

F*** ON THE
ICE RINK

DIRTY PUCK

CASSI HART

Dirty Puck

—
F*** On the Ice Rink

Cassi Hart

Published by: Cheeky Publishing LLC

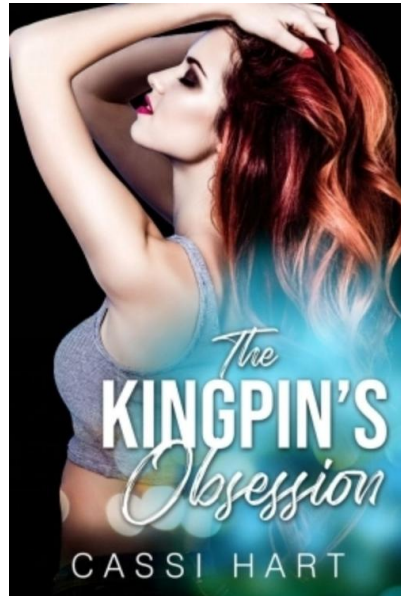
First Edition

Copyright © 2023 Cassi Hart– All rights Reserved

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form, or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise) without the prior written permission of the copyright owner. The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of various products referenced status and trademark owners of various products referenced in this work of fiction, which have been used without permission. The publication / use of the trademarks is not authorized, associated with or sponsored by the trademark owners. For any permission requests email cassi@cassihartromance.com

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any similarity to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Free Book for You



Be the first to know about new releases,
join my list.

*Dedicated to the men that love their girl the right way, and
make her the best she can be. Thank you for your support,
enjoy!*



Cassi H♥rt

Contents:

[Free Book for You](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Up Next...](#)

[Other Books by Cassi](#)

[Free Book](#)

[About the Author](#)

Chapter 1

Scott

“Just ten minutes,” my teammate Brett says when I refuse to leave the car. “I promised Leila I’d show.”

Groaning, I lay my head back on the seat. It’s been a grueling day at the rink and, even though it’s my birthday, I could have done without the dinner my buddies insisted on taking me to. But dinner is food, and a guy’s gotta eat. However, this party they’ve pulled up to with the red solo cups and pulsing music is a big nope from me.

“Live a little for once,” our goalie says.

“I’ll wait in the car,” I grunt.

I hate parties, hate attention. I get more than I need, both on and off the ice. I keep my head down around campus and rarely go out unless I’m dragged. With only about three months until graduation, there are pro teams lined up to sign me. That’s when my life will really begin as far as I’m concerned. Right now, I eat, breathe, and sleep hockey, with a side of studying. If Brett needs to keep a promise to the

economics major he's been chasing, that's got nothing to do with me.

He and my other teammates groan, but I just settle in. Leaning against the back of the seat, I slide my finger across my phone screen, content to just hang in the car and scroll.

The crunching of gravel under tires reaches my ear, and I glance out the window.

My eyes are drawn to a car that's pulled up to the big, off-campus mansion. The front door pops open and golden hair spills down smooth, tanned arms as the most beautiful woman I've ever seen gets out. Her red dress might have been demure for anyone else, but this girl's body can't be — and shouldn't be—contained. The top is just low-cut enough to reveal the lush curves of tits I need to taste. I'm already thinking about untying the straps behind her neck when she sweeps all that silky hair behind her shoulder. Will her nipples be as pink as her glossy, full lips? The dress swishes down around her knees as she emerges, but not before I glimpse her creamy thighs, which my fingers already itch to sink into.

What's going on? The last time I tried dating was a disaster. An utter waste.

But the fatigue from practice melts away as I watch her already pretty face transform into a work of art when she smiles. My resentment about being dragged to this party is

transferred to the guy she's smiling at. And multiplied by a thousand. Maybe I can go in for just a bit.

Who the fuck is this guy, taking her elbow and guiding her toward the door? My fists clench. I need to separate her from him. Make her see why she should be with me instead.

Seriously, what the actual fuck is going on?

All I know is I have to meet this girl and get her to smile at me. Suddenly, I need my life to start right now, and I need her to be in it.

"Let's get in there," I say, my eyes never leaving her swaying hips as she walks up the porch steps.

I start to get out, but Brett grabs my shoulder. "Whoa, man. Don't you ever listen to a word Coach says? That's his daughter you're staring at like a steak dinner."

The other guys snicker and I wrench my gaze away long enough to scowl at them. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Brett sighs. "Just yesterday, at practice, he said his daughter was coming for a visit and if any of us clowns go near her, we'll be benched for the rest of the season."

I laugh. There is absolutely no way the coach will ever bench me. I'm the top scorer on the team—benching me means we lose. Also, I'm not afraid of Coach. I'm off to the NHL in a few short months, and nothing he says is going to keep me away from this little bombshell. Making her mine. The other guys seem to think Coach was dead serious though, and reiterate the warning as we all head into the party.

Thankfully, it's not too crowded yet, and seems to be mostly academic types who don't fawn over athletes. As I look for her, I straighten out my shirt and smooth my hand through my usually unruly hair. Am I feeling apprehensive?

I find her easily, as she moves through the crowd as if she's got a spotlight on her. She's sitting on a loveseat, laughing at something the guy she's with said, but even though I don't know her, I can tell it's not real. The grip on her drink is too tight, her brow too tense. It's clear she's not having a good time with that asshole. I mean to change that.

"Hey," I say, stepping in so she has no choice but to look up at me. Her eyes widen and she starts to say something.

"Don't waste your time. She doesn't date guys like you," the guy cuts her off. Her ex, as far as I'm concerned. I'm the only future for her.

Her eyes flash back to him, then return to me, sparkling with an interest that's undeniable. I give her a look of promise.

Anything she wants.

“Looks like your drink is almost empty,” I say.

“She’s fine,” the dickhead answers for her. He gets off his chair and settles onto the loveseat next to her. She can’t hide an eye roll and inches further into the corner, away from him. My blood boils that he’s encroaching on her space.

She looks down at her glass and shakes her head. “It’s just soda. I don’t need another.”

“Do you want another?” I ask.

The dickhead gives me a smug look and puts his arm around her, making her cringe and recoil. Before I can rip it out of its socket, she shrugs it off and moves to the chair that he just vacated.

“Knock it off, Kenny,” she says.

Pride swells that my girl has a backbone, but quickly turns to rage again when he leans over and hisses at her.

“Can you stop acting like a little—”

Reaching down, I haul him up by his collar, lifting until he's dangling above the floor. "Time to go somewhere else, Kenny. Or say whatever you were going to say and then get your teeth knocked out. I'm cool with either."

"Harley," he sputters, hanging six inches off the ground. "Tell this guy to fuck off."

I turn to her. "Does he make a habit out of calling you names?"

She sighs and looks around at the crowd that's gathering and hoping for a proper fight. "Can you just lay off for a little, Kenny?" she asks. "I don't need a babysitter."

Kenny goes limp, and I set him back on his feet. He glares at her, muttering things he should be grateful I can't hear, then finally stomps off into the dispersing group of onlookers. I sit down across from her and grin. Finally.

"I don't need a guard dog, either." She looks more amused than upset and shakes her head ruefully. "And he's right, I don't date jocks. Just so you don't waste anymore of your time."

"Not a single second of my time has been wasted," I tell her, taking in her face. Up close she's incandescent. Her skin glows in the dimly lit room, her green eyes shine with wit and intelligence. I'm not just enamored. She has me under her spell. "I'm Scott. And who says I'm not the right kind of guy for you?"

It slips out, not really a lie. Maybe a way to buy more time with her. I need more time with her.

“Are you even going to ask if he’s my boyfriend or not?”

I shake my head, still grinning. “It doesn’t matter if he is,” I tell her, leaning closer. “So, Harley, huh? Are you a bit of a bad girl?”

Her cheeks bloom pink, but her eyes flash with confidence.

“No,” she says slowly. “Not even a little.”

It’s like she’s laying down a dare. Music blasts and a grin lights up her face at the thumping beat that takes over the room.

“You like to dance?” I guess, standing and pulling her up. She stumbles forward into my arms, and I twirl her around.

“Yes,” she answers with a laugh. Her hands slide up my chest to wrap around my neck. “I love it.”

“Then let’s do it,” I say, letting my own hands glide over the swell of her ass before yanking her even closer.

Her soft body presses into mine as we grind rhythmically to the beat. Brett dances by with his girlfriend and tosses me a

warning look, but I only pull Harley toward the outskirts of the cleared dance floor. Nothing could keep me from feeling her racing heartbeat against my chest, seeing her smile as the song changes, or hearing her laughter when I twirl her. A light sheen of sweat forms on her chest that I long to trace my tongue through. The way she moves is driving me wild.

“You’re trying to tell me you’re not a bad girl?” I lean down to rumble in her ear when the next song is a slow one.

We’re wrapped up with each other tight enough I can feel her nipples through her dress and I know she can feel how excited all our grinding has made me. She presses closer and tips her head back, her eyes dreamy. Whatever she’s dreaming about, I’ll make it happen.

“Maybe a tiny bit,” she admits.

It’s getting too crowded, and every new arrival might be someone who shouts my name or wants a selfie. I need to get her out of here or risk getting caught.

“Let’s get some air,” I say, pulling her toward the sliding doors leading out into a secluded garden.

I have a pang of guilt. I know that lying by omission isn’t right. But I can’t let her go.

Chapter 2

Harley

When my dad called a few months ago, wanting to reconnect, I was completely shocked. But to be honest, I've always felt like something was missing in my life. A hole that only he could fill. So, I took a chance and came to New Hampshire even though I haven't seen him since my parents' divorce almost ten years ago. With his job coaching hockey, he couldn't come to me, so instead I took a semester off to visit.

Hoping to forge a bond, I'm staying in his house, but so far it's been nothing but a big fat disappointment. I never expected to run into my childhood classmate, who was now going to my dad's college. Kenny is still smug and insufferable, maybe more so than he was back in middle school. He seems to have some sort of idea that we might get together, but that will never happen. I don't know anyone else, though; and since my dad hadn't been able to spend any time with me, I was happy enough to take him up on the invite to a campus party.

I really didn't expect to meet such a gorgeous guy five minutes after we arrived. I thought my eyes might pop out when he

rocked up to say hi to me, as confident as an ancient Roman emperor and twice as cocky.

Tall and rippling with muscle, with the most adorable wavy, mussed brown hair that fell over his deep blue eyes, he knew I'd be interested, with no trace of doubt. And he was right. His smile was wicked, those eyes full of promises I longed to accept.

What Kenny said hit me hard, what does he mean Scott's not my kind of guy anyway? I was so close to dismissing him, but when Scott got rid of the newly handsy menace, I couldn't have told him to get lost if I wanted to, but I didn't want to. His eyes were that commanding. Mesmerizing.

And we're having such a good time, I'll almost consider overlooking it even if he is a bad guy.

Panting and sweating from our steamy dancing, he pulls me toward the back garden, telling me we're going outside.

He's way more assertive than I usually like, and with anyone else I'd balk. But I like it with Scott. It's just natural coming from him. I follow him like a bee to a field of flowers and we settle onto a bench surrounded by rosebushes. Pale, twinkling fairy lights are strung in the hedges and the moon is high overhead. A cool breeze gusts down the path, making me shiver.

He rests his arm around my shoulder and pulls me close to his body heat. “Spring hasn’t gotten the memo yet,” he tells me.

“It’s definitely warmer right now in Arizona,” I tell him.

“Are you a new transfer?” he asks, rubbing the goosebumps off my bare arm.

I have a sweater in Kenny’s car, but I wouldn’t leave this spot for the world. Maybe it’s not a big deal to some, but Scott’s chivalrous care makes me nearly swoon and I lean into him.

“Just visiting,” I say.

His interested smile gives me shivers of a different kind, my whole body curling into him, and not just for warmth.

“What do you want to do while you’re here?”

Besides the things I have planned with my dad, which probably won’t end up happening, there’s only one thing I’m determined to do. “I’d like to see the ocean. Believe it or not, I never have.”

“We can definitely do that,” he says. “What else?”

“Well, I’m taking the semester off to visit my dad,” I say.

“Hopefully, I’ll get to spend time with him.”

He picks up on my less than enthusiastic tone. “Not going great?”

“He’s just so busy, and he’s a liar.” I sigh. “He’s the head coach of the hockey team and that’s his life. Always has been, which is why my mom divorced him and I haven’t seen him in almost ten years, probably why I hate anything to do with hockey.”

“So that’s your beef with hockey players?” he asks.

I grimace. “I saw firsthand how professional athletes are. And I understand that they have to be hyper focused to stay on top. I get how much they love their game. My dad is still the same even after he retired, he says he’ll have time but it’s never true. He just transferred all that focus to his coaching. I don’t want to be second to my partner’s career and a pro athlete will always choose their sport first. Every time.”

He looks down at me, stunned. I guess I went a little hard, but I stand by every word. The fact I’ve been here a week and my dad hasn’t taken the time to have a single meal with me proves my point. I open my mouth to explain in less vehement terms,

but the next thing I know, his lips come crashing down to meet mine.

My breath catches as his hands move to my waist, twisting me closer to him. His tongue brushes against my lips and I eagerly part them to let him in. I feel like I'm floating, yet safely tethered in his muscular arms. One hand slides up my side, pausing just beneath my breast, and I moan softly, pushing toward him. Silently begging him to give me more.

As he smooths his palm upward and strokes his thumb over my nipple, he pulls away to look into my eyes. I can barely focus as desire pools between my thighs. He's unleashed a fire in me that no one ever has, and it won't easily be put out.

"I've been wanting to kiss you since I first saw you," he says.

"Then keep doing it," I urge. I lick my lip and he swipes his tongue against mine, wrapping his fingers in my hair as he kisses me again.

"I'm leaving," Kenny yells from the back door. "Hurry up if you're coming with me."

His petulant voice shakes me out of my stupor. It's more annoying than when he used to tease me for being chunky back in middle school. I don't want to leave. Scott seems to really get me and acts like he'd do anything for me. Based on

the thick bulge in his jeans, he definitely wants me to. It's an intoxicating mix I need more of, but my dad lives close to campus and we're about eight miles outside of town.

Unfortunately, unless I want to walk that far in the dark and cold, it looks like I have to leave the bliss of Scott's arms.

Chapter 3

Scott

I can't let her go. We've only been together for two hours and it's not enough. Every minute that passes, the more I know she's meant to be mine. And not just for tonight, though that's a given.

Holding her nestled in my arms, I regret my accidental lie. How can my feelings be so strong for a girl who doesn't really know who I am—the most important part of me? Her reason for not dating hockey players struck a nerve. I'm as single-minded as she described, and I'm not sure how to get around that. My career is all I've been focused on for years, and making it to the NHL is the chance of a lifetime. I already know that she's the one for me. How can I explain things to her? I need more time.

When the dickhead shouts for her like she's a dog, my grip tightens on her waist. I've tasted her mouth, felt her nipple harden to little points under my palm. There's no way she's leaving with someone else.

“I’ll take you home,” I say, my breath skating across her neck and making goosebumps rise on her bare arms. I smooth them away and her fingers curl in my shirt. “Better yet, let’s go to the beach. We can watch the sunrise.”

She looks up at me, her big green eyes sparkling in the moonlight, and her kiss-plumped lips turn up in a smile. Her delight makes my already rock-hard cock strain against the top of my jeans.

“Right now?”

I assure her it’s no problem, explaining I even have camping gear we can set up on the sand. It doesn’t take much more for her to agree, even though I was ready to pick her up and carry her to my car regardless. After I shout at the dickhead to leave, I do just that anyway, so excited about our adventure. She giggles when I throw her over my shoulder, but they die out as she slides down the front of my body when I set her down again.

I run my fingers through her blonde tresses and bring my face near hers, teasing her with a light brush of my tongue between her lips.

“You’re going to have the time of your life,” I say. “We can walk around the town and get lunch tomorrow.” It will mean I

miss practice, but with her mouth so close to mine, I don't give a shit about anything else but her.

She leans against the car, her eyes searching mine. "I'm here to spend time with my dad, remember? We have plans for lunch tomorrow."

"If you're not having fun, I'll bring you right home," I say. "But I promise you'll have the time of your life."

When she laughs, I hustle her into my car, eager to get on the road. After a quick detour to grab the tent, we're on our way. Easy conversation flows between us as if we've known each other for years and we sing along with the radio, seeming to have all the same favorite songs. After that, we lapse into a companionable silence marked by her yawns that she quickly apologizes for, blinking rapidly to stay awake.

"I'm fine," I say. "Take a little rest."

When I pull into the beachside parking lot near the small seaside village, she's fast asleep. Not wanting to disturb her, I hurriedly set up the tent on the sand and make a nest of blankets for her. Lifting her out of the car, she blinks awake, gripping my shirt.

"Go back to sleep," I say, dropping a kiss on her head. "I've got everything covered."

A strange feeling fills my chest as I tuck her into the blankets and curl up beside her. Tenderness, or maybe awe. It's unprecedented. I slide my arm under her head to make a pillow, and she smiles contentedly as she snuggles closer. How the hell am I going to sleep with her pressed against me, her breath soft against my neck? I'm as hard as steel, but wouldn't wake her for the Stanley Cup.

I must doze off because before I know it, the sun is warming our tent. She wakes up and smiles at me, bleary-eyed, ruffled, and more beautiful than ever. We crawl out and watch the sunrise with our fingers intertwined and her head resting on my shoulder. We don't need words.

After the sun is up, Harley runs to the water's edge, scampering away from the waves as they roll in. "It's even more beautiful than I imagined," she says, throwing herself into my arms when I reach her side. "Thank you."

Before I can answer, or kiss her senseless, our stomachs growl loudly in unison. We crack up and I point to a diner up the beach. The little town is mostly bait shops and tourist traps and I buy her a pair of shorts, a t-shirt, and flip-flops so she'll be more comfortable.

She comes out of the diner restroom in her new clothes and, simple as they are, she takes my breath away with her long legs, radiant smile, and tousled golden hair. She digs into her

pancakes with gusto. Seriously, how is everything she does so freaking hot?

We explore the town, making up stories of pirates and witch hunts. She tells me she's a history major and knows some fascinating true stories as well. The morning slowly slips away and I look for a place to eat lunch, pointing out a quaint, clapboard hotel.

"We can check in and stay another night," I suggest, wrapping my hands around her waist and pulling her close.

Her eyes flutter shut as she leans against me, head tilted back for a kiss I'm more than ready to give.

"I'm having lunch with my dad," she reminds me, checking her phone. "We should probably head back. In fact, I better call him to say I might be a little late."

I don't mean to listen in, but it's clear whatever he's saying on his end doesn't make her happy. Two seconds into the conversation, her face falls and by the time she ends the call, her eyes shine with unshed tears.

"He's got an important practice today," she says with a shrug she doesn't mean.

Yes, he does. Shit, I know I should be there; the team needs me and guilt burrows into my chest. I never thought I would miss something as important as practice for a girl. But she isn't just any girl. Rationally though, missing one shouldn't make any difference. I should feel triumphant that now she'll stay longer, but all I want to do is take a swing at Coach for disappointing my girl.

Chapter 4

Harley

My dad acts like he doesn't remember we had lunch planned. His voice actually sounded irritated, and then he scolded me for forgetting about the big game. Once again, hockey is more important than me. Why the hell did he want me to come here in the first place?

"This is exactly why I don't mess with hockey players," I say bitterly, fighting tears.

Scott pulls me into a hug, stroking my back. "I'm sorry," he says.

His hard body and tender touch make me forget my sadness. I stop feeling stupid for thinking my dad might have wanted a second chance for us to be a family. There's no reason to rush back now. I'm having a great time, just like Scott promised. The way he practically worships me is what I've been craving my whole life. Just to be someone's number one.

I look up into his eyes that are bluer than the ocean behind him and melt into his comforting embrace. "Let's check into that

hotel,” I said. “It sounds like fun. If you still want to spend another night.”

He whoops and lifts me up, swinging me around. Then slings me over his shoulder again, carrying me to the hotel’s front porch. Thankfully, there are only a few taciturn fishermen around who barely glance at his caveman antics. I should be embarrassed, but I love every second of it. He puts me down long enough to act normal at check in, but as soon as we’re up the first flight of stairs, he picks me up again, racing to our room.

This is crazy, but it somehow feels normal and right. It doesn’t matter that we just met, not when we seem to sense each other’s thoughts and finish each other’s sentences. Once we’re in the room, I fling my arms around his neck and clasp my legs around his waist. This was meant to be.

He cups my behind and pulls me close to the already hard rod between us. The feel of how much he wants me further ignites my desire. His lips are on mine, his tongue questing in my mouth. When he kisses down the side of my throat, I lose my grip from the heady feelings that he unleashes. He holds me tight so I don’t fall, and soon we’re lying side by side on the bed, his fingers trailing down my arm as his tongue thrusts deep into my mouth.

He pulls away, his eyes as glazed as mine must be. “I’ve thought this a thousand times, but I don’t think I’ve told you

how beautiful you are.”

I smile against his mouth as it crashes back to mine, his feathery touch turning rougher as he drags me on top of him. Yes, that’s just what I need. That thick ridge pressing against my tender core. He pushes up my t-shirt, his thumbs bringing my nipples to tight peaks and sending shockwaves down between my thighs. I grind down hard against the stiff shaft that pulses between us.

“Scott,” I gasp, pushing my palms against his chest and rising to search his face.

“Anything,” he says, curling his fingers around my leg. “Tell me what you want.”

Oh God, that’s the problem. I want something...him. So much. But... “I’m a virgin,” I blurt, squeezing my eyes shut. “But I really don’t want you to stop.”

Chapter 5

Scott

How can she think I'd want to stop?

Something primal roars within me, eager to possess her. I shake with anticipation, dying to make her mine. Smiling, I reassure her I have no intention of stopping as I flip her onto her back and gaze at her gorgeous body. Her t-shirt is pushed up to reveal the soft mounds I've been teasing, but I need it completely off.

"Take your top off," I tell her, licking my lips while she wriggles it over her head.

Her breath comes faster as I trail my fingers over her nipples, then lean down to taste each one. When I slide my hand between her legs and push her shorts aside, her cotton panties are damp. Her moan makes me impatient, but I force myself to move slowly, tantalizing her body so she'll always remember this. I'm her first. No one else will ever compare.

Damn straight. Because there won't be anyone else.

The thought resounds like a crack of thunder and I yank her shorts down her long legs, dragging the panties with them. “Let me lick you, Harley,” I say. “Let me show you how good your sweet pussy can feel.”

“Oh my God,” she sighs, her hips rising to meet my tongue. I grip her and hold her tight, lapping at her until she’s trembling. I lick through her folds, stopping to slowly swirl my tongue over her clit. A glance at her face shows her teeth clenched, eyes shut tight. Her fists tangle in the bedspread. When I pause, her eyes fly open and I chuckle against her wet heat. “Let it happen,” I urge.

Her head thrashes. “I want it to last. It feels so good.”

“Oh, there’s more,” I promise, pressing my tongue down against her pulsing clit before plunging it into her virgin pussy, showing her a teaser of what’s to come.

She yelps and her legs tighten around my shoulders, drawing me closer as she pulses against me. I keep going, loving her moans, until she’s limp and reaches for my hair.

I kiss my way back to her slack mouth, and she smiles weakly at me, her eyes glazes with lust. They widen when I ease my fingers inside her, pushing and stretching her tight cunt to make her ready for my cock.

“Has any man ever made you come before?” I ask, a bit too gruffly.

She shakes her head. Our eyes locked as I slide my finger in and out, pushing deeper with each stroke. “You’re the only one. The... the only one I want to do this.”

“Good,” I tell her, my head dropping to her shoulder when my urge to be inside her becomes undeniable. “I need to fuck you, Harley. I’ve got to get my cock inside this hot little pussy of yours.”

She nods, her eyes darkening with a mix of fear and desire. She nips her bottom lip between her teeth before pushing her hand between us to wrap it around my pulsing shaft. I growl out a warning, “Be careful or I might come all over your belly. That’s how much I want you.”

Growing more confident, she rolls her thumb across the dripping tip of my cock. “It’s so big,” she whispers in my ear, licking my earlobe. “So hard. It can’t possibly fit inside me.”

I chuckle at her teasing touch and words, returning my fingertips to her clit and slowly circle, making her eyes roll back. “Then I’ll just keep playing with you, make your pussy even wetter until I can slip right in. Keep you coming over and over until you beg me, Harley.”

It's only a minute, maybe less, and she's panting against my neck. "Please, Scott. I'm ready. I need more, need all of you."

It doesn't take any more. I'm about to burst. Rising onto my knees, I spread her legs wide, sliding the tip of my cock down her slit. I push against her tiny pussy until it swallows up my cock, so tight and slippery I ram home until I'm balls deep in her perfect body. She cries out and digs her fingernails into my back when I break her virgin barrier. Sweat trickles down my spine and I hold as still as I can. Her pussy ripples against me, pulsing so sweetly as she stretches to accommodate me.

"You feel too good," I pant. "Can't control myself." Unable to help myself, I slowly glide in and out of her ravaged pussy.

"More," she cries, grinding her hips beneath me. "I'm so close."

That's all I need to hear. "I'm going to come inside you," I growl, pounding hard. "I'm going to make you mine."

She shivers and holds on tight, nodding wordlessly against my shoulder. Her breathing intensifies, her moans grow louder with every thrust of my cock. Her tight channel squeezes me like a vise as she comes again. I want to keep going, draw every last gasp from her. We have all night. Right now, I have to...

I roar as I spill my seed inside her, going until there's nothing left and I'm in a heap on top of her. Her fingers run up and down my arms and her breath is warm on my neck.

"Good God, Harley." I roll to the side, drawing her close.

"I liked that way too much," she says, making me laugh.

"There's more. Lot's more," I promise, closing my eyes.

We must fall asleep for a while, because when I open my eyes, the light at the window is fading and I'm starving. I gently wake up Harley, asking if she wants to go eat. We wander down the pier, hand in hand, searching for fish in the dark water below. She points out the ships in the distance, then closes her eyes as if making a wish.

"What are you thinking about?" I ask.

"How everyone used to travel by ship, and how different it must have been."

"You really love the past," I say. "I've never thought about it much, but I enjoy hearing you talk about it."

She keeps watching the ships and sighs. “I find it comforting, just not really sure what I want to do with my degree. Definitely something in a museum, but it’s hard to consider where I want to be. For some reason, I never want to think about the future.” Edging closer to me, she sneaks a shy glance. “Until now.”

Her eyes hold so much hope there’s nothing I wouldn’t do to make her every dream come true. I’m so overwhelmed with emotion that a lump forms in my throat. I can’t speak, only pull her close to my side. As we walk back toward the boardwalk to find a restaurant, we pass an elderly couple. They’re holding hands, slowly making their way to the end of the pier with a picnic basket. They smile at us as if we all share a secret.

It hits me like a ton of bricks that I haven’t thought about missing practice or our upcoming playoff game at all since this morning. For the first time in my life, something is more important than hockey.

I just need to find a way to make her believe me, before she finds out the truth.

Chapter 6

Harley

Scott keeps his arm around me as we wander down the pier. There aren't enough silly, poetic idioms to describe how I feel around him. He completely erased the pain of my father's rejection and I haven't thought about him since the phone call this morning. That man has had so many chances. When I was little, I would forgive him over and over again, even as his disregard shattered my heart. Again, he's ruined the second chance I gave him now that I'm grown. He chose not to take either.

However, I don't think missing a semester to visit was a mistake because I met this amazing guy who can't get enough of me. And I can't get enough of him. Now we'll have plenty of time to get to know each other so our love can bloom. Because being around him feels like magic.

"How about there?" Scott points out a busy fish place. Delicious smells waft from its open deck and my stomach reminds me it hasn't been fed since breakfast.

“Perfect choice,” I agree, tugging him forward.

We sit outside with a view of the ocean, surrounded by rowdy locals. I can't take my eyes off Scott despite the glorious waves crashing only a few hundred yards away, but he keeps scowling over my shoulder.

“What?” I ask, craning my neck.

There's a group of guys slamming back beers and when they see me looking, they raise their glasses and whistle.

Scott's fists clench and he half rises from his chair. “They've been checking you out since we got here.”

“Well, I'm a pretty girl,” I say, trying to joke away his surly mood. “Men are going to look.”

He keeps scowling, and one of them has the nerve to get up and make his way toward us. I pray he's just getting up for a trip to the restroom because Scott looks like he's ready to throw a punch.

I reach to take his hand, not wanting a fight. “Only you can touch, though.”

As the other guy pauses near our table, Scott stands up and gives him a death glare that has him raising his hands in

surrender and scurrying away. He and his friends move to a different table on the other side of the deck and don't look my way again.

"Damn right," he says, his features softening as he smiles at me.

"You really are a caveman," I say with a laugh.

"Only around you," he says. "Nobody else makes me feel this way."

His face turns serious, like he wants to explain something but can't find the words. I squeeze his hand, butterflies fluttering in my stomach. I'm no longer hungry. Not for food. Shifting in my seat to ease the longing, I lean across the table.

"Nobody makes me feel the way you do either," I say, lips aching for his kiss. His eyes drop to my mouth, clearly reading my desire. "Take me back to the hotel," I plead. "We can order in later if we want. But I need you now."

He nods and pulls me from the restaurant, thankfully only a few buildings away from our hotel. We race through the lobby and upstairs, tumbling into our room, our mouths colliding as he slams the door behind us.

The second it closes; we fall on each other like feral beasts. He pulls my shirt over my head, dropping his face to lick each nipple before taking my face in his hands and kissing me with a fiery passion. I wrap my arms around his neck and pull myself against the hard bulge that I now know can bring me such pleasure.

“Scott,” I gasp. I want to tell him everything I’m feeling. All I can say is, “Hurry up and fuck me.”

He laughs. It’s what we need, a soul deep ache we both have that only the other can remedy. Backing me up to the antique dresser, he drops me on the smooth surface and shoves aside my shorts and panties, too frenzied to even take them off. With my pussy open and ready for him, he drops his jeans and yanks me close.

The feel of his rock hard cock as he pushes deep inside me makes me lose all grip on reality. And I love that it’s only us, the way we make each other feel. The world disappears as I take every inch of him. The way his eyes screw shut and his forehead drops to mine while he pounds into my body, hard and fast, makes me feel like I’m flying.

“Come for me,” he urges.

His fingers slide between us to find my swollen clit, and the explosion of bliss makes me scream.

“Now you,” I demand. “I want to feel you shoot inside me. Fill me up. Make me yours again.”

He growls, his hips thrusting a last time while he gathers me tight to him, pulling me off the dresser. We tumble to the plush carpet and he still holds me close, murmuring my name.

“Holy fuck,” he says. “You’re draining me dry.”

“I hope not,” I tell him. “It’s still early.”

He laughs weakly, but I already feel his cock twitching against my thigh. I can’t wait.

Nestling against his chest, I can feel the steady beat of his heart thumping against my ear. I love making him so wild. I love...

Could I love Scott already? Strangely, it doesn’t feel as bizarre as it should. Yes, we just met, but it feels so real. And so right. Our conversations flow easily, as if we’ve known each other for a lifetime and our chemistry is off the charts. It’s so easy to picture a future with him.

My eyes get heavy as his fingers trace along my arm. Sleep is overtaking my body. I have the entire semester to spend time with him to make sure these heady feelings are true. Right now, I tip my chin back for one more kiss before we both drift off in each other's arms on the floor. There's plenty of time for us.

Chapter 7

Scott

The next morning I'm torn. There's nothing I want more than to spend another full day with Harley, but there's a game tonight. I'm already going to get shit for missing practice, but our team's not winning without me, so Coach won't bench me.

Harley stirs in the bed and I turn to see her looking up at me.

"Sorry to wake you," I say, stroking her ruffled hair off her face. Will I ever stop being so shocked at how beautiful she is?

Her brow furrows, and she reaches to touch my forehead.

"You look so serious. I've been watching you for a few minutes. What's wrong?"

I sigh and shake my head. It's probably a mistake, but I'm willing to miss the game to keep her. "It's nothing. What do you want to do today? We can drive up the coast—"

"Scott," she says authoritatively, making me smile. Like a kitten standing up to a big dog. And like most big dogs, I'm

focused, waiting for her to pounce. “I can tell you’re worried about something. If you have a class today, just tell me. I don’t always have to be number one. I get that you have other responsibilities.” She sits up and drapes her arms around my shoulders, her lips close to my cheek. I can tell she’s smiling. “You don’t have to be completely obsessed with me.”

I pull her onto my lap for a deep kiss that leaves us both gasping. “Too late,” I say. “I already am.”

With a laugh, she scrambles off. Her lush body is on full display, making my cock rise. But she quickly pulls her clothes on and rests her fists on her curvy hips. “Let’s get back. We can have dinner tonight. If you have time, that is.”

I jump up and swing her into a hug. “Always,” I say.

But it will have to be a late one. After the game, after I shower and get past all the excited fans. Also, it will have to be somewhere secluded so no one recognizes me. Taking deep breaths, I try to act like nothing’s bothering me as we head to the car and keep it up on the long drive home. My stomach is tied in knots as we head toward campus. I know that I have to come clean at some point, but I can’t lose her. Not now.

Word vomit threatens to spill from my lips, but I can’t just blurt things out while we drive. My conscience makes me

want to tell her the truth, better she hears it from me. I know Harley may need time, because she's sure to be a little upset.

On the other hand, I can't miss the match. My future depends on it. Hockey is in my blood; I've never imagined my life without it before. But maybe all of this can just wait until after the game is over. She certainly won't go, with her disdain for hockey and being on the outs with her dad, so that will buy me some time to put my thoughts in order.

Dinner tonight. I'll tell her everything, the truth, my feelings for her, everything. Then we can start fresh. As we pull into town, I turn to smile at her, but she's furiously texting with someone, a deep frown marring her pretty face.

When she senses I'm looking at her, she turns to me, and it's clear she's upset. "Is everything okay?" If it's bad news, all I want to know is how I can help, or make things right.

"I don't know," she says, voice dripping with anger that stuns me. "Kenny told me the star hockey player is missing, and I was the last person seen with him. I guess there's a big game tonight and my dad is pissed, not that I care about that." She jams her phone at me, but all I see is walls of text. Looks like she's been thoroughly filled in. "So, Scott. Is that why we raced back? Do you have a playoff game?"

Flicking on my blinker, I ease out of traffic and park on a side street a few blocks from Coach's house. "I can explain," I promise.

"I don't see how," she snaps.

Underneath her rage is hurt, and it slices me to the bone. If anyone else put that look in her eyes then I would tear them limb from limb, and knowing I caused her pain is killing me. I reach for her hand but she jerks it away, opening the door.

"Harley, please," I rasp, hardly able to breathe. I'm losing her. "Let me take you to my place so I can really explain."

She shakes her head, already half out of the car. I watch her stomp away, white knuckling the steering wheel to keep from running after her. I know her well enough, even after this short time, that forcing the issue will only make things worse. I'll get her back. I have to, because she's my life now. She knows it, too. She has to.

There's nothing left but to head to the rink. I get there on autopilot and walk in like a zombie. A few of the guys snicker as I traipse past them into the locker room.

"Dead man walking," one of them says.

I don't react. I don't care.

“Delany!” Coach roars from his office. Without flinching, I head in, staring at him, waiting for the outburst. “A little birdie told me you were last seen at a party with my daughter. Didn't you listen to me when I said anyone who goes near my daughter is on the bench? Did you think I was fucking around? You're out tonight. Don't even bother suiting up.”

I'm too lost in images of the pain I caused her to give a shit about what he's saying. I only shrug. “Good luck winning without me,” I say.

Benched? Fine. Gives me more time to find Harley to apologize. As I storm out of the rink, Coach's hypocrisy boils in my blood. He doesn't care about Harley, just his image. I know the anger that's threatening to make me do something rash is really all aimed at myself, though.

By the time I get to Coach's house, Harley isn't there, or ignoring me despite my continued pounding and shouting. Maybe it's for the best. I'm so pissed, I might bungle what I need to say, and she's probably just as angry and not willing to hear.

It's better we both cool off, so I head home. It's the longest, loneliest night of my life, with only a few hours of fitful sleep. As soon as it's a respectable hour, I go back to Coach's house. She's still not there, and Coach nearly bursts a vein, he's so pissed I'd dare to show up. I can't bother with him now. Harley is the only one on my mind.

A search of the campus turns up nothing, and I finally find the dickhead friend from the party on the quad. Harley assured me he's nothing to her, but it still makes my fists clench that he thought he stood a chance.

"She's gone," he says smugly.

"What do you mean, she's gone?"

His satisfied grin intensifies. God, I hate this little prick. "She changed her flight and went home early. She doesn't want to see you ever again."

I turn away, letting out a stream of curses. She's really going to throw away what we could have had? Yes, I'm a hockey player, but she didn't even give us a chance to figure it out. Hockey is important to me, but I can find a way to make sure she's always my first priority. I can't believe this is happening, or the pain that threatens to topple me.

"What in the fuck? Just because I'm a hockey player?"

“No, because you’re a liar,” he says, walking away.

I lean over and grip my knees. This is worse than a puck to the face. I can’t breathe.

The dickhead is right. I destroyed the best thing that ever happened to me with one stupid lie.

Chapter 8

Harley

It was silly of me to think that running away to Arizona would solve all of my problems. Even when I'm back home, I can't forget our perfect time together. I sit and stare for hours, going over everything we did. All the laughter, the whispered conversations while we cuddled in between the bouts of mind blowing sex. It's silly to think my heart's broken, isn't it? But it feels like it is. It even hurts to chew when I can force myself to eat.

Worst of all, it wasn't real. I gave my virginity to him, thinking he might be my forever. Now, I just feel like an idiot. He must have really wanted to get in my pants to lie like that. Just another trophy. How long would he have kept it up, continuing to take what he wanted from me?

Sniffing, I reach for another tissue and then hoist myself out of my chair. Enough staring at the wall. Scott may have lied, but I wanted everything he offered and even begged for more.

I drag myself to my part-time job at the local historical society, getting through the hours with a pretend smile pasted on my face so no one worries. Working helps, otherwise I would have

too much spare time to stew in my heartache. Too much time to wish I hadn't taken the semester off. Reconnecting with my dad was a bust, and I got taken for a ride by a world-class player to boot. It should have been sweet revenge when Kenny texted me that my dad kicked Scott off the team, but it only left me feeling emptier. So now we both have to suffer, I guess. As much as I should hate him, I don't. It pains me that he might also be miserable. Pathetic, I know.

As my workday ends, I step out the museum doors and out into the bright sunlight. Campus is so close by that there are signs directing me toward the student union. I stop for a moment and stare. Maybe school is just what I need to get my mind off of Scott and my life back to normal. It's possible I might be able to get into some classes as a late entry or at least audit them to stay busy, so instead of going home to mope, I walk toward the campus registrar's office.

As I pass through the quad to get to the registration building, I see a crowd of people gathered around someone. A celebrity at our little college? Desperate for anything to get my mind off of Scott, I take a detour to check it out.

But at the center of the crowd is the very person I've been so desperate to forget. For a moment I think I'm dreaming, because when I can fall asleep, he's always there waiting for me, tormenting me with what might have been.

No, I'm awake. Scott Delany is here, posing for selfies with his adoring fans and signing autographs. He must be a big deal if people so far from New Hampshire know about him. I have to leave; run before I toss myself at him like the idiot I am.

As if my panic alerts him, he turns and sees me before I can duck behind a tree. His deep blue eyes lock with mine and he won't let me turn away. His smile melts my heart, even though it's aimed at his fans, as he extricates himself and makes his way over to me.

Taking me by the arm, he leads me toward the library on the other side of the quad. Like a docile lamb, I let him. Until I remember his lie. I jerk my arm away, but his grip tightens as he pulls me through the doors to the study rooms at the back.

"No. You're talking to me," he demands. "And listening," he adds.

Inside a small, dimly lit study cube, he shuts the door and leans against it, barring my escape. As if I want to escape. I stiffen my spine and stand up to his bossiness, at the same time hating myself for loving every second.

"What are you doing here?" I ask, arms crossed, chin raised.

"I'm looking for you," he says, as if it's obvious.

“Well, you must be a pretty good hockey player if people here know who you are,” I say bitterly.

He shrugs. “I’m not a hockey player anymore.”

I scowl at him and snort. “Only because my dad kicked you off the team.” It wasn’t his choice.

“It doesn’t work like that,” he says. “I have already been drafted. Pro teams have been after me since sophomore year, but it’s always been important for me to finish my degree, so I put them off. But now I’m putting them off permanently. I’m out, Harley.”

My mind reels. “What? Why? What will you do for the rest of your life?”

He shrugs. “I’ll put my sports medicine degree to good use instead.”

He honestly looks like he doesn’t care that he gave up fame and fortune and the game he loves. “But why?” The heat in his eyes makes my head spin and my knees weak.

“Because the girl I’m going to marry hates pro athletes,” he says, rubbing his hands soothingly over my arms and drilling

me into place with his gaze.

“Wait, what? What did you just say?” I have to be dreaming.

He smiles, slow and wicked, and turns me so my back is against the door. He cages me in with his arms and leans down, his mouth a breath away from mine. “You’re the girl I’m marrying, Harley. You’re my number one choice, always. Got it?”

I shake my head, clinging to my pain. “But you lied. I can’t move past that so easily.”

His head drops to mine. “I’m so sorry.” His voice is low and harsh. “But I couldn’t let you slip away, so I let you believe I wasn’t on the team. It went too far, but those few days were the best of my life. They made me realize that can’t lose you. I would do anything to be with you, get to know you. That was the only lie. Everything else I showed you is the real me.”

I push him back so I can see his eyes and there’s nothing but honesty and a hint of fear there. He really wants me back. And oh my God, I want him so badly I’m shaking. He came so far for me, gave up so much.

“I forgive you,” I say, sliding my hands up his hard chest and around his neck. “The real you.”

His lips are finally on mine, erasing the past few weeks of misery, as if we were never apart. He pulls away, eyes wide.

“Wait.” With an effort, he lets go of me to pull a small box out of his pocket. He snaps it open to reveal a delicate diamond ring. It’s gorgeous and what he’s about to do takes my breath away. “You still need to say yes,” he tells me. “I love you. Marry me, Harley. Don’t make me suffer without you. I’ll spend the rest of our life together making you see how important you are to me.”

Tears fill my eyes and I can no longer see the ring. I push it aside and drag his face down. Our lips crash together and he lifts me, breaking the kiss to find a spot to claim me. With one hand around my waist, he reaches behind me to lock the door.

I rub against his hard cock, forgetting everything but my need. I push away and tug him to the floor, climbing on top of him. Straddling his hips, I plant my hands on his chest, and we stare at one another while I grind sensually against him.

“Let me,” I say, popping open his jeans. With the zipper down, I shove away his boxers and grip his smooth, pulsing shaft. “I dreamed about this.”

I ease my way down his body and his hands tangle in my hair. “Harley, I’ve dreamed about it, too. Make it real, baby.”

My lips close around him, sucking him deep into my mouth. I sigh as I drag my teeth gently along the satiny steel, making his cock pulse. I get lost in the powerful feeling, but my pussy is craving his touch. Shaking, I pull away and bring my swollen lips to his.

“Please, Scott.”

Once again I’m begging, but he’s quick to give me what I need. More than air, more than sunlight. I need him. He pulls my skirt up and, with a quick jerk, rips my panties off. I rise above him, guiding his dripping tip to my wet, aching pussy. Slowly, I lower myself, watching his eyes drift shut. He holds my hips to keep me still, but I’m in charge now. Every slow stroke drives me closer to the edge, and I can tell he’s barely hanging on. It’s been too long. I can’t ever be away from him again.

“I love you,” I whisper, almost afraid for him to hear.

His hands slide up my waist, his thumbs brushing across my breasts and making me shiver and tense around his cock. His palms slide further up my chest, along the sides of my neck and into my hair. With a soft smile, he pulls my face down, his mouth taking mine. It’s so tender and so commanding at the same time. I go still, lost in the feel of his tongue tracing my lips while he’s deep inside me.

“Keep moving,” he says against my mouth. “Give me everything you’ve got, Harley.”

I straighten up and pull my top off to let him watch me, my head tipping back as I ride him, each slow, smooth stroke making my heartbeat quicken. My body yearns for the release I know he can give me, but I want this reunion to last as long as we can handle.

It’s not very long.

Pretty soon, he can’t restrain himself and begins moving my hips with his powerful hands. Faster, harder. I lean over, gasping when he lifts his head to take my nipple in his mouth.

“You have the most gorgeous tits,” he pants in rhythm to our feverish pace.

When his fingers find my clit, I have to bury my face against his shoulder to keep from screaming. My moans are still much too loud and he swallows them with a kiss. His own sounds mingle with mine as he pulses hard inside me, spilling every drop. I’m not just his. He’s mine now.

Our movements slow again as I try to wring out every bit of sensation. His arms circle my waist and he pulls me flush with his body, his heart pounding in his chest. I grip his hard biceps and breathe him in, his neck sweaty against my cheek. As he

slips out of me, he finds my clit, drawing out a surprise burst of pleasure I thought I was too spent to feel. But he knows exactly what I like and how to please me, and I bite his shoulder to quell a fresh scream.

“Wow,” I mutter, coming back to my senses while lying in a panting heap on top of him.

I realize we’re in the library and I start giggling, unable to stop. His chest rises and falls beneath me as he joins in. Then he looks at me seriously, brushing my hair behind my ears.

“I love you, Harley,” he says, reaching around until he finds the ring box that got tossed aside. “You still need to put this on.”

I love him too, and I’ve forgiven him, but I’m still not sure I can completely trust him. And I know I can’t ask him to give up everything he’s worked for. I kiss him gently and lean back. “I won’t let you give up your career for me. You’re a star player and I know you want this.”

“Doesn’t matter,” he says. “You matter more.”

I believe him. I really do. But I’d never forgive myself if he gave up on his dreams just to be with me. Plus, I would worry that he’d end up resenting me. I realize he’s not like my father

at all. He'd really give it all up. Just for me. "I still have the semester off," I say. "You still have to finish your last one, so why don't I come back to New Hampshire. We can try dating and get to know each other better and—"

He cuts me off. "With the ring on your finger, right?"

I sigh, wanting to make him happy, but he promised to make me happy, too. "I'll wear it on a chain," I say firmly. "For this, I'm the boss. After you graduate, we'll see how things are."

He tugs my head down to kiss me until I'm breathless, ready to agree to anything after that. "I have my own apartment near campus. Live with me, please," he begs. "It'll give us more time to get to know each other. Let you see how great we can be."

"Yes," I murmur against his lips. "That sounds perfect."

He sits up and grabs my shirt, tossing it to me. "Then what are we waiting for? We can fly back tonight. Let's get home."

I'm more than ready to go home with my new, sort-of, fiancé. Excited to experience everything the future has to offer.

Chapter 10

Scott

Everything worked out exactly like I planned. As soon as we settled Harley into my apartment, I went to the rink to face Coach.

Unsurprisingly, the team lost its last two games without me, but I don't rub it in his face. What I do rub in his face is what an ass he was being to Harley.

"I love her," I say. "And I respect her a hell of a lot more than you do. She wants a relationship with you, always has. She paused her own schooling just because you asked her to visit. Then you just ignored her, like she was a piece of furniture. And she's fucking amazing, so you need to be proud someone like her is your daughter and start acting like a father for once."

He looks shocked, his face turning red as he takes in my words. "How is my relationship with Harley any of your business?"

“Because her happiness is my business,” I tell him, standing up to loom over his desk. “I’m going to marry her and give her everything she has ever wanted. And she wants to spend time with your pathetic ass even though you haven’t given her any reason to in the last ten years. You’re lucky she’s so forgiving I would have written you off long ago.”

He leans back and blinks at me. “Well, I’ll be damned. I thought you came to get back on the team, not to give me a life lesson.”

I wait, staring down at him. Coach has always been tough, but mostly reasonable. It’s disappointing to find out he’s a deadbeat dad, but I believe people can change. If he doesn’t, I’ll be there to help Harley through the disappointment. I can and will be everything she needs. He picks up his phone and sends a text, then shakes his head at me.

“I just asked her to lunch whenever she’s available,” he says. “I’ll be sure to make it this time.”

“Good,” I say, turning to leave.

“Hold up, Delany,” he says, sounding like he’s eating glass. “We still have one more game.”

I turn and shrug. “And?”

“I could use my star center back,” he admits.

Holding back my laughter is one of the hardest things I have ever done. However, I do want to play the sport I love and Harley seems okay with it. “See you at practice,” I say, giving him a nod.

I can't believe it's finally graduation day. The last two months have been perfect. Harley and I have had a few petty squabbles because my girl is stubborn as hell, but honestly, I love that she gives as good as she gets. She made it clear in no uncertain terms I better never omit the truth again, and if I slip up, I better confess immediately. I won't slip up though; I know what I've got.

It surprised her when her dad began making time to have lunch with her once or twice a week. She was also shocked that he let me back on the team, but she assured me she wanted nothing more than for me to be who I really am. A hockey player. I told her who I really am is her fiancé. As long as she's happy, I'm happy. Getting to play again was merely icing on the cake.

My name is called and I march across the stage to a stadium full of applause. I spot Harley's golden hair and proud smile

and only have eyes for her as I take my diploma and hustle off the stage.

There's only one thing left that will make everything complete—getting her to remove my ring from that necklace and put it on her finger.

She finds me backstage and I sweep her into my arms, pulling her outside. “I’m going to take an offer near your campus,” I say. “So, you can get back to school.”

Her eyes go wide. “Only if it’s the offer you really want. I was already getting my transcripts ready to transfer.”

“Harley, you don’t ever have to give up anything for me,” I say. “You’re first in my life. Always.”

“I’m not giving anything up,” she says. “All I want is to be with you.”

I push aside her long hair and unclasp the necklace, sliding the ring into my palm. “Then put this on your finger and tell me what I want to hear.”

She holds out her hand with a smile and eyes filled with happy tears. “I love you and will definitely marry you,” she says as I slip the ring on her finger.

Finally.

“Oh, baby, I love you so much,” I say, tugging her hair back to kiss her until she’s boneless against me. “Let’s skip the party and go home. I think we’ll have more fun there, don’t you?”

Her smile makes my heartbeat faster as she pulls me to the car.
“Absolutely. What are we waiting for?”

Epilogue

Harley

Eight years later.

I end the call with the caterer, pleased that Scott's retirement party is on track. I still can't believe he hasn't accepted any of the coaching offers that have been rolling in from pro teams all over the country. But he wants to stay put for a while, especially now that our oldest, Jack, is about to start school. Our son is like me, interested in ancient stories, but he's shy and we're worried about him changing schools if Scott changes teams.

This new freedom will also give Scott more time to spend on the local rink with our four-year-old, Jenna, who can't get enough of the ice and is proving to be a natural. I think she'll give up her mini hockey stick for sparkly skater skirts eventually, but whichever way she goes, we support her.

And it's not like we need the money. Scott has had a great, winning run, and we've been investing part of his salary ever since he signed with his first team. I earn a nice amount

curating the new medieval wing of our local museum, and I'm just as glad to settle in for a while as he is.

While I wait for him to come home from one of his final practices, I head upstairs to look over my wardrobe. Scott has promised that as soon as he is officially off the roster, we're going to travel. We're touring Southern Europe before dipping down into Egypt, then onto a cruise back up the Mediterranean. That is, if we can stay away from the kids that long. They won't miss us at all, splitting the time with Scott's parents and mine.

Shockingly, my dad has stepped up over the past few years, making up for most of the hurt he caused. I have a feeling my angel husband had something to do with it, but Dad is an amazing grandpa, and has been a great addition to our family.

As I'm leaning over my shoes to search for my favorite sandals, my angel husband somewhat devilishly grabs me from behind and pulls me close.

I squeak with surprise to see him home so early since I had planned to swing by the rink after I picked up the kids from daycare.

"Did you miss me?"

He always asks that after a long practice, and yes, I always do. I wrap my arms around him and rest my head against his muscular chest. When I look up, his blue eyes sparkle down at me.

“Are you going to miss it?” I ask. He’s in the best shape of his life and could easily play for at least another two years. He’s been putting me first for eight years and I worry he thinks I haven’t noticed.

“Not even a little,” he says without hesitation, rubbing his back. “These old bones will be glad not to get knocked around anymore.”

I lean against him, laughing at his false assessment of himself. “You’re anything but old,” I purr, sliding my hand down the front of his sweats to feel the thick bulge trying to burst free.

“Mmm,” he sighs as I grip him. “That particular old bone likes what you’re doing.”

I crack up and glance at the clock on the mantel. “We have forty-three minutes until I have to pick up the kids. What are you going to do with it?”

He chuckles, already lifting me up to set me on the dresser inside my enormous closet. “You’ve seen what I can do to get in under the buzzer,” he says, spreading my legs and dipping between them.

Pushing my flowing skirt up my thighs, he nuzzles me through my panties, which are already soaked from knowing what he

can do to me.

“Show me now,” I say, letting my eyes drift shut.

He pushes my panties aside. “I can make you come in forty-three seconds just by doing this.” His thumb brushes over my swollen nub and he growls when I arch into his touch. “I know you love it when I tease your clit.”

“Mmmhmm,” I agree, getting lost in pure sensation. “And I know how much you love to lick my pussy. You’ll cave.”

I think he might be serious when he increases his pressure, sliding his magic fingers up and down my slit. Then he swears and buries his face between my thighs, forcing them farther apart as he plunges his tongue deep inside me. I’m panting when he comes up for air.

“You’re always right,” he says, face slick with my juices. I writhe against his fingers as he stands and pulls me off the dresser, moving us through the door and back towards the bed. “How do you want my cock?” he asks.

“Deep. Hard,” I plead, on the precipice, shaking and barely hanging onto him.

He lays me down and pulls my skirt off, dragging my panties with it. “Take off your blouse,” he says, straddling me and rubbing the tip of his cock at my more than ready opening.

“You know I need to see those sexy tits bouncing while I fuck you senseless.”

I’m already senseless, but I shakily unbutton my top and then unclasp my bra. When my breasts spring free, he reaches to tweak each nipple into hard peaks.

“Tell me what to do,” I urge. “Anything you want.”

It may seem like we’re just playing, but he’s done so much to make my life an absolute dream since I gave him that second chance, that I mean it with my whole being. All I want is for him to know how much I love him and that he’s number one in my heart, as I am in his. I can see in his eyes that he knows it. There’s nothing but adoration shining from those blue depths. He slides his fingers over my clit again, holding my hips tight to the bed with his knees. Our eyes never waver from each other as he brings me closer and closer to the edge.

“I’ll tell you exactly what I want from you,” he says and I nod, eagerly waiting to hear his command. “I want you to come the second I ram my cock inside you. I want to feel every pulse of this tight pussy of yours. Then I’m going to fill you up and we’re going to make another baby.”

For a split second, there’s hesitation in his forceful gaze. But like usual, he’s reading my mind, my very heart. I writhe against his fingertips.

“Yes,” I whisper. “All of that.”

Tears fill my eyes as he smiles, but the emotion is soon swept away by primal pleasure as he presses hard and then shoves his big cock deep. My scream gets swallowed by his kiss and I claw wildly at his shoulders, letting each delicious shockwave take me.

He drops his forehead to my neck and I hold on as he spills his seed inside me with a satisfied roar. I arch against him as his movements slow, that sweet pressure building all over again. He senses my new desire and, with a smug grin, slides his fingers between us, working my clit until I’m panting again.

“Go ahead, Harley,” he tells me. “You still have time.”

I’m so wrapped up in my husband’s prowess, I forget I have children that need a ride home. He laughs at my shock, still circling and stroking as he nuzzles my neck. The next orgasm hits and I shudder against his touch, melting into a heap beneath him.

“How do you do that?” I ask, wrapping my trembling arms around him.

“I’m going to do it again if you don’t get up and get dressed,” he warns. Sure enough, I can feel his cock rising against me

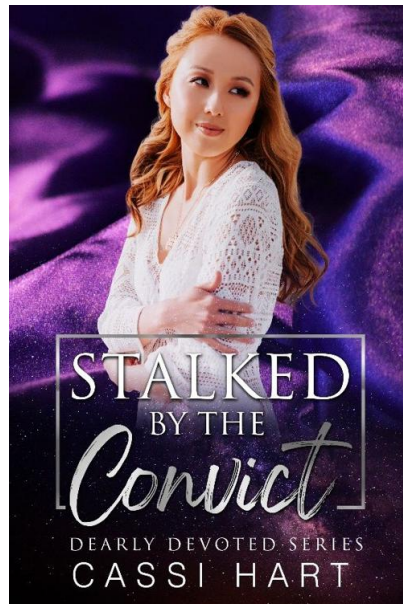
already, but he regretfully pulls away. “After we put the kids to bed,” he promises. “And then all night long.”

I hurry to get dressed, pausing as I pull on my skirt to press my palm against my stomach. I have a wonderful feeling that, pretty soon, our lives are going to change even more than Scott’s retirement.

And I can’t wait.

~The End

Up Next...



Yuri

Everyone thinks I'm a ray of sunshine. People just expect me to be bright and happy and pleasant all the time, but what they don't know is that I'm an anxious mess. I can barely step outside my house or go to the grocery store now that I know my kidnapper is being released from prison. The only person who makes me feel safe shouldn't make me feel safe at all. Adam may be a convicted felon, but something about him makes me feel like I can survive this. He's always there, right when I need him most.

Adam

I shouldn't be doing this, but I can't help it. After meeting Yuri for the first time as a part of an interview about my life and experience in prison, I've been hooked. I can't get her out of my mind because my body is obsessed with making her mine. Now that I'm a free man, I intend to make sure that Yuri is within my sight at all times. Yeah, maybe it's screwed up that I'm following her like this, but how else am I supposed to keep her safe? How else am I going to let everyone else in the world know she's mine?

Other Books by Cassi

Suddenly His Series:

[The Perfect Plan](#) FREE Book

[Daddy's Secret Angel](#)

[An Innocent Crush](#)

[Plated for the Chef](#)

[Tempting My Stepbrother](#)

[Tempting the Doctor](#)

Stalked Series:

[Soulmate Stalker](#)

[My Modern Viking Stalker](#)

[My Secret Santa My Stalker](#)

[Overprotective Stalker](#)

Seeing Double Twin Sister Series:

[Fake Athlete](#)

[The Professor's Copy](#)

[Pretend Ring Girl](#)

[Fake Assistant](#)

Standalones:

[His Runaway Valentine](#)

[Dirty Puck: F*** On the Ice Rink](#)

[Zorion: Demonic Disciples](#)

Happily Ever After Mountain:

[The Loner's Prize](#)

[Beauty and the Recluse](#)

[Chasing Glass Slippers](#)

[The Billionaire's Final Treasure](#)

Courting Curves:

[Defending Her Heart](#)

Sweetheart Campus:

[Coaches Pet](#)

[Hot for Professor](#)

[Tutoring the Athlete](#)

[The Dean's Daughter](#)

Boxsets:

[Sweet Obsessions Boxset: Suddenly His Series Collection](#)

[His Obsession: A Stalker Collection](#)

[Seeing Double: Sister Swap Collection](#)

[Extra Credit Collection: Sweetheart Campus](#)

Big Alpha's:

[Big Brawny Mechanic](#)

[Big Hulking Biker](#)

[Big Bold Security](#)

[Big Beefy Kingpin](#)

Glamorous Brides:

[Cuffing His Bride](#)

[The Hitman's Bride](#)

[Farmer Finds a Bride](#)

[Doctor's Surprise Bride](#)

The BFF Pact:

[His Weakness](#)

[His Mistake](#)

[His Apprentice](#)

[His Promise](#)

Dearly Devoted:

[Stalked by the Convict](#)

[Stepbrother's Little Secret](#)

[Stalked by the Marine](#)

[Hacking my Stalker](#)

Free Book

Join my mailing list!



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. Cassi loves pedicures, being pampered in any way possible, her darling golden Princess, amazing coffee, and traveling to anywhere warm.



Cassi H  *rt*