

THE BATTLE CREEK BERZERKERS DUET BOOK 1



LOVE
on the
ICE

BRE ROSE

Love on the Ice

The Battle Creek Berzerkers Duet Book 1

Bre Rose

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To all the hot sports players— yeah, all the sports—for
keeping us authors full of stories and the underwear companies
in business.

Content Warning

Love on the Ice is a contemporary sports why choose romance and book 1 will end in a cliffhanger however book 2 will result with an HEA. Please note that the date on amazon is a placeholder only. Book 2 will be released before that day.

As you know we are all human, and while this has been through two teams and several rounds of edits errors do get past us. If any formatting or errors are found please reach out to Bre Rose at breroseauthor@gmail.com or by message on her facebook page.

Below is a list of tropes and triggers. Please note what might be a trigger for one may not be for another. So please go forward with caution. If a trigger is missing that should be included please let me know.

TROPES

- Mystery girl
- MM romance
- Bi awakening/ acceptance
- Friends to lover
- Sports romance

Triggers

- Struggles with sexuality
- MM
- Secrets
- Parental manipulation/overbearing parent
- Misinterpretation of situation
- Ophidophobia

Blurb

Chase

I've loved him for longer than I can remember.
He's mine and my twin's best friend, our teammate.

And I crave to be his.

I have a plan. I'm finally going to tell him how I feel on this vacation. Carter assured me that Blake feels the same way.

The only thing I'm afraid of is that we both like women, too.

Everything is going great until a case of mistaken identity leads to a foursome, and a girl none of us can get our minds off.

She disappears at the end of the vacation. We thought we'd never see her again. That was until she showed up at our school, with a surprise for us.

Ginny

It was supposed to be a vacation, to cut loose and be me for once. Away from the scrutinizing eye of my over protective father.

I never expected to meet three men who would take me to such heights. I wanted them, more than anything I ever have in my life.

But I knew it couldn't be more. I had to report to Daddy to begin training. I hated skating. It should be fun and it isn't anymore.

So at the end of the holiday break, I snuck away. Leaving them no way to contact me. Refusing to have contact with them when they messaged. What I didn't expect was to see them again.

But what happens when secrets are revealed?

Life just got real and complicated.

Chapter 1



Chase

WATCHING HIM MOVE GRACEFULLY across the ice as if he is a part of it has my dick rock hard. The way his body glides across the rink keeps me fixated on him—never wanting to look away. He looks at peace, one with himself and the world, and nothing weighs on him. God, I wish I felt the same way. Thank heavens for the wall around the ice rink I'm leaning against, blocking the growing bulge in my pants, or everyone would know what he does to me.

I know how much he loves these quiet moments when he can just skate freely, no longer confined to a net, protecting it from the opposition's shot, and the bulky uniform he's required to wear. I've always told him he's in the wrong sport and should be an ice skater with his graceful movements. His response is always a laugh as he shrugs me off, reminding me how much he loves hockey, especially playing for Battle Creek University and being a Berzerker.

"You should tell him how you feel, man," comes from behind me, a voice that sounds so eerily like mine. You would

think after twenty-one years I'd be used to it, but it still catches me off guard.

“I can't, Carter. What if he doesn't feel the same, and it ruins our friendship? I know what you're about to say, and I don't want to hear one fucking word from you about how I sound like a pussy saying it.” I turn, cutting my eyes toward him.

“Look, bro, he officially came out as being bi two years ago. So we know he likes both men and women, the same as you. Hell, I've seen the lingering looks when he thinks you aren't paying attention, so I know he's interested. What will it hurt to just give it a shot and see if something happens? The worst thing that could happen is you find out you aren't attracted to each other. No harm, no foul,” Carter tells me as he puts his arm over my shoulder and leans against the railing of the ice rink beside me.

“That's all well and good, but what if I tell him how I feel and he likes me as well and we give it a shot, and it ends badly—ruining our thirteen-year friendship? What about the two of you? How will it affect y'all's friendship? I don't think I can do it, Carter.” I let my head drop to rest on my hands that are crossed across the top of the wall, my eyes staring down at my feet as if they're the most intriguing thing I've ever seen.

“It's okay bro, you need to do something, though. This is killing you. We have Christmas break at that ski lodge the coach told us about. Hopefully, you can figure something out there. We'll be away from the school, and you and Blake will have a chance to be alone together. Hell, maybe he'll broach

the topic. Just know you're my brother, my twin, and you being in my life is more important than any man."

I halt our conversation as we hear Blake approaching, calling out to us, "Well, if it isn't the Olsen twins." His lame-ass attempt at humor, since our last name is, in fact, Olsen.

"Hey man, are you packed yet or are you gonna be throwing shit in a bag at the last minute, like normal?" Carter jokes as he gives him a fist bump.

Blake pulls off his helmet and I can feel the heat rush straight to my cock and my face. When he shakes his damp hair soaked with sweat, I feel like I'm in my very own eighties teen heartthrob movie and he's moving in slow motion.

"Dude, are you really asking me that? You know damn well I'll be cramming shit in a bag last minute. Shit, speaking of time, when are we going to be leaving for the airport? I'd hate to miss the flight and have to drive ten hours to get there," Blake asks as he steps off the ice onto the carpet, his helmet in hand. He makes his way over to the bench and sits down to take off his skates. His shaggy, jet black hair falls into his face as he bends over. He's still in his padding so it's hard to see his body, but I know it's muscular from pining after him all these years.

"Plane takes off at eight A.M. so we need to be there by seven at the latest. Preferably six—they want us to check in two hours before takeoff. We'll be at your room to get you no later than five forty-five. Knowing how your ass is, we'll probably have to help you kick out whatever flavor of the

night's in your bed and throw shit in your bag along with you," I tell him as I turn and lean my back against the wall, trying not to get caught watching him. Just thinking of him with someone else has my stomach churning.

"Dude, whatever, I'm saving my dick for all the fresh ass at this resort. I'm tired of the same old thing around here," he says as he stands up from the bench. "Give me ten minutes to get changed, and I'll be ready to go." He starts pulling his jersey and pads off, and fuck me—his pronounced pecs are shining with a sheen of sweat, causing the silver on his nipple piercings to shimmer. Holding everything in one hand, he picks up his skates with the other and heads off toward the locker room.

"Bro, you need to wipe your mouth. You got a little drool there at the corner." My brother laughs before taking off, running toward the front doors of the rink. The worst thing is the asshole's right. I really need to get my hormones under control around Blake.

I bend over, using the moment to take a deep calming breath as I pick up my duffel bag with my skates and gear from the floor, and make my way to the exit. Heading out into the cool night, I meet up with Carter at our truck. I toss my bag into the bed and walk around to the passenger side, climbing in. Carter has the heat turned on full blast and it's barely touched the chill inside the truck.

"Chase, I won't harp on it anymore, but please think about telling him how you feel. I'm tired of watching you pine over

a guy you don't even have the guts to tell how you feel. Plus, he's a fool if he doesn't see what a catch you are. Hell, we're mirror images, and I know my ass is," he says, trying to keep a straight face but failing.

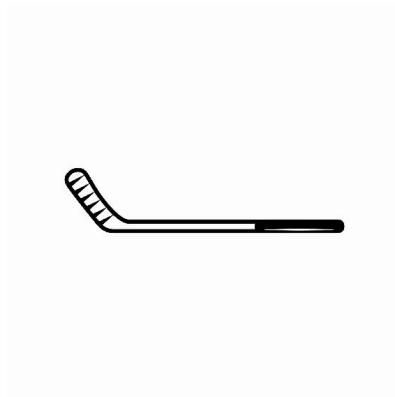
"Yeah, yeah. Can we drop it, please? He'll be out in a minute, and I still need to do some last-minute packing before we leave in the morning. We need to really send Coach some kind of thank you for helping us secure a cabin at the lodge."

Glancing up at the door as I reach up to put my seat belt on, I see Blake exit the building, taking large strides as he makes his way over to the truck. He tosses his own bag into the bed before opening the passenger door behind me and climbing inside.

"Fuck, it's colder than a witch's titty out there," he says as he blows air into his clasped hands to warm them up, his hair pulled up in a bun on the top of his head. It's just barely long enough to fit in one, so it's not really a bun—he claims it is, though. And who am I to correct the man I've been pining over.

Carter puts the truck in gear and pulls out of the parking lot, just as Blake speaks up, "Man, I'm hungry. Can we hit a drive-thru on the way home?"

"When aren't you hungry is more like it. But yes, we can. You're just lucky I'm hungry too," Carter jokes back.



Beep...Beep...Beep...

“Would someone please shut off that incessant beeping,” I yell out as if there was someone else in the room. It finally dawns on my sleep-addled brain that it’s my phone alarm. Just as I’m reaching over to my nightstand to turn it off, my door flies open with a panicked Carter standing in it.

“Get up, man, we’re fucking late!” he shouts.

“Bro, chill. My alarm just went off, so there’s no way we overslept.”

“Are you sure, genius? Hurry the fuck up and check the time yourself,” he says sarcastically, moving his hands in a hurry the fuck-up gesture.

Picking up my phone, I focus my eyes, so I can see, and sure as hell, it’s twenty minutes past the time I had it set to wake me up. Was I subconsciously hitting the snooze button the whole time?

“Fuck!! I must’ve hit snooze.” I jump up out of bed and hastily start pulling on the pants I had slung over my desk chair. I wore them yesterday, but hell, we’re just going to be on a plane, not like I’m heading on a date with the woman or man of my dreams. I run my fingers through my hair, trying to tame it and pull out the knots. I’d planned to get it trimmed before we left but never made the time, so it’s longer than the typical clean cut I prefer to keep.

“You got five minutes to get ready, grab your shit and meet me by the front door,” he barks out rapidly before turning and bolting to his room to get dressed.

Thank god I already packed my clothes last night, so all I have to do now is throw my toothbrush, toothpaste, razors, and soap into a bag and hope like hell I don’t get flagged at the airport for not having everything in the proper containers.

I walk out of my room at the same time as Carter, almost running into him. Thankfully, he looks up before I do and averts the near head-on collision. We’re both about five-foot-eight, and he’s on the more muscular side, so it wouldn’t have been a soft hit-and-run.

“Did you call Blake and let him know we’re running behind? You know he’s never going to let us live this down,” I ask, following him out of the front door of our apartment, pausing long enough to lock it before trailing behind him down the stairs.

“I know. He’s already rubbing it in how he’s been up and waiting for about thirty minutes now and wanting to know

where the hell we are,” Carter tells me when I catch up to him, holding up his phone to show me the text.

Blake: You bitches are the slackers. I’ve been up and waiting for you. Now who’s the one that’s late ☐

Blake: I can tell you

Blake: It’s you lol

We toss our bags into the bed of the truck before opening the doors and climbing in. Carter starts it up, forgoing the time to allow it to warm up, and pulls out of the parking lot, the tires screeching as he does. I keep casting my gaze over toward the speedometer, noticing he’s going well above the speed limit. I know he’s an excellent driver. I just don’t want to risk having an accident.

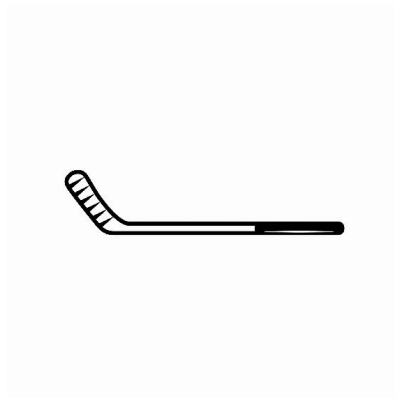
“Stop that,” Carter blurts out, catching my attention. “There’s no one on the road, and I’m just trying to make up time. We’re already pushing it to get there. I don’t want to miss this plane and have to wait for a later flight. You remember what happened the last time, don’cha?”

“Yeah, utter chaos. We couldn’t get on the same flight. Yours ended up being delayed by a day. You had all the reservations in your name, and we couldn’t get ahold of you because your phone died and the charger was in your checked bag. Please, let’s not go through that again,” I say, my voice a little whiny. But hell, I mean, who packs their charger in their baggage?

As we pull up in front of Blake’s dorm, we see him sitting on the bench out front, ready and waiting. His head is covered

with a bright orange beanie with only the long ends of his dark hair peeking out from the bottom of it. When he sees us, he jumps up to his full five-foot-ten height, grabbing a suitcase and a duffel bag and jogs over to the truck, quickly putting them in the back before opening the door and climbing in behind Carter. He smiles widely, his brown eyes twinkling with mischief. It's then I realize he doesn't have his contacts in yet and he's wearing his glasses.

He's just opening his mouth preparing to say something when Carter cuts him off, "I would keep your mouth shut if you're wanting to ride to the airport with us," he snaps as he pulls out of the parking lot, back onto the road.



By the grace of God, we made it to the airport on time. The flight was smooth—well, I assume it was, since we slept the entire way. We taxied up to the terminal, and after sitting for about fifteen minutes, we finally get off the plane.

Carter heads off to the car rental to start the process of getting our car, while Blake and I head to baggage claim to

retrieve our luggage, praying the entire way that everything made it here. There's nothing worse than having your bags not arrive. Wearing underwear over one day in a row is gross. Carter always jokes about how he's revoking my man card over it. Hell, take the damn card. Who wants to wear crusty underwear? Not me.

“Dude, can you believe we're in the Pocono Mountains? I looked up Big Boulder Ski Lodge online last night, and it's fucking cool as hell, man. We won't have any problem finding us some ski bunnies to keep us warm,” Blake says excitedly as he bounces around, waiting for the baggage conveyor to start up. I'm a little sad now seeing he's put his contacts in sometime during the flight. I have to admit those fantasies I was having of him seated in a chair, gazing upon my nude body while wearing his glasses had me hot. I plan to use them when I jack off in the shower.

He came out as being bi, but only ever talks about women when he's around me and Carter. Hell, he's never mentioned knowing I'm bi as well. I've kept it a tad more under wraps than he has, always cautious about what my teammates would think or how they'd act around me. I'm not ashamed of liking men, so I'm not sure why I have so much anxiety about people knowing what my sexuality is. I know I shouldn't be worried about the team's reaction, since they've never treated Blake any differently, but I do. Fuck, some of the guys even try to set him up with every gay or bi man they meet. The number of times Blake's caught my lingering gaze on his cock in the dressing room should be a clue, but he's never said a word.

I'm drawn from my daydreaming by Blake tapping incessantly on my arm. "Dude, get a load of her. She's got to be the finest girl I've ever seen. Fuck man, she sure beats the shit out of the ones back at school," he rushes out, his gaze fixated across the baggage claim area.

I turn my head, following the direction of his eyes, and see exactly who he's talking about. She's short, probably about five-foot-three or four, with brown hair pulled up into a messy bun on the top of her head. Her skin is the most beautiful bronze color, from what I can see that isn't covered by her bulky sweater and leggings. It's like she's spent hours in the sun. She quickly and easily picks up a large suitcase off the conveyor belt and places it on the floor before turning and heading off toward the exit with another girl. My attention is so focused on her, all I notice about the other one is that she's tall with long red hair.

"I'd have to agree with you there. She's definitely hot. Too bad we won't see her again." I keep my eyes locked on the beauty until she disappears through the exit.

I hear the conveyor belt in front of us start up, and direct my attention back to it, waiting patiently for our luggage. It takes a few minutes, and I'm just about to lose hope when I see Blake's bright pink bag come into view, followed closely by mine and Carter's bag and then Blake's duffel bag. We all laughed when he bought it, but it sure as hell makes it easier to find amid all the others. We reach out and grab them all just before they pass us, then head over to where the rental cars are located.

Before we make it there, we spot Carter heading back our way, swinging a set of keys around his fingers, a shit-eating grin plastered on his face. “Ready to get out of here, guys?” he calls out as he sprints over towards us. “We got upgraded to an SUV. This trip just turned around for us after we overslept this morning.”

“Better than the compact car we had booked. I was still wondering how the three of us were going to fit in it. We’d look like the clowns in the circus climbing out of a car that’s way too small for them,” I blurt out, envisioning my legs literally sighing in relief at how much room they were going to have now compared to how cramped they were going to be in the first car.

“Let’s get out of here. Next stop, check in at the lodge, then hit the slopes. Christmas vacation has officially begun,” Blake says as he turns around and begins walking backward away from us and towards the exit, pumping his fist up in the air.

Chapter 2



Blake

WHAT THE HELL IS wrong with me? Lusting after one of my best friends. I've caught his lingering gaze, and I fucking loved every minute, but they were only stares. Carter mentioned in passing that Chase was bi, but he wasn't ready to put it out to the team yet, afraid of what they would think. I swore to him, I wouldn't mention knowing after he realized he screwed up and told me something that was obviously supposed to be a secret. I admit I had the same anxiety about it before coming out, but I was tired of hiding who I truly was. Now I'm comfortable in my skin and I don't give a flying fuck what anyone thinks.

Standing by the baggage claim, my hand itched to reach out and take his in mine, but I fought it. The hottie across the room was a great distraction, and my mind immediately went to images of her between me and Chase. Images of Chase fucking her as I fuck him. Gazing down on his tattooed covered back and taking hold of his now shaggy brown hair as

I bury my cock deep inside his ass. *Calm down, man. The middle of baggage claim is no place for a hard-on.*

Thankfully, she left and our bags came around on the carousel. I immediately spot my pink bag. Yeah, they had their smart-aleck remarks, but guess who never has trouble finding their bags? That's right, this smart ass fucker right here.

The drive to the lodge took about forty-five minutes, minus a stop at the store for groceries, and another twenty for Carter to get us checked in and get the key to our cabin, which is where we're headed now. I, for one, can't wait to see it.

Sitting in the back seat on the ride over here, I see the stolen glances Chase gives me in the rearview mirror. Each time he smiled, his dimples appeared and my cock twitched in my pants in approval. His pouty bow-shaped lips have been a constant presence in my dreams—only they're wrapped around my cock as he stares up at me, begging for approval to swallow my load.

At this moment, I make a vow to myself—I'm going to throw caution to the wind and shoot my shot with him while we're here. I snort under my breath at my little pun on words. Hopefully, it ends the way I want with my load shooting down his throat. I don't realize I've let out an audible moan until I hear Chase clearing his throat and Carter laughing.

Right then, we pull up in front of the cabin, saving me from any further embarrassment. I open the door and hop out as soon as it's put into park, heading to the back to grab our bags from the hatch. I'm just lifting the last one out when Carter

and Chase step up beside me. When Chase reaches out to take his from my hand, our fingers graze, and I swear I feel a zap of electricity shoot straight up through my arm. His emerald eyes lock onto mine and I can see the heat building inside of them before he quickly takes his bag and steps back.

“So let’s head inside and unload these groceries, eat some lunch, and then we can hit the slopes for the rest of the day. I want to snag myself a snow bunny to keep me warm tonight,” Carter announces before grabbing a couple of bags and heading inside.

“How much do you want to bet he comes back with two or three bunnies tonight?” I joke with Chase, slapping my hand down on his shoulder and adding a little squeeze at the end—curious about how he will respond. Will he sink into it or pull away in revulsion? My answer comes with the soft, barely audible moan that escapes him. That’s all I needed to know.

Chase will be mine by the end of this trip.

“Let’s get inside and claim dibs on our rooms,” I tell him, grabbing my luggage and some of the grocery bags and we head inside.

Walking through the front door, we enter an open-concept living and dining room with a bar separating the kitchen from the rest of the room. We don’t see Carter anywhere, but his luggage sits abandoned on the hardwood floor and grocery bags are now sitting on the dining room table.

“Carter, where the hell are you?” Chase calls out.

“Houston, we have a problem,” Carter yells back in response before he appears in the hallway, which must lead to the bedrooms.

“What the fuck kind of problem could we have? It’s a kick-ass house, we’re at a ski resort that will have some hotties, and we’re here together. What could be wrong?” I throw my hands in the air, doing a spin.

“I’m so glad you asked. There are three of us smartass, however, there are only two bedrooms and two beds.” He smirks and crosses his arms over his chest.

It takes a minute, but it finally hits me what he means. Two beds and three of us. That’s when a genius idea hits me. “It’s not like we’re going to be spending a lot of time in the beds. Hell, me and Chase can share, and if one of us brings someone home, the other can take the couch,” I throw out, praying like hell he jumps on my idea. But in no way do I plan for him to bring anyone home. That bed is for us to explore what I hope will be an *us*.

I look at Chase and Carter, anxiously waiting for them to say something—anything. I begin to play with my tongue ring with my teeth, a nervous habit I picked up about a year ago. Chase looks back and forth between me and Carter, biting on that delectable lip of his.

“Sure, that works for me,” he finally says, and I can’t help but notice the look on Carter’s face at Chase’s answer. We definitely need to talk later, because something is up.

“Whatcha say, roomie? Let’s go check out our room. But Carter, since we’re sharing, we get the master suite,” I say excitedly, bouncing back and forth on the balls of my feet.

“Hey now—” Carter says before Chase cuts him off.

“Sorry bro, I have to agree. You get your own room, we get the master. So suck it up. You and your snow bunnies will get the smaller bed and the bathroom in the hallway.” Chase passes by him, luggage in hand, those dimples dancing as he smirks at his brother.

“We need to have a conversation,” I whisper to Carter when Chase is out of earshot. He just gives me a mischievous grin before heading over to where he dropped his luggage, picking it up.

Just as he’s about to head toward the direction of the bedrooms, he stops in front of me, his voice soft. “You’re going to have to be the initiator. Just know if you fucking hurt him, I’ll break your neck.” He punches me in my shoulder and heads off down the hallway, entering the first room on the right and closing the door behind him.

I do a mental fist pump. Carter’s words let me know I need to be more aggressive in my advances on Chase, but not so much that I scare him away. I head down the hallway to the master suite, which I get to share with the man I’ve had a crush on since puberty.

Back then, being attracted to both boys and girls, I didn’t understand my feelings. I hid them for men until a drunken night during our senior year of high school, when I confided in

the twins. They had been my best friends since third grade when I moved to town and met two scrawny look-alikes on the playground, and it was still hard to tell them. But they accepted it with open minds and no judgment.

I can't explain why Chase is the only one I'm attracted to when they're identical twins, but I think it's his brain that draws me in. I have a weak spot for a brainiac and hopefully, by the end of this trip, I can convince him to be mine.

Walking into the bedroom, I stop dead in my tracks. The sight before me is breathtaking and I have to fight the hard-on that's begging to break free. Chase is standing with his back to me, shirtless and in his boxers.

Fuck! His body rivals Michelangelo's statue of David!

A huge eagle covers his back, its wings extending from shoulder to shoulder. Where Carter is free of all tattoos, they cover Chase, which is opposite the studious, shy nature he conveys. And fuck if it isn't hot. His body is muscular, yet lean, which adds to his swiftness when he's on the ice. His skin is light, but when we're home in the south during the summer, he turns a delicious golden tan.

I must have made some type of noise because he quickly turns, facing me with a questioning look. My eyes drift down his chest to the beautiful trail of light brown hair that disappears below his boxers. It's the only visible hair on his body.

Fuck, don't let me scare him off or make him think I'm some type of creeper. But damn if my mind isn't playing out a

multitude of scenes where I come up behind him, sheathing my cock deep inside his ass as he screams out my name. In every dream I have of us together—and trust me, there’s a lot—I’m top to his bottom.

“Umm... I’m going to grab a shower, then I’ll meet you guys in the living room,” he stutters, before picking up some clothes laid out on the bed and heading for the ensuite bathroom, closing the door behind him.

I wait until I hear the shower turn on before I move across the room and face-plant onto the bed. My cock is already hard just from seeing him in his boxers. How the fuck do I plan to sleep next to him and not wake up with a raging boner? I mean, I could always play it off as simply being morning wood. Every man has it. But will he believe it?

I groan before rolling over and sitting up on the edge of the bed. Fuck it. Once I express my feelings for him, it won’t be an issue. I’ve seen the lustful looks when he thinks I’m not paying attention. Hell, Carter all but gave me his approval with his threat earlier.

I plan on confessing my feelings to Chase tonight, tomorrow at the latest. By the end of the weekend before we leave, without a doubt.

I rake my hands through my hair in frustration, tugging on the ends, before standing and leaving the room to head to the kitchen to put the groceries away.

I’m such a fucking pussy. When have I ever had a problem telling any guy or girl I’m interested in them? In the

beginning, it was fear that kept me silent, but once I shared my sexuality with the twins, I jumped in head first. Even when I was navigating the newfound knowledge of my sexuality, having experiences with both sexes, I never had an issue expressing my feelings, but Chase does something to me that has me all tied up in knots. He gets me in a way no other person has. It's as if I can be my authentic self with him. It also doesn't hurt that he's hot as hell and my very own wet dream come to life.



I'm thoroughly trashed. We hopped to a few different bars with some locals until we made it to the Bottoms Up—our current location. We thought it was a strip club at first, but nope, just a hole in the wall place. There are so many people crammed in here it's hard to move, so Chase and I found a spot at the end of the bar where we've been drinking all night while Carter's on the prowl.

Our shoulders are barely touching, and my body is thrumming with need—no, want. I'm having to fight to control the raging boner I'm trying to sport as the alcohol is driving me to act on my desire.

“You ready to get out of here, man?” He leans into me, his warm breath trailing along my neck, sending shivers down my body, his voice raspy from the alcohol he’s been drinking.

Looking around the bar, I spot Carter holed up at a corner table surrounded by women.

“Yeah man, I’m beat, but by the looks of your brother, he’s still ready to party.”

He shifts on the bar stool to look back in the direction I nodded in. “He’s a big boy and has the car keys. I’m sure he plans on bringing a couple of them home. I have the spare house key, so I’m going to order a Lyft—I’m ready to go. You can stay if you like,” he tells me, slapping my shoulder as he stands up. He pulls out his wallet, drops some cash on the bar, and places his empty glass on top of it.

“Nah man, I’m coming with you.” When I go to stand, the alcohol immediately hits me, causing me to sway and fall into Chase, who wraps his arms around me.

Fuck, they feel so good. His touch is addictive and I’m begging for more.

As we head outside, Chase already has his phone out. I peer over his shoulder and see he’s messaging Carter. Since he’s busy, and I don’t want to wait any longer, I pull mine out and order the Lyft.

“I’m getting our ride,” I let him know, having to brace myself on the wall when we get outside to stop swaying long enough to enter the information for our pickup and drop off.

“Thanks, man. I don’t know what they put in their drinks here, but I’m seeing three or four of everything and can barely stand upright.”

“Got to agree with you there, Chase,” I tell him just as my phone pings in my hand. Looking down, I see it’s the Lyft app letting me know the driver’s on his way. Now that was quick.

“Looks like our ride’s only a couple minutes away. It must be our lucky night.”

Five minutes later, a blue sedan pulls up with a driver that matches the picture on the app. I open the door and slide in first, only making it halfway across the back seat. Chase gets in after me and we’re sitting shoulder to shoulder. I can’t seem to make my body move any further over.

Chase doesn’t seem to mind how close we’re sitting or how I let the tips of my fingers glide across the edge of his thigh when I run my hands up and down my leg. The only sign that it’s affecting him is the clenching and unclenching of his hands as he sharply inhales. Each time he does, my cock presses more against my pants and my need to have him increases.

The ride seems to take forever. The longer we sit still during the drive back, the more time the alcohol has to take effect. By the time we pull in front of our cabin, we can barely walk. We manage to get out of the car without face-planting on the ground and stumble up the drive to the front door, where Chase begins fighting a hopeless battle trying to get the house key into the lock.

“Here, let me help you,” I slur, reaching out, and taking his hand in mine to grab the key. His hand feels so good that I don’t want to let go. They have a roughness to them, much like mine, and it’s a hearty change to the delicate feminine touch of a woman. He must notice how long I’ve held onto him as he pulls his hand free, releasing the key in my palm.

“Hopefully your drunk ass does a better job than me,” he jokes, and damn, those dimples kill me as those full pink lips I dream of having wrapped around my cock smirk at me.

I tear myself away from exploring him, dreaming of him, and turn back to the door, slipping the key into the lock and opening it. I’ve suddenly sobered up. It’s now, tonight, I have to tell him. He needs to know what he does to me, how he drives me insane, and lastly, how I need him. The sweet, loving, brainy Chase I’ve grown to love. The man who would give his last dollar to help a struggling mother buy diapers, or his jacket to the homeless man on the street who’s freezing.

Once inside the house, he heads down the hallway to the bedroom while I lock the door, unsure if Carter plans to bring his flavor of the night home or go to their place.

I take a deep breath in, knowing I now have to go sleep in a bed beside the man I’ve been crushing over. Heading down the hallway, I imagine the possibilities of what can happen on this trip.

Chapter 3



Chase

I HURRY TO THE room after Blake opens the door, trying to hide the enormous bulge in my pants. Just the mere touch of his hand on mine and the way he looks at me like he sees the true me turns me on. I want him—no, I need him, but there is no way he feels the same.

I make my way over and sit on the edge of the bed, taking off my shoes and willing my dick to go limp, with no success.

I begin softly talking out loud, giving myself a pep talk.

You're imagining it.

He isn't interested in you.

He doesn't know you're bi.

He would never be with you.

You'd ruin everything.

“You’re wrong,” a husky voice from across the room says. My head immediately pops up and I drag my eyes over to him. He’s looking at me, his gaze so intense. His chiseled jaw is

clenched, with just the bare beginnings of a five o'clock shadow showing. My mind wanders to how it would feel rubbing against my face, my chest as he kisses me.

“What?” I ask, playing dumb.

“Since the first day I met you, all I could think about was you. But I was just a kid then. I didn't know what it meant. Then puberty hit, and I had very un-friend like feelings for you. I'd think of you, and my dick was instantly hard. I was still struggling with my sexuality then and not ready to act on any of those feelings. Then later, when I came to terms with what I was feeling, I didn't know if you felt the same, if you were bi like me.” He unbuttons his shirt, slowly letting it fall to the ground as he moves confidently across the room toward me. His broad chest enticing me as I slowly drop my eyes to his ripped abdomen and delicious Adonis belt.

“You like me?” I ask, not sure if I should trust my own ears. Maybe I'm just hearing what I want to hear—what I've wanted to hear for years. The man I've lusted over finally admitting the feelings for me. This has only ever happened in my dreams.

He stops directly in front of me, reaching out and gripping my chin, tilting it upward. “Yes. Honestly, I like you. And I think you feel the same way. Give us a chance. Let me show you how happy we can be together.” His breath skates across my face as he leans into me—his lips landing on mine. The kiss sends tingles down my body, straight to my cock.

No matter how good it feels, my body tenses as I try to fight it, not wanting to risk our friendship. My mind and heart are at war. This is the moment I've longed for, though. So I finally quit resisting and relax into the warmth of his lips, opening mine and allowing his tongue to delve in. He takes control and deepens the kiss, the metal in his mouth grazing along my tongue. I immediately want more, imagining how it would feel on other places.

When he pulls away, breaking the connection, my mind immediately starts thinking the worst—he regrets it.

“Stop,” he says, obviously seeing the hurt on my face.

“Stop? Seriously, that’s all you have to say. You confess your feelings for me, then give me the most amazing kiss of my life, before abruptly pulling away. How the hell am I supposed to feel? I knew this was a terrible decision. I should’ve never allowed this to happen,” I spit out in a rage.

“Chase, I pulled away because you’re drunk. I’m, well, not as drunk as you, but still. I want what happens between us to be when our minds are clear and not in a drunken haze. This, me and you”—he points back and forth between us—“I want this more than anything. So I’m going to get undressed and so are you. We’re going to climb into bed, and I’m going to hold you in my arms while we sleep. Tomorrow, when clearer heads prevail, we’re going to have this discussion again.” He smiles and leans in, giving me another kiss that makes my toes curl.

I softly moan when he pulls away and starts undressing. Slowly, my eyes trail up and down his chiseled body. His

muscled pecs dance with every movement they make, and my eyes zero in on the barbell piercing through each of his nipples. As my eyes move down his body, they fixate on the trail of hair that disappears underneath his boxers—lingering on the massive bulge in his boxers. I know from stolen glances in the shower that’s the only hair in that area as he keeps his cock bare. Lord help me!

I’ve kissed men and sucked them off, but it’s never gone further than that. Now I’m scared by the idea of what I know to be a massive dick penetrating my ass. If this is how women feel when they see men who are larger, I totally get why now.

He chuckles, and I know he’s caught me. “Chase, get undressed. Don’t make me ask again.” His deep voice is forceful and confident, making my dick hard and the hair on my skin stand on end.

An overwhelming need to obey hits me, unlike anything I’ve ever felt before. I pull my shirt off over my head, dropping it to the ground and standing up. When I undo my pants and push them down, I have to ease them over my hard cock, leaving me in nothing but my gray boxer briefs. I’m not sure why, but I look to him for approval, which he gives when he fixates his eyes on me and rubs the pad of his thumb across his lower lip.

“God, you’re a vision, Chase. Tomorrow can’t come soon enough. Now, get in bed, it’s time to sleep.” He pulls back the comforter and sits down on the bed, slipping his legs underneath it before patting the spot beside him.

I place my knee on the mattress and climb my way up to him, sinking underneath the comforter, and wrapping my arms around his chest as I intertwine our legs.

“Blake?” I ask quietly, listening to him breathe in and out. Enjoying the feel of his heartbeat against my cheek.

“Yes,” he responds and plants a kiss on the top of my head, rubbing his hand along my arm.

“You should know, I’ve been with men. I’ve kissed them and gave them blowjobs, but it never went further than that. I don’t know how good I’ll be and I’m scared.” As I confess, fear makes my heart beat fast, afraid he’ll reject me for my lack of experience. “I’m also very attracted to girls. What happens if I meet one that holds my attention?”

He kisses my forehead, and I hear him let out a small laugh. “Babe, first you have no reason to be afraid. Honestly, it turns me on that I get to pop your cherry. I know it’s not news to you, but I love women too, and if we find one we’re both attracted to, we can always ask her to join. Of course, that all depends on our conversation tomorrow and if you want to move forward with a relationship. Now, cut off that brain of yours and go to sleep.”

And just like he tells me, I do—allowing the darkness to swallow me as I hold the man I’ve dreamed of so many nights in my arms.



I wake up alone in bed, reaching my hand across to the vacant spot. It still feels a little warm, so I know he hasn't been gone long. As much as I'm trying to push the feeling down, rejection hits hard. I remember last night vividly, but his absence has me wondering if he's rethinking the whole thing.

“STOP!” comes out in a growl from the now-opened bedroom door, just as the aroma of coffee hits me. “I know what you're thinking, and stop. I just went and got us some coffee and bagels.”

My eyes drop to his hands where he's carrying a tray with both items, and I feel like an idiot. Plus, how in the living hell does he always know what I'm thinking?

“Sorry. Thanks for the coffee.”

“You're forgiven. I passed Carter in the hallway, and he was jumping in the shower. Fucker decided we need to go into town for a Christmas tree and decorations.” He laughs and shakes his head, placing the tray down on the bedside table.

“What's gotten into him? I mean, I know he loves Christmas, but he hasn't taken part in any decorating since we were kids unless Mom and Dad made us,” I ask, slightly shocked.

“I know. He said the chick he went home with last night was from here and her house looked like Christmas exploded in it and made him homesick. He also said she passed out, and he couldn’t leave until this morning. She set the house alarm and he couldn’t wake her up, so he was stuck. As soon as she woke up, he bolted and had to fight her off cause she still wanted to get laid.”

“That’s odd. He normally gets laid before bolting.” It’s so unlike my brother to leave without getting lucky.

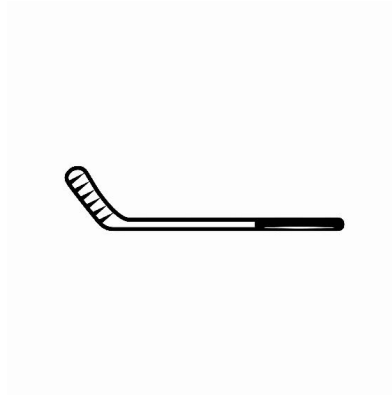
Blake starts laughing, and I just barely make out what he says. “Said when he got there she went into her bedroom and came out with a snake wrapped around her, going on about how she likes to have sex with it in bed with her.”

“Now I get it. He’s had a fear of snakes ever since we watched that movie where they were on the plane. Then Mom and Dad took us to see this magic show, and the guy brought a snake with him and started passing it around the audience. I thought Carter was going to shit his pants. I’m surprised he made it until morning with the snake in the house.” I can’t help the laugh that bursts from me as I envision it—Carter running out of there this morning like his ass was on fire.

Talking about Mom and Dad makes me really miss them this year, but Dad surprised Mom with a month-long cruise and they’re spending Christmas on a ship.

“Let’s drink our coffee, eat our bagels and get dressed, so we can get a tree. Truthfully, I’m afraid of how this tree is going

to look with the three of us decorating it,” Blake says as he hands me my cup of coffee and a blueberry bagel.



Six hours later, after visiting three different locations, we found what Carter called the perfect tree, even though to me, it looked more like a Charlie Brown tree. Then we hit up the local Walmart and bought ornaments. We hit the jackpot when we found hockey ornaments and bought them all. Now we’re home, and it’s time to decorate.

“Who wants eggnog?” I call out to the guys from the kitchen area. We had found some alcohol-infused eggnog at one of the market stands set up in town and bought a few bottles for Christmas and one for today while we decorated the tree.

I get a variation of yes from both of them and pour three cups, then carefully carry them back into the living room without spilling a drop.

“Thanks, bro. How much you want to bet Mom is missing decorating a tree this year?” Carter asks, grabbing the cup from my hand and taking a sip.

“Man, she’s probably wrangled the ship captain into letting her put a tree in her room or decorate five or twenty all over the boat. You know, that woman can talk a blind man into glasses. She should’ve been a salesman and not a preschool teacher.”

“What’s the plan tonight? I was going to give the redhead from the bar last night a call. I should have gone home with her and not the snake girl,” Carter says, scrunching his nose up.

Glancing over at Blake, I find him staring at me intensely. He’s wrapped some garland around his neck and he’s wearing a pair of light up antlers on his head. His mouth turns up at the edges in a sly smile. “Nah man, I’m still jet-lagged and hung over. I think I’m staying in tonight,” he says, tossing me a wink.

“Yeah, me too, Carter. I think I’m just going to chill tonight and go full force tomorrow.” I move over to the tree and begin placing ornaments on it, trying not to raise my brother’s suspicion.

“You know the two of you aren’t fooling anyone, but I’m a great brother and best friend, so I’ll let you keep your secret for a while. For now, let’s get this tree decorated,” Carter sings, as he sets his cup on the table and picks up the lights, beginning to string them on the tree.

Over the next hour, we reminisce about past Christmases, drink eggnog, and order pizza.

“Man, can you believe we only have a year and a half before we graduate? I know me and Chase will always see each other, you know, being family and all, but Blake, when you make it big playing professional hockey you better not forget us,” Carter announces as he puts the last string of lights on the tree.

Blake glances over in my direction. “You never know what can happen in that time,” he says, smirking. “We could be living together and who’s to say you won’t be playing professionally with me on the same team? We could make it a stipulation in our contracts.”

“Dude, that would be epic,” Carter says, his eyes staring off into space as if he is envisioning the future.

“But guys, we still need to win our games, so we can go all the way to the playoffs in March this year and next,” Blake reminds him.

“Has coach mentioned if he has any scouts lined up to come see us?” I love hockey, but not to the degree they do. But if the opportunity arose, I definitely wouldn’t turn it down.

“No, but I’m sure he’s got some set. I bet he doesn’t tell us, so he knows we are playing our best and not letting nerves get to us,” Blake says, and we both nod in agreement. That makes sense.

We all sit in silence for a moment before Carter becomes antsy and begins bouncing around.

“Okay, since we’re done here, I’m going to run and grab a shower. The pizza should be here any minute,” Carter says to us as he jogs off down the hallway.

“Guess I’ll plug the lights in so we can see our masterpiece. Hit the lights for me,” Blake says, and I reach back to flip the switch, leaving the living room in darkness as he plugs them in and they turn on.

“Looks good,” I tell him as I stand back. It’s filled with various silver balls and hockey-themed ornaments placed amid an array of silver and blue lights. “I think we did a good job decorating for a bunch of jocks.”

Blake shakes his head in agreement just as we hear a knock on the door. “Must be the pizza.” I turn the lights back on and answer the door, greeting the delivery boy and taking tonight’s dinner from him, making sure to tip him well.

I head over to the dining room table with the box as Blake heads to the kitchen, probably to grab some drinks and paper plates. A couple of minutes later, he comes out with both in hand.

I take a seat on the bench at the table—Blake taking the spot directly beside me—and open the box. I pull out a slice and place it on his plate before picking up another. It burns my tongue as I sink my teeth into it. A string of cheese trailing from my mouth as I pull it away. Our arms rest on the table

side by side as our pinkies intertwine while we eat like some cheesy eighties movie.

“So, want to watch a movie tonight?” I ask him in between bites.

“Yeah, we can watch Elf and snuggle on the couch under a blanket. I can pepper your neck with kisses while my hands roam and explore your body.” He looks over at me, his voice husky.

I almost choke on the food in my mouth and go into a coughing fit. I hurry and grab my soda, taking a large sip. Finally, after swallowing everything down and catching my breath, I give him a smile. “Sounds good.”

“Oh, and Chase, I want you choking on my dick, not your food.” He smirks and winks.

Fuck, he’s going to be the death of me.

Chapter 4



Carter

I LIED TO THEM when I said I was going to call the redhead from last night. I didn't have her number, but I was planning to go out. Chase deserved some alone time with Blake, especially after I monopolized their time today. When I came into the kitchen, I found them standing close together at the sink, doing the dishes. Their bodies were touching as they kept glancing at each other, laughing and smiling. It was when Blake leaned in and kissed Chase lightly on the lips, I could hear a chorus of angels singing. I almost broke out into a dance. It was about time they took a leap of faith and took the chance with each other.

Stepping back into the living room after my shower, they were already cozy on the couch. I snagged a piece of pizza and ordered a Lyft to come pick me up. While we were shopping, I overheard some guys talking about Club Bunny and knew I needed to check it out, even though I wasn't sure exactly what type of club it was.

“Heading out now?” Chase asks, and I can see the hopeful glint in his eyes about the possibility of him having some alone time with Blake.

“Yeah, gonna check out this club I heard about.” I grin widely, but it’s more about seeing my brother happy, not going out tonight.

“Cool, have fun. Just call us if you need a ride or anything, man.” Chase gives me the look with his eyes that begs me to not to interrupt them.

“Nah, man, no need. I can get a Lyft back. Hopefully, if all goes well, I’ll be bringing someone home with me or going to her place. And if luck is on my side, it’ll be the redhead from last night or this chick I saw earlier while we were out. She’s how I heard about this club, I was eavesdropping on her conversation.” Not the complete truth, but fuck it.

“Okay, cool man. I really didn’t want to go out at all tonight. But you know if you needed me too, I would.” Blake settles back into the couch, putting his feet up on the coffee table. Glancing over at Chase, I see relief in his eyes.

Picking up my phone from my lap, I check the app to see how far away my driver is and he’s just a few minutes away.

“Well, enjoy the night. I have my keys. I may or may not be back. Don’t have too much fun.” Standing up, I step over to Chase and lean down, kissing him on his cheek before whispering in his ear. “Take the chance, brother.”

“Catch you later, Carter. Don’t forget we plan to hit the slopes tomorrow,” Blake reminds me, as if I could forget. Cold weather, ice, skates, and skis are what I live for. Shit, winter is the equivalent of a wet dream for me.

Slipping on my jacket, I open the door and step out into the brisk, cold night. Snow covers the ground, and it feels like home. Battle Creek University had been hit by a snowstorm just a week before we left to come here.

Two bright lights shine in the distance and as they get closer, I see it’s the cream Mazda shown on the Lyft app. Stepping off the porch, I make my way to the driveway and wait for it to come to a complete stop.

The SUV slows as he pulls in, his window sliding down to show me the middle-aged man in the driver’s seat.

“Carter?”

“Yes, sir.” I open the back door and climb in.

“Okay, let’s get you to your destination,” he tells me as he fiddles with his phone. I can see the directions pop up on the screen.

My driver, Charles, fills the ride with conversation, wanting to know how I was enjoying my stay. I was worried at first and he must have sensed it because he quickly told me he assumed I was visiting since I was staying in the cabin.

Charles is a talker—he barely let me get a word in edgewise. It’s not until he comes to a stop do I realize we’re at the club. He hands a card back to me and I take it from him.

“In case you need a ride when you’re done here tonight. That’s my personal number. I can give you a ride off the clock for a cheaper fare.” He smiles brightly, like he’s doing me a huge favor.

“Thanks Charles.” I flash him a smile back as I exit the SUV, sliding the card in my back pocket, not wanting to be rude.

Heading to the front door, I quickly rate him and tip him, closing the app out before pulling out my wallet from my back pocket.

“ID,” the Rock look-alike at the door says, as I pull it out and hand it over. I’m thankful I’m twenty-one because I don’t see this guy falling for the fake ID I had prior to becoming drinking age.

He hands it back. “That’ll be ten dollars.” Giving him the cash, I open the door and step inside and fuck if I’m not blown away.

There’re cages hanging from the ceiling with women in them dressed as snow bunnies. They have on fur hats and boots that go to their knees with fur around the rim. But instead of a snowsuit, they’re wearing skimpy booty shorts and a crop top. I must have died and gone to heaven. There is a raised railing around the club that’s filled with more dancers.

Checking everything out, I make my way through the crowd over to the bar. I’m ready to scout out the prospects here because after the debacle of last night, I need to get laid.

I order a beer and once I have it in hand, I turn around, resting my forearm on the bar top as my eyes trail around the room. There are some hotties in here tonight, but when my gaze falls on the brown-haired goddess standing with a group of girls, I know I've found the one.

She's short, but that's not what draws my attention. While the girls she's with and hell, most of the girls in the bar are dressed to the nines in some tight, skimpy dress that barely covers their ass, with their tits hanging out, she's not. Instead, she's in some skin-tight jeans, a crop top sweater and fucking converse. She's pulled her hair up into two messy buns on either side of her head, except for the strands that are hanging loose around her face.

She throws her head back in laughter, and my cock immediately responds. All I can do is fucking stare at her like a creeper. I know I need to man up and get over there and talk to her, winning her over with my charm before one of these other dicks swoop in for the night.

The music has changed to Pit Bull and I know it's now or never. Pushing off the bar, I make my way over to her, shifting my body to squeeze through people. One chick in some tight as hell black leather catwoman-looking suit reaches out, grasping my arm, but I pull away from her. I take a mental picture of her because on some off chance I get shot down by the goddess, I'll take her as a consolation prize.

I'm a man on a mission and my target is standing directly in front of me. She shifts her body, so now only her back is to

me, and damn if her plump ass isn't begging for me to take a bite out of it.

The closer I get, the more nervous I feel. I've never been this anxious about talking to a girl. What's making her so different? Stepping up behind her, I'm overwhelmed by the smell of cherry blossoms.

Her back is to me, so she can't see me, but the blonde in front of her does and her lips turn up in a smirk as her eyelashes start to bat. *Sorry, blondie, but you're not the one I want.*

Clearing my throat, I tap the goddess on her shoulder. She turns and I'm hit with the most gorgeous ice-blue eyes I've ever seen. The corners of her lips turn up in a smile and I'm hooked. This is the girl for me and I haven't even said a word to her.

"Hey, I'm Carter. I saw you from where I was standing over there and knew I needed to talk to the hottest girl in the room."

"I'm Ginny. Looks like I'm a lucky girl. Especially since you're the best-looking guy I've seen in here." Fuck, her sultry voice has my cock twitching. I try to calm myself, not wanting to scare her off before I have a chance to take this further.

"Care for a drink?"

She looks over her shoulder at her friends, then back at me before leaning into blondie and whispering something. The

music is so loud and her voice is so soft I can't make out what she's saying.

“Okay, lead the way.”

I do a mental fist pump as I place my hand on the small of her back, just above the swell of her ass, and guide her over to the bar. There are no seats, so I look around and see a vacant table in the corner.

“What do you want to drink?”

“Can I get a Liquid Marijuana?”

“That sounds serious, so I think I'm going to have it, too. I'll get the drinks if you want to snag us that table in the corner,” I tell her and point toward it.

“Sounds like a plan, Carter.” She pulls away from me and my hand already misses the feel of her. I watch as she moves across the room, her ass swaying back and forth as my head moves in sync with it. Once she sits down, I step up to the bar and wave at the bartender, getting his attention.

When he steps over, I order the two drinks, keeping my eyes on her the entire time. There's no way in hell I'm letting one of these fuckers in here slide in and snatch her away from me. She pulls out her phone and I can see her face change from a smile to a frown.

It doesn't take long, and the bartender sets the drinks in front of me, letting me know the total. “That'll be twenty-five dollars.”

Shit! For two drinks?

I pull out my card and hand it to him. It only takes a few moments for him to run it and hand it back. Picking the drinks up, I head over to the table—excited to see where the night takes us.

Setting her drink down in front of her, I scoot the free chair closer to her and take a seat.

She lays her phone face down on the table and picks up the drink, taking a sip. “Thank you. Even though I broke all the rules by accepting a drink from a stranger. For all I know, you could have slipped something in it on the way over. Next thing I know, the world will go all fuzzy. Then I’ll be a blubbering mess, all prime for you to have your way with.”

I like her, and I can’t control the laugh that bursts out of me. “You got me. Figured out my whole devious plan. Except that I plan to share you with my two roommates.”

Her beautiful eyes just stare at me as she lets the tip of her right pointer finger skim around the rim of the glass, not giving me any reaction. For a moment, I think I may have fucked up and took it too far.

She takes her hand off the glass, then leans into me. “Kinky. What makes you think I wouldn’t like that? Have all my available holes filled by cocks?” And if that wasn’t enough to have me screaming thank you to the gods, she slams her lips on mine, kissing me like a woman who knows exactly what she wants.

Chapter 5



Ginny

D AD: WE NEED TO talk about this decision. Where are you?

Me: I'm enjoying the holiday with friends. What do we need to talk about? It's my decision to make, or have you forgotten I'm over 18.

Dad: You're throwing away everything you worked hard for. What about Antony? Are you really going to destroy his dreams, too?

Me: Wow Dad, seems you care more about him than me. Your daughter, in case you forgot.

Me: GTG. Talk later.

Dad: I expect to see you by the end of January. Do you hear me?

Me: Yes Dad.

Me: Bye.

My conversation with my father is still nagging at me. When I joke about the drink to Carter, I'm not prepared for his response. Truthfully, it's not a joke; women should never take drinks from strangers in a bar, and I broke the cardinal rule.

But his answer sets me on fire. Little does he know I mean what I said. The idea of being with three men has my core throbbing. My only goal for this Christmas break is to let my freak flag fly and do whatever the hell I want.

So I slam my lips down on his and kiss him. I mean, why the hell not? And damn if it isn't hot. I expect him to pull away, but he doesn't. The sparks that are flying between us, though, are definitely unexpected. As he deepens the kiss, I part my lips and his tongue slips in, caressing mine.

I angle myself toward him, needing to feel more of his body against mine. His hand slides into my hair, holding my head firmly in place, and instantly, I imagine him fisting my hair in his hand as I suck his cock—pushing my face down on what I hope to be a very impressive shaft.

When he pulls away, we're both breathless. I touch my swollen lips, which ache to kiss him again. "Fuck, that was amazing," he tells me, as he lifts his glass and takes a swallow of his drink.

He's fucking gorgeous—tall, but everyone is compared to me. His shoulders are broad and muscular, the shirt he's wearing stretching tightly against his body. Emerald green eyes look back at me with a slight golden fleck in the right one that matches his shaggy chestnut locks perfectly. His skin is

smooth, and I wonder what he would look like with a close-cut beard—how it would feel rubbing against my thighs as he devoured my pussy.

“That it was.”

“So, Ginny, what are you doing here?”

“Just spending the holidays with some friends before I go visit my dad. Apparently, he felt the need to remind me tonight via text since I wasn’t taking his calls. How about you?”

“Just here with my brother and a friend of ours. Seems our parents felt since we were grown and didn’t want to come home, a cruise would be more fun for them.”

“Guess your family couldn’t wait to be away from you, and mine wants to smother me. What a pair we make. And brother and friend? Maybe you weren’t joking.” I laugh just as one of my favorite songs starts playing—Lizzo *Truth Hurts*—and I want to dance.

Standing up, I pick up my drink and down it like a woman possessed. No way in hell I’m wasting it. I slam the empty glass down on the table and take Carter’s hand in mine. “Come dance with me?”

“Okay, hold on.” He picks up his drink, doing the same as me, then lets me drag him to the dance floor.

I love music. Turning around, I put my back to his chest and begin grinding against him. When he starts dancing behind me, my jaw drops—he’s got some moves. The way he’s moving against me sends my mind straight to the gutter.

His hot breath skirts along my neck as he leans into me. “Fuck baby, you’re getting me hard moving like that.” He thrusts his crotch into me and I can feel his sizable hardness.

“Seems like you’re already there, not getting.” Turning around, I wrap my arms around his neck just as the music changes to a slow song. His hands slide around my waist, rubbing up and down my back before dipping to my ass, cupping each of my cheeks.

“And if I were to ask to look at your pussy, would it be sopping wet?” His gravelly voice sends shivers down my spine. Truth is, I am wet. If he were to look, I bet those lips would be just as swollen and needy as the ones on my face were after he kissed me.

I don’t know what happens, but the inner vixen in me comes out to play. “Why don’t we find a dark corner and you can slip your fingers inside my panties and find out?”

He growls, sending a shot of electricity straight to my pussy and it throbs with need. He releases me, then takes my hand. We weave through the crowd as his head swivels left to right, taking in the club. I don’t have to ask. I know what he’s doing.

Carter must find what he’s looking for, because he begins to move more swiftly through the crowd and his excitement to have me turns me on. I know I’m not ugly, but other than the guys in the club, I’m not around men a lot. So when I’m out in public and the opportunity arises, let’s just say it leads to a whole lot of hookups before I’m swept back off to my

secluded life. But to know this guy genuinely wants me because of me and not because of accessibility has me soaring.

As soon as he gets to where he wants, he turns me around so I'm facing him as he gazes into my eyes. With each step forward he makes, I take one back until my body hits the cold wall behind me.

"You're so fucking beautiful," he whispers, leaning down and kissing along my neck. When he hits my sweet spot, I moan loudly. He nibbles on my ear, giving my ear lobe a tug. That one motion floods my core.

I reach out and grab his pants, fumbling with his button. I need my hand on his cock now. I manage to get them undone and slide past the band of his boxers, my palm flush with his skin as I dip lower until I'm gripping his enormous cock.

As my fingers glide along it, I moan. He's got a fucking Jacob's ladder. My mind races, wondering how they would feel inside of me. Would it change the orgasm? Intensify it? "You like that, baby? But I have to confess I want to hear moans for another reason." He keeps one hand on the wall beside my head, as the other drifts down my body, stopping to gently caress my tit before slipping inside of my jeans and sliding underneath the band of my panties.

His fingers hit my bare mound and trace circles around my clit. Fuck, that feels amazing. I cry out and he quickly stifles the noise, placing his lips on mine again, kissing me deeply.

As he swallows my moans, he slides between my wet folds, spreading my juices.

“Baby, you’re sopping wet for me. Spread your legs, Ginny, I need more room,” he commands, and I eagerly obey.

His fingers begin rubbing through my folds more at a quicker pace, and I can feel the building pressure in the pit of my stomach. I stroke him faster, each of us moaning, but still trying to be as discreet as we can. God, I wish I had worn a skirt.

“Fuck baby, I need you so bad,” he growls and shit, I need him too. Pulling my hand from his pants, I place my hands on his chest and push him away.

“Me too. Come on, let’s go find somewhere.” I button my pants, and Carter does the same before we head out on a mission.

“Hell yeah, baby. I need more than a teenage corner grope. I need my cock buried deep inside of you.” If he only knew how much I needed the same. Or maybe he does know. Either way, we need to find somewhere a little more secluded so I can get rid of some of these clothes.

We stay along the outskirts of the club until I find a hallway that leads to the bathroom. Pulling his hand, I turn down it with him hot on my heels. The bathroom is out of the question. There’s always someone going in and out of it, especially in the women’s one. I know there’ll be someone trying to get in just as I’m trying to get off.

I glance over to the left and hit gold. I just hope the door is unlocked. Picking up my pace, I rush to it, checking to make sure no one's looking, and take hold of the doorknob. Carter's trying to hold in his laughter, and I don't even care.

When the knob turns, and the door opens, I let out a yelp of success. I step inside, yanking Carter in with me. He shuts the door and turns the lock before looking back at me, his emerald holding me hostage.

“A janitor's closet, baby. You really are kinky, aren't you?”

“Just promise me you have a condom somewhere on you.” I slide my feet out of my shoes before undoing my pants and shimmy them down my legs, right along with my panties. Stepping out of them, I lay them over a box to my side, leaving me standing before him, naked from the waist down.

His eyes roam the length of my body, taking in every inch before he reaches in his back pocket and pulls out his wallet. He opens it and pulls out a small foiled package. The smile on my face matches his.

“Looks like it's our lucky night. I happen to have one on me.”

“Then what are you waiting for?” I turn around, placing my hands on the shelf in front of me, and bend over. I shift my weight left and right, shaking my ass a little for him, before peeking over my shoulder.

Carter's eyes are locked on my ass, his pants undone and his cock in his hands as he strokes it up and down. Tired of

waiting, I give him a pouty face.

“Now that’s the best view I’ve seen in ages.” He lets go of his cock long enough to open the condom wrapper and put it on.

Stepping closer to me, he places the palm of his hand on the middle of my back and pushes me further down, while placing a leg between mine and spreading them further apart. “What I really want to do, Ginny, is lay you out and feast on your pussy, but this isn’t the place and my dick’s begging to be buried deep inside of you.”

Carter takes the head of his cock and runs it through my slick folds, back and forth, teasing me until I’m begging. “Fuck me, Carter. Then you can take me home and do anything you want to me.”

“I plan to, baby. I’m not letting you out of my sight.” As soon as the last word leaves his lips, he pushes his cock deep inside of me. I scream out, the mixture of pain and pleasure almost too much at once. He immediately starts thrusting without giving me a chance to catch my breath. One of his hands snakes around to the front of my body and rubs in circular motions on my clit.

That heated feeling builds in my core once more and I can’t contain the noises that escape. The room is quiet except for our moans and the sound of skin slapping as his cock pounds into my pussy relentlessly.

My body erupts in electricity as bursts of lights appear behind my eyes and I know I’m about to come.

“God, Ginny, I’m not going to last much longer. I want you to come with me,” he growls in my ear.

“I’m about to,” I manage to slip out between gasps. I grip the shelf with my hands as I feel my orgasm take over me and my legs become weak. Carter presses the pad of his thumb down on my clit, sending me into overdrive as another orgasm rips through my body.

Carter thrusts his hips a couple more times before he stills, gripping me tightly. I can feel his cock throbbing inside of me, and I know he’s coming as well. But I’m a greedy whore and I want more. More of him.

“Let’s go back to your place,” I whisper.

“Hell yeah.”

A pounding on the door interrupts us and his eyes go wide as he pulls out of me quickly.

“Who’s in there? Open the door,” a very pissed off masculine voice screams from the other side.

“Shit, get dressed baby.” Carter grabs my clothes in a panic and hands them to me as he removes the condom, careful not to spill any of the contents, and ties it off, slipping it into his pocket. He quickly zips his pants up.

I’m hurrying as fast as I can as the pounding on the door intensifies.

“Get out now or we’re calling the cops,” the voice calls out and I’m in full-blown panic mode. I quickly slip my shoes on as Carter takes my hand.

We hurry to the door, opening just as the bouncer is about to knock again. “Get the fuck out of here,” he calls out as he inhales deeply, sniffing the air that I know reeks of sex.

Carter wraps his arms around my shoulder as he guides me out of the room. “Sorry man,” he calls out as we rush down the hallway, both of us holding back our laughter.

“Still want to come to my place?”

“More than ever,” I tell him, and I fucking mean it.

Chapter 6



Blake

I NEVER IN MY wildest dreams thought I'd be where I am right now. Lying on the couch with Chase between my legs. His head is resting on my chest, and his hand is on my leg, so close to my hardened member. My hand trails up and down his back as he reaches down and grips my cock tight, stroking it. I know I have an effect on him; hell, he does on me, too. We're nearing the end of Elf, and I can't wait to take him to the bedroom.

"Blake?" Chase asks softly, turning his head to peer up at me. His hand moves to my chest, where his fingers start drawing nervous circles. "Are you sure about us? I mean, that you want to be with me?"

"Listen, and listen hard, Chase. I've never been more sure about anything in my life. I've wanted you for years and now that I've got you, I'm not letting you go. So be prepared for it," I tell him as I take a hold of him and pull him further up my body, his face level with mine. I tilt my head forward,

pulling him into a kiss that has my toes curling and my eyes crossing.

“What do you think the team will think? I’m scared they’ll treat me differently,” he confesses, and I know I need to stop him from heading down that road of thinking. It’ll put an end to us before we can even begin.

I let my fingers run through his hair. “Do they treat me any different from anyone else?”

“No, but—” he starts before I cut him off, removing my hand from his hair and placing a finger over his soft pink lips.

“No buts. They won’t treat you differently. Hell, they’ll probably be ecstatic to see us so happy and in love. Because, take my word for it, Chase Olsen, I love you. I think I’ve loved you since the minute I saw you. First as a friend, then as we grew, and I knew what I was feeling. I loved you as the man who would be my soulmate. This trip is for us. We get to explore and grow, and then when we get back, we announce we’re a couple. That’s if you want to be my boyfriend?” Nervousness sets in and I become worried he may not want that with the way he’s overthinking how others will treat him.

He stares at me and I brace for his answer, his rejection. “I would love to be your boyfriend, but going back to what we talked about last night. If we met someone and wanted to bring them in, how does that work?” His voice gets lower the longer he speaks, his eyes focused on my chest, avoiding looking at me in mine.

“Then we communicate with each other, and only if we both agree. This is our relationship and we’ll do what we want in it. Our happiness is all that matters, and fuck everyone else.” Looking over at the TV, I see the credits rolling. “Ready to go to bed?” I ask, kissing his forehead.

“Yeah, I am.” He raises up off me and stands, taking my hand in his and pulling me up to him.

Once I’m standing, he tries to let go of my hand, but I have other plans. I pull him back into my body, his back held firmly against my chest, and wrap my arm around his waist, holding him in place. Using my free hand, I tilt his head to the side and start kissing along his neck. “Can I fuck you tonight, baby? Can I lube this tight ass of yours and seat my cock firmly in it, pumping in and out of it until I come inside of you?”

I hear his breath hitch at my words as he swallows deeply, trying to contain himself, before a barely audible, “Yes, please!” crosses his lips.

“Then head to the room. I want you naked and waiting in bed for me. In the drawer beside our bed, I placed some lube and condoms. I want you to take them out and put them on top of the dresser for me. I’ll be there in five minutes and I want you ready.”

I release him, watching as he eagerly obeys and heads to the room, my cock already twitching in delight at how obedient he is.

I give him time to do as I said—the time, though, is more for me to calm down. Even though he’s had some experience

being with a guy, this will be his first time going all the way. I want it to be special for him, so he will love it and beg for more. Once I've got myself under control, I head to the room. Opening the door, I step inside to see him just as I asked, buck naked, spread eagle on the bed and propped up on his elbows as he gazes up at me.

Walking over to the bed, I place a knee on it, leaning forward, allowing the tips of my fingers to glide along the length of his hairy legs—such a contrast to the sleek well-shaven legs of a woman, and I love them both. Each of them sends a different fiery sensation through my body.

Climbing further up, I swing my leg over him, straddling his waist as I lean down and pepper gentle kisses along his chest. I stare at his huge pectoral muscles. Each kiss has him arching his back in ecstasy. I keep going, kissing down the middle of his stomach until I reach the V of his groin and the small patch of hair leading down to his well-groomed, already hard cock, pre-cum glistening at its tip. I move further down, so I can lean forward and swipe my tongue along the length of it, tasting him on my lips. *Fuck, he's delicious.*

Pulling back, I climb off the bed and stand up, slowly removing my shirt as I watch his eyes peruse my body. His tongue swipes over his lips and I know he likes what he sees. I stick my thumb into the elastic band of my gray sweatpants and grip firmly, dragging them down, allowing them to fall to the floor as I step out of them.

I fist my hardened shaft in my hand, slowly stroking it up and down while watching him, making sure he's enjoying every minute.

“Like what you see? Are you already imagining my cock buried balls deep in your ass?” I ask, and his half-lidded eyes glaze over as he nods his head. That just won't do. “Words, babe, I need words.”

“Yes,” he says breathlessly. I crawl back on the bed, leaning over him, and start licking along the length of his dick. His body trembles under me and I love it.

Giving head isn't something I normally do with the men I'm with, but Chase is different. I want to pleasure him in every way possible; I want him to crumble beneath me, knowing I can fulfill his every desire one hundred percent.

Opening my mouth wide, I slowly move down the length of him, taking it deep. My baby has an enormous cock, so I have to swallow, allowing my throat to relax to take in the full length of his rock-hard shaft. I hear him gulp loudly as his cock is fully seated in my mouth. I bob up and down, never fully releasing it— swirling my tongue ring around the rim of his head every time I do.

I break only momentarily to reach out, grab the lube and give it to Chase. “Open this for me and squirt some in my hand,” I command him, returning my mouth to its delicious appraisal of his cock. The cool gel-like liquid hits my palm and I rub my fingers through it before moving them down to his ass. Spreading the cool gel across it, I make sure there is

plenty of lubrication to allow the tip of my finger to slip inside.

I feel him when he tenses up, opening my mouth enough to speak, “Relax,” comes out muffled, vibrating around his dick. He must have understood enough, as he immediately loosens up. Such a good listener he is. I push my finger deeper inside, fighting against the barrier of muscle until I win, and it slides all the way in up to the last knuckle. I pull back out, allowing another finger to join, sliding in beside it, scissoring once they are in, stretching his hole, prepping it for me. Normally, with a virgin, I would take longer to prep them, and make sure they were ready, but with Chase, I’m craving him now and I know he wants it too. I just need to make sure he can handle it.

Allowing his dick to slide out of my mouth, I tilt my head up, my eyes landing on his, staring back at me. “Babe, normally I would prep you longer, make sure you’re fully stretched, but I want you so bad. Is it okay to still take you or do you want to wait? I’m leaving the decision up to you. I’ll go slow if you choose to continue tonight.”

Without hesitation, he answers, “I’ve waited too long for you, for this. I want you tonight, Blake. Fuck me, please.”

That’s all I needed. I take his cock back into my mouth, sucking it like an addict chasing his next fix, as I work to stretch his ass, making sure it’s ready for me after he comes—judging from the way he’s vibrating underneath me, it won’t be long. I catch him fisting the sheets with his hands as his

hips buck upward just as he explodes in my mouth and I suck harder, swallowing every drop.

Raising up on my knees, I swipe my tongue along my lips, catching any drop of his intoxicating essence that may have slipped out. I pick up the condom wrapper lying on the bed and place it between my teeth, ripping it open. I keep eye contact with him as I roll the condom down the length of my shaft, pulling the end a little to make sure it's securely in place. Picking up the lube, I squirt more into my hand and stroke up and down the length of my sheathed dick, making sure it's fully covered before adding what's left to his puckered hole.

I position my body between his massive thighs, lifting each and placing them over my shoulder. I want to see his face when I come inside of him. His body is still in the aftershocks of his orgasm, but I know he wants more. I place the tip of my cock at his entrance. "Take a deep breath, baby, and when I push in, blow it out, but try to relax." Once he does, I push in, slowly at first, but as his hole accommodates my size, he relaxes, so I'm able to push further inside until my cock sits balls deep inside of him.

Allowing him a moment, I just look at him. Then, reaching down, I take his cock in my hand and stroke it as I pump in and out of him. *God, he feels fucking amazing!* I know at this moment I want to spend the rest of my fucking life with this man.

His moans of pleasure mixed with mine urge me on like the crowd at our games. I stroke faster, but his hand replaces mine on his cock. No longer stroking him, I grip his thighs over my shoulders, and fuck him like a madman, my orgasm so close. I'm craving it. I feel my balls tighten just as I hear Chase scream out he's coming again. That sends me over the last hurdle and my orgasm crashes through my body.

We stay like that for a minute, breathing hard. When I finally feel like I can move, I pull my cock out of him, holding it at the base to keep my cum filled condom in place. "Don't move, I'll be right back," I tell him.

I move across the room to the bathroom, turning on the light. Slowly removing the condom, I toss it in the trash can, before grabbing a washcloth from the basket on the sink and wetting it with warm water.

I wipe my cock down before turning off the light and heading back to the bedroom. Chase listened so well and didn't move an inch. Crawling back up on the bed, I place the washcloth between his legs and wipe his hole clean of all the lube, soothing it from its recent activity. His rock-hard abs are splattered with cum, and being the man I am, I can't let it go to waste. Leaning down, I lick up every drop before folding the washcloth over and wiping his stomach. I toss it to the floor when I'm done and lie down, pulling him tight into me as I spoon him.

Before I know it, we both fall asleep. I couldn't be a happier man at the moment.

Chapter 7



Chase

WAKING UP THIS MORNING with Blake's arms firmly wrapped around me is the greatest feeling ever. I just hope he doesn't regret what we did last night when he wakes up.

Slipping out of his arms, I make my way to the bathroom, urgently needing to piss.

He's still sleeping when I'm done. Not wanting to wake him, I reach into my suitcase and pull out some boxers and a shirt, and head to the kitchen to make some coffee. When I enter the living room, I smell the aroma of the coffee brewing, and I'm shocked. Carter isn't a coffee drinker unless he's cramming for midterms. What's got him brewing coffee this morning?

But it's not Carter standing at the counter, coffee in hand, with their lips on it, drinking the delicious dark goodness.

It's her. What the fuck? How did she get here?

The girl from the airport is standing at my kitchen counter, wearing only a shirt that barely covers her ass, her tanned,

toned legs on full display. Her brown hair is a mess, standing on end. She looks at me with lust and familiarity.

“Carter, why are you looking at me like that? You told me I could make some coffee.” Her voice is soft and sultry.

Surprised, I look behind me to see if he’s there, but he’s not. It’s just me. Either I take longer to turn around and look than I think, or she moves with the speed of a cheetah. Her coffee mug is left abandoned on the counter when I turn back around and she’s leaping into my arms. I reach out to catch her, gripping her luscious, ample ass in my hands. She wraps her arms around my neck and legs around my waist, placing her lips on mine, and kissing me deeply.

“Now that’s a sight I can wake up to,” comes from behind me in a deep, gravelly voice.

Fuck, Blake! He’s going to be pissed. One night and I’m already cheating on him. Both our heads turn quickly to see him standing there, with lust filled eyes as they peruse over us, entangled together.

He moves closer, gripping my head, and turns my mouth toward him, kissing me deeply. When he releases me, he does the same to her, which she eagerly reciprocates. I should be jealous of seeing him with her, but it excites me, and I want more. I want to have her between us as we each fill a hole, fucking her, or him taking me as I fuck her. The thoughts have my already hardening dick at full attention.

He releases his hold on her. “Baby, how did you find our mystery girl and bring her here for us? Shall we take this to the

bedroom?”

“I thought you’d never ask,” she says as she hops down from my arms, taking each of us by the hand and pulling us toward the hallway.

“Stop!” I call out quickly. I need to stop this now. She thinks I’m Carter, and she needs to know the truth.

“What,” she says playfully, “Don’t you want it? Me, you, and him. Think of all the fun we could have.”

“Trust me, I know we could have fun. That’s not it. You called me Carter.” I hear Blake’s groan as he realizes. She’s with Carter and she thinks I’m him.

“Yeah, silly, that’s your name,” she says as she walks back over to me, slapping me playfully across the chest before gripping my hand in hers and attempting to pull me down the hallway again.

“You see, that’s just it. I’m not Carter. I’m his brother Chase, his twin.”

She looks at me, confused. “Stop playing with me. If you didn’t know me, then why did your friend over here act like he’s seen me before?”

“Because we saw you at the airport. Hold on,” I tell her as I storm off down the hallway, and she moves over closer to Blake, no doubt with questions for him.

I don’t even bother knocking on Carter’s door before opening it and barging inside. “Carter, wake up. I need you in the living room.”

“Dude,” he groans, “Why aren’t you still wrapped up in bed with Blake? I heard y’all going at it when we came in last night.” His eyes are still firmly closed as he reaches back and takes the pillow, pulling it over his head. It must take him a moment to realize someone’s missing. Bolting up in bed, he looks around.

“Yeah, your guest is out in the living room. Just so you know, she thought I was you, jumped on me. Blake came out and started kissing her, and she’s wanting to fuck us both. Oh, and yeah, the cherry on top? She’s the girl we saw at the airport. But she thinks I’m lying, and trust me, as much as I want to see her between me and Blake, I’m not fucking a chick who thinks I’m you. So get dressed and get out here.” I turn, leave the room, slamming the door behind me.

I’m not pissed he had her, I’m pissed I can’t now. That Blake and I can’t share her.

Stepping back into the living room, I see Blake seated on the couch, her in his lap grinding away on top of him as they’re sucking each other’s tonsils out, and damn if it’s not hot. It just takes a moment for my insecurities to take hold, and I wonder if I’m enough for him—if he would choose another pussy or dick over me, if it were willingly available to him.

I go to turn and leave the room, knocking into the end table, and sending the books on it crashing to the floor.

“Chase, baby, where are you going?” Blake asks, releasing her mouth from their kiss. Hell, I don’t even know her name.

“Carter will be out in a minute. I’m going to go shower.” I rush down the hallway to our bedroom, passing my brother on the way.

“Chase!” he calls out, but I just throw my hand up in response. I need the safety of my room so I can spiral in my own thoughts. Once inside, I shut the door behind me, leaning back against it. I allow my body to slide down the door until my butt hits the carpeted floor. Reaching up, I lock it, keeping anyone from entering—not that anyone would.

Knocking on the door startles me before I hear Carter talking. “Chase, what’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” I call back. “I just want to be alone, okay?”

“I’m not leaving. Now open the door and tell me what happened,” he shouts just before I hear another muffled voice.

I can’t make out what’s being said, but I hear the voices getting louder and more angry. Blake must have followed me from the living room.

Not liking what I’m hearing and afraid of what might happen, I stand up and open the door, seeing Carter’s fist raised, ready to punch Blake in the face. “I told you not to hurt him,” he says as he swings. I’m barely able to stop him before his fist collides with Blake’s face.

“Fuck, you are twins. Identical twins,” comes from the girl, hell, what’s her name?

“Ginny, can you go to the living room and wait for me there?” Carter asks her.

“Sure.” She turns and bounces off down the hallway—not a care in the world about the fight that’s about to happen.

“So, tell me what the fuck he did to you?” Carter demands, staring angrily at Blake.

“He didn’t do anything.”

“Then why the hell are you upset? I know you, Chase, this isn’t you. You only ever get this upset when something happens.”

“Talk to me, babe. What did I do?” Blake moves toward me as he speaks, reaching out to take my hand in his. “Carter, can we talk alone, please?”

“Fuck no. I want to know what happened, plus I hear you know the girl I brought home, and my twin telepathy tells me she may have something to do with it. So no, I’m not leaving,” Carter announces in an aggressive yet protective tone.

“Fine, let’s just step into the bedroom, please,” I tell them, turning and heading back in. Sitting down on the edge of the bed, I sigh, nervously raking my fingers up and down my thigh.

“So we saw her, Ginny, at the airport, and Blake was instantly attracted to her. Hell, I was too. But she left, and neither of us expected to see her again. When I came out to the kitchen to start the coffee, she was there, but she thought I was you and jumped into my arms, kissing me. Fuck, it was so good too, but I started to feel guilty. Blake and I had just decided to date last night, just made love.” Looking up into

Blake's eyes, I say the last part. "That's what it was for me, Blake, making love, not just sex. I've wanted you for so long. I always knew I loved you."

"I love you too, and it wasn't just sex for me either, Chase. It didn't even upset me seeing you and her. I told you that if you wanted, we could bring a girl into what we have. I was just so caught up in the moment of seeing the girl I was instantly attracted to in the arms of the man I love, it turned me on. That's why I joined in," Blake tells me as he moves to sit beside me on the bed.

"When you went to the room to get Carter to prove you were twins, she made another move on me. I thought we were good, that you were okay with it. So we started making out, waiting for you to come back and join us," he finishes.

"Seeing you with her, my insecurities took over, and I thought I wasn't good enough, especially if you have other people around," I finally admit.

"Babe," he says as he reaches up, cradling my cheek in his hands, turning my face toward him. "There will never be anyone who can take my love away from you. I thought you wanted this, her?"

"I do. I'm sorry for doubting your feelings," I tell him as I hear Carter clearing his throat.

"Good, I don't have to kick my best friend's ass for fucking over my brother. But we still have a problem. I really like this girl and now I know you have your sights set on her, too. What do we do?" Carter looks between both of us as he speaks, but

our eyes are focused on the beauty who's stepped up behind him, leaning against the doorjamb.

A throat clearing pulls Carter's attention in the same direction we are looking.

"It's easy, you share me. I get the best of all worlds. Three men who want to pleasure me and fulfill my every need. You said it yourself, Carter, at the bar. You wanted to share me with your roommates. Now's the chance," she says, no wavering in her voice as she moves off the door, walking into the room to stand between the three of us.

Fuck, could it work?

"Looks like this is a vacation for the books and it just got more interesting," Carter says from where he's leaning up against the wall, watching us with a devious glint in his eyes. "Glad to see we have the same taste in girls, one I'm perfectly happy to share."

We all look around at each other, and I'm hoping we all have the same thought in mind.

This is gonna be the best Christmas ever.

Chapter 8



Ginny

WHEN CARTER JOKED ABOUT it at the bar, I never dreamed in a million years it would actually happen. I'm about to have sex with three hot-ass guys, two who look identical.

“So, how are we gonna do this?” I finally ask.

Looking between the three of them, I wait for an answer. I'm used to one-night stands, but having three men at the same time is so far out of my league, I can already see myself drowning.

“How about we just hang out today, get to know each other? Let it happen naturally, like it did this morning.” Blake gives me a wink while pulling the twin, who is not Carter, closer to him, kissing him softly on the cheek.

Fuck if that doesn't have my vagina screaming to be with them both.

“Sounds good to me. I, for one, am fucking starving.” Carter takes my hand and pulls me out of the room behind him,

straight to the kitchen.

“I need more coffee,” my voice comes out in a whisper.

“Me too baby, me too and I don’t even normally drink it.”

We step into the kitchen and he heads straight for the coffee pot, releasing his hold on my hand to pull four cups out of the cabinet. Shit, I don’t even remember where I left the one I had earlier. Once he has them sitting on the counter, he gets the creamer out of the fridge and starts to make them.

“What do you want in yours, babe?”

“Just cream. Do you have something to eat here or do we want to go somewhere? If so, then I need to run home and change.” It hits me then that I’m still in Carter’s shirt and my panties. “Actually, I’m going to get dressed real quick.” I scurry off down the hallway before he can say anything, passing the other two on my way.

Shit, am I really going to do this? Sex with three guys. Maybe they just want to hang out for the day, so they don’t have to go through with it. I mean, I know Carter was into me, and looked like Blake was too with our make-out session we were having before the other twin caught us. Shit, I really need to remember his name. I know they said it, but with everything going on, I didn’t catch it.

I pull on my jeans, then pull off Carter’s shirt, so I can put my bra back on. Looking down at the shirt I wore last night and the one I just removed, I make a quick decision and put Carter’s back on. Hopefully, he won’t mind me wearing it.

“You look good in it,” comes from a deep voice behind me just before two large, muscular hands wrap around my waist.

“So it’s cool if I wear it home today?” He spins me around in his arms, so that I’m looking him dead in the face.

“You’re leaving?”

“Yeah, I need to shower and change. In case you didn’t know, I’m a girl and we kind of prefer not to wear our underwear more than one day in a row. At least I don’t,” I laugh, placing my hand on his chest as I gaze up into his green eyes.

“But you’re coming back? In fact, pack some clothes so that you can stay more than one night and don’t have to run away.” He presses his lips to mine and I melt.

Heat pools in my core, but he doesn’t let up, teasing his tongue along the seam of my lips until I relent and let him in. His arms tighten around me and I can feel his hard dick pressing against me. Fuck, I want him.

Just as quickly as he initiated the kiss, he releases me, leaving me panting and wanting more. I lift my hand from his chest and run my fingertips down his jawline, tracing his lips.

“Please tell me you’re coming back, Ginny. I want more than last night. If being with all three of us is too much, then it’s okay. They’ll have to understand you’re mine. But if you’re ready to be treated like a goddess and have your body ravished by us, then go take a shower and get your stuff and come back.”

“I’m coming back,” I tell him, knowing this is exactly what I want. The only thing I need to do is get to know the other two better, mainly his twin.

“And?” Carter asks, a hopeful look on his face, and then it hits me.

“I’ll bring back some clothes.”

He picks me up, tossing me over his shoulder, as he slaps my ass and carries me out of the room and down the hallway. Normally I’d complain, but the view of his ass is freaking amazing.

I hear a round of laughter before I’m spun around and when I lift my head up, it’s two smiling faces.

“She’s giving us a nice view, isn’t she, baby?” Blake asks, as he pulls the twin closer to him.

“That she is. Carter, let her down, man.”

“Fine. You’re a party pooper, Chase. But the good news is she’s staying. She’s just running home to pack some clothes.” *Thank you, Jesus.* Carter calling him by his name was a blessing in disguise. *Chase.* I like that.

Carter lowers me to the floor before taking my hand and leading me over to the table. He pulls out a chair, gesturing for me to sit down while he takes the empty seat next to me.

“Guess we should all introduce ourselves,” the guy I now know is Chase says, as he takes a seat across from me, then takes a sip of his coffee.

“Yeah, guess we should. Umm. I’m Ginny. Here for the holidays with some friends. Met this guy last night, and he made a comment about having some friends and drugging me, so you could all have your way with me.”

“That sounds like my brother. I’m Chase, this guy’s twin, obviously. He thinks he’s the better looking one, but it’s really me. In case you’re wondering, I’m bi, and, well, me and Blake are kinda new. We officially just started dating, but are open to having fun with a female together.” Chase looks over at Blake and smiles, a small dimple appearing in his cheek. Carter doesn’t have any.

“Yeah, he’s my little brainiac. Crushed on him for years. We even both had our eyes on you at the airport, but you escaped. Guess Carter did us a favor by hunting you down. We’ve already played tonsil hockey, but I’m Blake.” He sits down next to Chase, taking hold of his hand and bringing it to his mouth, kissing it. Looking to my right at Carter, I see how happy he is for his brother. I love how accepting he is.

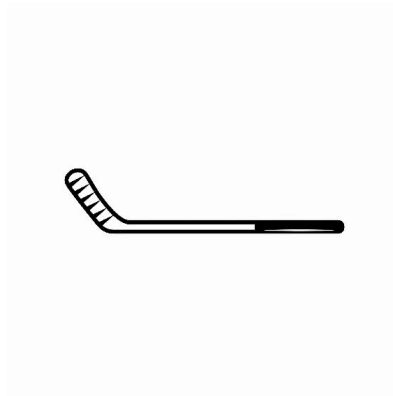
Clearing my throat, I speak up, “Since this is a holiday thing, kind of like the whole what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas, I think we should adopt the same philosophy here. No specific details about each other, no last names, and no phone numbers to contact later.”

“Wait, can we agree to swapping phone numbers just while we are here? I mean, we need to have some form of contact,” Blakes asks.

Carter and Chase look at me and after a moment, we all nod our heads.

“We can do that,” Carter says.

We finish our coffee and eat the muffins that Chase put on the table after pulling them from the oven. Blueberry, my favorite. Once I’m done and while they’re cleaning the kitchen, I head back to Carter’s room and put on my shoes and get my phone. I need to get a Lyft and head back to my cabin so I can grab some clothes.



Blake

I can't believe it. Everything is coming out just how I want it. I've got the guy I've always wanted, and now the girl. The only thing I need to do now is make sure Chase is fully on board. I know we've talked, but now that it's something that's actually happening, I want to make sure we're not about to ruin what we just started. If that's the case, then it's a no for me with Ginny.

"So, you think she's coming back?" Both Chase and Carter look over at me as we watch the Lyft pull out of the yard.

"I do, Blake. I'm serious about the four of us. It'll be fun and she's fucking amazing. Not only is she hot as hell, but she's funny, has a brain, and is nothing like the other girls we've met. The big question is how are the two of you?" Carter smiles broadly as he heads back to the kitchen and pulls a beer from the fridge. Chase gives him a side eye, but he shakes his head.

"We're on vacation, Chase, we can drink. It'll be okay. Then when we're back at school, it's back to training."

"Okay," Chase relents.

"Now answer the question. You're not getting away from it that easy." Carter takes a drink of his beer as he leans against the kitchen counter, crossing his feet at the heels.

“We’re good. Officially together and have a mutual agreement if we bring a female into our bed, it’s because we both want it. Anything else, Dad?” I try to keep the sarcasm in my voice at bay, but it doesn’t work.

“I love you brother, but this is between the two of us”—Chase moves his finger between me and him—“and our relationship is our business. Thanks for earlier today and always being there for me, even ready to go against your best friend. But we have this. We need to handle our own stuff or it’s never going to work.”

“Okay, well, I’m going to shower. I need to be clean when our girl gets back and then we all need to sit down and decide how we want this to work and how long she’ll be here for.” He pushes off the counter and saunters out of the kitchen like he’s God’s gift for everyone to ogle over and adore.

I wait until Carter is out of earshot, because Chase is right about one thing. This is our relationship and we need to talk about Ginny, especially now that we’re out of the heat of the moment from earlier.

“Come on, baby, let’s go talk in our bedroom.” I walk over to him, taking his hand in mine, leading him to the bedroom.

Once we’re inside, I shut the door behind me and lock it. I love Carter to death, but his ass needs to stay out of this conversation, and I don’t doubt he’ll be barging into the room sooner or later.

“Okay, let’s talk.” Chase sits down, pulling both of his legs up, sitting crisscrossed, and turns his body sideways. Moving

over to the bed, I mimic how he's sitting and face him.

“How do you feel about this? About being with Ginny? Because I want you to know if it bothers you, I don't need it. I'm happy being with you, and I don't want anything to risk what we have. You're my dream; you have been since I met you and now I finally got you. There's no way in hell I'm losing you.” I let my hand brush along his leg, trying my best to give him some comfort. He needs to know how much I want him.

He takes a few deep breaths, and I know he's thinking about how he's going to word what he wants to say. He moves his hand and begins fiddling with the blanket, and I smile at his nervousness.

“I admit this morning when I saw her in your lap, kissing you, I got jealous. Not a good trait, I know, but I was.”

“Babe, you didn't need to be. I got carried away, I admit. It's just when I saw the two of you together, and then realized she was the girl from the airport, it felt like fate. It didn't even dawn on me how it may look to you when you came back into the room. I was just so caught up on the high of having you and her. Especially since I knew we were both attracted to her,” I confide to him.

Chase sighs, then looks up at me with his emerald eyes. “How about this? Just for now anyway, nothing on our own. Either we're both in the room, with her together, or not at all. Just to see if I get jealous if we're both with her.”

“I love that idea, babe. When she comes back, we can let her know. And if you do get jealous, then we’ll deal with it.” Leaning into him, I take the kiss I so desperately need. He tastes like caramel cream and coffee.

We stay like that for a while, sitting on the bed and kissing, deepening the connection we’ve built. My cock twitches in my pants, wanting to be buried deep inside of him, but I hold off. He’s more than just a fuck. *Chase is my future.*

“Want to take a shower with me?” he asks between kisses and I groan. Damn if he isn’t making me work to maintain my self-control.

“You never have to ask me, Chase, because the answer will always be yes.” With that, I stand from the bed, as he follows, removing my clothing as we go. My hopes are for some extra fun in the shower, especially since we have a lubricant so readily at our disposal.

Chapter 9



Ginny

“G INNY, YOU DON’T EVEN know these guys, and you’re heading back to their lodge. Are you trying to get killed?”

“I’ll be fine. It’s just for a few days, so I can have some fun and let loose before I have to face my dad. You know, once I see him in person, he’s going to force me to get back with Antony,” I explain to her as I empty out one of my bags and start cramming clothes inside of it.

“Doesn’t he realize you’re an adult now?” Melina asks as she plops down on my bed. She reaches into my bag, pulling out the panties I just packed and reaches over to pick up some thongs and places them in my bag—I just roll my eyes.

Melina is my ride or die bitch. We’ve known each other since we met in sixth grade. We gravitated toward each other. At the time, she was an awkward girl, taller than the rest of us, with glasses and braces and two pigtails. She grew into her beauty, her height now an asset with her modeling. She’s five foot ten with long red hair, and beautiful sea foam green eyes.

Her skin is pale with a dusting of freckles across her nose and along her forearms.

“You’d think he would, but in his eyes I’m still the ten-year-old girl he sent off to live with her trainer, only coming home on holidays. In his warped mind, he’s being a parent, treating me like I’m a prisoner.”

“So, are you really going to sleep with all three of them?”

“That’s the plan.”

“Bitch, I’ve got pussy envy. I’m going to hit the club and see if I can find me some friends who want to have an orgy.” Melina starts thrusting her crotch in the air and making fake orgasm sounds, and all I can do is laugh at her antics.

“Girl, I didn’t tell you the best part. The guy from last night has an identical twin, who is bi and with the other friend.”

“Bitch, you’re going to be in the middle of two hotdogs. Fucking lucky ass skank,” she cries as she sits up and heads over to the closet and pulls out one of the slutty dresses I brought on the trip. “Here, take this.”

Thirty minutes later, my bag is overflowing, so I have to get another one to put my toiletries and makeup in. Not that I plan on wearing much of it. I fully intend for these guys to see me au naturale. It’s not like anything more than a holiday fuck is happening between us.

Standing in the middle of the room, I look around, making sure I haven’t forgotten anything I might need. Even if I do, I can always have Melina bring it to me or run back over. Hell, I

may be ready to run like the sacrificial virgin in a horror movie straight out the door.

Melina gets up from where she's sat back down on the bed and comes over to me. "Be careful, Ginny. I don't want you getting hurt. This is out of your normal comfort zone. Just make sure it's what you want to do before doing it. And if shit hits the fan, then call me and I'll come running."

"I know you will, Melly. I'm positive I'm going to be fine. It's just blowing off steam before I have to see my dad."

"Okay, but don't forget about your girls. Christmas Eve, you are mine," she reminds me.

"Our tradition is everything. Junk food and a holiday movie marathon that will include Die Hard and a Christmas Story. Then when we're ready for some bloody goodness, Black Christmas." We've done it since I was thirteen. It's some of my favorite memories. Melina is not only my best friend, but she's more like my sister.

"Well, yes, all of that, but I think this year we party and let off some steam. Speaking of your dad, how is that going?"

"It's a disaster. Apparently, I'm ruining everyone's lives and dreams just because I want to quit. What's so wrong with wanting to have a life outside of competing? It's bad enough I missed all those great high school milestones like prom, homecoming, football games and graduation, but I'm missing college too. I always dreamed of going to the same school as Mom and pledging in her sorority—now that dream is gone."

“Have you spoken to him about it? Maybe you could make a compromise that way you both get what you want. Explain to him how important it is and how it would make you closer to your mother.” Melina scoots closer to me, taking my hand in hers as she tries to comfort me.

Melina was there for me when my mother died, especially after my father checked out, refusing to deal with the loss. It’s when he began pushing me more into a competitive level with skating.

“I did, a few times, but always got the same response. Sororities had nothing to offer me and that he knew what was best for my future,” I tell her, lifting my hand to wipe the tear that escapes.

“I’m sorry, Ginny. I promise this will be a trip you remember. Just remember to make time for me. This was our vacation to begin with,” she reminds me with a wink.

“I promise.”

“Okay, well, let’s get you out front. Your Lyft should be here any minute.” She picks up one of the two bags and heads out of the room we’re sharing. “You know, this might not be too bad. Now I got the bed all to myself and I can sleep like a damn starfish across it.”

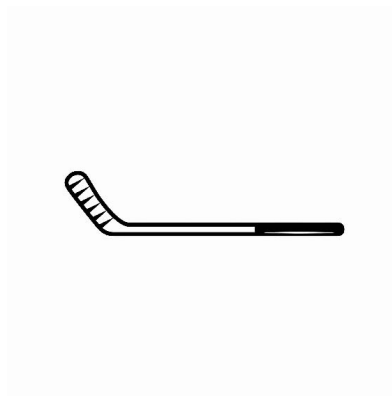
“Just promise if you have sex in it, you have the sheets cleaned before I come back. I’m not sleeping in your body fluids.” My body shivers at the thought.

“I make no promises.” She laughs. Opening the front door, I take my bag from her and set them both in the chair on the porch and turn to give her a hug.

“I love you, Melly.”

“I love you, Ginny. Promise me you’ll be safe and keep in touch. If I don’t hear from you every day, I’m heading over there.” She pulls away from me just as a car pulls into the driveway. Pulling out my phone, I verify it’s the car before picking up my bags and heading over to it.

I open the back door and set my bags inside before turning to wave goodbye to Melina.



Blake

“It’s been a while since she left. Are you sure she’s coming?” I ask Carter, who’s lounging in the recliner as we watch ESPN on television.

“Positive. She’s a girl, and you know they take their sweet time doing things. Plus, she had to go to her place, pack, most likely shower, then come back. That takes time,” he says, so blasé.

“Why don’t you just call her? If she’s not coming, then we can go ahead and leave. We should’ve already been out on the slopes,” Chase questions him as he shifts his body on the couch, leaning into me, allowing me to wrap my arms around him more.

Carter runs his fingers through his hair before letting out a sigh. “I don’t have it.”

“What!?” Chase barks out. “You let her leave without getting that vital piece of information? We’ve possibly been waiting around here for nothing.”

“Chill, man, you need to have more confidence. I just forgot to get it from her. You got Blake, the guy that you’ve been pining over. Coach hooked us up with this kick-ass cabin for Christmas. Then, to top it off, I found the girl of my dreams, who just so happens to be the woman the both of you had the

hots for at the airport. It's coming up roses for us. But we do need to figure out something."

"What?" Chase asks.

"You both know how we're sick of the puck bunnies. It's possible she might be one, and follow college sports. So do we tell her we play hockey and see how she reacts?" Carter looks intently between us.

He's got a point. All of us are tired of the girls who want to be with us solely because we're hockey players. Especially me, since I've made it known I want to play professionally.

"I think we shouldn't mention it. It clearly falls into the personal information category. Plus, if she is a puck bunny, she'll show her cards sooner or later," Chase says as he shifts on the couch again. My hand instinctively goes out, landing on his muscular thigh, giving it a squeeze. Looking up, I see Carter smiling at us.

"I think that's a good plan, too."

We hear a knock on the door. "See assholes, so little faith." Carter says with a cocky grin.

Carter jumps up, practically running to the door, opening it. Ginny stands on the other side with two bags in her hand. Carter takes it from her and ushers her inside.

"Hi." She smiles awkwardly, and it's the cutest ass smile I've ever seen.

"These two didn't have faith that you'd come back. I, on the other hand, absolutely did," he boasts.

“Then I guess you should have made a wager on it,” she says coyly.

Carter sits her bag on the floor before taking hold of her and swinging her around, crashing his lips on hers. She lifts her legs, wrapping them around his waist as they make out in front of Chase and me. Both of us adjusting ourselves from the view.

“I know he’s my brother, but fuck, that’s hot,” Chase leans in, whispering in my ear, and his warm breath tickling my neck makes me even harder.

“I’m not even interested in your brother, and I have to agree.” My lips find his and before I know it, we’re making out as well. Looks like this will be a full-blown orgy fest while we’re here.

I glide my fingers through Chase’s chestnut locks, gripping them in my hand to hold him in place while I press my mouth firmly against his. He moans his approval, which I immediately swallow, savoring every sound he makes.

“Fuck, if I wasn’t wet before, I am now. Never knew seeing two guys make out was a turn-on for me,” a sexy, feminine voice says, causing both Chase and I to break apart in laughter.

“Well, I can definitely say I am not turned on seeing my brother and best friend make out, but knowing it turns you on does.” Carter laughs loudly, and any awkwardness that may have seeped in slips away.

“Where do you want me to put my bags?” Ginny speaks up now that the tension is broken.

“I’ll put them in my room for now.” Carter picks both bags up and heads out of the room, leaving Ginny alone with us. This also gives us the perfect time to talk to her.

“Ginny, can we talk real quick?” I ask.

“Sure.” She steps over to the couch, sitting down on the other side of me.

“Chase and I just started our relationship, but we know we want to be with women as well. This morning, well, it brought out a little jealousy because I was with you alone.”

“Oh, okay...” she starts, her eyes wide in confusion.

“It was all me, really, and we’ve talked about it.” Chase motions between the two of us. “And we are all on board with being with you; we’ve just decided we want to do it together. For now, at least. We just want to make sure you’re okay with being with both of us at the same time.”

Ginny just gazes at us, no expression on her face at all. Then, in a graceful movement, she leans across my body, her lips connecting with Chase’s as she kisses him deeply, then doing the same to me. All doubt about her not being okay with it is gone.

“Looks like we’re all on the same page,” Carter announces from where he stands in the hallway.

She breaks our kiss and stands from the couch. “Actually, that’s perfect. Who doesn’t want a man to dote on her alone

and then another two to be sandwiched between.”

Shit, is this girl for real? Ginny is absolutely perfect.

Chapter 10



Ginny

K NOWING WE'RE KEEPING PERSONAL details about our lives a secret is amazing. My life doesn't warrant allowing anything else. I'm not sure what these guys do or how much they follow winter sports, but I want them to like me for who I am, not what I do.

“So, what are we doing today?”

“Well, we had thought about hitting the slopes, or we could go ice skating and hit up the holiday market they have around the skating rink,” Carter says, moving further into the living room. He picks me up from the couch, taking my spot, and placing me securely in his lap.

Shit! Come on, Ginny, figure something out.

“Oh, well, I can't ski or skate.” My voice comes out timid, trying my hardest to sell the lie. “But shopping sounds fun.”

“Okay, then we can ski on another day and we'll shop instead. I still need to pick up a couple of presents,” Chase says, and I can't help but notice the loving gaze he gives to

Blake. These two really do care about each other. I've got a gut feeling they're going to make it.

"Then what are we waiting on? Let's go. We can grab something to eat while we're out as well," Blake announces as he stands, taking Chase's hand in his and leads him out of the room.

"Hey, you said let's go. If you're about to have sex, then so am I," Carter says, a devilish grin on his face, as I take my hand and smack him in the chest.

"Carter, seriously man, we're just getting our shoes." Blake gives him a smirk before pointing down to his feet, which are only in socks.

"Fine, you're off the hook," Carter replies as he shifts me slightly in his lap. I can feel the hardness of his cock pressing into my ass, and my face heats.

Blake turns to me, wearing a seductive grin, like he knows what's happening. "Ginny, can Chase and I share you tonight?"

Holy fuck! Visions of being in the middle of the two of them as they worship my body flood my brain. It's not the only thing flooding. I can feel the dampness of my panties against my pussy. And I'm sure I look like a deer caught in headlights as I try to compose myself.

"Blake, you're scaring her," a deep voice says. I know it's not Blake, since it was directed at him.

“I’m sorry, Ginny. Did I rush in asking? I know other than our short make-out session earlier today, we haven’t really gotten a chance to get to know each other.”

Shaking my head, I pull myself together. “No, it’s okay, I was just thinking. I’d love to. But first I have to eat. I’m starving.” Actually, it’s for more than food, but my stomach is overriding my vagina at the moment.

“Okay then. Well, once we have our shoes on, then we can head out.” He stops and looks over at Carter. “You ready, man?”

“I am. My jacket and shoes are at the door,” Carter replies as he moves his free hand to my leg and squeezes it.

Angling my body toward him, he crushes his lips to mine, kissing me like a madman. His hand slides from my waist to my ass, gripping it tightly. A moan escapes my mouth, but he quickly captures it with his.

“God, Ginny, I want to fuck you!” his deep voice growls out.

“Then fuck me!” The words come out before I can stop them.

Carter stands, still holding me tightly as he moves over to the couch and lays me down. He climbs between my legs as I lift them, hooking them around his waist.

A throat clears behind us. “As much as the two of us are enjoying the show, it’s time to feed our feisty girl. She’s going to need a lot of energy for later. By the way, Carter, remember

she's with us tonight, so no trying to sneak her into your room," Blake's timber voice echoes out. My stomach chooses that moment to growl. Damn it, why did he have to mention food?

Carter climbs off of me, taking my hand in his, helping me to stand. "Well, looks like I snoozed on claiming you for the night. But I guess it's only fair since I had you first. This will be continued, though." He winks, and fuck if my pussy doesn't clench, begging to have his cock inside of me.

"Okay, so let's go eat and shop." I start straightening my hair and clothes, feeling increasingly overwhelmed by the attention of the three men in the room.

Moving across the living room, I head straight for the front door, each of the guys stepping in line behind me. "I call shotgun," I call out as I make a mad dash over to the SUV, being careful to not slip on the ice.

"I got the keys, so I'm driving. The Olsen twins get the back seat!" Blake shouts and I can't help the laugh that bursts from me at the name he gave them.

Blake hits the car lock, and I open the door, climbing inside, already freezing. The twins climb into the back seat and Blake gets in behind the wheel. "So, what are we hungry for?"

"Something hot. It can be Italian, soup, or pizza," I tell them, not caring at the moment.

"Oh, so you're leaving it up to me?" he asks, giving me a wink.

“Oh hell no, you’re not taking us to some crazy ass, hole-in-the-wall place. Let’s hit up the pub on main street. We passed it coming into town. We can eat, get a beer, and then shop all at the same place,” Chase demands from the back seat and the whole SUV erupts in laughter.



Lunch was to die for. Chase made a great call with the restaurant recommendation. They had the most amazing beer battered chicken strips and bacon cheese fries. And if that wasn’t enough, they sold craft beer. I may have drunk a little too much, but it was quickly worked off with shopping.

Chase and I spent some time in the bookstore and I was surprised that we share a common interest in books. We even found some of our favorite indie writers tucked away on the shelves. Guess this little town does have some spice coursing through it.

When we finally made it back to the cabin, we all crashed on the couch and watched a marathon of Scream movies. Odd choice for the holidays, but I’m not complaining. I was nestled in between Chase and Blake. My head rested in Chase’s lap, while Blake held my feet in his as he gently rubbed his hands

along my lower leg. Carter was sitting on the floor in front of me, his head resting against the couch as I ran my fingers through his hair. It was perfect. Comfortable. But sadness filled me, knowing it would be short-lived.

This magical holiday bubble would be bursting in a couple of weeks, maybe sooner. The four of us would be returning to our normal everyday lives. Well, as normal as my life can be, thanks to the constant pressure from my father reminding me I shouldn't give up what I've worked so hard to achieve. Even when he knows it's not what I want.

Chase is running his hand across my head and with each stroke, he moves lower and lower until he's also caressing my arms. Goosebumps dance along my skin at both his and Blake's touch. When Blake starts massaging my feet, hitting each and every knot in them, I moan, unable to contain it.

"Fuck, baby, hearing those sounds come out of your mouth has my cock hard," Carter says gruffly as he turns to face me. His hand has slipped past the band of his sweats. I don't need to be a rocket scientist to know he's gripping his cock. But I want to be the one to have it. *I'm a greedy bitch like that!*

I roll on my back and Carter takes hold of the bottom of my shirt, pulling it up, exposing my bare stomach and red lace bra to the three of them. My pebbled nipples rub against the fabric, begging for attention.

Carter looks at me with his emerald eyes, and if they were able to smile, they would be, as a devilish smirk appears on his face. The tips of his fingers graze across my skin, causing me

to shiver, as he takes hold of the cups of my bra, pulling them down, allowing my tits to fall free. My hard peaks are now on full display to them, but only for a moment. Carter places his mouth on one of them, sucking and nipping at the stiff bud.

The sensations taking over my body make me crave more of their touch. Blake's hand slides further up my body until he reaches the apex of my thighs. His fingers slip between my legs, gently spreading them as he rubs along the seam of my pussy. My back arches up in response, pressing my tits further into Carter's face as I moan. Another hand cups my free tit, rolling my hardened peak between their fingers. I know instinctively it's Chase.

"Fuck, look how responsive she is to our touch." I'm not sure who said it, other than that it couldn't be Carter, since his mouth is still latched onto my nipple.

The hand moves from my covered pussy, just before I feel my legs moving and being laid back down on the couch. Blake has moved and I'm left wondering what he's doing. I don't have to wait long before I feel my pants slipping down my legs as cool air hits my throbbing clit.

"Who wants the first taste?" a deep voice asks.

Carter pops his mouth from my tit. "I've tasted her and she's divine. I'll give one of you a chance before I do it again."

There's a moment of quiet before a shadow is cast over me and I feel fingers slip through my wet folds. I can't help but moan; it feels so amazing. Opening my eyes, I see Blake and

Chase kissing above me, as Blake rubs the pads of his fingers in circular motions on my clit.

“Hey, if neither of you are going to taste her, then I am.” Carter’s hot breath hits my skin as his laughter vibrates across my nipple.

“Fuck off, Carter. I just needed to give my man some love first.” Blake moves down between my legs, and I can feel something warm run up the length of my folds from my ass to my clit, as hot breath skims across my skin and he inhales deeply. “Damn, Ginny, you smell fucking delicious. I can’t wait to taste you, then have Chase kiss me again.”

He latches on to my clit, sucking so hard I can feel ripples of electricity flood through my body. It’s so overwhelming—the teasing of my tits and pussy—my body arches up and I feel the pressure building in my core. I’m not going to last long. Being near them all day with the teasing touches here and there has had me on edge.

“Oh God,” I cry out. “I’m not going to last.”

“Then come for us, baby. Come all over Blake’s tongue. Let him taste every bit of you,” Chase leans over and whispers in my ear before kissing me deeply.

Carter attacks my nipple with his mouth, nipping and tugging on the hardened peak, as Blake devours my pussy, pumping his fingers in and out. Each time he pulls out, they graze along my G-spot, sending me closer to the edge. A couple more times is all it takes. My vision goes black while shards of lights explode behind my eyes. The orgasm hits like

a ton of bricks and I scream. It's the most intense one I've ever had. Wetness seeps down between my legs and I should feel embarrassed I squirted all over Blake, but I'm not.

In this moment, I feel happiness, contentment, and I hate that it's going to end soon.

Chapter 11



Blake

WATCHING GINNY COME UNDONE on my tongue was invigorating. Knowing that I will have Chase and her tonight together has me excited. I know exactly how I want the night to go. Making sure Chase knows that he's mine without a shadow of a doubt is my main priority.

After our little group adventure, we finish watching the newest Scream movie before deciding to call it a night. We finally convinced her to go skating with us in the morning and we all need to be rested for that. While Carter is going to bed, I still have something else planned for the rest of us.

Chase and I head to our bedroom, giving Carter and Ginny some privacy to say goodnight. Our little escapade earlier loosened Chase up some, but I can see the frown lines on his face and I know he's letting those self doubts of not being enough slip back in. It's one of the reasons I've decided to handle tonight the way I am.

“Come here, baby.” Opening my arms wide, Chase steps into my body as I wrap them around him. It’s only been two days and I love the way his body feels pressed against mine. I can’t wait until we get home and I can shout to the world he’s mine.

“I love you, Blake.” His breath dances along my neck as he confesses how deep his feelings are for me.

“I love you too, baby.” I let my hands drift down to his ass, gripping both cheeks and squeeze tightly. He lets out a yelp and I smile. I love all the sounds he makes.

My eyes drift past his shoulder to see the goddess leaning against the doorframe watching our interaction. Her lips are swollen and her hair is wild. She’s still wearing just her shirt and some socks, and those gorgeous legs are left bare for us to ogle, and I wonder if she took the time to slip her panties back on. She’s biting her lip and my cock jerks in excitement. Her eyes roam up the length of our bodies—flames of desire burning within them.

“I never thought seeing two men together would be a turn on. Man, was I wrong, because the two of you are breathtaking.” Her voice is husky and needy. The way she’s rubbing her thighs together is very obvious. I know exactly what she needs.

“Come here, Ginny, and shut the door behind you.” My voice is firm as I speak.

She does as I ask, and I nod in approval. Placing a chaste kiss on Chase’s forehead, I release him from my arms. He tries to hold on to my hand, but I pull away and move over to the

chair beside the bed, taking a seat. It gives me a perfect view of the bed and those on it.

“Are the two of you ready to take my orders? Obey my commands? I promise it will bring all of us pleasure.” I gaze at them as they steal glances between each other and then me. “Words please. I need to hear a yes or no.”

“Yes,” Chase’s deep voice responds.

Ginny nods, but that won’t do. “Words, Ginny,” I remind her.

“Yes,” slips softly across her lips.

“Good. If either of you want to stop, then all you need to do is say Skeletor. Do you understand?” I smirk at my choice of safety word.

“Skeletor? Really?” Her laughter rings out through the room.

“Yeah, he was all about He-Man when he was a kid. He always thought Skeletor got a bad rap,” Chase explains and damn if I don’t love him more for paying attention to my silly obsession. He’s right though, Skeletor was sorely misunderstood, just like Draco.

“I was on Team She-Ra, so I can’t agree with you there. But I’m game to use it as a no-go word.” She’s dead serious and I have to fight to keep a straight face.

“I’ll let that slide, seeing how cute you are. Now I need the both of you to strip. Take everything off and drop it on the floor.”

They both hesitate for a moment—unsure and nervous about what’s about to happen—and just as I’m about to speak again, they slowly start taking off their clothes. It’s okay, it’s just making me harder the slower they go. Like a kid opening a present. Ginny removes her shirt and pushes her underwear down her legs—answering my question from earlier.

“Good. Chase, I want you to kiss her.”

He turns to her, his cock already hardening, and I’m salivating for it. Images of him fucking Ginny as I ram my cock in his ass hit me. Reaching down, I unzip my pants as he crashes his lips onto hers. He kisses her passionately, wrapping his arms around her body. One goes to her ass, the other grasps her head, holding it firmly in place.

She lets out a moan just as I grip my cock, pulling it free from the confines of my pants. Slowly, I stroke up and down the length of my shaft as I watch the two beautiful bodies in front of me kiss.

Ginny seems hesitant at first, but she soon comes alive. Her hands wrap around him as she presses her body closer—neither having broken the kiss, enjoying every moment, judging by the moans coming from them.

“So good. Ginny, I need you to go lie down on the bed and spread your legs. Chase, I want you to taste her tight little pussy.” I swallow deeply, the taste of her still so fresh on my tongue.

Both comply and my cock twitches in the palm of my hand, loving how obedient they are.

Chase crawls between her legs, glancing over at me as I stroke my cock. His eyes catch the movement and the corner of his lips turn up in a smirk as he gives me a wink. "I love you," he whispers before turning his head, lowering it to her pussy.

"Is she wet, Chase?"

"Soaked," he replies.

"Slide your fingers through her folds and then slip them into her tight hole. I want you to fit three inside and finger fuck her while sucking on her clit."

Now that he's between her legs, some of the action is out of my view, but the way she's squirming underneath Chase, I know he's taking care of her perfectly. Her back arches up off the bed, pressing her bare pussy into his face as I pump my cock faster. The only sounds filling the room are the slurping from Chase eating her pussy and our moans.

I need to control myself before I shoot my load all over my hand. No, I want it to be spilled inside of Chase.

"Oh Gooddddd!" she cries out. "I'm going to come."

I stand and move over beside the bed before removing my pants, letting them slide down my legs. Stepping out of them as they hit the floor, I take hold of the bottom of my shirt and pull it over my head, dropping it to the floor.

Ginny's hands grip the sheets as Chase devours her pussy, pulling and nipping at her clit. Her rose-colored nipples have pebbled under the coolness of the room, and stand erect.

Kneeling on the bed, I bend over and suck her tit into my mouth. I nip on her erect peak before pulling off, letting my teeth scrape along it.

“Come all over his tongue, Ginny. Then he’s going to stick his hard cock inside that tight little hole of yours and fuck you until you come again,” I whisper to her.

“Are you going to fuck me too?” she asks, as she arches up again.

“No, not this time anyway,” I answer as a smile crosses my face.

“Why not?” Her face drops and I almost give in, but I don’t.

“Oh, don’t fret, little one. I intend to have my cock buried deep inside of you, but for now, I’m going to let Chase get the pleasure of having you while I bury myself deep inside of him.” Her eyes go wide at my words as her tongue slides across her bottom lip. She’s already excited thinking about it. “Now come on his tongue,” I order and just like that, my little one explodes, her orgasm taking her to new heights.

I move over to the dresser, pulling out some lube and two condoms from the drawer. Suddenly I’m thankful I packed some, but if this trip goes the way I want, these will not be enough.

Once I have them, I climb onto the bed. Chase has just finished eating her pussy like a madman, and her juices are covering his mouth and chin. I can’t help myself and need a taste. “Kiss me,” I command.

He leans over, and our lips collide as I fight for control, and he willingly submits. She tastes even better on Chase's tongue than she did on mine. Catching a glimpse of her swollen pussy, I smile. She's perfect in every way. I break my kiss with Chase as I reach up and give his hair a tug. "Put this on, baby," I order as I hand him one of the condoms.

"You taste amazing, same as before. Are you ready to be fucked while I fuck Chase? We'll be as one, all three of us connected in pleasure."

"Fuck me, that sounds hot." She's right, it does and it will be. I hadn't expected to have a threesome this soon in mine and Chase's relationship, but looks like fate stepped in and handed it to us on a silver platter.

Leaning over, I take her mouth with mine as she runs her hand through my hair. I don't kiss her long, just enough to make her want more, then I pull away. "Kiss her, Chase." He looks between the two of us and leans over, repeating exactly what I did, and for the same amount of time. *Good boy*. When he releases her, I take hold of his head, pulling it to me, kissing him again.

Kissing Chase has always been a dream, but this trip has made it a reality and I plan to spend the rest of my life worshiping him. He doesn't know it, but he's it for me and if I can get signed to a team, then maybe Ginny can be right there with the three of us.

"Chase, line your cock up with her hole and push inside, but hold it there. I'm going to take your ass, so we can all fuck

together.” He nods and takes hold of his cock, running it through her slick folds before lining his mushroom head up with her entrance. One thrust of his hips and he’s fully seated inside her as she cries out.

Moving around to the back of him, I take hold of my cock and stroke it from end to end, before lifting the foil pack to my mouth and ripping it open. It only takes a minute to roll the rubber down my hardened shaft, being careful not to rip it. As I gaze down at my dick, I begin to think about getting a piercing as thoughts fill my mind of the additional pleasure it could give both Chase and Ginny.

I run my hand over Chase’s tight ass before giving it a nice hard swat. He cries out and I groan—the movement pushing him deeper into Ginny.

I pick up the lube from where I dropped it and open it, squirting some down the crack of his ass. Using my thumb, I spread it around his star, slowly letting one, then two fingers slip inside and begin to scissor them. He moans and I drag it out a little longer, building the anticipation of my cock filling his tight little hole.

“Okay baby, I’m getting ready to fill you up,” I warn before lining my cock up at his hole, then pushing inside. He tenses at first, but a slap to his ass has him quickly relaxing, allowing me to push the rest of my shaft deep inside of him. His ass clamps down on my cock, already milking me for all I have.

“Fuck our girl for us, Chase, while I fuck you.” With my words, Chase begins to thrust in and out of her as I fall into

rhythm with him. It's the most amazing feeling in the world. All of us grunting and moaning as skin slaps skin, our bodies a quivering mess of sweat and desire.

"Fuck, Blake, between the two of you, I'm not going to last long. She's so fucking tight and you're filling me up," Chase cries out.

"Ginny, baby, do you have another orgasm in you?" I ask.

"Mmhmmm," she moans.

"Reach down and play with your clit. I want you gushing your juices all over Chase's cock. Only then can he come."

Her hand slips in between their bodies as she rubs her clit furiously. Ginny's back arches, pushing her tits up into Chase's face as he begins thrusting faster, prompting me to do the same. None of us are going to last long.

"I'm so close," she cries out.

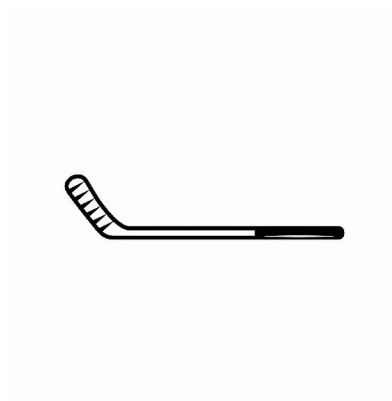
"Me too, baby doll. Come for me." Chase's words cut through the air.

With that, she cries out. Chase thrusts deeper into her, once, twice, then stills, and I know he's shooting his load, filling the condom I demanded he put on. Now it's my turn. It doesn't take long for me, already worked up from earlier and by seeing the two of them together. It only takes me pumping my cock in his tight little ass a few times for the pressure in my heavy balls to tell me I'm about to come as well.

I take hold of Chase's hips as I thrust once more into him, filling the condom with my seed. All I want to do is collapse

on top of them, but I don't. Crushing them is not in the plans, especially since I want more of both of them tonight. Taking hold of the base of the condom, I pull my cock out of Chase's ass. Then he does the same with Ginny, before rolling onto his back on the bed.

"Give it to me." I hold out my hand, taking his condom from him and disposing of both of them in the bathroom, stopping only to clean myself and get a washcloth. When I step back into the room, Chase and Ginny have migrated toward each other and are sound asleep. I take gentle care not to wake them as I clean them off. Once I'm done, I toss the rag to the floor and crawl in on the other side of Ginny, and drift off to sleep.



Sometime during the middle of the night, I wake to someone holding onto my cock, stroking it up and down. As I open my eyes to the dark room, I take time to let them focus and see it's Ginny. Chase is propped behind her, his hand between her legs as he strokes her clit. Guess I don't have to worry about jealousy anymore.

"Are the two of you hungry for more?" I ask devilishly, my cock springing to attention.

They both nod their heads and I grin. *Hell, I want more too.*

“Chase, on your back in the middle of the bed. Ginny, I want your pussy riding his face as you suck his cock dry.”

“And you?” Ginny asks quietly.

“Oh baby, I’m going to be fucking that tight little pussy of yours. And when we both come, Chase is going to swallow every last drop. That is, if you let me fuck you bare back. I’m clean. In fact, I have my test results in my wallet. Had them on me to show Chase in case he ever wanted to see them. Plus, I always wear a condom.”

“I’m clean too,” Chase speaks up.

“Me too. I’ve only been with a few people, believe it or not, and I’m on the birth control shot.” Her voice is soft, hesitant, as if she thinks it may change our mind. It won’t.

“Then get in place. Ride Chase’s face for me, baby.”

Chase lies down on the bed, and Ginny climbs on top of him. She grinds her pussy on his mouth and nose. She leans forward, taking his shaft into her mouth, and bobs her head up and down his length. Her already glistening pussy is put on display for me as Chase assaults her clit with his masterful tongue.

Moving on the bed, I position myself just above Chase’s head. Gripping my cock, I give it a couple of strokes before lining it up with Ginny’s pussy, and slowly slide inside—her walls clenching down as I go. Each time I pull out, Chase

moves his mouth slightly and licks along the length of my shaft. *Fuck, that feels amazing.*

I'm so caught up in the moment, I don't realize Chase has moved his hands until I feel them massaging my ass cheeks. He begins to moan, his deep voice causing vibrations along my skin as he bucks his hips upward, pushing his cock further into Ginny's mouth. Damn, it's like we're doing our very own porno. I, for one, would pay to watch it.

Chase begins to thrust faster as Ginny squirms underneath me. Taking hold of her ass, I spread her cheeks further apart and spit, letting my saliva slide down her crack right to her back hole. Taking the pad of my thumb, I rub it along the outer ring, then slowly slip the tip of it in and out as I fuck her harder. I'm so close to coming, but I need both of them to find their pleasure before I do.

Chase is the first, followed by Ginny, and with two more pumps into her tight little hole, I'm shooting my load deep inside of her. I pull out just before I'm done and stick my cock straight into Chase's mouth, letting him take the rest of my cum, mixing it with Ginny's juices.

Fuck me, that was hot, especially watching him swallow every single bit of it.

Chapter 12



Ginny

WAKING UP, I HAVE a delicious ache between my legs. I never knew being with two men could be so satisfying—now I'm wondering what it would be like with all three. Curiosity takes over and I wonder how to bring up the topic to them.

Chase and Blake are still asleep, so I wiggle myself out from between them and climb out of the bed, trying my hardest not to wake them. Once I'm free and I know I haven't disturbed them, I make my way across the room, stopping long enough to pick up my panties and one of the guys' shirts off the floor and put them on. Opening the bedroom door, I step into the hallway, taking one final look back at the bed before shutting it. My heart warms seeing how the two of them have gravitated toward each other. Chase is now snuggled up to Blake, his head on his chest, with Blake's arms around him.

I make my way quietly down the hallway, unsure if Carter is awake yet, and head to the living room, where I left my purse.

Pulling my phone and charger out of it, my next stop is the kitchen to make some coffee while I check my messages.

I've barely powered my phone on before it goes crazy, vibrating in my hand alerting me to all the messages I missed during the night. While it goes through the process, I move over to the counter, plug the charger into the wall and hook the phone to it. Opening the cabinet, I pull out the coffee and hurry to get some brewing. I have a gut feeling I'm going to need it.

By the time I've finished, my phone is finally quiet, and to my surprise, no one has entered the kitchen yet. I guess I wore out Chase and Blake and, well, Carter, I already know he loves to sleep in from our one night together.

Taking a seat at the table, I set the coffee down and open my phone as I settle in to see who's been trying to reach me.

I'm not surprised to see a string of messages from Melina, wanting to know if I'm still alive, and how big the cocks were. Did I orgasm more than once, and if not, I needed to run like hell out of the cabin.

I send her a quick message back.

Me: I'm alive, sore, and fuck yes the orgasms were amazing. Now leave me alone biotch 🙄

I don't expect her to reply back. It's still early, barely seven in the morning. It's days like this, when I could still be cuddled between two hot ass men, that I hate my body has a fucking internal alarm clock. I haven't been able to sleep in for

—shit, I can't remember how long it's been. Even as a kid, Dad had me up at the god awful crack ass of dawn to practice.

Shaking it off, I look back at my phone, wanting to clear out the texts before I hit the missed phone calls. There's more from my dad, reminding me I need to get to him ASAP and stop acting like a spoiled brat. *Classy, Dad, classy.* I want a life, so that makes me a brat. Here I thought I got to choose the life I wanted; how wrong was I?

The last message is from Antony.

Antman: Hey Gi Gi your Dad is going insane. What are you going to do? I can only hold him off for so long. He's already sent me the flight information to be there.

Antman: Are you there? Please don't avoid me. I get why you want to do it, but I need to know your final answer.

Antman: Gi Gi! I can't wait forever.

Sighing, I know I need to respond. Antony deserves better than this. He deserves someone who can commit to him and how amazing he is.

Me: Sorry about Dad.

Me: Give me until New Year's Eve?

I jump when the phone vibrates in my hand, nearly spilling the steaming hot coffee all over me. Looking down, I see it's Antony. I wasn't expecting a response so quickly.

Antman: Fine. But no longer. I need an answer. I love you Gi Gi.

I let out a small breath of relief. He's giving me time. Now I need to make a decision. Do I choose me and what makes me happy, or do I make a decision that will make my dad and Antony happy and me miserable? Many would think it's an easy decision, but it's not. Well, not for me at least.

Next, I open the voicemails and see a long stream from my dad. I don't have to listen to them. I know what he's going to say. What the fuck do I do? Opening the messages, I scroll to our text thread and begin to type.

Me: Dad, I spoke with Antony. I will make a decision by New Years. Can you please give me that?

"Is that coffee?" a deep voice asks from the door.

Looking up, I see it's one of the twins. I pause for a moment, scrutinizing him, making sure I know which one it is. Then when he leans against the door frame and smiles at me, I see it. Well, the absence of it. No dimples.

"Good morning, Carter. Would you like some?"

He looks at me, his eyes wide in shock as he pushes off the door, shaking his head. Standing, I step over to the counter and make him a cup. I don't add sugar or creamer. Instead, I place the cup of coffee in front of him where he sits at the table, then reach back for the containers of added goodness and set them down as well.

"How did you know? Only Blake and my parents have ever been able to tell us apart." He picks up the creamer and pours

some into his cup, before lifting it to his lips and taking a small sip.

“Oh, I could tell you, but I’d have to kill you,” I joke with him, unable to meet his eyes.

“Seriously, Ginny. How did you know?”

Should I tell him or make him suffer longer? The war of what to do wages within me, but the answer is far simpler than the one with Antony.

“Dimples!” I say, just before taking a sip of my coffee. One that desperately needs some sugar. They must have purchased the ‘it’ll grow hair on your chest’ kind, cause it’s strong as fuck.

“Huh?” Does he seriously not understand what I’m saying?

Leaning over to where he sits in the chair beside me, I place my fingers on the side of his face and let them glide over his skin. Hair prickles my fingers from the small growth on it, and I wonder if he’s ever thought about growing a beard or a goatee. His eyes stay focused on mine and I know if I keep staring, I’d risk falling in love, the same as with the other two. I never expected to have such an instant attraction to a man, much less three. Why must those fate bitches toy with my heart?

“When you smile, you don’t have them. Chase does.”

He takes hold of the sides of my face with each of his hands and pulls me into him, kissing me deeply. My lips part,

allowing his tongue into my mouth and he glides it along mine.

As he moves his lips away, I sense a tingling sensation and notice how swollen mine are when I touch them.

“You’re absolutely perfect. Chase and I’ve waited our whole lives to find girls who could tell us apart, and we lucked out and found the same one. Promise me that after this we can talk, maybe see if we can all go further.”

My heart clenches at his words. How can I tell him that when I know deep down I can’t? Even though I hate it and I want to rebel against what my father wants, I’ll choose his wishes over mine. I’ll be with Antony come the end of the holiday.

“So, what’s the plan today?” I ask, needing to change the subject.

“We’re going skating,” a voice from the doorway booms. Looking up, I see Chase and Blake standing there, smiling back at us.

Both men walk into the room, and as they pass by me on the way to the coffee pot, they each lean over, taking hold of my chin and tip my head upward, kissing me. Fuck, my core is throbbing and I want more of them. I’ve learned I have a greedy, needy pussy for these men.

“I know I said I would go, but I don’t think I can. I can’t skate! My nerves are tore up,” I lie in a panic—well, not about

the anxiety, that's true. *Shit. Shit. Shit.* I told them yeah, so they would drop it, not expecting them to bring it up again.

“We know. But we can and we'll teach you. It'll be fun.” Carter flashes me a smile and damn if he doesn't own me with it.

“It's okay, I'm sure the three of you would enjoy it more without me. I can go shop some more or hang around here and take a nap, watch a movie or see what my friends are up to.” I wink, trying to convince them.

“Nope, not happening, little one. You're going with us. We've already planned it. Well, that's not true, but you're not backing out on us. We can each take a turn teaching you our best moves,” Blake says as he does a spin, spilling the coffee in his hand on the floor as he does it.

“Come on, man, this isn't your place. Clean that shit up,” Carter barks at him, causing us all to laugh.

“Now let's get dressed. We can go out for some breakfast, then hit the ice,” Chase announces as he walks over to me, taking me by the hand. “And you're my shower buddy. Let's go.”

He helps me up and leads me down the hallway. Anxiety takes over at how I'm going to get out of ice skating.

I can hear the other two bickering behind us, and Chase and I both laugh. He stops, looking over his shoulder and boldly declares, “Hey you snooze, you lose. Can't help it if I'm quicker than the two of you.”

Chapter 13



Ginny

I 'VE BEEN TWIDDLING MY thumbs the whole morning, but now we're here in the middle of the resort at the ice rink. I can't hide any longer. Do I pretend or show them what I have? *Fuck my life at this moment.*

“Okay, we brought our skates, but I'm going to go get you a pair of rentals. What size do you wear, Little One?” Blake asks with enthusiasm.

“Oh, umm, a size six.” I finally relent. It's fake it or own up and do it time. If I show them I can skate, they're going to want to know why I lied. I don't have it in me at the moment to tackle that can of worms so fake it is what it's going to be. My ass is going to hate me later, after I fall on it a few thousand times.

“Are you still worried, babe? We told you we'd help you.” Carter slides in closer to me, putting his arm over my shoulder and kissing my forehead. It's such a tender touch and I hate myself for lying.

“Yeah, if it makes you feel better, Carter sucked for years before he was any good. For the longest time, he spent more time sitting on the ice than skating on it.” Chase laughs as Carter reaches across me and slaps his brother in the chest.

“Fuck you!” Carter snarls.

“Nope, I’d much rather be fucking Ginny and Blake,” Chase announces proudly. “Now, do you feel better about getting on the ice? We’ll help you and if you fall—because it’s all a part of learning—you just get up, shake it off and try again.”

“Yeah, just nervous. I just didn’t want to look like a dweeb in front of you every time I faceplant on the ice. Hell, look at that little girl on the ice. She has to be six or seven years old and she skates like an Olympic pro.” I point to the beautiful little girl who is performing figure eights so gracefully that even I’m awestruck.

“Here you go, one size six. Let’s get laced up and out there!” Blake’s voice booms, breaking my calm of watching the angel on the ice.

Blake hands out the skates, and I remove my boots and begin putting them on. I’m going slower than the guys, not wanting them to know lacing up the skates is second nature to me.

The guys have their skates on and are standing, and I’m still fiddling with mine. “Need some help, Ginny?” Carter asks sweetly, as he squats down in front of me, taking the laces from my hands and quickly ties them.

“Thanks to you, I am done.”

He takes my hands in his and helps me to stand. Knowing I need to give the best acting show of my life, I teeter totter a bit, like I'm about to lose balance and Carter holds me firmly in place. "See, there you go. I got you. Now we're going to move to the ice. Just keep hold of my hands and we'll slowly take a lap around." His words are comforting, and it guts me more that I'm lying.

Carter skates backward with so much grace I know he's spent a great deal of time on the ice. My acting skills must be good because he keeps telling me how great of a job I'm doing. I even managed to stumble and fall into his arms. His cologne overtakes me, a rugged scent I wasn't familiar with, but it is my new favorite.

"I got you, baby," his seductive voice rings in my ears as he grabs hold of me, keeping me from falling.

"Sorry, I guess I just have two left feet. I was definitely made for dry land, not frozen pond water." I let out a little giggle, fully committing to the act I'm putting on.

"Nah, that's not it. You just don't have the right partner, little one." Blake skids to a halt on the ice right beside us. "Want to skate with me and Chase? Or just me?" He flashes me the most adorable puppy dog eyes, and shit if I don't feel a flutter in my stomach at how adorable he is.

"See how he is? Trying to cut in on our time. He's lucky I like him." Carter smiles at Blake and I genuinely see there's no animosity between them. Could a relationship with more

than one man really work? I know it does in the books, but that's all make believe. It's not a real-life relationship.

“Blah, Blah, Blah, so what do you say, Ginny, want to take a glide around the ice with me?”

“I'd love to, Blakie Blake.” I can't help but snicker at my ridiculous nickname for him, but I couldn't help it.

“See that man? I knew she liked me more. I got my own pet name. Come on, little one, let's show them how to do it.” He takes my hands and pulls me from Carter.

He draws me in tight to his side, and we slowly skate away. Not a word is spoken between us, just the sound of our breathing mixed with the joyous sounds of those around us.

I've just lifted my head when I see Carter and Chase whiz past us, each of them skating with such excitement. I used to feel that way once. But after years of being told what to do and when to do it, I lost my love of the ice. Today, though, has been different. The old familiar feeling is returning as I skate with the guys. I don't have to do some fancy move, or repeat a trick over and over. No, it's simply the joy of skating and enjoying being with your friends. I missed it and wanted it back. But I know it's just an ill forgotten dream. Come a couple weeks from now, it'll be all about what can get Antony and myself a higher score.

“Having fun?” Blake leans in and asks.

Turning my head, I look up into his beautiful blue eyes. “I am. Thank you for convincing me to come today.”

At that moment Chase and Carter zip past us again, except this time there's a herd of children who seem to range in age from seven to teenagers chasing them as fast as their skates will take them.

A tear springs to my eye, seeing how happy they're playing with the kids. Both of them make sure that the children are having fun, even helping up the ones who stumble and fall to the ice. What really made my ovaries scream was the way they fell on the ice, putting on a big production of doing so just so the children wouldn't feel bad about falling.

"We help coach a little league team back at home." Blake moves behind me, wrapping his arms around my waist as his hot breath dances along my neck.

"That's amazing and so sweet," I reply.

"Want to get something hot to drink and take a break?"

"Yes," I tell him, nodding my head rapidly.

He takes my hand, leading me off the ice. I quickly stop myself as I start to move gracefully, but a quick look around lets me know none of them saw my faux pas.



We ended up staying at the rink for another three hours before finally calling it quits. Something I was extremely grateful for because I was so tired of pretending to suck at skating. But I was finally able to convince them it was time to go. Let's just say a woman complaining of being hungry and cold will get a man to do anything she wants.

It's how we ended up cuddled together on the couch, a fire burning in the fireplace and a steaming cup of hot chocolate with the tiny little marshmallows I love in my hand. We decided to watch Die Hard, which I still firmly say is not a Christmas movie. Blake, on the other hand, argued with me until I finally relented and agreed to watch it with them.

Carter taps my leg, getting my attention. "Turn to the side and rest your back on Chase and let me rub your feet."

What woman in her right mind doesn't want a hot as hell man to rub her feet? Leaning forward, I set my hot chocolate on the table, then shift my body, resting my back on Chase's arm and my head on the couch. I go to move my feet, but Carter beats me to the punch, picking them up and placing them in his lap, dangerously close to his manhood.

As he works out the tense spots, a groan escapes me that has him gripping my foot tightly, while Chase tenses behind me. I'm not sure about Blake, but the medley of groans from the three of them tells me I affected them somewhat. That and Carter's hardened cock that is now brushing against my feet. My pussy throbs in delight, but I try to rein my emotions in. Yeah, I had a threesome with Blake and Chase and it was hot as fuck, but I don't know if I'm ready to take on three guys at once yet.

"Fuck me, Pixie. You can't be making sounds like that. Can you feel what you're doing to me?" He rubs my foot along his hard length and I gasp, remembering what it felt like to have his cock buried deep inside of me.

He grips my foot even tighter, causing me to wince slightly, but it's covered up by the gruffness of his voice. "Pixie, if you keep on, I'm going to bend you over the couch and fuck you while Blake and my brother watch. Neither of them being able to touch you until I shoot my cum deep inside of you."

"But I might like that." The seductive vixen in me takes over, begging for what he's offering.

"Are you sure?" he asks and I just nod my head as I bite down on my lower lip.

"Okay, both of you get on opposite ends of the couch. You don't get to have fun with each other while I fuck our girl. Chase, you'll be able to see what you look like screwing her." He winks at Chase as he moves my feet off of him and stands.

Reaching down, he takes hold of my leggings. “Lift your ass up, Pixie.”

Holding my hips up, he slides my pants over my ass and down the length of my legs, putting the evidence of my arousal on view for everyone, as my panties are drenched.

He drops my leggings to the floor once he has freed me from them. Gazing at me with lust filled eyes, I watch as he undoes his pants, reaches in, and pulls out his cock. His very pierced cock. The shiny silver balls lining the length of his shaft have me squirming. I know exactly what’s coming. The feeling of them deep inside, running along the walls of my pussy, is unlike anything I’ve ever felt before and it’s amazing.

“On your knees and bend over the back of the couch,” he orders, and I comply eagerly, even giving my ass a little shake when I get into position.

He steps up behind me and I feel the tips of his fingers glide across my bare ass, just before he slips them through the length of my folds all the way up to my clit.

“Shit, Pixie, you’re already so wet. So responsive to my touch.”

“Our touch!” Blake announces loudly as I hear the telltale sign of a zipper being undone. Casting a quick glance to the right, I see he’s got his cock out, his hand fisting it so tightly as he strokes up and down. A look to the left shows Chase in the same position.

My body shivers as Carter runs his fingers back through my slit before sliding two into my hole, where he pumps them in and out. I'm so turned on, my walls clamp down, milking them as if they were a cock. My cunt is so needy.

“Damn baby, you feel so good. You were made for us. Our perfect girl.” He slips his fingers out of me and I can feel his smooth mushroom head pressing against my entrance just before he pushes deep inside of me.

He thrusts in and out at a fast pace. Each time he pushes in, he hits my G-spot and I know I'm not going to last long. The sound of skin hitting skin fills the room, amplifying everything I'm feeling.

“She's amazing, isn't she, brother?” Chase asks. His words labored from his rapid breathing.

“That she is. I don't know how we're going to let her go.” Carter takes hold of my hips and begins slamming me back against him.

“I say we don't. She's so small we could hide her in our bags,” Blake interjects before groaning loudly. “Fuck, this is a show. I'm going to come like a boy looking at his first titty magazine.”

“Why do you think I call her Pixie? Okay, Ginny, I need you to reach down and play with that beautiful clit of yours. I want you to come. To gush all over my cock just like you did last night with the guys.” I can feel my face heat with embarrassment at his words, but I do just as he wants.

My head drops so my forehead rests on the back of the couch. I move my hands between my legs to my throbbing clit and I begin to rub it in a firm circular motion. Butterflies dance along my stomach, fluttering so fast I can feel the intense burning building inside me, the one that tells me I'm close.

"I'm going to come," I cry out.

Carter takes hold of my hair as he continues to thrust in and out of me, pulling my head back to him. "Then come baby. I want you to flood my cock with your juices."

And with those words I explode, and by explode, I mean I gush all over him. He thrusts into me one last time, grunting his release as he collapses on top of my back. We stay like that, still connected, as I feel fluid leak down my leg and suddenly I'm embarrassed.

I go to pull away, catching sight of Blake, cum splattered all over his muscular stomach, as his head rests on the back of the couch.

"Where do you think you're going?" Carter growls.

"I'm making a mess on the couch."

"Forget it. We can have it cleaned." He reaches his arm around me, taking my breasts in his hands and squeezes. "You're amazing, Ginny. You truly are my little pixie."

Chapter 14



Chase

TOMORROW IS CHRISTMAS EVE. It's been an amazing few days with Ginny, but we all need to sit down and talk. Is she wanting to stay with us the whole break? Blake and I haven't been with her alone yet, only as a threesome. But I'm beginning to wonder if Blake wants to spend some time alone with her. Is our relationship ready to withstand that? God, how can someone so perfect have my heart and head tied up in so many knots?

She slept with Carter last night, which left Blake and me alone, and we spent every minute of it exploring each other's bodies. The only thing we have yet to talk about is how we plan to handle shit when we go back to school. Do we go back, openly displaying our relationship? Or keep it on the back burner until I come out as being bisexual? Honestly, I'm not sure if I'm ready to come out to the team yet. I guess Blake and I have a lot to discuss.

Rolling over in bed, I stare at his sleeping form. His hair has grown since being on vacation and has fallen over his closed

eyes, giving him an additional barrier to any light that may shine in it. His lips are slightly parted and my fingers are itching to reach for my phone to take a picture of the drool seeping from his mouth. *But I don't.* His face holds such an innocence as he sleeps, compared to the stern one he carries on the ice and the joker he is off of it.

“Stop staring at me, creeper,” his sluggish voice slurs out as he reaches a hand up, pushing his black hair from his face.

“Whatever, you love my creeper ass.”

“You’re right, I do. But a good boyfriend would have wiped the drool from my mouth,” he jokes as he shifts his body upward in the bed so he’s sitting.

“No, a good boyfriend wouldn’t have taken a picture of you drooling to blackmail you later. I didn’t do that, hence I’m a good boyfriend.” I gesture my hands to myself as I sit up beside him, the blanket pooling around my hips, barely covering my morning erection.

“It’s almost Christmas. Our first one together.” Blake’s face brightens with a smile, his chocolate eyes almost twinkling at me.

“It’s not our first one together.” I raise an eyebrow, confused by his words. We’ve spent tons of them together since befriending him years ago. We may not have woken up on Christmas morning together, but by the end of the day we were either in the street playing, on some ice somewhere skating, or lounging in front of the television.

“Yeah, I know that, baby. But it’s our first as an official couple. I can’t wait to wake up to you the day after tomorrow. Hell, I can’t wait to get back to school and see everyone’s mouth drop when not only am I no longer a playboy, but in a committed relationship with you, the one I’ve been chasing since I knew what it was to want someone sexually.”

My heart drops at his words, but I force a brave face, not wanting him to suspect my reluctance. Yeah, we really need to have a conversation.

“So, what are we doing today? I’m itching to get back on the ice. Do you think we can convince Ginny to go with us again?” Ice is what I love. When I’m gliding across it, I feel like all the worries and anxiety in life slip away and I feel at peace. It’s like my very own comfort blanket. Linus’ dirty old one doesn’t have anything on mine.

“Fuck yeah. I’ve been wanting to hit the slopes. Did you see the brochure for King Mountain? It looks fucking dope as hell. If no one else wants to go, we can.” He looks at me sweetly and winks.

“Well, let’s get dressed, eat and see what Carter and Ginny want to do.” Blake leans in and places a soft kiss on my lips.

We opt out of showering, only because we’re going to get hot and sweaty on the slopes today. Not to mention we had a long make-out session in the shower before bed last night. It may have been more kissing and exploring of bodies than actually washing them, but that’s just semantics. *Right?*

Blake dresses quicker than me, then gives me a kiss on the top of my head before leaving the room. I know he's headed to the kitchen to make coffee. I know without a doubt as soon as I step foot in there, he'll have a cup waiting for me. Every morning since we've confessed our feelings, he's made sure to make me some. I never would've thought Blake Jensen would be such a doting partner. But he is.

Once I'm done, I leave the bedroom, and I've barely made it down the hallway when Carter and Ginny step out in front of me. They're holding on tightly to each other and giggling so loudly about something they don't notice me.

I clear my throat loudly, which has them jumping apart like two kids who've been caught doing something they shouldn't have. Now I'm curious why.

"What's wrong?" I ask inquisitively.

"Nothing." Carter avoids looking me in the eye, so I know he's lying. He's planning something that he doesn't want to tell me about.

"Really? Are you sure about that?"

"Positive," both he and Ginny reply at the same time.

Yep, definitely a secret. A gift maybe? It's all I can think of, so I'll let them keep it between themselves for the time being. Carter will let it slip, eventually—he's terrible at keeping gifts a secret.

"I smell coffee. Has my dark-haired hero made it already?" Ginny squeals in delight as she takes off, skipping down the

hallway to the kitchen.

Carter and I both double over in laughter. When we've both recovered, I speak.

"So you've corralled her to help you get either Blake and myself a couple's gift or one for me." I give him a firm stare so he knows that he isn't fooling me.

"I plead the fifth," he announces with a grin.

"So Blake and I are planning to go hit the slopes today. Do you want to join?"

"Fuck yeah." Carter gives an enthusiastic fist pump in the air as he smiles from ear to ear.

"Maybe we can all convince Ginny to join us. I know we got her to go skating the other day, but it seems anytime we bring up skating, skiing, hell, any winter sport, she's reluctant and comes up with reasons she can't do it. It's weird, don't you think?"

"Maybe she just isn't into them. I mean, you saw how bad she skated. Maybe she's more the cruise and beach kind of girl." Carter gives me a pat on my shoulder, then takes off toward the kitchen.

I stand there, trying to wrap my head around it, but I can't. Even if she didn't like winter sports, why is she at a ski lodge, where that's literally all there is? If she was more the other type, wouldn't she have gone somewhere warm for the holidays? I'm getting a headache just thinking about it.

I head to the kitchen, stepping in to find the three of them seated at the table laughing, coffee in hand. Well, except Carter, who has a soda, most likely a Dr. Pepper. Blake has an extra cup sitting in front of the empty chair to his side and I know it's for me. Guess it's time to bring up our plans and see if she has an excuse not to go.

“So, Ginny, we were planning to hit the slopes today. Want to join us?” Her blue eyes go wide at my words and she glances between the three of us as the color fades from her face. She quickly recovers, forcing a smile on her face.

“Oh, I was actually going to talk to the three of you. My girls messaged last night and wanted to hang out today.” She stumbles over her words.

“Well, I guess it's a bro day then,” Carter responds.

“Are you sure? You can invite them if you like?” I push further, making sure she has every opportunity to not decline.

“No, really, it's okay. We have some shopping to do and we were going to get a mani-pedi as well. The three of you go and have some fun and if you like, we can meet for dinner.”

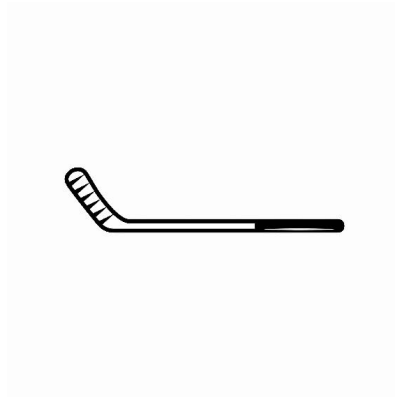
“See, our baby wants to get all sexy for us. Now I know we haven't discussed Christmas, Ginny, but would you like to spend it with us? Your friends are welcome as well. We could have dinner and a big ass slumber party.” Carter puts his arm over the back of her chair, scooting his closer to hers.

“I'll talk with them and see what they want to do. But even if they don't, maybe we can do something together on Christmas

night.” She smiles widely as she lifts her cup to her mouth, drinking her coffee while peering over the rim at us.

“Then it sounds like we all have plans for today.” Carter looks at Ginny and gives her a wink. I know she’s doing something for him.

While her hesitation bothers me, I let it slip to the back of my mind, allowing me more time to focus on Blake. More specifically, what I plan to do when we return home.



“Okay guys, this is our last run of the day. Are we ready?” Carter asks as he slides his goggles back over his eyes.

“Let’s do it. Last one down the slope is getting dinner!” Blake shouts, as he takes off down the hill.

“Shit, fucking cheater!” Carter growls out in annoyance as he takes off behind them.

I should rush off, but I don’t care. Little do they know I’ve already arranged for Chinese to be delivered, so either way I was already taking care of our food for the night. I did order extra just in case Ginny invited her friends over.

I move to the edge of the cliff, plant my feet shoulder width apart and plant my poles in the snow. Leaning forward, positioning my shoulders in front of my hips, I look down the mountain, taking in the course below me, and push off.

Momentum takes hold as I race down the mountain, passing others as I go. All of us are here for the same thing. The thrill, the air beating on our body as we go.

It's the excitement of cutting through the other skiers that sends shivers coursing through my body. God, I can't wait to be signed to a team, somewhere that has snow at least ten months out of the year. Well, that's my plan, but I do have a backup just in case. No matter what, hockey, skating and snow will always be in my life in some way, shape or form. The three of us have already thought about creating an after-school program for underprivileged youth to teach them how to play. Maybe it's time we make that thought a reality.

I come to a halt, snow tossed into the air as I do. Blake and Carter are standing to the left of me, a trio of girls standing and talking to them. I can see one has her hand on Blake's chest, but he quickly takes hold of it and removes it. For a brief moment, I feel some jealousy. But when Blake quickly pushes them out of the way and heads straight for me, wrapping his arms around me and kissing me deeply, it all goes away.

"You never have to worry about my faithfulness to you. You're it for me, baby," Blake whispers into my ear. Fuck, this man owns me. Heart and soul.

Chapter 15



Ginny

“SO WHAT’S IT BEEN like? Is it like a porno movie and you’re in a constant orgy fest?” Melly asks as she slides the hangers along the rack. She has a hot date tonight with some guy she met at a seedy bar. She said he’s part of some motorcycle club, but she can’t remember the name of it.

“It’s amazing, but I hate lying to them. All they want to do is skate or ski and I love both of those things. Which reminds me, we need to hit up a nail salon.”

“Why? Not that I’m complaining. My paws and claws need to be tamed.”

“I kind of told them we were doing that today when they tried to get me to go skiing with them.” I avoid looking at her, not wanting to see her what the fuck face.

“But you love skiing. Hell, next to skating, it’s your favorite thing. Your dad and I joked one time about how you’d be the first person in history to win a medal in two vastly different sports.”

I keep skimming through the clothes, avoiding all eye contact and keeping my mouth shut. She's right, I do love skiing, but I didn't have the energy to fake it today.

“Ginny, real talk here. Why are you pretending to hate all things winter and not just tell these guys who you are? What's the big secret between you all? Do any of y'all know anything about the other person other than they're a good fuck?” She stares at me, and when I refuse to look at her, she takes hold of my body, spinning me around so I have no choice but to face her.

“I don't know. It's nice that they don't know who I am, not that I'm a household name or anything. It's just the anonymity is nice. It's not like I'm ever going to see them again,” I confide in her.

“Just be careful. I'd hate for you to get attached and bitch, you're doing that now. How much longer are you going to carry on with them? Just a little news flash here, but this was supposed to be our vacation and you haven't even been spending it with me. And if I'm truthful, knowing that you're only here today to avoid being with them kind of hurts.”

Her eyes water as she speaks, and it hits me how horrible of a best friend I've been. Melina has been with me through thick and thin, even my mother's death, and here I've been ignoring her on what was supposed to be our girl's trip.

“I'm a suck ass friend. Can you forgive me, Melina?”

“I should make you suffer, but yes, I can. But, Christmas and New Year's Eve, you're mine. You can tell those boys of yours

you have plans. But seriously, you need to decide what you're doing before you fall for one or all of them." I can hear the seriousness of her words, and I do need to think about it.

"Okay, so we need to find the perfect outfits to wear on New Year's Eve, and I need to get a gift," I tell her as we continue to look through the clothes.

"Fuck yeah, now you're talking. My suggestion is the sluttier, the better. I got my eye on this silver fox and I know just where he's going to be and it's the hottest party of the year." She gives me a wink, and I know she's going to get us in trouble.

"You know there's a law against stalking. He might not be into the crazy, possessive type of woman."

"Bitch, please. I'm every man's type. Have you seen how good my tits and ass look lately?"

"They're amazing. Now let's get the shopping done, eat, and get pampered."

We both collapse into each other, a giggling mess, and I don't have to look up to know all the people in this shop are looking at us like we're crazy.



The day's been amazing, but I know Melina isn't finished questioning me. We've just got home and sat down on the couch after having our nails done, and decided to watch a Christmas movie. Who doesn't love The Santa Clause?

I sit my soda on the coffee table when I feel someone's eyes burning a hole through me.

“Just say whatever it is you want, Melina.”

She's my best friend, but right now I hate her. Not because I think she's wrong, but because I know she's right. I can't just do no commitment, I get feelings. No matter how many times I try to convince myself I won't, I know I will. She's right, I should just end it now. But I don't want to.

“Just promise me you'll really think about what you're doing. I know you feel trapped with what your dad and Antony want, and you took this holiday as an opportunity to rebel and act out. But please make the right choice for you. I'll be here for you no matter what. I just hate seeing you get hurt.”

God, I love her.

“I know, and I love that about you. Competing used to be fun, but now it’s like it’s all I am. I’m no longer Geneva Lein, a person, but Geneva and Antony, world champions. I’m just burned out, but no one seems to get it, and they keep wanting to push me forward for their own personal gain.”

“So you have a choice; stand up to your father and choose the guys, or cut your ties with them. But whatever you do, you need to come clean with those guys. And them with you too. You can’t keep on like this. Someone isn’t coming out a winner either way. But one of those choices has to lead to you being happy and living with yourself. So just think about what I’ve said...”

“I know. It’s hard, Melina, because they’re so sweet and I genuinely like them. Not to mention, there’s no jealousy at all between them.”

“I’m sure they are and I bet since they’re hot, it makes it even less of a hardship. But just make sure to decide what you want to do. Now let’s watch the movie.”

She picks up the remote and hits play. For the next hour, I absentmindedly watch the television, but never truly pay attention. Picking up my phone, I thumb through my messages and see some from the guys in a group chat we created this morning to keep us all on the same page.

The first was a picture of them on the slopes and I regret not going with them. Would it really be so bad if I told them who I was and what I did? To find out more about them? As it was, the only information we gave each other was our first names

and non-specific information about ourselves, confined to our favorite movie, color, snack—things like that.

Carter: We wish you were here with us, Ginny.

Chase: Yes. Please change your mind and come save me from the two of them.

Blake: You are coming back tonight? Right?

Blake: GINNNNNNYYYYYY!!!! Where are you?

Chase: Man, you're going to scare her away.

Carter: Forget the two of them. I can come to you. Who cares if it isn't our night.

It goes on and on like that. I made a promise to stay off my phone earlier today, but clearly they did not. The message thread continues on with much of the same, the occasional pictures thrown in, showing me how their day went.

I can't help but let out a few laughs and I can feel Melina's eyes on me, but I don't care.

Me: Yeah, I'm watching a movie with Melly and then I'll be there. I will be with her Christmas Eve, but I can come over later in the afternoon on Christmas.

Blake: Boo!! We wanted to go to bed in matching jammies.

Me: We can wear them on Christmas.

I switch from their message thread to the one that I'd been dreading.

Dad: Call me now!

God, I've been dreading this. But today has been perfect and I don't want to ruin it. My dad is persistent though and if I don't call him back, then he won't stop messaging and calling and it will only infuriate him more.

Me: I'll call after Christmas.

Dad: Now!!

Me: Please Dad, just give me Christmas. Then I'll do whatever you want.

Dad: I expect a call by noon on the 26th.

Me: Fine.

All my happiness is gone. I make the decision in haste, but I know it's what I was going to do to begin with. I'm going to be the perfect daughter my father wants me to be. The dutiful partner to Antony. Who cares if my life sucks.

I feel a tear hit my cheek, the coolness of it as it slides down. There's no energy in me to brush it away. Instead, I try to stop any more from falling. I can do this. I'll have a few more fun days with the guys, tell them I need to go, and that it's been fun. Easy-peasy. Just like the four of us said, just a holiday fling with no strings.

"You okay, Gin?" Melina asks me as she shifts on the couch, sliding closer to me and pulling me into her arms.

"No, I'm not. You're right, I'm getting attached and my father is never going to let me be free." The floodgates open; my ability to hold them back disappears and I cry my heart out. Her warm embrace is the only thing giving me comfort.

“I’m sorry, babe. I know this sucks. But just remember, you’ll only be the hot thing for a few more years. Right? I mean, really, how many older people do you see skating? You can always do what we talked about.”

“An injury?” I ask, remembering a conversation we had about a year ago.

“Yeah. I mean nothing horrible, but enough you wouldn’t be able to perform for a while. It could earn you some freedom. Time to talk to your father and help him to understand you’re no longer happy.”

I pull away and look up at her. Maybe this is the answer. But I have to time it right. It has to be perfect.

“Maybe. It could work. He wants me to come live with him in January, along with Antony, and train in his rink. Dear ol’ Dad thinks he needs to become more active in my training. I could do it there. That way, he’s witness to it.” The wheels in my brain begin to spin about what the perfect accident could be and how I can make my fall look believable.

“We’ll figure something out together. Now come over here and let’s watch part two before you scurry off to be with those men. Let’s save our planning when you’ve said your goodbyes to them.”

“I love you, Melina. Too bad I’m not into pussies or I’d be all over you,” I tease.

“Bitch, you never know. You might be, but I’m firmly a dick girl. Especially silver fox dick. Speaking of, when I get his

attention at this party, maybe he's got some friends. I have a vivid image of him fucking me over his desk while someone watches."

We both laugh as the end credits finish rolling on the movie. She quickly selects the next movie and we cuddle into each other. I can't help but be glad we became best friends. Through thick or thin, Melina is always there for me.

Chapter 16



Carter

I 'VE BEEN UP FOR hours, just watching her sleep. Her pouty pink lips are slightly parted and I yearn to kiss them. Her brunette locks are still swept up in the messy bun she loves to wear, but I let out a laugh at all the strands that have worked their way free. The cami top she slept in has twisted on her body and one of her tits threatens to break free. How easy it would be to help it the rest of the way out, then latch my mouth onto her rosebud nipple.

She was supposed to be with the guys last night, but I managed to convince her to make her way into my bed. The guys didn't mind, though. No, they were more than content to slink away to the bedroom they share. What they do in the privacy of their room, I don't want to think about. No one wants to think about their brother being fucked.

Reaching out, I push the caramel strands from her eyes, careful not to wake her. When she got here last night, something was different. She seemed distracted and sad, as if she was carrying the weight of the world on her shoulders. Her

eyes didn't hold the same joy as they have since the night I met her at the club.

She'll be leaving soon to spend today and tonight with her friend, so I want to let her sleep as long as she can, so I can keep her with me longer. Call me selfish if you want, but I don't know how I'm going to tell her goodbye.

I have this weird feeling deep in my gut that the world is about to come crashing down. But oddly, it's more than just me I see it happening to. It's all of us, Ginny included. I don't know why I feel so strongly about her.

Me and the guys really need to talk tonight. I also need to have a one-on-one conversation with my brother. I know he's had something on his mind too, and I know what it is. I may not be the smartest pea in the pod, but I do have some common sense. He's not out as being bisexual, but Blake is. That's a headache waiting to happen.

As much as I want to stay here with her, the urge to pee is not going away. I carefully get out of bed, taking care not to jostle her. Once I'm standing, I pause, making sure she's still sleeping peacefully. When I'm convinced she is, I pick up my boxers from the floor and slide them on, almost stumbling over as I do. You'd think by playing hockey I'd have a little more grace and balance, but apparently not.

Opening the door, I step out into the hallway, then gently close it behind me. As I turn around, I bump into Chase. Putting my fingers to my lips, I tell him to be quiet and whisper, "I'll meet you in the kitchen. I got to take a piss." He

nods and heads off down the hallway. I let out a laugh when I see him reach back and scratch his ass.

I quickly step inside the bathroom, not caring to shut the door, and lift the lid to the toilet. After I'm done pissing, I wash my hands and head to the kitchen. Chase is sitting at the end of the table, a bowl of cereal in front of him and one sitting to the side for me. The sounds of the coffee maker brewing filter through the space.

"She's still asleep, huh?" comes out garbled around a mouthful of food.

"Yeah. Where's Blake?" I sit down in the seat and lift the spoon, taking a bite of the cereal. Sugary sweetness. I shouldn't have doubted he would go for the sweetest one we had in the cabinet.

"Asleep, too," he says softly.

"What's wrong, Chase?" He's quiet, so I know something is up.

"Blake keeps talking about all the things we're going to do when we get home."

"Okay, so what's the problem with that? You're a couple now," I tell him before taking another bite.

Chase doesn't say anything. He just looks glumly down at the bowl in front of him as he pushes the cereal around with the spoon. His shaggy brown locks, sticking up on the ends except for the longer pieces in front, falling into his eyes. Eyes that look sad.

“Talk to me, Chase. We’re brothers. You can tell me anything.”

“I haven’t come out yet. Yes, Mom and Dad know, but I haven’t told the team. I’m scared, Carter.” He drops his spoon in the bowl and looks up at me, his eyes red, and I know he’s been crying at some point this morning.

“What are you scared of, Chase?”

“That the team will treat me differently. Not to mention what happens when we get back? Yeah, Blake cares about me here, but what happens when we’re home?” I can tell he’s been worrying about this for some time. Or the weight of our time coming to a close here has finally come crashing down on him.

“Chase, you need to stop. You know our team; you’re friends with all of them. Do they treat Blake differently?” I give him a stern look as I wait for his answer.

“No.”

“Then why the hell is that even a thought?” I whisper-yell.

“But—”

“No way, brother, I’m not letting you have your own one-man pity party. You’re letting your head think too much about shit. You have a family, a team and a boyfriend who supports you. No one is going to treat or think of you differently. You need to—”

“I know a few things my boyfriend needs to do,” Blake suggestively smirks as he steps into the kitchen, making a

beeline straight for Chase. Blake takes hold of Chase's chin with his thumb and forefinger, tilting his head up and kissing his lips softly. "Mmmm, sugary. Want some coffee?"

"Yeah, baby," he tells him, before cutting his eyes at me.

"So, what does Chase need to do?" Blake asks as he pulls two cups from the cabinet and sets them down on the counter, as he goes about making their coffee.

"Nothing. I was telling him how I needed to cut out all the junk food before we head back home. Coach is going to kill us with drills, and I need to be ready."

"Nah, I think you're fine, babe. You stress too much." Blake picks up the cups once he's done and steps over to the table, placing one down in front of Chase, then kisses him on his forehead.

I love how Blake loves my brother. My fear is Chase is going to let his anxiety of what others think get to him, and he's going to lose Blake. But no matter what, I'll be there for my brother.

We all look up when we hear scuffling feet coming down the hallway. A few seconds later, Ginny turns the corner. She's wearing a pair of my boxers and one of my shirts. She's taken down her hair and put it back up in a messy bun and she has on a pair of Santa slippers she picked up on one of her shopping trips. They look ridiculous on her, but she swears they're the best purchase she ever made.

"Please tell me you have a cup for me."

“Of course we do, Little One. Take a seat beside Carter and I’ll get it for you,” Blake tells her before jumping up and getting a cup for her.

She shuffles around the table, dropping into the seat beside me, and lets out a little huff.

“What’s wrong?” Seems like that’s the question of the day.

“Just tired,” she tells us, but I know there’s more. I have since last night.

“Are you excited for Christmas?” Chase asks as Blake sets her cup in front of her and then returns to his spot, reaching out and taking Chase’s hand in his.

“Yes, and no,” she says solemnly.

“We feel the same way. This is our first Christmas not being with our parents.” I give her a smile. “But it’s been amazing meeting you. I’ve been thinking about it too. Maybe we can keep in touch with you after our holiday is over.”

Her eyes go wide and I think I’ve hit what’s bothering her.

“That sounds good,” Ginny replies, but I catch the pain in her voice, and the lack of enthusiasm at the prospect of more.

“So, what time are you abandoning us for your best friend?” Blake asks jokingly, lightening the mood in the room.

“As soon as I’m done with coffee. I didn’t intend to sleep so late. She has a whole day of activities planned for us.” She laughs just as she takes a sip of her coffee, causing her to choke a little.

“Any activities that need three strapping men to accompany you?” Blake once again asks, a devilish grin on his face.

“Unfortunately not. But I’ll be here tomorrow evening, so we can celebrate. I got you all gifts, but I want to give them to you myself so I can see you opening them. That’s the best part about Christmas to me.” She gives us all a smile, but it doesn’t fill her face or have any real happiness behind it.

“Guess I’ll just have to suffer through with these two. At least they’re nice eye candy.” Blake gives Chase a wink before leaning over and kissing him deeply.

God, I hope the two of them make it. If not, it’s going to rip our happy family apart.

“I think that’s a good idea. We got you gifts, too. We can open the ones from each other in the morning, then have dinner and open gifts with you tomorrow night,” I tell her.

She helped me pick out a gift for Chase and I can’t wait to see him open it tomorrow.

We spend the rest of our time at the table in silence as we all find something to eat. Well, those of us who hadn’t already had cereal. They drink their coffee, while I opt for some orange juice.

A bleakness seems to have overtaken all of us, except for maybe Blake. He’s smiling from ear to ear like the cat who ate the canary. Blissfully blind to the confusion Chase is having over returning to school, and the hesitancy in Ginny to commit to past Christmas.

Ginny's the first to speak, pulling us all from our stupor. "Well, I'm going to get dressed and schedule a Lyft to come and get me."

"We can take you, Pixie, it's not a problem," I tell her as I start to stand.

"No, that's okay. Stay and relax." She stands from the table and heads out of the room.

The three of us look at each other and I know we're all asking the same question: Why doesn't she want us to take her home or even know where she's staying while she's here?

It's about ten minutes later when she comes out, and it doesn't escape any of our attention that she didn't just change. Ginny's packed her bags, and it appears to be everything she brought over on her initial night here.

Chapter 17



Ginny

“SO HOW DID IT go?” Melina asks as she picks up a slice of pizza and takes a bite. A string of cheese hangs from her mouth, connecting to the pizza as she lowers it back to the plate.

“How did what go?” I opted for a salad. My stomach groans at what I’m placing inside of it, longing for some of the gooey goodness that Melina’s enjoying. But time to get back in training mode.

“No, nuh uh, Missy. There’s no way in hell you’re playing dumb. You know exactly what I’m talking about.” I knew precisely what she meant. However, I was trying to avoid having the conversation.

She pulls her leg up into the chair she’s sitting in opposite me at the bar in the kitchen.

“I didn’t tell them,” I mumble softly as I take a bite of the bland salad that’s doing nothing to appease my appetite.

She jumps up from the chair, stumbling over, and grabbing hold of the bar to keep from falling as she glares at me. “What the fuck, Ginny?! You need to tell them.”

“I know, but I didn’t want to ruin Christmas. It’ll be one last night with them and then it’s over, and I’m back to being Daddy’s perfect little girl.”

Melina looks at me, pity and love in her eyes, if you can have both. She cares about me and she’s the one person who knows how I’ve been struggling. Skating used to be fun. As a kid, I had a natural talent, one my dad saw from the get go.

He always encouraged me to do anything I wanted, but he especially loved that I found joy in skating. Immediately, he had me in a skate club, partnered with Antony and a coach who began running us through drills. We were the dream team, and a bright future was ahead of us.

But soon, skating became a chore, the love I once felt for it slowly dying, turning into something I was beginning to loathe. But I’m the good girl, always doing what my father wants. How is it any different now? I knew I would never have the strength to fight him.

“I’m sorry, Ginny. I wish there was something more that I could do.”

“I know. You just being here for me is enough.”

Deciding to say fuck it, I reach over my bowl of salad and open the pizza box, picking out the largest slice in it and take a huge bite.

“Well, that’s why I’m taking you out tonight. It’s Christmas Eve and Malachi is having a party at his place. It’s invite only, and we happen to have two. So we eat, chill, then get ready to dance the night away. Then tomorrow morning we open presents.”

I force a smile on my face, but inside I’m not smiling. All I want to do is curl up in bed. I wish I had the guts to truly stand up to my father.

“Can’t we just stay home, watch a movie and chill? Let’s do an *us* night?” I plead with her, even going as far as giving her my most pitiful puppy dog eyes.

“Nope, not falling for it. You’re not guiltting me, Missy. We are going out and having fun. Now I’m going to take a nap, so you can’t work your voodoo on me and convince me otherwise.” She picks up another slice of pizza and stands from her chair, heading straight to her room, leaving me alone in the kitchen.

Guess the rest of this pizza is mine. Pushing the bowl of salad to the side, I slide the box closer and continue to eat until I feel like I’m about to puke. When I’m not able to eat another bite, I pick up my phone and move over to the couch. Getting comfy under the warmth of the flannel blanket on it, I begin to scroll through my phone.

Since I came back today, I’ve not opened it. I’ve heard it buzzing, letting me know there’s a new message, but chose not to look, needing the time to come to terms with my choice.

I can't help but smile at the messages from the guys. Each of them telling me to have a great night and how they can't wait to see me tomorrow. My fingers hover over the keyboard, itching to type a reply—to beg them to come get me and take me back to their place. My body yearns to be near them, but I don't. It'll only be harder when I have to say goodbye.

Just as I close out the group thread with the guys, my phone vibrates in my hand, startling me, and I yelp. I wait for Melina to come running into the room, some random object in her hand, ready to defend our home and protect me. But she doesn't. Guess she didn't hear.

When my heartbeat returns to a normal rhythm, I open the message, which just so happens to be from Antony

Antman: So your dad messaged me.

Me: See he didn't waste any time.

Antman: Did he tell you he moved the date?

This gets my attention right away and I shoot up off the couch, the blanket falling off of me onto the floor.

Me: What?

Antman: Yeah, he messaged me and told me he was sending me the flight information. He has me booked to fly in on the 1st. Really killed my New Year's plans.

Me: You're fucking kidding me! Right?

Antman: No. I'm dead serious.

I click out of the message thread with Antony and begin to scroll, and there it is underneath the guys.

Dad: I left you a message but since you don't seem to want to accept my calls, I'm letting you know here. Use your credit card and book a flight. I expect you here on the 31st. No later, young lady. Send me the information once it's booked. I'll be getting you from the airport. If I were you, I'd hurry and schedule that flight. Now! It's time you got your priorities straight.

My heart sinks at the news, but at least Melina will be pissed right along with me. This totally ruins her New Year plans.

I don't even reply. He's done enough and now I'm ready to party.

"Melina!" I scream out, knowing that she'll hear it unless she has her earplugs in.

I hear the pounding of her feet and then a thump, which I have no clue what it is, before she comes staggering wide-eyed into the living room. Her eyes are scanning the room, no doubt searching for a threat, and she has her brush held up, ready to cause some kind of bodily harm. I guess?

"What's wrong?" she asks breathlessly.

"I'm ready to party tonight."

She relaxes and looks at me, confused. "Not that I'm complaining, but why the sudden change of heart?" She moves over to the couch, flopping down on it beside me.

“Dear old Daddy wants me flying out of here on New Year’s Eve.”

“What the hell crawled up his ass? It’s literally the party day of the year and he wants you to miss it?” she asks, huffing in annoyance.

“Now, Melina dear, you know my training is of the utmost priority. I have to ensure I have what it takes to go all the way this year,” I remind her, using my best dad voice.

“He bites. But that means we have to party hearty tonight. I’m going to take a nap, so don’t wake me up until it’s time to get ready, and for the love of God, don’t scream like that anymore.” She stands up and heads to the hallway, stopping to look back at me. “Unless you’re screaming from an orgasm.”

The pillow I throw barely misses her before she quickly disappears down the hall. Picking the blanket up from the floor, I decide to take a nap as well, since my food coma has quickly set in.



We’ve been at this party for three fucking hours and I’m so ready to leave. It’s nothing but pretentious fucking assholes, and none of them are appealing to me in any way. I keep

moving through the house, looking for a secluded corner to hide in until Melina is ready to leave. Unfortunately, there's not one to be found, and it's freezing outside. I'm just about to brave the cold when I notice a door and open it, finding a dark room with no one in it. *Heaven.*

As I step inside the room, I shut the door behind me and sigh a breath of relief. The thumping bass of the music is still there, but dulled immensely. I look around and see I'm in a library. Floor to ceiling bookcases fill three walls, and I imagine myself in a scene from the movie with Belle. I wish I was her, sliding along the bookcase on a ladder. Instead, I opt for the chair by the window and take a seat, pulling out my phone, my fingers hovering over it, begging me to send a message to the guys.

"Where have you been hiding?" a deep voice asks.

Looking up, I see an attractive man, with his jet black hair that's cut close to his head and piercing blue eyes. He's average build, more on the leaner than muscular side, and he's gazing at me like I'm his next meal. But I feel absolutely no attraction to him.

He's not my men. Well, they were my men.

"I haven't been hiding. I've been right here," I tell him flippantly, wishing he would just leave me the hell alone.

I'd much rather be sitting in front of a fire, some hot chocolate in hand, watching Christmas movies. But instead, I'm here trying to convince this man I'm not interested.

“Oh, I think I’d notice a looker like you. Name’s Chet and yours?” he asks, smirking at me, and I want to vomit.

“Not interested, now move along.” I wave my hand in the air, shooing him away.

“Fucking cunt!” he spews, and I see red.

Jumping up from the chair, I get right in his face. “Cunt? I’m a fucking cunt because I’m not interested in you or what you have to offer? Did you for a damn second think maybe I’ve got a boyfriend, or hell, maybe I’m not interested in dicks but like pussies more? Get over yourself and get the fuck away from me.”

Shoving him out of the way, I go to storm out of the room, but not before he spits out one more derogatory comment. “Fucking dyke!”

I come to a halt, whipping around to face him. “No, Chester, I’m not. And if I was, who fucking cares? But it just so happens I like cock and my three men keep me very satisfied, so I don’t think the micro penis in your pants will do anything for me. But if putting people down makes you feel better about yourself, by all means continue doing it.” I turn to walk out, throwing my middle finger up at him as I go.

Where the hell is Melina? I’m ready to go the fuck home and whether she wants to or not, I’m out of here. My hope is she will go with me.

Chapter 18



Ginny

WHEN WE GOT BACK to the cabin last night, we decided to huddle together in Melly's room. We ate popcorn and watched Hallmark movies until we fell asleep. But it's Christmas, and just like when I was a little girl, I'm up at the ass crack of dawn, excited about giving Melina her gift and then seeing the guys later.

The only downfall is having to leave them. I never thought it was possible to grow so close and develop such intense feelings for someone so quickly, let alone three people.

Sitting up, I see Melina is still sleeping. Her soft snores, which she will never admit to, fill the room. She obviously doesn't have the same excitement as I do about the day. Getting on my knees, I begin to bounce up and down on the bed, making sure to shake her.

"Come on, Melina, wake up. It's Christmas," I sing to her.

"Leave me alone," she cries as she pulls the pillow out from under her head and puts it over her ears.

I reach out, taking hold of her arm and shake her until she rolls over, finally relenting. “Fine, I’ll get up. Seriously, Ginny, are you five?”

“Aww, you know you love me and hello, it’s Christmas!” We both get out of bed and head to the living room. The only difference between now and when I was a kid is the number of presents under the tree. Instead of an abundance of gifts, some I didn’t even want, there’s a small cluster. These presents, though, are given with love and thought. It’s always been that way with Melina and me.

We stop for a moment to take in the tree. It’s stunning, decorated in shades of ice blue and silver. It’s a medley of icicle and ball ornaments with twinkling blue and white lights. On top of the tree is a shiny silver star. In all my years and all the trees we’ve had, this is by far my favorite.

“Can we get some coffee before we open?” Melina’s voice is sluggish. For coffee, I can definitely wait.

“Let’s do it.”

We both head into the kitchen, one heading to the cabinet for sugar and then to the fridge to get our creamer, while the other heads to the coffee pot to begin brewing. Working like a cohesive unit, each doing what needs to be done so we can sit in front of the tree with a steaming cup of goodness in hand.

It’s a perfect morning. One that could only be made better by having Chase, Carter and Blake with us.

We both sit for a moment, letting our coffee take effect. “Okay, time for gifts,” I announce, tired of waiting. The excitement in me to see her face when she opens hers has me giddy. Setting my coffee on the floor, I reach under the tree and pull out the first of the three boxes underneath it and hand it over to her. It’s a large rectangular box, wrapped in purple and pink paper, her favorite colors.

“The wrapping is so beautiful I don’t want to open it.” She looks at me and smiles, no doubt seeing my jitteriness, waiting for her to rip the paper. “But I will,” she adds with a laugh.

She takes her time, much to my dismay, carefully pulling the tape up and undoing the ribbons. While Melina savors the moment of opening gifts, I rip them open, needing to see what the giver picked out for me.

I know the minute she sees it as she lifts the top of the box off, her eyes go wide as tears build in them. Inside is a painting I had made of her and her parents on their last Christmas. With the help of her aunt, I was able to obtain the picture to have the scene recreated. Her parents died in a fatal plane crash when she was sixteen, six months after the picture was taken. In the middle of the flight, something happened with the engine and the plane went down. It killed her parents, the couple with them, and the pilot.

“It’s beautiful, Ginny, thank you.” She sets the picture down, leans over it, and captures me in a hug. “Somehow I don’t feel anything I got you will compare to this.”

Handing over the other two gifts to her, I wait as she opens them, taking in her excitement with each one; the first, a bracelet with a heart charm that when opened, holds a picture of the two of us, and the second, a trip for us to Greece for a month in the summer.

Setting hers to the side, she leans over, pulling three boxes of different sizes out for me. “Now it’s my turn. I hope you love them.” She slides them over to me and I smile, so happy for this time we have together.

One by one, I open them, chuckling at her silliness and her thoughtfulness. Much like me, she had a similar idea. Instead of a bracelet, she got me a necklace and only when I had put it on, did she show me the one around her neck, the connecting piece of the best friend necklace.

The next gift was a picture album collage she had made of us through the years, and last, a spa weekend for us with an open date. All things she knew I would cherish, sentimental and girlie girl.

“I love these, and I think we should do the spa weekend before we go to Greece.” I smile widely.

“Ginny, I couldn’t agree more. It would seem great minds think alike.”

She looks over at me as I pick up my coffee, taking another sip. I can tell she wants to say something by the way her nose scrunches and those little wrinkles in her forehead as she furrows her brow.

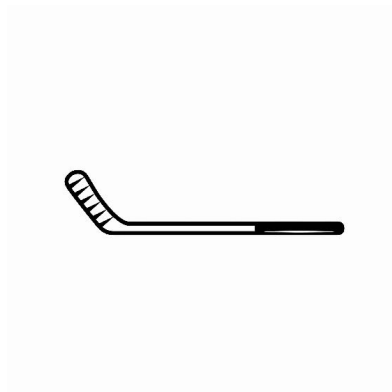
“Go ahead and spit it out. I know you’re dying to say something.”

“I know you’re going back to the guys’ place tonight, but are you sure you want to? Maybe just staying here and letting the last time you saw them be it. Maybe it’s the best thing for you.”

“No, Melina, I can’t do that. I need closure and for them to have it, too. It will be the last thing I truly do for myself for a long time.”

“Okay babes. I love you,” she tells me, and my heart warms at how much she cares about me.

“I love you too. Now let’s watch the Christmas Chronicles. I love Kurt Russell, and when he sings, it has me feeling all tingly inside.” She laughs as we stand and make our way over to the couch, cuddling under the blanket. We hang out there, enjoying the rest of our morning.



Carter

We all slept in this morning, none of us wanting to get out of bed. We stayed up late last night drinking and playing board games. It was like being a kid again, except for the alcohol. Needless to say, we are all competitive and most of the night was spent calling each other cheaters and being sore losers.

The three of us finally crawled into bed around three this morning, me by myself, and Chase and Blake together. As soon as my head hit the pillow, I fell into a deep sleep filled with visions of my dark-haired goddess.

I'm startled awake by pounding on my door and Chase shouting from the other side. "Hey bro, it's time to get up. It's almost noon and Blake's cooking us some omelets to eat before we do the old gift exchange."

"I'm coming," my groggy voice calls back as I push my hair back, rubbing my eyes with my hands. When I remember our girl will be here later, I jump out of the bed in excitement. Picking up my shirt I tossed on the dresser last night, I pull it over my head and leave the room, expecting to see Chase still in the hallway ready to pound on the door again. But he's not.

As I make my way down the hallway, I stop in the doorway of the kitchen. They're standing there, Blake holding a piece of mistletoe over Chase's head as he kisses him. I love that the two of them finally admitted how they feel about each other

and how happy Chase has been since. I just pray it lasts once we return to the real world.

I'm about to turn around and give them their privacy when the smoke alarm begins going off, and smoke begins to billow from behind them.

"Oh, shit!" Blake cries out as he breaks free from Chase, dropping the mistletoe and taking hold of the pan that now has burned eggs inside of it. The foul odor filling the small kitchen.

I should help, but instead I double over in laughter. Guess we've got to figure out something else to eat, not to mention open the windows and doors to air it out in here.

"Har, har, har, Carter. Laugh it up," Blake bitches, and it only causes me to laugh harder.

Thirty minutes later the smell has dulled, but not disappeared, and the three of us sit huddled on the couch under a blanket, while we eat bowls of cereal.

"Ten more minutes and aired out or not, I'm shutting the windows and doors. My balls have fucking climbed back up inside of me and my dick's shriveled," Blake continues to bitch.

"Wait, shut everything. I remember seeing some candles in the pantry." Chase throws the blanket off us and takes off toward the kitchen, on a manhunt for anything to make the house smell better than it does now.

“Blake, can you handle that? I’ll pull the presents out, so we can get them done and clean up the place before Ginny gets here.”

We all do our separate tasks and within no time we’re back on the couch, with a living room that smells slightly like pumpkin pie.

We opted for two gifts each, especially since we are limited in space since we are traveling. For all of us, I got an appointment for either a tattoo or piercing. I’m planning to get my first tat and I want my brother there with me. I know he plans to get another one, and with Blake, you never know what he will choose. Then for Chase, I had Ginny pick up the package for me yesterday. It’s a watch that you can wear while diving. It goes along with the other gift I got him—deep sea diving lessons. He’s always wanted to learn and now he’s getting his chance. It cost me an arm and a leg, but it’s going to be worth it to see his face when he opens it.

I know he’s going to love everything. “I’m going first. For this one, I need both you and Blake to open together,” I tell Chase as I hand over the small box that holds the gift cards inside for both of them.

They quickly rip the paper off and toss it to the floor, finally opening the box held inside. “No way, really, man?” Chase asks.

“Fuck yeah!” Blake hollers before I can answer.

“Yeah, I got us all one. Call it a bonding experience for us.”

“Thanks man, that’s awesome,” Blake tells me, reaching out and giving me a fist bump, while Chase opens his next one.

“Are you freaking kidding me? No way in hell you got me this?” Chase asks in excitement when he picks up the watch, not even noticing what’s underneath it.

“That’s not all,” I tell him, gesturing for him to look again.

“Ahh shit. I’ve been dying to learn. Hell, Carter, this must have cost you a fortune.”

“You’re worth every penny. Now let me get Blake his other gift.” Leaning over, I pick the other box up from the floor and hand it to him.

We continue for the next half hour, enjoying opening the gifts we picked out for one another. The only ones left remaining under our tree are the ones we each got for Ginny.

So far it’s been an amazing Christmas and I can’t wait for what’s still to come. Now to enjoy our time and wait for our girl to get here.

Chapter 19



Ginny

STEPPING OUT OF THE Lyft, I gather the bag with the guy's gifts and shut the door. I take a deep breath and head for the pathway that leads to their porch. With each step I take, I force myself to be brave. One last night and then it's goodbye. We all get closure and a trip to remember. We all agreed it was nothing more than that at the start. *Fun!*

Okay, Geneva, pull your big girl panties on and get in there!

As I get closer, I can hear the guys' laughter and music drifting outside. Their joy is contagious, and I yearn to feel it as well, not the dread at what tonight has to bring.

I make it to the landing and take the final steps, lifting my hand and knocking on the door. I wait, then knock again, but still no answer. Finally, I take hold of the door handle and turn it, opening to a sight that has me smiling. All three men are in Christmas onesies: a reindeer, an elf and Santa, all dancing around the room, singing off-key to the music.

Carter chooses that moment to turn, and his eyes lock with mine, growing wide in shock as he freezes in place. Neither of the other two are aware that they're being watched.

“Guys,” Carter calls out over the music, getting their attention. “We have company.”

They turn, and when they see me, Blake makes a mad dash, picking me up and swinging me around. I barely have time to sit the bag down.

“I’ve missed you, Little One,” he whispers into my ear.

“Me too,” I reply softly.

“Put her down and let us get some lovin’ too,” Carter butts in.

Each of them hugs me like they haven’t seen me in years when, in reality, it was just yesterday.

“So I heard there was food and presents. Please don’t disappoint me,” I joke.

“Oh, there’s food. It’s warming in the oven. We were just waiting for you. There’s just one thing, though. You’re not dressed properly,” Chase states as he moves over to the tree and picks up a large gift bag sitting beside it, bringing it over to me. “You see, there’s a dress code for this party and lucky for you, we picked you up the proper attire.”

Opening the bag, I take a look inside and shake my head. A gingerbread cookie onesie.

“We wanted to get you Mrs. Claus, but they were out,” Carter explains.

“Well, I guess I should go change. I’ll be right back,” I announce as I take off down the hallway in a skip, oddly excited to put on my onesie.

Shutting the door behind me once I’m inside Carter’s room, I take a deep breath. One night, then we say goodbye. *I can do this.*

It doesn’t take me long to change and I take a look in the dresser mirror, laughing at how ridiculous I look. Folding my clothes, I put them on the bed and go back out to my guys, who are busily setting the table.

“It smells delicious, but is that Chinese?”

“Yep, it’s been an Olsen family tradition since, well, before we were born,” Carter explains as he sets the last container in the middle of the table.

“No turkey, ham, or mashed potatoes?” What kind of world do people not eat that for Christmas?

“Nope, that’s Thanksgiving,” Chase speaks up this time, like what he’s said is common knowledge. I’m mind-blown by this. In my home, when we did Christmas as a family, it was a big production of a meal, with turkey and all the trimmings. Same as Thanksgiving.

“Okay, time to eat. And trust me, Ginny, by the time you’re done, you’ll be wanting this every year.”

“We shall see.” I take his challenge as we sit at the table and I take my first bite. It’s at that moment I know I have been having Christmas dinner wrong this whole time. So not only am I eating the Chicken Lo Mein, but my words as well.

I don’t admit defeat until we’re too full to lift the fork to our mouths. “You win. Best food ever for the holiday. My new meal every year will be this and when I eat it, I’ll always remember this moment and the three of you.”

They each exchange a look that raises my curiosity, but I don’t say a word. I don’t want to ruin the moment or this night.

“Okay, let’s put the food away real quick while you relax by the tree, Ginny. Then it’s gift time,” Blake says as he stands from the table and picks up his plate, carrying it to the kitchen.

I must have died and gone to heaven as I watch the three of them clean up the table from our feast, while I sit back, never once lifting a finger. A girl could get used to this; sadly, I’m not her.

When they’re done, they join me in the living room. They gather the gifts from under the tree and sit down. Carter and Chase on either side of me on the couch and Blake on the love seat. I’d picked up my bag for them and brought it with me when I sat down.

“Okay, me first,” I tell them as I reach inside and pull out the gifts I got them. The first one I give is a corny one, but I still

hope they love it. I hand the small bag over and sit and wait as they open it.

Each of them gives me a smile of appreciation as they pull the ornament from the bag; a skate. And inside the same bag is a picture of me and them. We had taken it in one of those booths where it takes multiple pictures of you rapidly. We'd taken a ton that day and I collected them all, framing and giving one to each of them.

“These are awesome,” they all say in some form or another.

“Yeah, I figured the skates for our first outing on the ice that day and the silly picture to remember how much fun we had. Now, here's another one. I know it's not much, but I wanted to get you each something.”

I hand out the last gift I have. Since I know they like to ski, I got them each a hat, goggles and leather gloves. By the smiles and winks when they open them, I assume I did well.

We went through the same process again, each of them giving me a gift. I must say, I managed to rack up on everything from perfume to jewelry I had mentioned I liked while we were at the market one day to a music box with the Rat King and the girl from the Nutcracker ballet. They were sweet, beautiful and a hundred percent perfect. But there's one gift I would love to have—one I crave and need before I say my final goodbye.

“I love all my gifts. They're absolutely beautiful and I will cherish each and every one, but there's something else I want. You can call it a gift if you want.”

“And what’s that, Pixie?” Carter asks, scooting closer to me.

“All of you.” God, I hope they get what I mean.

“You have us,” Chase says, confused.

“No, I want all three of you—together.” When they still don’t bite, I huff in frustration. Why are men so clueless? “I want all three of you at the same time, during sex.”

“Fuck yeah!” Blake’s approval rings out in his voice. I guess he doesn’t care if there’s one more in the mix.

“Okay, Pixie, I’m down with that, but just so you know, my dick is only for you. There’s nothing between my brother or this one,” Carter says as he tosses his thumb in Blake’s direction.

“Oh, I’d never expect you to do that, but if Chase and Blake want to play a little, I have no problem watching, as you both already know.” I wink at them.

“What are we waiting for, then?” I stand up, turning to face them and take hold of the zipper on my onesie, sliding it down. It opens slowly, giving them a front row view of my naked body underneath. I know how I want this night to end, so when they presented me with a wardrobe change, I took full advantage of it.

Pulling my arms out of the sleeves, the onesie drops to the floor and I try as seductively as I can to step out of it. Just for future reference, it’s a lot harder to do than it looks. I stumble and fall into Blake’s lap because I can’t get my feet out and lose balance.

“Guess you don’t have a career as a stripper, Little One. But you can take your clothes off for me any day,” Blake tells me as Carter squats down on the floor and helps to remove my onesie the rest of the way.

“Spread her legs for me, Blake. I’m hungry, and there’s only one thing I want to taste.” Carter’s tongue glides along his lips as his gaze roams over my body, while Blake puts me into position.

Blake sits me on his lap with my back to his chest, making sure I slide my ass down between his thighs, so I’m sitting on the couch and resting my body against his. He places my legs over his and spreads them, putting my already wet pussy on display for Carter. Blake’s hands slip around me, cupping my breasts, and he rolls the pebbled peaks of my nipples between his fingers.

Carter places a hand on each of my thighs before leaning in and licking my slit from my opening to my clit. He flicks his tongue back and forth before nipping at it with his teeth. Electricity courses through my body. My hips begin to rock as I thrust my pussy up in his face, begging for more.

“How does she taste, brother?” I can hear Chase ask.

“Like all my favorite desserts wrapped into one.” Carter’s hot breath hits my pussy, setting me even more on fire, before he blows down the length of my slit and my core aches for a release.

Carter begins to suck on my clit again as he slips one, then two fingers into my hole. He pumps them in and out and my

hips work in unison with him, craving what he's doing.

“Do you like what he's doing, Little One?” Blake whispers huskily in my ear as he squeezes my nipples between his fingers.

“Yes,” I moan.

“Do you want to come?” he asks as Carter thrusts his fingers in and out of my tight little hole, curving the tips of his fingers, so he can hit my G-spot with each movement. I can feel the pressure building in my core and I know I'm close.

“Then do it, baby. Coat his tongue with your juices.” At Blake's command, my orgasm overtakes me and stars erupt behind my eyes. Carter grips my thighs harder, preventing me from closing them around his head.

“Fucking beautiful,” Chase says in the background, but I'm so blissed out at the moment I can't even think straight. All I know is I can't wait for the rest of the night.

Chapter 20



Blake

WATCHING CARTER FINGER FUCK Ginny while he ate her out has my cock hard as a rock, but I need more. I think it's time to put two people to work.

Chase stands from the floor and sits on the couch as I look over and grin. I'm not sure how he's going to like this, but hey, it's the perfect way to see if he'd be down for the scene I have planned for our girl. She wanted to experience all of us and damn if I don't have the perfect way for her to do it.

“Chase, help our girl up, and then I want you naked.” I wink at him while still making sure he hears the firmness in my voice.

Once he has Ginny up and out of my lap, I stand up and unzip my onesie. I debate for a moment if I want to keep it on, but decide to go ahead and rid myself of it. No need to be fumbling trying to get it off when I'm ready to have my cock buried deep inside someone.

“Carter, want to get naked with us?” My hand goes down, gripping my hard cock, stroking up and down my shaft as I wait to see what my friend plans to do. I don’t have to wait long before he stands and strips down to his birthday suit. Seems we have a party now.

Carter sits back down on the couch, his legs spread wide as he takes hold of his cock, gazing at our girl, currently wrapped up in his brother’s arms. I take a seat beside him, looking at the two people who own varying portions of me. Chase clearly has my heart, but Ginny, well, she’s found her spot there as well, not as big as his, but growing.

“Chase, on your knees. I need my cock sucked. Ginny, don’t you think Carter deserves to have you suck his dick? Especially after how well he ate that sweet little pussy of yours.”

Chase kneels down in front of me, as Ginny does the same to Carter. My eyes drift to her for a moment, but once Chase’s hand takes hold of my shaft, they don’t move from him. He strokes up and down my length before leaning in and placing my mushroom head on his lips. Pre-cum has already started to bead at the slit. Chase’s tongue darts out of his mouth, lapping it up before he opens wide and takes my dick deep inside his mouth.

“Fuck me,” I growl as my head falls back against the couch, enjoying every moment of it.

The feel of his mouth as it bobs up and down on my cock has me fighting to not shoot my load right down his throat. It’s

like this every time we have sex, invigorating, all-consuming, and amazing. *Love*. Yeah, that's what it is, love. I've never said those four words to anyone other than him and my family. While my love for them is a familiar one, his is one I can't live without.

"Fuck, baby, that feels so good," I say breathlessly as I reach out, weaving my fingers through his short chestnut locks and hold his head firmly in place, not wanting him to stop, especially when I'm so close.

The sounds of slurping and moans fill the air, and I take a moment to glance over at Carter. He's pulled his bottom lip into his mouth, biting down on it, with his hand on Ginny's head, much like mine is on Chase's. And for a small moment, I wish she was sucking my cock as well. I yearn to feel her lips wrapped around my shaft as she takes me deep into her mouth, gagging on every inch I have to offer.

I can feel the heaviness in my balls, how they're tightening, and I know I'm not far away. "Do you want my cum, baby?" I ask.

"Yes," he mumbles around my dick, his voice vibrating along my shaft, inching me closer.

"Good. I want you to swallow every bit of it." I thrust my hips up into his mouth, keeping in sync with his movements, until I feel euphoria take over. My cock jerks as I shoot ropes of cum down his throat, and he swallows every bit of it like a good little boy.

He pulls off my cock after taking all I have to give him and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, giving me a seductive smile.

“Kiss me,” I order him.

He puts his hands on my knees and pushes himself up. We both lean forward and I taste myself on his tongue. Moans come from beside us and I know Carter must have found his own release. Chase and I break our kiss to look over at them.

“Kiss each of them,” Carter instructs Ginny.

She comes up on her knees and leans over, kissing Chase with the same mouth that was just sucking his brother’s cock, taking his cum like a pro, and fuck if it isn’t the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.

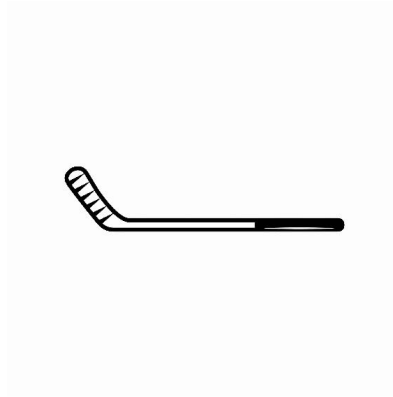
“How does your brother’s cum taste on her lips, Chase?” I’ll know soon enough, but I want to hear what he says.

Chase and Ginny pull apart, a devilish smirk on his face as he looks between me and Carter, who’s now holding his cock, stroking up and down, no longer soft from just being drained by his blow job. I give him props on his quick recovery.

“I have no complaints. Want to taste?” he asks, before leaning over and kissing me again. Now I taste the combination of me and Carter mixed in his mouth. As quickly as he takes my lips, he releases them and Ginny replaces him. She starts softly before demanding entry into my mouth, intertwining our tongues together.

“Now that was hot,” Carter pipes up and causes us all to chuckle. “Never in my life did I think my girl kissing my brother with my cum still filling her mouth would turn me on, but fuck if it did.”

“I say we move this to the bedroom, and since Chase and I have the bigger bed, that’s where we’ll go.” I stand from the couch, taking Chase and Ginny’s hand in one of mine and help them to stand, leading them down the hallway with Carter following close behind.



Ginny

As I'm being led down the hallway to a bedroom I've spent plenty of time in during this trip, my pussy throbs. It begs to be filled with a cock, any, just as long as it belongs to one of the three men surrounding me.

A hand slips into my free one, and as I glance over my shoulder, I see Carter smiling back at me. My eyes drift down his muscular body, teetering longer on his chiseled abs and the patch of brown hair that trails from his navel down to his pubis, where it's neatly trimmed, adorning his massive ass cock that I just deep-throated like a pro.

Once we step inside the room, we look around at each other. Blake steps forward, grinning ear to ear. "On this momentous night and in honor of our girl wanting us all at the same time, I have an idea. It that will connect us in more ways than one. We've done it once, the three of us," Blake gestures between him, Chase and myself. "We just need to add one more person."

"By all means, please direct us," Carter jokes, pulling me into his arms, our bare bodies rubbing against each other as his cock presses into my back.

"Carter, since you have our girl in your arms, reach down and tell us how wet she is. Is her pussy already begging for our cocks?"

Carter's hand slides down from my stomach to my bare mound. He taps my legs, and I spread them as if he verbally commanded me. His large fingers move further south and he uses the pads of them to rub in a circular motion around my clit. My body vibrates in delight and I let out a shudder as electricity dances along my skin.

One, then two, of his fingers slip into my hole and pump in and out as he wraps his free hand around my body, holding me firmly in place. My walls clamp down on the intrusion.

"She's so fucking wet, Blake." Carter pulls his fingers from inside me and places them in his mouth, licking my juices off of them. "So delicious."

"I was hoping you'd say that. Carter, I need you to lie down on the bed, and Ginny, you'll be on top of him. I want you to slide your beautifully wet pink pussy down on his shaft. That tight little ass of yours is Chase's and his is mine. We're fucking as a group tonight." Blake pulls Chase into his arms, kissing him deeply as Carter leads me to the bed.

"I want you so bad," Carter whispers to me as he lies back, resting his head on the pillow and I straddle his waist. His hard shaft brushes along my stomach just before I begin rocking back and forth, allowing it to slide through my slick folds.

"Fuck baby," Carter's husky voice cries, just as I line up the head of his cock with my opening and slide down.

"Yesss," I respond, feeling the same. Carter places his hands on my hips, sliding his thumb over so he can reach my clit and

rubs small circles on it. I gasp at the contact and my core throbs.

“Not too soon, Carter. We’re not done yet,” Blake announces. He steps up to the bedside and opens a drawer on the nightstand, just as I feel the bed dip behind me.

I can feel Chase’s hands on my back, rubbing down to my ass. I’m rolling my hips, and my pussy clamps down on Carter’s cock when I feel something cool slide down my crack. “I’m just going to get you ready, baby,” Chase’s voice whispers to me.

His fingers move around my rim, spreading the lube. Right before I feel the tip of his finger slip into my ass. I squeeze my cheeks in response. “Relax baby. He doesn’t want to hurt you,” Blake reminds me from where he stands on the side of the bed. Glancing over, I see him, cock in hand, stroking it slowly.

I relax, allowing Chase’s finger to slip deeper inside as he pumps it in and out, then adds another, scissoring them once inside, stretching me, prepping me for his cock. I hear a rip as Chase pulls his fingers from my ass, leaving me craving more.

“Okay, once Chase is seated deep inside your tight ass, I’m going to enter his. This might take us a minute to navigate, but I have high hopes we’ll all come out of this with an orgasm.”

I feel his hardness at my entrance just before his breath hits my ear. “Baby doll, I’m getting ready to push in, so just relax.” He presses my body forward, placing his legs on the outside of Carter’s thighs, just like mine.

“Okay, Chase.” I calm myself, taking a few deep breaths. I’ve never done this before, but I trust him with my life. Odd since we’ve only known each other a short time.

He pushes in a little at first, and I’m not fully relaxed. An instant pain hits me and fear overtakes me. As much as I want it, I don’t think I can do this. His hands grip my hips, squeezing softly, giving me the encouragement I need to allow him in further. He thrusts his hips forward, and this time, he settles himself fully inside of me. With both Carter filling my pussy and Chase in my ass, I feel stuffed. And it’s amazing.

“Okay, now it’s just me left,” Blake announces as I feel the bed dip again. “I need you all to lean forward, and Chase, baby, spread your legs just a little wider. I’m going to prep you, and once my condom is on, I’m entering. Then the party begins.”

I can’t see what’s happening between Blake and Chase, but I can hear his audible moans and gasps at whatever’s taking place. Carter’s still rubbing soft circles along my clit, every so often pressing down with his thumb, adding more pressure. My body is a ticking time bomb at this minute, and I’m so ready to come.

I know Blake has entered Chase when I feel him push deeper inside of me, causing me to moan in a mixture of emotions. A smidge of pain, fullness, and a hell of a lot of desire.

“Okay, this is going to be awkward for a moment, but once we get our groove, it will be good. I’m going to start. Chase pick up when you get the motion, and same with you, Ginny.”

Just as Blake said, it was clumsy as hell at first, but once we got the rhythm, it was pure bliss.

My hips move in time with Chase's thrusts as his movements are being controlled by Blake. That's the hottest part of all of this. It may be four people fucking, but Blake is controlling the pleasure of all of us and fuck if I don't love it.

I try to hold off my orgasm for as long as I can, but the way Carter is playing with my clit and the two dicks filling me, I can't. A tightness starts in my core, and stars dance in my eyes as my orgasm hits me like a freight train, exploding all over Carter's cock, soaking him in my juices. Not a second later, his cock twitches inside of me, as he has his own orgasm, same as the two behind me.

We collapse together in a sweaty mess before Blake slowly pulls out of Chase and then Chase from me. Blake takes their condoms, ties them off and disposes of them in the trash. It's then I realize I never gave Carter the chance to put one on. *Thank God for birth control!*

I can see Carter and Chase giving each other sneaky looks, but they say nothing until Blake comes back.

"Ginny, we want to talk to you about something," Carter says.

"Okay, what is it?" Is he worried about the condom?

"We had a long talk today, and well, we kind of tossed it around here and there, but this between us," Carter continues

as he reaches out and takes my hand. Blake and Chase have also reached out, placing their hand on some part of my skin.

“Yeah,” I interrupt.

“We want more—to continue seeing you after this. We don’t care if it’s a long distance relationship, because we can make it work. You are one of the best things to happen to us, and we don’t want it to end.”

With those words, my world crashes in on me, but I can’t let them know. I have to keep it together.

Chapter 21



Ginny

INSTEAD OF TELLING THEM this was it, I keep my mouth shut. We had sex several more times, though not the way we had just done, until we all crashed and fell asleep. Well, they fell asleep. I continue to lie here, hating myself for keeping my mouth shut and letting them think I was okay with there being a future for us.

No, instead of letting them get closure, I was taking the coward's way out. I wait until the early hours of the morning, when all three of them are deep in sleep, and quietly slink out of the room, taking the few minutes needed to stop by Carter's room, dress and collect my phone and purse. I need to get out of here before I change my mind.

Taking one last look around the room, I remember the good times I've had with the guys from the first time here, with the misunderstanding between who the twins were and the gifts we exchanged last night. I never told them, but I'm in love with each of them. A love that won't fade overnight or even in a few months.

I place the gifts they gave me in the bag I carried their presents in, then pick up a piece of the discarded wrapping paper and pull a pen from my purse. I write them a note telling them goodbye, and that as much as I care for them, this was merely a holiday fling. Nothing more. It could never be. I leave it on the coffee table underneath the remote and hope they find it.

I quickly order a Lyft. Hoping like hell it comes quickly and I don't have to stand in the cold long. I know if I stay in the house, I risk one of them waking up and stopping me from doing what I need to do.

“Goodbye, Chase. Goodbye, Carter. Goodbye, Blake. I'll never forget you,” I say softly as I step out onto the porch, shutting the door behind me and make my way down the path to the road. I move off to the side, behind a tree, as I wait. I don't want them to be able to look out and see me.

Thankfully, the app tells me Sawyer, my driver, is close by—guess lady luck doesn't want me to get caught either.

As the brown suburban pulls up to the curb, I step out of the shadows and open the door.

“Good morning,” he says as I shut the door.

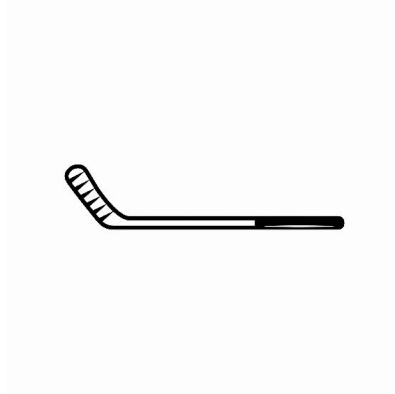
“Good morning.” There's not as much joy in my words as there is in his.

“Good Christmas?” he asks, trying to make small talk.

“Yeah.” He goes to say something else, but I'm not in the mood. “Can we just take the ride in silence, please?”

“Of course.” He grips his steering wheel but doesn’t try to talk to me again. A lone tear falls, sliding down my cheek until it drops on my hand in my lap. Before long, that one tear turns into many and I’m a balling mess in the back seat, but Sawyer pretends not to notice and I’m thankful for it.

I just need to throw myself into the role my father dreams for me, and maybe, just maybe, the feelings I have will diminish over time.



Chase

It's been three days, and she's still not answering her phone. When we woke up that morning, she was gone, the bed cold where she was laying when we went to sleep. When we stepped into the living room and began cleaning, we found her note, telling us goodbye and she didn't want the same as us.

Instead of going back to the club every night meeting women like he usually would, Carter stayed at the cabin with us. We were heading home in a few days and my nerves were on end. It was now or never—I had to talk to Blake. My only hope is he doesn't hate me after.

We're sitting on the couch, devouring the burgers we picked up from the sports bar in town, when Blake speaks up. "So what do we want to do for New Years? Bar or stay home and watch the ball drop on the television. I know our flight leaves the day after, then it's back to classes and early morning practices."

"I'm going to stay in. I just want to relax a little before we go back," Carter tells us, but I know it's because of Ginny. I think he's afraid of seeing her out somewhere with another guy.

"Hell, I think we should all stay in," Blake says as he scoots closer to me, putting his arm around me. "I can't wait until we get home and everyone knows you're my man."

My heart plummets into my stomach. I have to talk to him, tell him how I'm feeling. "Maybe we can keep it to ourselves for a little while," softly comes from my lips.

Blake pulls his arms away from me, scooting back on the couch as he looks at me, confused.

"On that note, I'm taking a shower and heading to bed." Carter stands, leaving the room, allowing us the privacy to talk.

Once Carter is out of the room and we hear his door shut, Blake starts talking. "What do you mean, wait? I thought we were a couple. Why would we keep it a secret?"

"Blake, I'm not ready to be under the scrutiny of the whole school, our teammates."

"The scrutiny. Really, that's what you're going with?" Blake's voice raises in anger.

"Blake, I'm not out to the team yet. Coming back and revealing my sexuality and that I'm in a relationship with you is too much at once. I just want time to come out to them, then when they're okay with it, I can tell them about us."

"Oh, I see you want to take time. Let them come to terms with who you are, then, when all is well, let them know about us. So what's this timeline you're working on, Chase? A week, a month, two, or is it a year?" Blake's pacing at this point, his fist clenching and unclenching.

"Babe, it's not like that," I plead with him.

“Oh, really? Cause it sounds like the boy I’ve loved, the one I’ve grown close to and said he wanted to be my boyfriend, is ashamed of me and wants to hide me in the closet like a dirty little secret. I’m not doing that. No way am I going back to pretending we are just friends.”

I lean forward, raking my hands through my hair, pulling at the ends. All I want is for some time to come to terms with being in the real world and in an openly gay relationship. Whereas he accepted his sexuality freely and openly, I’m not that confident. Fear takes over me, drowning me in its stench.

“Well, Chase? How long? I need an answer.”

“I don’t know.” I finally look up at him, already feeling the tears welling up in my eyes.

“You know what? Let me help you with it. Either we go back as an open couple or we don’t go back as one at all. I’m not going back into the closet for anyone. No matter how much I love them. So tell me, which is it?”

I sit there in silence. As much as I want him, I can’t say the words. “Blake.”

“You know what, Chase? Forget it, we’re done.” Blake storms from the room down the hallway. The only sound I hear is the slamming of our bedroom door.

My head drops into my hands as I break down. A couple minutes later, I feel the couch dip beside me and arms wrap around me.

“It’s going to be okay, Chase. He just needs time to cool down,” Carter tells me as he comforts me.

“He hates me, Carter. I knew this was a mistake. I should never have acted on my feelings.”

“No, don’t say that. I am so proud of you for stepping outside of your box. You shouldn’t be hiding who you are. No one will think less of you or care that you’re bisexual. Give him some time to cool off and then you can sit down and talk again.”

The words are no sooner out of his mouth when Blake comes back down the hallway, dressed with a jacket on.

“Where are you going, man?” Carter asks.

“Out. Alone,” he snarls as he opens the front door, slamming it behind him.

“See, Carter, he hates me,” I huff out.

“No, he just needs to cool down. He’ll calm down, then you two can talk and work this out. No one belongs together more than the two of you.” Carter’s words do little to console me, but I appreciate them.

“I’m going to bed.”

Standing, I slowly step away from Carter and make my way down the hallway to the bedroom Blake and I share. The shirt he was wearing is lying on the bed and I pick it up, cradling it close to my body, and lie down. I let the floodgates open and mourn what I fear I’ve lost tonight—the man I love.

At some point I must have fallen asleep, because I hear something fall and jump up from the bed. The room is dark, except for the light shining underneath the bathroom door. Carefully getting out of bed without making a sound, I tiptoe over to the bathroom, praying it isn't some kind of masked killer in there waiting to gut me.

Inside, though, I find a very drunk Blake. Struggling to take off his clothes. But what guts me the most is what I see on his neck and on his back.

A fucking hickey and fingernail marks.

If I thought my heart had already been broken tonight, *I was wrong*. Seeing that crushed it into a million pieces.

“What do you want, Chase?” he drunkenly slurs out when he sees me.

“Nothing, I just wanted to check on you. Are you okay?”

“Am I okay? Really? Why wouldn't I be? I mean, my boyfriend, the man I love, just happened to tell me tonight he wanted to keep me a secret. So, yeah I'm fine. Now leave me the fuck alone.”

I back away, shutting the door, not even recognizing the cruel man in front of me. I move back to the bed and sit, waiting for him to come out. A few minutes later, he staggers out of the bathroom and heads straight for the bed. I assumed to join me, but I was wrong.

He takes his pillow and one of the blankets and heads to the door.

“Where are you going?”

“To the couch. I figured until we leave, we can take turns sleeping on it.” With that, he steps out of the room, not looking back at me.

Chapter 22



Carter

WE HEAD INTO THE rink and I'm tired as fucking hell. We've been back to practice for two weeks now, and Blake and Chase barely talk. If it doesn't have to do with a play, then it's as if the other person doesn't exist. It's been that way since that fateful night at the cabin. The tension between them is so thick.

Chase told me about what he saw on Blake's body that night and as much as I want to fucking knock his teeth out and find out what happened, Chase won't let me. He's torn up inside about it, constantly wondering how he could go out that quickly after a fight and hook up with someone else. Hell, I have the same question.

This strain is killing me. I'm torn between my brother and my best friend. Both are so caught up in themselves they can't see the other's point of view. My need to protect Chase is weighing heavily on me. Chase feels as if he's placed me in the middle of their battle and it's just something else to eat away at him.

Chase was an idiot thinking the team would treat him differently, but Blake is too hard-headed. He should have understood that it was all new to him. Hell, I'm not bi and I understand. I just wish the two of them would fucking sit down and talk this out instead of giving each other the silent treatment. That's not going to fix anything.

The strain isn't just between them, though, the whole team feels it. They're not idiots. Hell, Henley even brought up that we needed a team meeting to me, and not so subtly pointed to the distance between two of our key players.

Not to mention, we're all missing our girl. Both of the guys have mentioned it to me. We've all messaged her so many times in our group chat, but nothing. When I would try to call, it would go straight to voicemail. She truly has just walked away and left us in the dust.

I never thought I'd develop feelings for her like I did. I've seen the movies where the main character falls in love instantly, but I thought it was a bunch of bullshit. That was until I met Ginny. Now I know it exists, but let her walk right out the door and didn't even put up a fight.

I can hear them bickering behind me one of the few times they actually talk and I've had enough.

Stopping dead in my tracks, I spin around, facing them both just as we step inside the rink. I can hear our coach yelling something, but I'm too pissed at the moment. I'm fuming that my brother and best friend are being idiots. "You two need to get your shit together. It's affecting the team and I've had

enough. The two of you are acting like kids!” I bark out at them, fury swirling through my veins.

“Carter—” Chase starts, but I don’t let him finish.

“No, I’ve had enough. You were so focused on what people would think about you being bisexual, you let someone good slip through your fingers. Instead of just having an adult conversation about your feelings, you fucked up a good thing with Blake.”

I’ve barely gotten Blake’s name out of my mouth when I see him begin to open his mouth. No fucking way. He’s not the good guy in this either.

“Nope, you don’t get to say anything either. You knew Chase wasn’t out publicly about his sexuality. Instead of coming up with a solution, you pushed him to do what you wanted and when he couldn’t, you let him go. Both of you are fucking idiots.”

They look at each other and I can still see the love in their eyes. They just need to find it again and work out their shit.

“I’m going to get dressed.” Blake charges past me with his head down, walking to the locker room.

“This is all my fault.” Chase’s voice is so soft and I can feel the pain in it.

“No, it’s not just yours. He could have given you some time, understood how you were feeling. No one on the team is going to care that you’re bi or that you’re seeing Blake. Hell, they’ll

be happy for you. But if you don't do something, you're going to lose him."

"When did you become the insightful one?" Chase asks with a smile spreading across his face.

"I've always been, just choose not to show it. Hey, who is that guy on the ice?"

Chase turns his head, looking in the direction I am.

"No clue, maybe a new transfer. Let's go get dressed."

We head to the locker room, and Blake looks up when we enter, pain in his eyes, before resuming changing his clothes. I can see the longing look between him and Chase. God, they need to get their shit together.

I head to my locker and Chase walks to the one beside me. All three of us in a row. Yeah, not uncomfortable in any way at the present time. We all undress and put on our hockey gear without speaking a word. Around us our teammates are laughing and talking about what they did last night, who fucked who and giving very descriptive details. Hell, if I wasn't hung up on a certain girl, it would make my cock hard hearing it.

Chase shuts his locker once he's dressed and looks over at Blake, then around the room. He takes a deep breath before bringing two fingers to his lips and giving a shrill whistle.

Everyone shuts up and turns to him, including me. What the hell is my brother about to do?

“So, hey guys, I got something to say,” he starts. His voice is shaky, and I know he’s nervous.

“Well, spit it out,” Henley calls out from the back of the locker room.

“Shut the hell up and let Chase speak,” I order them as their captain. No one would dare defy my words or I’ll make sure they end up doing suicide sprints for the entire practice.

“Umm, thanks Carter.” He takes a deep breath and I have an idea of what he’s going to say.

“Okay, so I need to share something with you. Carter tried to convince me to tell you earlier, but I was afraid of how you would react or that you would treat me differently.”

“Shit, are you dying, man?” Barton calls out, and I want to laugh.

“No, not dying. I don’t know any other way to do this but rip the cord. I’m bisexual and I’m in love with Blake. We started dating over Christmas break, and instead of coming out with the truth, I asked him to hide it and pretend we weren’t together.” Chase turns toward Blake. “It was stupid and I’m sorry I hurt you.”

Blake just sits there, his head down, so I have no clue how he’s taking this. The rest of the guys congratulate him on coming out and that some of them already had a clue.

Chase looks a tad bit lighter, finally having this off his chest and being out. But his eyes haven’t left Blake and his lack of response.

“Okay guys, get out there and start warming up.” They all grab their helmets and sticks and head out of the locker room.

Once everyone is gone, I speak. “Chase, I’m proud of you. Even if those fuckers had said something, I would have supported you. Now and always. You’re my brother and I love you.”

“Blake,” Chase speaks. I can hear the desperation in his voice and I’m torn between leaving and staying.

Blake stands, picking up his helmet and stick, and looks right at Chase.

“I’m glad you finally told everyone. But it’s a little too late. You could have done this as soon as we got back instead of trying to make me your dirty little secret. I love you Chase and would have moved mountains for you, but you can’t say the same. Can you?”

Blake moves past us, leaving Chase standing in shock.

Blake hesitates at the door before looking back at us. He shakes his head and leaves the locker room.

Chase and I follow after and I’m stunned to see the entire team standing just outside the door, Blake behind them.

“What the hell guys, weren’t we supposed to be warming up?” I ask loudly over the music playing.

Speaking of, since when do we play music?

“Coach has some people on the ice,” one of the guys says.

“Yeah, a fucking stone-cold fox. I’d love to have her riding my cock,” another says.

Chase, Blake and I push through the crowd and it’s only when I get to the front of the team that I get a view of the ice. My heart drops down into my stomach.

There on the ice is Ginny. Our Ginny.

“Good job, guys. Practice is over. I’ll see you at home,” Coach calls out and the three of us look at each other, confused.

“Okay, Dad,” Ginny says as she skates over to the exit.

What the fuck? Dad?

Her eyes meet ours and her face goes white.

“Chase, Blake, Carter. What are you doing here?” she asks in shock as the guy skates up behind her and puts his arm around her waist.

“We were wondering the same thing about you?” Blake barks out.

She’s here, and our coach is her dad! Holy hell!

To Be Continued In

Love on Thin Ice

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About Bre Rose

Bre Rose writes under a pen name in both the contemporary and paranormal why choose genre primarily, but does have works that are MF. Bre is a native of North Carolina and mother to three amazing sons and two feline fur babies more affectionately known as her hellhounds.

She's always been an avid reader then progressed to becoming an ARC, BETA and ALPHA reader for some of her favorite authors. After some encouragement she decided to tackle writing the stories in her head and is loving every single minute of it. When she isn't reading or writing she enjoys traveling the world and still has some places to mark off her bucket list. She also enjoys spending time with her family and advocating for the differently abled population.

To keep up to date with all upcoming releases and all things Bre then simply join her Facebook reader group [Bre Rose Petal Readers](#).

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