sea cows? That’s your own chosen name, you daft sea cow.”

The other players crack up, but Maya goes redder than her hair, pursing her plump lips. “Seahorses, you *daft* jerk. *Horses*, not cows.”

“Well, bloody hell. I forgot.”

“He said he’d call us Seahorses if we win, Maya,” Laura, our goalie, reminds us both.

“Ah, that’s right. There’s a lot on the line, so why are you still hanging around annoying the shit out of me? Practice is over, ladies.”

Most of them are still laughing as they scamper away, but Maya stomps off, throwing one last murderous look my way. I give her a salute in return, and she spins around with a huff while I watch her ass sway in those heinous leggings.

Damn, she’s gorgeous.

After I clear away the equipment, I find a message on my phone informing me that the head of the sports department wants to see me in his office. I get a sinking feeling. I’m used to being in trouble, but I’ve been exemplary since I started coaching here. I’ve been staying in my apartment, I turned down the advances of a very forward biology teacher, and I

haven't so much as flirted with any of my players, so what could he possibly want? Sure, some of my thoughts about Maya haven't been exactly pure, but he can't read my mind.

I haven't seen him since he hired me, and when he motions for me to have a seat in his office, I see my gut-feeling was right. I'm in trouble.

"Try and go a little easier on the girls," he says straight off. I haven't even settled into the chair yet.

"Don't you want a winning team?" I ask.

He shakes his head and sighs. "Just be a little nicer to them. We've had a few complaints."

I'm outraged. Who snitched on me? And for what? Rough practices? If they didn't want to play college-level sports, they should have quit in high school. If any of them have *any* dreams of going pro, they're in for a rude awakening. "Is this about me calling them cows?"

His eyebrows shoot up. "Dear lord, are you calling them names? Did you read the code of conduct at all? Listen, I'm sure you're doing a fine job, but maybe stop that. And take them out for pizza or something after a game."

I agree without argument, dismissing my pride in favor of keeping my job. That said, I won't take them out for anything if they lose tomorrow. A losing team doesn't deserve pizza.

My wallet begins to rue my promise the next day. They not only win, but they utterly destroy the other team. I can't stay bitter about it, however; their happy cheers warm my dark heart. They rush off the field, hugging and high-fiving each other, and drag me into celebrations. Maya gets shoved into

me, and she's so excited that she forgets she hates me for a moment and throws her arms around my neck. I whoop and twirl her around, the feeling of her lush curves against my body threatening to make me rock hard. In an instant, I plop her down and step out of the fray.

"We need to calm down. We're being poor sports," Sherry Lynn says.

"Bugger that," I tell them. "You demolished them, fair and square."

As soon as they're done shaking hands with the other team, I blurt out that I'm taking them to dinner to celebrate. A new round of cheers erupts, and we cram into several cars to head for the nearest pizza place.

I order six pizzas and three pitchers of beer before sitting down in the middle seat they kept open for me at the big table they got. I catch Maya's eye, and she blushes at my grin. Winning brings even the worst enemies together.

"My glorious, gorgeous Seahorses," I say. "Congratu-fuckin-lations. You've earned the name and my respect as well." Pitchers of beer arrive, and I tell them all to drink up. "You've earned it." Instead of pouring for themselves, they all sit there, staring at me blankly. "Do I need to pour for you? Fine."

"Coach, the drinking age here is twenty-one, not eighteen," Desi says. "Only a few of us can legally drink."

"Well, that's a damn shame," I say. How do they live with that sort of limit? "Okay, you're on the honor system then."

A few hands shoot toward the pitchers, and I suddenly feel like I need to check their IDs. But I'm not their mother, and

for the next few hours I don't really want to be their coach either. It's been stifling, hiding out in my apartment just to try to keep out of trouble and away from paparazzi. I just want to have some fun for a change. I take a peek at my little star, and I'm disappointed to see she's not drinking. Her age is all the more reason to keep my distance, as if the list isn't long enough already. Not least of all the fact I've made her hate me.

There are a few old-fashioned arcade games in the restaurant. Some of the players take turns getting up to play, and there's a bit of musical chairs as they all shift seats. I try not to notice that they're avoiding sitting next to me, determined to keep up the winning mood, at least for myself. By the time the pizza arrives, the only empty chair is beside me, and Maya is the odd girl out. She slides in and smiles at me stiffly. I take a swig of my beer, wishing it were something stronger. It's better this way, to be honest. I need my wits about me.

Our hands bump as we both reach for the last slice of pepperoni, and she quickly concedes.

"No, take it," I say, putting it on her plate when she refuses. She ducks her head to hide a smile and nods in thanks.

"That was a tough game," she admits.

"Could have fooled me," I say honestly. "All of you did great, but you practically won the game yourself, Maya."

Her eyes widen, and a blush rises to her pale cheeks. Why did I call her by her first name? Saying it feels so intimate, and it makes me want to lean closer to her. There's a drop of sauce clinging to her lip that my finger itches to rub away, and when she licks it herself consciously, my cock twitches under the table. She's dangerous, my star player.

“Thanks,” she says breathily, smiling up at me like I’ve given her far more than just a tossed off compliment.

“Just keep it up,” I say roughly.

Her smile fades. That’s more like it. Why do I feel so empty, though, when she turns away to talk to her teammate? The next look she gives me is a scowl when I reach past her to grab one of the water carafes. I’ve already had a glass of beer, but I can’t have more. Not with her around. I don’t want to do something stupid. I’m disappointed, but only a little, that her angry looks are just as hot as her smiles. I’m going to lose it. The celebratory atmosphere and deeper sense of camaraderie are weakening my resolve to stay on the straight and narrow, but I can’t screw up if I want to get back on a team where I belong. So, water, not alcohol, lest I wish to do something truly stupid.

We party until the restaurant closes and when I stand up, my ass hurts from sitting so long at the table. I didn’t realize it’d been so long.

Once the team herds themselves out to the parking lot, the team huddles around me, arguing about who’s driving the more intoxicated of the team members home. I’m glad they enjoyed themselves, even if I was distracted the whole time by Maya’s deliberate avoidance of me.

I click my key fob, trying to remember where I parked, but I don’t hear my car respond. That’s strange.

“What’s wrong, coach?” someone asks.

“I can’t seem to find my car,” I say dumbly, still clicking my fob. Where the hell did I park?

“Did you park in front of the fire hydrant?” another asks.

“I bet he did.” They’re all giggling at me now. “Alright, someone needs to drive Coach Browsers home too.”

The others grumble as they pair off with their teammates in ways that make sense. Finally, the last of the team play rock, paper, scissors to see who has to drive me home. I’d be offended, but I’m more pissed about my stupid parking mistake than anything else at the moment. The emotions disappear once Maya wins. Or loses, going by the look of horror on her face. Looks like we’re going to be alone together after an evening spent avoiding each other. Brilliant. I scowl to show her I’m not happy about it either.

Chapter 4

Maya

Ugh, how did this happen? I have to be alone with Coach Browers in my tiny car, close enough that our shoulders will probably touch. Why did he have to be so friendly and normal during our celebration dinner, constantly making me notice how hot he is? His laughter is as sexy as his accent, and every time he reached for a slice of pizza or that damn beer pitcher, all I could do was gawk at his strong hands, wondering what they'd feel like moving up under my jersey.

Seems like winning makes me horny. At least it does when I have a hot coach who kept slyly glancing at me over the last three hours as if he found me as attractive as I found him. He even gave me a compliment. Despite following it up with his trademark grumpiness, I'm still glowing from the words.

If only I'd gotten drunk like my teammates had, then I wouldn't be in this predicament. But, unlike some of the other players on the team who wanted to carpool with the nondrinkers, I stuck to the honor system. I didn't want to drink just to have to leave my car here. Now I'm stuck taking him home because he had to be an idiot with his stupid car.

I look at him leaning against a streetlamp post, arms crossed over his muscular chest, a slight smirk on his face. If it weren't for the fact that he's been trying to be civil all evening, I'd just leave him here to fend for himself. He doesn't look bothered at all that his car got towed, and I'm not sure how I feel about that.

“My car’s over there,” I say. “Let’s go.”

He gives me a long look that makes my skin feel like it’s on fire before pushing off the post to follow me. I surreptitiously lift my jersey to fan my heated skin when I think he’s not looking.

“Ah, right, you’re taking me home, not going home with me,” he says softly. “Pity, that.”

His accent is not helping with the lust building beneath my skin. I can barely drag my eyes away from his searing gaze. “You’re the one that parked like a dumb ass, not me.”

That seems to shame him into silence, at least for a little bit. The less he speaks, the better my chances are of cooling off. If he keeps talking like that, I’m not sure I’d be able to keep myself at arm’s length. Shit, if he keeps looking at me like this and flirting so openly, I’ll be the one to do something idiotic instead.

He follows me to my car and directs me to his apartment with little trouble. When I pull into a parking spot, he fumbles for the door dramatically. Narrowing my eyes at him, I ask if he needs help. “Car door too easy to use compared to your fancy sports car?”

He grins. “Maybe a bit.”

He’s full of shit and he knows I see it. I’m sure he can actually work the latch just fine, but I get out to help him in spite of my better judgment. He keeps grinning to himself as he steps out of the car and watches me close the door after he’s clear of it.

Suddenly, he’s at my elbow, leaning into my space.

“Do you want to come up stairs?” he asks. When I start to shake my head, he innocently holds up his hands. “We can keep the door open if you want. I have no ulterior motives, Maya. I just figured we could talk about how the game went, maybe get to know each other a little better instead of being at each other’s throats.”

That’s the second time he’s called me by my first name, and it sends lightning bolts of desire flickering through my nervous system. My breath catches in my chest, and I’m growing overly warm everywhere.

His expression looks sincere for once, and it makes him ten times hotter than the bad boy scowl he always gives us at practice does. It’s a terrible idea, but I really would like to get to know him, just like he’s suggesting. Maybe we could talk about strategies for future games, or talk about what it’s like to play professionally, scandals notwithstanding. And I don’t want to leave his presence just yet, either. I’m drawn to him like a hapless moth to a candle’s flame. What’s even worse is that I want to dive head-first into the fire.

Throwing caution to the wind, I follow him up into his apartment.

Chapter 5

Nathan

“I promise I won’t bite,” I say as she tiptoes across the threshold. Not unless she wants me to, anyway.

What am I doing, inviting her in like this, when I can barely keep my hands to myself as it is? Part of the reason I’m even in this predicament in the first place is because of the way she weakens my resolve. I find myself wanting to ignore the urgings of my manager and my better judgment. Being so close to her on the ride here just made it that much worse. For once, we just got to sit quietly and I liked it as much as I enjoy her scowls when I tease her. I could feel the heat coming off of her soft body in waves next to me in the car. It’s taking every ounce of my willpower to keep myself from pulling her close to claim those lush lips of hers in a kiss, scowl or no scowl.

She brushes past me on her way to check out the trophies. Memories of past glory, and a firm reminder of what I’m working to get back to, and of why I really shouldn’t be thinking about her at all. I’m shocked when she points at them and recites the final score of each game.

“You made the winning goal in extra time,” she says, touching one with the tip of her finger. I can picture it sliding down the length of my cock, and I stiffen, catching my breath. I should move away, but instead, I step closer to her.

“So, you’re a fan?” I ask, unable to stop the pleased grin stretching across my face.

Her frustrated huff is adorable. “Of the sport,” she says. “Not you.”

She turns just enough that our shoulders touch and I reach out to run my fingers along the edge of her top. “Well, that’s a shame.”

Her chin tips up, and she stares me down with her vibrant blue eyes. Like a true ginger, she has a light dusting of freckles across her pert nose. I’ve never been close enough to notice them before. I’m unable to look away, hardly able to blink, and now I’m as hard as a rock. The tip of her tongue juts out between her parted lips as she licks them and I groan.

“Are you okay?” she asks in a whisper.

I shake my head. “Not at all.” This is torture. How am I supposed to act responsibly when she’s standing there, looking as if she didn’t play an amazing game earlier today? I tug her a little closer by the hem of her shirt and she steps forward eagerly, despite her furrowed brow. “What’s going on in that head of yours?” I ask.

“Nothing smart,” she says, rising up on her toes.

“Good.”

It only takes the slightest tilt of my head, and finally, our lips collide. Hers are warm and soft as the moan that escapes them. My hands move up to wrap around her waist and I pull her roughly against me. I can’t take us being apart any longer. I need to feel her body pressed to mine, her soft heat against my hard length. She grabs my shoulders in a shy, desperate way that makes my heart ache, her mouth open to my tongue.

“You taste so sweet,” I say, dragging my lips toward her neck. She melts against me, holding on tight. “Like freshly baked bread.”

This makes her giggle, but she gasps when I cup her tight ass cheeks with my hands and grind her against my hard cock. She moans and writhes against my shaft, making me the one who’s left gasping. This is better than I could have ever imagined.

“Coach Browsers,” she whimpers. “I—”

I back her up until we get to the bar between the kitchen and living area. Not once does my skin leave hers. This apartment is a far cry from what I was used to back home, but the lack of luxury is the furthest thing from my mind.

“You can’t call me that when we’re doing this.” I lift her easily and set her on the counter so that I can spread her legs, pulling myself between them. Her arms go around my neck and her head lolls backwards as I trail my tongue down her throat.

“Fine. Nathan, then,” she says. “*Oh*, that feels good.”

I throb in my jeans and shove her top up to get my hands on more of her skin. Hearing her say my first name is even hotter than I imagined; between that and the way her legs are wrapped around me, locking her pussy against my cock, I’m not sure how I’m not inside her already.

Pushing up under her sports bra, I get my thumb and forefinger around her nipple, rolling it until it’s a tight nub. She arches into my touch, pressing more of her firm flesh into my hands.

“I need to see your body,” I say, pulling away just long enough to grab the edge of her shirt.

Blinking rapidly, she raises her arms, inviting me take her jersey off. Then she wriggles out of her sports bra, letting her breasts finally spring free. Breathing heavily, she places her hands on the counter behind her, pushing her chest forward, offering up her tits to me.

“Please,” she whines. “Make me feel good.”

Stroke? Lick? Suck? I’m at a momentary loss when faced with the pale orbs, each crowned with a peachy nipple. I lick one and then kiss a line to the other so that I can suck the bud in between my teeth. My fingers pick up where I left off, pinching and teasing her. She runs her fingers through my hair while she sighs.

I love the sounds she makes, as if everything I do to her is brand new and exciting. Licking her nipples isn’t enough, and I let my hands work their way down her smooth belly until I’m at the waistband of her shorts. I pause to look at her, still leaning back against the counter, her eyes closed, her hair coming loose from its ponytail, those gorgeous tits heaving with each gasping breath she takes. I cup her pussy through her shorts and she jolts with a surprised giggle, but then she settles into a gentle moan as I begin to slowly move my fingers back and forth along her slit.

“Spread your legs more for me,” I say, watching her face as I tease her pussy through her clothes.

She does as I ask and looks at me with wide eyes as I work her shorts down. Lifting her hips without breaking eye contact, I only stop stroking her long enough to get them down her thighs. She kicks them away, and I lean down to kiss the

delicate triangle of white fabric covering her pussy, nibbling at her clit through the cotton.

Gripping my hair, she lets out a ragged sound. My cock actually physically aches, but I like teasing her too much to stop. This is even better than getting a rise out of her on the field.

“How wet are you for me, Maya?” I ask, slipping a finger under the edge of her panties.

“Nathan. I need to ...” she trails off and grabs my hips, watching as I push my fingers into her tight, wet heat. Christ, her pussy is so wet, and it feels like a vice around the two fingers I have inside her. She arches and looks up at me, her eyes as round as saucers. “That—I—”

I smile at her stuttering with pleasure as I ease my fingers out to circle her clit. Her head drops to my shoulder as I work her body, taking her mouth with a kiss again while I move inside her, then out, then in. I want her to come, and yet, I won't let her do it so quickly, moving my fingers from her clit whenever her breathing grows too harsh.

“Nathan,” she says in a sob, shaking as she arches into my touch. “What are you doing to me?”

“Should I stop?” I ask. I'll die if I don't bury my cock inside that pussy I've been teasing, but I pull my hand away. But if she has any doubts at all, I don't want to do something she'll hate me for.

She shakes her head clear and looks at me with misery in her eyes. “I'm trying to tell you I'm a virgin.”

My mind goes utterly blank, even as my cock throbs harder. I look down between her legs, spread wide for me, her sweet, white panties shoved to the side. Her pussy is slick and open, her clit swollen from my touch. I lick my lips at the sight, my fingers curling into a fist to keep from touching her again.

“A virgin,” I repeat stupidly. Holy fucking hell.

“Yes. And you’re my coach,” she says. She looks vulnerable, perhaps even a little guilty. “It’s probably a bad combination.”

I’m about to go insane. “I’m not your coach right now,” I assure her. Slowly, gently, I move my fingers down between her thighs to rest proprietarily across her pussy. *My* pussy. “I want you. Really actually want you. It’s me talking, not the coach, not the athlete. Just me.”

“You don’t care that I’m a virgin?” she asks. Her cheeks flood with color.

I run my finger down one rosy cheek and across her lips as I nudge a finger inside her once again with my other hand.

“I don’t care about that at all. You don’t care that I’ll be the first man to ever put his cock inside you, do you?”

She shakes her head. “No. I want this.”

I need no further encouragement. I push my finger deep, and she gasps as she arches toward me. “Feel how tiny you are? My cock is going to stretch this tight little pussy.” Pulling the finger out, I replace it with two, pushing and stretching her to make her ready for me.

“Your fingers feel good, Nathan. I’m ready for your cock.”

Growing bold, she reaches for the waistband of my pants, popping open the button and tugging down the zipper. She presses her hand against my cock, so hard that it's ready to burst through my boxer briefs. She pushes my pants and underwear down to stroke my head, glistening and dying to be inside her. Her breath quickens as she strokes the entire length. I jump in her grasp.

"Then it looks like you're about to be fucked," I say, pulling her face close to mine for a deep kiss. I yank her panties all the way down to her ankles and duck between her thighs. "I want to taste your sweet, virgin pussy, Maya. First, I'm going to make you come. Then I'm going to ram my cock inside your tight little cunt and fuck you hard and fast. This is your last chance to change your mind about me."

She grabs my shoulders and digs her fingernails in, panting at the first stroke of my tongue against her clit. "Do whatever you want to me," she says, so trusting that my heart twists. Fuck. "Please. You already make me feel so good."

"Just wait, baby," I promise, plunging my tongue inside her.

Her juices bathe my face as I lap at her, holding tight to her hips so she can't writhe away. I'm sure I lose some hair as she grapples with my head while I suck on her clit, but I'm in heaven between her legs. I don't feel any pain; it just turns to pleasure. Soon, she starts to thrash against my firm hold, her cries coming faster and louder as she approaches her peak. When I feel her spasm and her legs clamp around my shoulders as she comes, I slow and soften my tongue.

"Please," she begs, her hands limp in my hair.

My cock has been patient until now, but the moment I hear her breathless plea, I rise up and spread her legs wide, centering my tip at her opening. “I won’t be able to hold back,” I warn. “When I feel how tight your little pussy is around my cock, I’m going to have to fuck you hard. I won’t stop until I come inside you.”

Just to torture us both while I wait for her reply, I rub the head of my cock up and down between her slippery folds until her fingernails are digging into my shoulders again.

“I need you inside me,” she cries. “*Please*, Nathan.”

I slam home, not stopping until I’m buried deep within her cunt. The delicious agony of having my cock in such a tight sheath makes me wild, and I make good on my promise, ramming her pussy until she’s panting and gasping.

She’s absolutely beautiful, with her pale skin turning rosy with pleasure, her nipples taut as her tits bounce with each hard thrust. I drop my head back and roar as I finally come, spilling my seed inside her, marking her and her pussy as mine. It takes a second to come back down from the heights her body sent me to. Her hand rests on my heaving chest, and I take it in my own and press a kiss against her palm. Suddenly, I realize that I just fucked this sweet virgin beauty on my kitchen island. That won’t do at all, so I pick her up and carry her to my bed. Slowly lowering myself to lie beside her, she looks at me with glazed eyes. Before she can say a word, I slip my hand down between her legs and stroke her swollen clit until she comes again.

“You turn me into a savage,” I say. Her legs clamp tightly around my hand while her orgasm subsides. “But I only want

to make you feel good.”

Still shaking with pleasure, she nods and presses her face against my neck. “Did you feel good?” she asks anxiously. “Inside me?”

All I can do is laugh and hold her close, overwhelmed with the things this woman is making me feel. It’s like nothing I’ve ever experienced before, and it’s not only physical. Getting signed to my first pro league, winning in the Nationals, none of it compares. It’s shocking. I never want to let her go.

She couldn’t stand me before tonight. The fact she might remember that and decide that this was all a mistake scares the hell out of me. I pull her even closer.

Chapter 6

Maya

I wake up in Nathan's bed, warm and tingly. I roll over, stretching my arms out to feel for him but find his side empty; his pillow is still warm, so he can't be far away. Maybe when he comes back, we'll have a rematch. I sigh happily as I relive every moment of what we did together. What a way to finally lose my virginity. To think I couldn't stand Nathan less than twenty-four hours ago and thought he had it out for me.

Hugging his pillow close in anticipation for when I can trade it for his muscular body again, I hear his soft words in my memory. He'd told me how he'd wanted me since the moment he first saw me, that he was only rough on me because he saw what a great player I am. I'm about to drift back to sleep thinking about his praise when I hear his voice from the other room, not soft like my memory, but agitated and upset instead.

"You don't need to worry," he says. I reach for my phone to check the time. It's only four AM. I know that England is quite a few hours ahead of us, so maybe he's talking to someone from his home. "I'm staying out of trouble, believe me. Nothing's going to screw up my chances of getting back on a team."

My heart sinks as I mull over what he said. A few minutes later, he climbs back into bed with me.

“Oh, sorry, did I wake you?” he asks, pulling me against his firm chest. I run my fingers up his washboard abs, anxiety keeping me from relaxing fully.

“Is everything okay?”

“That was just my worrywart manager. Everything’s fine.” He drops a kiss on top of my head. “Sleep for a bit longer, baby.”

Between the fingers he glides lazily along my back and the anxiety over his future settling in my stomach like a stone, it’s impossible to fall back to sleep.

“Is it that important that you get back on a team in England?” I ask.

I feel him nod vigorously. “England’s my home. And as much as I love coaching you, I’m only twenty-two. Way too young to give up playing yet.”

I have nothing to say to that. I’d love for him to stay here so we can keep exploring what we started, but I also know how much I love soccer. It must be ten times stronger for him, since he’s made a career out of playing professionally. And he’s brilliant at it on top of that.

“You came here to rehab your image?” I ask.

“Yeah, but you don’t need to worry.” Once again, he kisses me and I feel him relax completely as his voice fades away. “I’ve got it under control.”

I lay there wide awake and worrying, even after he drifts back to sleep. He assured his manager he was staying out of trouble, but he’s in bed with *me*, not just a student, but a member of the team he’s coaching. If anyone found out, he’d be in a world of trouble, especially because the dean here at Walton College is

a stickler about both faculty and student conduct. This would look terrible for the school if word were to get out. Nathan could get fired because of it, leaving him right back where he started.

I can't be the reason he never gets back everything he lost. His past no longer matters to me even though it cost him so much. Who's to say how I'd act if I was offered fame, fortune, and adulation at my age? I might just as easily go off the rails. He's working to transform his life, and I won't ruin things for him.

With tears threatening to blinding me, I slip out from under his strong arm. I want more than anything to kiss him after I get dressed, but I don't want to wake him. He'll heroically tell me everything is fine and then I'll be too tempted to get back in bed with him. I have to do the right thing.

After one last look at how beautiful he is, peacefully asleep in the sheets we rumped, I quietly let myself out of his apartment and run to my car. I make it all the way back to my dorm before I finally let myself break down in floods of tears, hating being noble about this more than anything else I've ever done in my life.

Chapter 7

Nathan

I roll over only to feel the sun blazing through the open blinds and quickly shut my eyes. Reaching for Maya, I sit up when I don't feel her soft, warm body next to mine. The brief moment of panic that rushes through me makes me laugh at myself. Am I this addicted to her already? Yes. Yes, I am. It's not going to be easy to sneak around and keep our relationship secret, and she deserves better than that. But she's sweet enough to not be too bothered by the inconvenience, and she understands that it'll just be until I get reinstated on another pro team.

My trepidation grows when I see that her clothes, which were strewn around the floor, are gone. She's not in the bathroom or the kitchen. There's no note, nothing telling me where she's gone. She just snuck out without so much as a kiss goodbye. I wanted to spoil her with my famous scrambled eggs and then carry her back into the bedroom until we had to go to practice later.

Did she have regrets? Anger floods my system, but I know it's only to mask the pain. It shouldn't be possible that she's so far under my skin after just one night together, but I know she's been wriggling her way into my heart with each sassy comeback to all my rude comments out on the field. I've never been rejected before. Certainly not by a college player with no experience.

That is, no experience except what she shared with *me*. The way she gave herself so completely to me only to leave without saying anything is a knife to the heart, especially now that I'm not sure I'll get another chance with her. She made it clear enough she's done with me just by sneaking out.

I'm over being hurt by the time I show up late to practice, good and pissed off instead. The players are kicking the ball around and jokingly give me shit for making them wait, teasing me about having a hangover from the celebration the night before. I holler at them to start running laps, berating them for not starting without me. During their drills, I'm ruthless about every little mistake, specifically tearing into Maya when she fumbles the ball during a pass.

"Is there a reason your legs are so weak today, Adams?" I shout, turning away at the sight of her reddening cheeks.

All I can think about is the blush on those cheeks when I was making her writhe with my tongue. Then I'm attacked by memories of her taste, the feeling of her skin under my fingertips, the way she moaned in my arms. My cock starts to rise, and it just makes me meaner. By the time practice is over, even the most good-natured players are giving me venomous looks and grumbling. As Maya rushes past me off the field, there are tears sparkling in her eyes. I crumble.

"Adams, hold back a second," I call, keeping my voice gruff for the sake of the others. I see Laura give Maya a commiserating look as she walks stiffly back to me.

I lead her to stand in the shade at the corner of the locker rooms. Her chin lifts as she looks at me, her shoulders

hunched, expression stormy. I know I deserve a good verbal beatdown, but she only blinks up at me with moist eyes.

I reach for her but let my hand drop before I can do something foolish. We're sheltered by the building, but still out in public, still forbidden from each other. But I can't let her think I hate her, because I don't. I could never.

"I'm sorry I was a prick out there, especially to you," I start. "You didn't deserve it. It hurt my feelings the way you left, and I took it out on you like an asshole. If you don't want to be with me, I'll accept it." Even though it hurts like absolute hell. Strangely, it feels good to be honest and open with a woman, despite the sting to my pride. I never want to be anything but honest with Maya.

She shakes her head. "I don't want you to risk your chance to get back on a team." With a sigh, she steps closer, her head hung in shame. "It almost killed me to leave this morning, but your career is way more important than a fling with me."

Holy shit, her selflessness hits like a boot to the gut. "We can work it out," I say. This woman deserves so much more than sneaking around, but I can't bring myself to suggest it outright. Deep down, I know her concerns are valid, even though I don't want them to push us apart. "I want to be with you, Maya."

She's so close I can feel her body heat radiating through my shirt as if our skin is already touching. I can't stop myself any longer and grip her hips to tug her forward, closing the inch of space between us. With a sigh, she slides her hands up my chest and wraps her arms around my neck to pull my head down. The moment our lips touch, I go wild. Backing her up

until she bumps into the wall, I lift her, and she wraps her legs around my waist. Her soft moans as she grinds her body against me set all my pent-up anger and sadness free, letting me focus on this moment. She was only thinking of me.

“Just say you want to be with me again,” I urge, cupping her ass and sliding my hands up her back. I can’t get enough of her, even as I try to pull her even closer.

“I do, Nathan,” she says, her breath hot against my mouth. I swipe her plump lower lip with my tongue. “But—”

“No buts,” I say before I plunge my tongue into her mouth.

There’s a skittering noise near the corner of the building, then a smothered laugh. A chill washes over me; I’ve heard that kind of laugh before. I drop Maya and turn to see someone running across the field with their phone in their hand. It’s not someone from the team, and my stomach rolls over with dread. Maya looks as horrified as I feel.

“Did they get a picture?” she asks, her hand gripping my shirt.

I cover her hand with mine to try to assuage her fear. “I don’t know.”

We have our answer moments later when my phone starts to ping relentlessly in my back pocket. My manager made me set up alerts with my name so I can monitor public opinion. Since I’ve been in America, it’s been practically silent, which is what we wanted. Just until the news of my good behavior and winning coaching started trickling back to the UK.

Feeling sick, I pull out my phone and tap into my social media accounts. Like some kind of awful magic, there are already pictures everywhere of Maya and I, locked in a passionate

embrace. It was only seconds ago that she was in my arms, pressed against me, our lips entwined. I was *happy* only a few seconds ago.

True to form, an angry message comes across from my manager, then a call. I ignore it, but Maya sees the message before I can lock my phone.

“Oh, no,” she moans, stepping back.

I pull her close again. This is bad, really bad. The dean here won't look kindly on a staff member fraternizing with a student, so I'm sure I'll be fired. But that's the least of my worries. All I can think about is the avalanche of unwanted attention this will bring to Maya. I may not be such big news in the States, but once these pictures hit the UK news cycle, she'll be hounded mercilessly.

“Let's go to my apartment,” I say. “No, better yet, we'll hide out in a hotel.” I swipe away her tears and lean to kiss her but she pulls away. “This will die down,” I promise as I try to keep her close.

“Not if we're holed up together in some hotel. That's just feeding the flames. Oh God, will you be fired?”

I shrug. I honestly don't care. Not if we're together. “Maya, that doesn't matter right now.”

I have to get her somewhere before more people show up to take pictures, trying to get the most unflattering ones. Even her teammates can't be trusted; if the British tabloids offer them enough money to spill dirt on her, and they likely won't care at all what's truth and what's not.

“No,” she says, moving further away from me. “I won’t be the reason you lose your job, or your chance at getting your dream back. That’s why I left this morning. This was a mistake. I’m sorry.”

I’m too stunned at her words to be able to reach for her before she retreats into the locker room. I can’t follow her in there, that would just make things worse. My phone rings again. Instead of my manager, this time it’s the head of the athletic department. This is it, then. I know now that today was my last practice with the Seahorses, a fantastic group of girls that let me meet the love of my life. Heartbroken, I ignore the call. There will be plenty of time to get fired later.

All thoughts of my career fall to the wayside. The only thing that matters now is protecting Maya.

Chapter 8

Maya

Three months later

Soccer practice is easier with our new coach but much less fun. I miss being pushed to the limit, even though Nathan often infuriated me with his jibes. I even miss being called a sea cow when I flub a pass. I know I shouldn't be thinking about him after all this time, but I do. I miss him constantly. Our last interaction often runs through my head, with the tortured look in his eyes after that awful person took our picture seared into my memories. Of course, we shouldn't have been making out in an alley, but I couldn't have kept my hands off him even if my life were at stake. That's why I refused to see him when he left campus for good after resigning, refused to answer his messages, and then deleted his number from my phone.

I still look him up on social media and in the news each day so that I can keep up with what's happening, but I ignore it if one of my teammates brings him up. I only want to keep up with what's happening with him through official means, and not the gossip columns. I think my teammates miss him as well, though, and I think they blame me for his leaving. I guess they're right, but how could I have resisted him? How could we resist *each other*?

His big fear that I'd be hounded by reporters never came to pass. I gave one simple statement that the situation wasn't what it looked like, then refused to ever speak of it again, not

even to my friends. As a result, the journalists and paparazzi gave up. There were a few people in the beginning that popped out of the bushes to get a picture of me, but they quickly grew bored when I never interacted with them.

“Good job out there today, ladies,” our new coach calls cheerfully as we head toward the locker room. No one’s grumbling like they did after Nathan’s practices. None of us are even that sweaty.

I listlessly get changed and head to the part-time job I took at a sporting goods store. I like the people there and find the marketing aspect interesting enough that I might ask for full-time hours. It would mean giving up soccer, which I can’t do if I want to keep my scholarship, but soccer was the only reason I was going to school in the first place. It’s just not my passion anymore, so I’m seriously thinking about quitting.

I know better than to make such a rash decision while my heart is still in pieces, however. I keep waiting for the pain to ease, but it’s as sharp as the day I ran away from Nathan. The things that used to bring me joy are dull and meaningless now.

When I get back to my dorm room that night, my roommate Gina, who’s a graphics design major, has a news article up on her giant computer screen. She sucks in a breath and tries to close the tab, but I’ve already seen it. I read it on one of my breaks at work.

“It’s fine,” I say, glancing over her shoulder. It’s the same big, bright picture of Nathan that I saw earlier, proudly holding up a soccer jersey. He’s been signed to a team again, a good one at that. The smile on his face twists my heart, but I keep from

showing it. I'm good at hiding my misery after three months of practice. "I'm happy for him."

She's a good friend, so she shuts down her computer and leaves me alone. I really am glad that Nathan's got his dream back, but I wish I could be part of it somehow. Of course, that's impossible. We're divided by an ocean, and he absolutely can't risk another scandal, not so soon after returning to the field. I curl up under my blankets and quietly cry myself to sleep.

The next day, I start to head to practice like usual, but my heart just isn't in it. I let myself veer away from the field before anyone can see me. They can think I'm sick or something, I really don't care. After wandering aimlessly around the campus for a while, I'm about to head back to my dorm when I hear someone shout my name.

Am I dreaming? I turn to find the source of the familiar voice still shouting at me.

"Oi, Adams, why aren't you running laps?"

It's really him.

Nathan jogs across the quad toward me, and my heart races when I see his beautiful, wide smile. But why is he here? I'm frozen to the spot until he reaches me and stops, pulling me into such a big hug my feet leave the ground.

When he lets me go, I look around to see if anyone might be watching. My heart sinks when I see a few curious students pausing at the scene he just made.

"Don't worry, I'm not your coach anymore," he says. "We can hug all we want. In fact ..." He leans down and kisses me

thoroughly, and it's so good it makes me sway into him.

"You're real," I say, laughing at how foolish I sound. My hands run up and down his chest, which is still just as strong as I remember. He asks if I'm happy to see him, and I answer with another kiss. "More than happy, but—"

"There's no reason for us to be apart anymore," he says, tugging me to the closest bench where we sit. He takes both my hands, rubbing over my knuckles with his fingers. "Listen, I know you want to finish school, so I'm prepared to fly here between games and bring you over whenever you have a break. I've never stopped thinking about you, Maya. Not this whole time. Everything I've worked for these last three months has been so we can be together."

His hands are warm around mine, and I look up at him only to see how sure he is. My heart swells, bursting with happiness that I'm near him again. Long distance sounds awful compared to the feeling flooding me right now. "I've been thinking about quitting school."

He shakes his head, looking almost angry. "I can't let you do that for me." His scowl disappears after a second. "But I can help you get into a school in England. Or help you find a job, if that really is what you'd rather do. I don't want you to give up anything for me, but ..." He pauses and takes a breath, before searing straight to my soul with his gaze. "I love you, Maya. I've loved you since you first ran onto my field."

My heart may actually burst from my joy at his declaration but at the same time I'm overwhelmed. "I love you, too, Nathan. But how will I be able to get a job?" The idea of living in a

foreign country is daunting alone without that. I've never even left South Carolina. "How can this work?"

Chapter 9

Nathan

For the last three months I've kept my head down and focused on my training. It was easy to put my partying ways behind me because no woman compared to Maya. No night out with the lads came close to tempting me away from my goal: get on a team again so I could give Maya the life she deserves.

I'm thrilled when she says she loves me back, even after I disappeared. I know how the press can be, and it seemed like the only way to keep them off her back was to stay away. I've been giving myself heart attacks, worrying that she was going to despise me when I saw her again. Now that I know she loves me, I'm not going to let a little thing like a work visa get in the way of our happiness.

Even though I feel like a truck has parked itself on my chest, I take a breath and gather all my courage.

"Say it again," I plead.

With a laugh that restores my confidence, she kisses me hard before she leans back to search my eyes. "I love you."

That's all I need. I drop to one knee and hide a smile at her gasp. She looks around wildly, but we're alone in the quad. No prying eyes, no cameras, no red tape keeping us apart. It's just us. From my pocket, I pull out the ring I bought when I first got back to England. I've looked at it every night while waiting and praying for this moment.

“This may seem crazy, but I’ve never been more sure of something in my life. I want you with me, whatever it takes, Maya. It can be tomorrow or five years from now, just so long as it happens. Will you marry me?”

Her wide-eyed silence makes my stomach churn, but she finally reaches for me with shaking hands. Taking my face between her palms, she nods and leans down to kiss me. Our tongues collide, and my cock twitches with need, but I pull away, needing her answer more.

“Of course I’ll marry you.”

Overjoyed, I slide the ring onto her finger. Before she can admire it, I take her hand and drag her off the bench. We collapse onto the cold grass as I wrap her tightly in my arms. After a soulful kiss, her hands creep lower as mine run under her shirt. Footsteps sound from across the quad, and before she can go any further, she jumps up, straightening her clothes.

“We can’t do *that* again,” she says as she holds out her hand. I take it and follow her as she pulls me toward a nearby dormitory. “My room’s in here.”

I’ve rented a suite in the swankiest hotel this town has in hopes she’d say yes, but this is closer, and frankly, I can’t wait much longer. Three months was long enough. I’ve missed her so much and the taste of her just now already has me burning up.

Her roommate is studying when Maya bursts through the door. She looks at me with shock and is about to say something when Maya grabs her arm and pushes her out of the room, shoving the girl’s books into her arms as she does so. “I’ll

explain later,” she says, slamming the door in her roommate’s stunned, but still somehow smiling face.

“I guess you haven’t been talking shit about me,” I joke.

She shakes her head and grabs me, shoving me backward onto her narrow bed. “I couldn’t talk about you at all, actually, it hurt too much. But I’d never say anything bad about you.”

“I’m sorry I left,” I say as she jerks my shirt up. I oblige her eager fingers and pull it off the rest of the way.

“I’m sorry I wouldn’t talk to you before you left.” Tears well in her eyes, and I wrap my hand behind her head to pull her down for a kiss.

“We’re together now.” I touch my lips to hers and she sighs as she straddles me. “That’s what matters.”

Our tongues mingle as she moves her body sinuously against mine. I get my hands under her shirt and after snapping open her bra, her tits fill my palms. “All I’ve thought about is your perfect body,” I say.

She sits up and pulls her shirt off, tossing her bra away as well. I’m mesmerized as her nipples shrink in the cool air, and reach to pinch them gently. She shivers and grinds her pussy against my rock-hard shaft.

“I’ve been thinking about this,” she says, sliding her pussy up and down my length. Even through the fabric keeping us from each other, her heat makes me throb. “About what you do to me. I can’t wait much longer.”

“Then why are you still wearing so many clothes?”

We laugh as we roll away from each other just long enough to strip, then come together in a naked tangle of arms and legs. She gets on top of me again, running her fingers up and down my cock as she stares at it with parted lips.

“I want to suck you off,” she says.

I nearly come just hearing those words from her sweet, innocent mouth. My cock jumps beneath her fingertips, and she giggles before lowering her head. Suddenly, her tongue darts out to lick away the moisture pooling at my tip and then she takes me completely, clumsily, but fuck, it feels so good.

My hips try to rise, but she pushes down on me. I can't stop the whine that rumbles low in my throat. I like her trying to take charge, but she's driving me crazy. I'm already on the verge of coming down her throat when she sucks me so hard it tows the line of being painful.

“Sorry,” she says at my gasp. The smile on her face doesn't look like she's too sorry, though. As if I couldn't love her more, she's teasing me now. “I just love having your huge cock in my mouth so much.”

“I love it being there,” I say, gritting my teeth as she continues to lick my shaft and nibble at its sensitive tip.

When I can't stand it anymore, I finally grab her arms and pull her up to rest on my chest. I brush the stray hairs out of her beautiful face and kiss her lips, salty and swollen from sucking my cock.

I reach between our bodies to press my fingers against her pussy, and she lifts her hips to my touch. “Your pussy is so wet

for me,” I groan as my cock swells with renewed anticipation. “God, I missed this tight little hole of yours so much, baby.”

She bites at my shoulder as I work her clit, then I slide my fingers into her slippery heat. She grinds against my palm and moans. “Sometimes I couldn’t think at all. I missed you so much,” she gasps, kissing my neck. “I had to touch myself to try and remember how good you made me feel, but it just wasn’t the same. I need you so much, Nathan. I need you to make my body feel that good again.”

The mental image of her stroking her sweet little pussy through her panties, wishing it was me fucking her, makes me go completely still. My heart is as close to bursting as my cock is. I have to take several long, slow breaths to center myself as I ease my fingers in and out of her. Taking in her soft moans of longing helps more while also making it far worse. I don’t want to shoot my load the second I’m buried inside her, so I have to make her scream with pleasure first.

“Come so I can fuck you, Maya,” I command.

“Yes,” she says, clamping her thighs tight around me as her pussy clenches around my fingers. She soaks my hand as I press against her clit. She squeals and gyrates, and each little noise and movement feeds the fire urging me to take her. My little star coming for me like this ... So obedient, just for me.

I can’t wait another second and lift her, flipping her onto her back. Her hair fans out on her pillow just like I’ve imagined it countless times before, and her eyes are glazed and half-closed as I spread her thighs.

Lining up my cock at her opening, I thrust inside her, deep and hard. She cries out as I fill her and reaches for me, and I lower

my head to claim her mouth as well as her pussy. The ache of her around me is just as sweet as it was three months ago. Nothing has changed, it's almost like I never left.

"You're mine, Maya," I say. "Every perfect part of you." I trace her lips as she nods, too breathless to respond. Taking the hand that wears my ring, I press it to my heart. "You're here always, baby."

She throws back her head, and her fingers curl against my chest as if she wants to hold my heart in her hand. "I love you so much, Nathan."

Before the words are fully spoken, I spill my seed inside her. Suddenly, my body is crashing against hers, breathless and spent. I cradle her against me, with her hand still pressed to my heart. "Tell me this is real," I whisper.

She holds her hand up and turns it so that the ring sparkles in the fading sunlight streaming through her window. I can tell by her smile that she loves it as much as I hoped she would when I picked it.

"It must be real," she says, turning to nestle into my chest. Just the place I want her to be. "We have so much to think about. We have to make up for lost time. You still need to meet my parents."

"I can't wait," I say, before I admit I'm anxious they won't like me. She assures me they'll love me as much as she does. Soon, she's lazily stroking my chest while she chatters happily about things she'll have to do to get ready to go to England.

I lie there next to her, sated and happy, not really worried about the details for now. I worked hard and got my reputation

in order. I got on a new team with a lucrative contract, and most importantly, I'm with Maya again. It's all for her. Having her in my life has made me a better man already.

Everything else will fall into place and our life together will be just as bright as my perfect little star.

Epilogue

Maya

Seven years later

I wave as I walk past the line of reporters lurking on the way to the private box I have so I can watch Nathan play in peace. The attention is second nature now, so much easier than when I first came to England as his fiancée. There'd been cameras popping out of nowhere and always catching me off guard back then. It still wasn't as hard as starting school in a foreign country; the players on my new team were all standoffish at first, refusing to recognize I was just a normal student who loved the game. Once they got past the fact that I was engaged to a big, up-and-coming soccer star—oops, they call it football over here—and saw how serious I was about winning, they warmed up to me. That had even helped shield me from the nonsense that came with having a famous boyfriend, though it didn't hurt their opinion of him when he came around and ran drills with us from time to time. A few of my college teammates went pro alongside me, and while I quit after one season because I was so eager to start a family, I still keep in touch with everyone, despite how busy I am now with the kids and my online sportswear business.

I'm so lost in reminiscing that I miss seeing Nathan make a goal, only looking up once the stadium outside erupts in cheers. Normally, I watch the games at home on TV with the kids, so I have the chance to rewind these lost moments, but since it's our anniversary, he wanted me to be there, watching

from the private box. That way, we can go out and celebrate as soon as he's done with the press afterward.

I'll just have to pretend I saw it. I try to pay better attention to the rest of the game, but it passes in a blur because I'm so excited for a rare night out alone with him. Soon enough, he sticks his head into the private box with a smile, looking dapper in a dark suit and crisp white shirt, his hair still damp from a shower. He's more handsome to me now than the day I met him, and he nearly took my breath away back then.

We take the back way out of the stadium to avoid cameras, but my heart still melts to see that he's arranged a limo for us. He helps me into the vehicle and takes me in his arms as soon as we get rolling.

"Happy anniversary," he says, nuzzling my neck. "No regrets?"

"Not a single one," I assure him. He waits for me to ask, and I grin at him cheekily. "I know you don't have any. I also know you're dying to call the kids."

He smirks. "You know me too well. We should check in though, don't you think?"

We get the kids on a video chat, their nanny in the background helping with the phone. Our four-year-old, Ollie, tries to hog the camera from his two younger sisters, and they all talk over each other as they fill us in on what fun they're having without us.

"We'll be having fun too, don't you worry," I say, sliding my hand up my husband's thigh, out of sight of the phone's viewfinder.

“We’ll miss you, too,” Nathan says, always a softie where our children are concerned.

He hates away games and having to spend even a few nights away from us, and I know he’s counting the days until his retirement. Our family means so much more to him than the sport, even if it’s given him the chance to build it with me. We end the call and I tease him about just going home instead of enjoying our evening away.

He wraps his arms around me and kisses me until my heart is racing and my thighs spread of their own volition. He runs his hand up my leg and grins down at me. “I think I can handle a night alone with my gorgeous wife.”

I frown when I watch the exit for the hotel we usually stay at when we’re in this part of the country pass by the car window, but he keeps his lips clamped shut when I prod him to tell me where we’re going. After a little while, we turn onto a country road and pull up to a small, privately owned castle I’ve been begging to visit for a while.

“I don’t think they’re going to have tours this late,” I say, but he only smiles.

We’re greeted by a butler, who whisks us inside. “Dinner is ready whenever you are, sir,” he tells Nathan. “And you’ll find your bags in your suite.”

He disappears down a hallway, and suddenly, we’re alone in the beautifully decorated foyer. Gilt-framed paintings line the richly papered walls, and a massive chandelier hangs over our heads. The castle is more gorgeous inside than I could have imagined.

“You didn’t,” I say.

But, of course, he did. He always goes above and beyond to give me whatever I want, and instead of an afternoon tour of this place, he’s arranged for us to have it all to ourselves for the night. Overwhelmed with love and gratitude, I throw my arms around his neck.

His lips touch mine and light me on fire, still as hot as it was the first time. Honestly, it might even be better because we know each other so well now, and our competitive natures make us work hard to please. He carries me out into a garden filled with fragrant flowers and fairy lights.

As soon as he sets me back on my feet, I try to turn to inspect everything, but his hands settle on my backside, pulling me close. His hard shaft rubbing against me makes me forget the sixteenth-century wrought iron bench, and I bend over, wriggling against him until he roughly holds me still.

“I’m going to lose it before we have our clothes off if you keep doing that,” he warns teasingly.

“Then we better get our clothes off.”

We’ve been married for seven years, have three children, and yet we’re still like college kids, tearing at each other with eager hands. When his smooth palms cup my breasts, I reach for his cock, standing as proud as a flagpole, and tug him close. My nipples harden as he rolls them between his thumb and forefinger, and I melt. I lick his neck and sigh at the taste of his slightly salty skin, breathe in the scent of aftershave he’s used since I first met him. I have to pull away to take in his muscular chest and rippling abs. I never get tired of looking at him. I’m so proud he’s mine.

I know we have all night to ourselves, but I'm impatient and push him backwards onto a mossy spot between the flagstones making up the pathway. He smiles and reaches to stroke my aching pussy, already soaked and ready for him. I close my eyes and take in the sensation of his smooth shaft against my tender flesh. When I open them, he looks at me, eyes full of adoration, and I return the look with a wicked smile.

Raising my hips, I press down onto his cock, moaning loud and long as he fills my pussy. The stars twinkle down on us as I ride him, his hands clutching my hips, claiming me as his. I move his hands to my breasts where he gently twists my nipples, sending jolts of pleasure down to my core. I pick up my pace, wanting nothing more than to feel him explode inside me, and he knows the precise moment at which to slide his fingers against my clit. My orgasm bursts over me in a shower of pleasure that blots out the stars and fairy lights above us. Somewhere from my far-off place, I feel him come, hear his growl of satisfaction as he pumps inside me. Finally, I float back down to earth and rest my head on his chest.

"We're in the garden," I say, making him laugh.

"I'm glad we can still be spontaneous after all this time."

I shake my head and kiss his shoulder. "It's not that. It's that I can't resist you. You make me wild."

"You tamed me," he says. "In the best possible way. I'd have nothing if it weren't for you."

I tell him to stop being silly or I'll cry, and he says his present will dry my tears. I thump him. "Staying in this castle is the present. You better not have spent a bunch of money on

another massive diamond. I only have two hands and so many fingers to fit another on.”

He runs a finger along my neck and over my earlobe, making me shiver. “Two ears, though.”

I give in with good grace. There’s no stopping him when it comes to gifts, and I love every single thing he’s ever given me. But most of all, my favorite is him. We gave ourselves to each other, and I love the wonderful life we’ve built together.

“Here’s to seven more years of pure happiness,” I say, kissing his nose.

He shakes his head. “Seventy,” he corrects. “At least.”

We nestle together, surrounded by flowers and old statues. “At least,” I agree.

~The end

Up Next...



The moment I turned eighteen, I made a resolution: to lose my virginity to the world's sexiest professor. Now that I've started college, I've managed to get a job working as Professor Hayes's office assistant, and he's hotter than I could have ever imagined. Armed with a few short, tight skirts and a wealth of preparation, I'm ready to entice him into making the move. What's it going to take to finally make him break?

I've never met a student like Rosalie. Not only is she well-read and intelligent, she's downright gorgeous as well. I'm struggling against every base urge a man can feel about a young woman. She keeps showing up to work at my office in these tiny little skirts and making me lust for her even as I sit at my desk and grade papers. I've done so well keeping my head down while teaching at this college. Do I have the strength to keep myself under control?

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The Kingpin's Obsession

Alice

I saw something I shouldn't have, and my life is in danger.

The police won't listen, and I have no choice but to seek help at Benedetti's, a bar known for its criminal clientele. But I'm barely inside the door before a dark eyed devil drags me back out and demands to know why I'm there. I shouldn't trust him, but I don't have a choice when he's the only one willing to help me.

Too late, I learn who he really is, and now I'm left to wonder... when this is all over, will he save my life only to break my heart?

About the Author

Cassi lives to write brazen OTT, insta-love, short stories, about possessive alphas and the women they love. Stories that will leave you satisfied, and maybe blushing a little. Cassie loves pedicures, being pampered in any way possible, her darling golden Princess, amazing coffee, and traveling to anywhere warm.



Cassi H   nt