

The
Noir
Wanted

One's a Bear, the other a Knight.
I'm their naughty little secret, and
they're my ultimate fantasy.

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

M J F I E L D S

the
holiday
hattrick

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

MJ FIELDS

COPYRIGHT

COPYRIGHT © 2023 BY MJ FIELDS

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

This book is a work of fiction. All names, characters, locations, and incidents are products of the author's imaginations. Any resemblance to actual persons, things, living or dead, locales, or events is entirely coincidental.

1.1

ABOUT THE HOLIDAY HAT TRICK

One's a Bear, the other a Knight. I'm their naughty little secret and they're my ultimate fantasy.

Three years ago, I threw my cap in the air, and left Lincoln University behind, with a degree to prove I was job worthy, a trophy saying I was *one hell of an athlete*, and enough **experiences in love** to know **I'd never truly been in it.**

I'm successful in every aspect of my life. I'm proud of who I have become, and what I have created, so why does the thought of spending a *Holiday with my college friends* make me want to stoke the fire, curl up with a bottle or two of wine surrounded by my furry friends and watch all the classic holiday alone?

Two names, **Dean Costello** owner of Brooklyn Bears professional Ice Hockey team, and **Cody Warren**, superstar quarterback for the New York Knights, under the same roof... again.

I've played in the minors but never went pro... until now.

The Holiday Hat Trick is a steamy why choose sports romance.

PLAYLIST

No Sleep Till Brooklyn by Beast Boys
It's Beginning to Look a Like Christmas by Perry Como
Falling by Harry Styles
Count On Me by Bruno Mars
Take Me To Church by Hozier
One Right Thing by Marshmello , Kane Brown
Blessings by Florida Georgia Line
Home For The Holidays by Perry Como
The Bones - Mere Morris, Hozier

CONTENTS

[About The Holiday hat Trick](#)

[Playlist](#)

[More From MJ](#)

[Dear Reader,](#)

[Prolouge](#)

1. [Brooklyn Bound](#)
2. [Knights](#)
3. [Plus None](#)
4. [The Party](#)
5. [The After-Party](#)
6. [The Morning After](#)
7. [Brooklyn Bears](#)
8. [In Three](#)
9. [Triple Slipper](#)
10. [Sexual Symphony](#)
11. [Hatty and the Trickster](#)
12. [Night One](#)
13. [Almost Home](#)
14. [Christmas Day](#)
15. [Knights On High](#)
16. [Best. Christmas. Ever](#)
17. [Boston Game](#)
18. [Three, Two, One, Knights](#)
19. [One Year Later](#)

[Long Shot](#)

[Books by MJ Fields](#)

[About the Author](#)

MORE FROM MJ

Taking The Shot

(Recommended reading order)

[Long Shot](#)

[Snap Shot](#)

[Hot Shot](#)

[Flip Shot](#)

[The Holiday Hat Trick](#)

More Holiday Heat?

Holiday Springs

(co-written w/ Jessica Ruben)

[The Broody Brit: For Christmas](#)

[The Irresistible Irishman: For St. Patrick's Day.](#)

THE STEEL WORLDS

(Recommended reading order)

The Men of Steel Series

[Jase](#)

[Cyrus](#)

[Zandor](#)

[Xavier](#)

[Forever Family.](#)

[Raising Steel](#)

Or get the

[Men Of Steel complete box set](#)

The Ties of Steel Series

[Abe](#)

[Dominic](#)

[Eroe](#)

[Sabato](#)

Or get the

[Ties of Steel complete box set](#)

The Rockers of Steel Series

[Memphis Black](#)

[Finn Beckett](#)

[River James](#)

[Billy Jeffers](#)

or get the

Rockers of Steel complete box set

The Match Duet

Match This!

ImPerfectly Matched!

or get the

complete duet

The Steel Country Series

Hammered

Destroyed

Wasted

or get the

Steel Country complete box set

Tied in Steel series

Valentina

Paige

Gia

or get the

Tied in Steel complete box set

Steel Crew

(Generation 2)

Tagged Steel

Branded Steel

Laced Steel

Justified Steel

Tricked Steel

Busted Steel

Smashed Steel

Marked Steel

Maxed Steel

Mercy West

No Mercy.

THE LEGACY SERIES FAMILY OF BOOKS

(Recommended reading order)

The Blue Valley series

Blue Love

New Love

Sad Love

True Love

Blue Valley series spin offs

The Way We Fell

The Way The Wildflowers Grow

Coming soon

The Way The Heart Breaks

The Brody Hines series

Wrapped In Silk

Wrapped In Armor

Wrapped In Us

The Burning Souls

Stained

Forged

Merged

Love You Anyway.

The Norfolk Series

Irons

Shadows

Titan

Timeless Love series

Unraveled

Deserving Me

Hearts So Big

Couture Love

The Caldwell Brothers Series

(co-written w/ Chelsea Camaron)

Hendrix

Morrison

Jagger

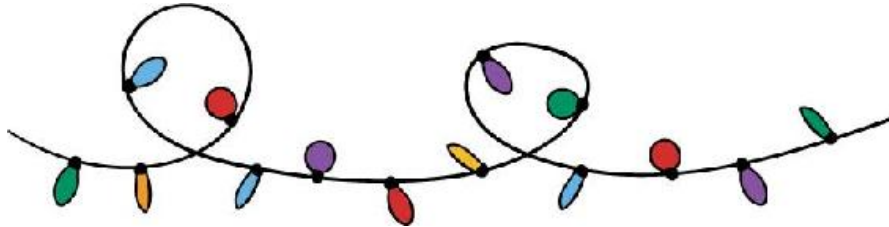
Visibly Broken

Use Me

Standalones

Offensive Rebound

DEAR READER,



‘Twas just days before Christmas, and there came a call,
From Drew’s sister Dylan, requesting her presence at the ball.
Who is throwing, you ask? The Brooklyn Bears owner, Dean,
A ex college lover, now a man, it’s been long since she’d seen.

Dean, mischievous and full of Christmas cheer,
He plans to woo our heroine, but plot twist, oh dear!
Sexy suit, so damn charming, and eyes filled with light,
Hoping to get her, and another, in his bed this magical night.

Drew dressed in red, she’s the belle of the ball.
Cody, the other, a football player, so hot, so tall.
Desire inside her, filthy thoughts of two men tonight.
She giggled and blushed, oh what a beautiful sight.

A hotel so lovely, just down the snow-covered street,
The trio decides ‘twas there they shall meet.
They drank and took photos, a merry trio,
Drew stays between them, wondering how this night will go...

Dear readers,

Here's my warning, the heat level's extra high.

One should expect that in a book about one girl and two guys.

Their journey is sweet, too, a total package, it's sublime.

A book whose obsession: a scorching storyline.

XOXO,

MJ

PROLOUGE



Drew

“NO SLEEP TILL BROOKLYN” blasts from my phone that is ... somewhere under the pile of files strewn across my desk, and there is a little part of me that doesn’t really want to take the call.

Don’t get me wrong; I miss my twin—*in the true sense*—best friend/sister, but this party she’s insisting on, I’d easily trade for just hanging out with her, watching movies and sipping a hot toddy. As if she heard my thoughts, the ringtone stops, and I exhale the breath I was holding ... until it starts all over again.

“Quinn!” I yell from my office here at the arena. My other office? My vehicle, or somewhere between thirty-three and forty-three thousand feet in the air, ass in a business or first-class seat.

A bubble of laughter comes from down the hall. It’s not Quinn, I put her on a mandatory vacation after having caught her sleeping in the office at least twice a week.

She and Mack started working at the arena right after we graduated from college. Dad knew we’d need the extra hands since we basically bullied him into running for mayor of our town, Willowhaven, and although he didn’t campaign at all, and to his utter dismay, he won. What can I say, the people

wanted a change, and who better than Duncan Daniels to see that it happened? No one.

Mack leans into the office and immediately begins, “You insist everyone else takes a vacation or at least time to reset, yet you’ve been nonstop since undergrad. You immediately dove into summer sessions for your law degree, graduated in two and a half—”

I hold up my hand to stop her. “I don’t have time for this. I can’t find my damn phone, and Dylan’s blowing it up.”

“I’m gonna need you to step away from the contracts and breathe, babe.”

“I will, I am, I have,” I groan.

She attempts and fails to hold back a laugh when I raise the travel mug of coffee to my lips for a sip of much-needed caffeine, only to realize it’s my damn phone.

Rolling my eyes, I spin in my chair to face the glass wall of windows that overlooks the skating rink and hit *accept*. “Guess what I’m looking at?”

“All those zeros?”

“Rude.” I hit FaceTime and flip the screen so when she accepts, she can see the three-and four-year-old beginner group making their best efforts on the ice.

She barks out a laugh. “I was talking about your fat bank account from all the contracts you’ve signed.”

“No big thing.” I flip the screen and epically fail to hold back what’s going to be a far too big grin from spreading across my face.

Holy shit, does it all feel like a fever dream, but it’s all very real. I owe it to my undergraduate college years and the connections Dylan and I made; Dylan’s by finally admitting her childhood crush was in fact a crush and not a deep hatred for her now husband, and, well, mine are basically due to the connections I made with Dean Costello’s exquisite penis, and yeah, the one with Lenzin Falk’s—*the motherfalker*—weapon of vaginal destruction.

Dylan grins, too. “I’m so proud of you—”

“Us,” I correct her.

“You took that idea, made it a dream, then blew it the fuck up.”

Her husband, Bass, leans into the camera view. “We’re proud of you.”

“If I remember correctly, it was all because you thought sports agents were just there to get a piece of the pie.”

He winks as he says, “I stand by that. I just happen to have the best agent there is.”

I love my brother-in-law.

“But enough about that. We’ve all been balls to the wall grinding, so you’re coming to the party.” He pulls out his phone, no doubt checking one of the lists he makes, *and he makes them for everything*. “We’ll be back in Boston two days before Christmas and chilling until our next game, and it’s against the Bruins.”

Love him, but don’t like him all that much right now.

“So, why do I have to come down to Brooklyn when you’re coming here, anyway?”

Dylan’s mouth gapes, and her nose crinkles up. “At Christmas, but that’s like—”

“Because,” Bass cuts her off, “it’s going to be a mini college reunion, and straight up, Drew, you had a major hand in keeping us all together, and then basically disappeared.”

“I haven’t disappeared. I’m working, just like you all are.”

“Yeah, well, it’s time for a break. Get your ass here. Even Cody’s trying to make the trip.”

I guess it’s time to put on the big girl thong and face the epic blunder I made the last time the three of us were all together, *alone*.

BROOKLYN BOUND



Drew

December 12th

“THERE’S no universe in which I am wrong about this.” I snort as one of the female commentators of Puck That, a podcast I’ve become addicted to for pure comic relief, does her whole, “Puck that and puck you, *man*’ to the latest guests on their podcast, the hosts of yet another NHL podcast, Dick-ed and Dan-ed.

“You are so wrong.” Mack laughs. “Quinn works her ass off at the rink. She wouldn’t have time.”

“Okay, but I am not wrong that the other chick, Walsh, is totally Zoe Zamboni.”

“I don’t think she’d do that to you, either.”

“To me?” I laugh. “I don’t take it personally when someone talks shit about one of our clients. If I did, I’d be curled up in fetal position every day, and we’d be fucked. It’s her. They’ve shredded every coach in the NHL except for Dylan.”

“Because they’re female, and she’s the first and only female head coach in the NHL, *and* the youngest ever.”

“Oh, please with the fix-the-crown shit,” I huff. “We know damn well it’s not about the gender; it’s about the person. They haven’t torn her up because they can’t. She has a ring.”

“True story,” Mack grins, then claps, then stops and fully turns to face me. “Dylan deserves that ring. She deserves that job. She was one of the best in the country, but you were, too.”

“Dylan, you, Walsh, Quinn, Frankie,”—I pause when I realize I’m going down our whole senior year college roster—“as a whole, our *team* was fucking epic.”

“Hell yes, we were.” She leans back against the heated leather in the passenger seat. “Maybe you’re right. Maybe it’s both of them.”

I reach for the screen to un-pause the podcast as a call comes in. “Speak of the devil, and she appears.” I laugh as I hit *accept*. “Hey, Dilly.”

She barks a cough into the receiver, sniffs, then asks, “Where are you?”

“Stuck in traffic at the mouth of the Lincoln Tunnel. You okay?”

“I thought you were coming in the morning.”

“I was hoping to surprise you and drag you along with Mack and I to do a spa day. I have us all booked at Remedy. Then at Urban Art for trims or cuts.”

Mack glares at me, and I grin then mouth, “*Surprise.*”

“How did you get into Urban Art? They book a year in advance.” Dylan whimpers.

“Dilly, what’s going on? You okay?”

“Nooooo. Bass and I are sick, sick, sick. We might have C ___”

“Nope,” I cut her off before she has a chance to say the word that shall not be said. “No, you don’t. You both made it this whole time without getting *the ick*. It’s just a cold, so just stay calm, okay?”

“Why are you yelling at me?” She sniffs.

“I am not!” I stop when I realize I am. I totally am. “You can’t give it a name, okay?”

“Okay,” she concedes. “I have you booked at Bridgeview Grand.”

“No way. I am coming to you.”

“Not until we’ve been tested,” she insists.

“Don’t you have tests there?”

“The pallet you had dropped by the Zon drones expired. We have an appointment in the morning with the team doc,” her husband, Bass, answers, sounding just as shitty as she does. “We’re fine, Drew.”

“I know. Let me drop off soup or—”

“The truckload of homemade chicken noodle has not expired,” Dylan says in a way I know she’s smiling. “We have enough to last years.”

“Wait—you still have some left?” Mack asks. “Jesus, you two have the strength of Olympians. My truck load was gone in a month’s time.”

“That was for emergencies only,” I scold her.

“My bad.” Mack giggles.

“That stuff is like crack.” Bass chuckles, sounding completely congested. “I opened the first jar today. Seriously, Drew, if this agent shit doesn’t work out, you should team up with Kameron Smith, add your soup to her online store, and ship it all over the—”

“What do you mean, if this agent shit doesn’t work out? Do you plan on firing me?”

He laughs. “No, and neither do any of the others. It was a compliment.”

Traffic starts to move again.

“We’re heading into the Lincoln Tunnel and will probably lose you soon.”

“I’ll email you your reservation info. It’s at Bridgeview Grand. Cars are picking guests up from there and taking them

to the Bears holiday party tomorrow night. Mack, are you Drew's plus one?"

An eleventh-hour end to a one-month situationship that I got myself into that was clearly not going anywhere, and I am without a plus one. I mentioned bringing Sean—I mean, Jack—there's been a ... few—to Dylan but never asked him.

"My parents are hosting the family Christmas party tomorrow, and they need my help. Drew asked me to ride in with her. Little did I know it was all an evil ploy to force me into a spa day *again*."

"It's part of your employee Christmas gift. You're welcome." I give her a big smile, and then it hits me. "If you two aren't going, I'm not—"

"Bullshit, you have to go," Dylan insists. "We're going to test negative and be there with you."

Bass adds, "And if we can't make it, you'd better show up. Half the team are your clients; it would be rude."

I mentally stick my tongue out at him. "We're heading into the tunnel. Call you back."

"Have fun getting pampered. I'll text you later. We're going to try to get some sleep. Love—"

The call cuts off.

"They're going to be fine, boss lady," Mack assures me.

"I know, I really do. It's just hard not to freak out after the fucking apocalypse."

"Very true." She then laughs, and really loud, too, and she laughs for-like-ever. It's contagious.

"Wanna clue me in?"

"Remember when the rink opened back up?"

"Ohmygod, shut up!"

"The first time one of the littles sneezed on you—"

"I will kick your ass out right here in the middle of the Lincoln Tunnel," I warn, still laughing because I do remember.

I freaked, wanted to close it all down again, and Dad, who actually owns the Daniels Arena and training center—although he allowed us to hire Mack and Quinn full time so he could have some time off—kicked me out that day and made Mack drive my ass home. I was admittedly a mess.

“You’ll do no such thing, because if you do, you’ll be getting plucked and pounded on all by yourself. And we know Drew Daniels doesn’t like to do anything alone.”

“*Pfft*, I spend lots of time alone.”

“You hate it so much you made your dad hire two of your besties.”

Totally not a lie. “You needed to learn the ropes before we reopened.”

“Uh-huh,” she retorts.

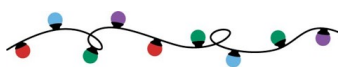
Pulling out of the tunnel, when I see that it started snowing, I smile so big that my face may split in half. “Look, Mack, look.”

“I think you’re the only person I know who doesn’t get annoyed when it starts snowing while driving in bumper-to-bumper traffic, with angry fucking horns screaming at you from every angle.”

“If the past couple years has taught me anything, it’s that sometimes you have to really search to find beauty, but once you do, it’s so easy to find it, even driving in a city in bumper-to-bumper traffic, with angry fucking horns screaming at you from every angle.” I glance at her. “And we’re going to do that all day, or I’m going to freak the fuck out because Dilly and Bass are sick.”

“At least they’re not alone.”

“At least.”



ylan and Bass need their rest, so I won’t call them and ask that they jockey around vehicles to make space for mine. I have

D Mack check my email to make sure there's valet parking available, or I'll have to hit up the parking app and navigate that craziness. As cool as I am with driving into the city, the whole reason for a spa day is to be able to relax and stay that way until the party, all while taking in the sights that New York City has to offer during the holiday season. Unfortunately, traffic sucks, and it takes forever to get to the Bridgeview Grand Hotel. When I uncurl my fingers from the steering wheel, they actually ache.

After the bell hop empties the contents of the cargo space in the back of my vehicle, and onto a luggage cart, and I've handed the valet the key fob to my law school graduation present to myself—a GLS—I finally look up at the hotel.

“The taxi will be here in two. We don't have time to go inside, *Eloise*.”

I do a little happy dance and do my best impression of Eloise. “*I'll spend an awful lot of time in the lobby. For instance, every day, I'll have to go to the desk clerk and see what is happening there.*”

“So, in this bit, who am I? Nanny?” Mack rolls her eyes, playing along with my little Eloise at the plaza moment.

With my hand, I mimic turning a dial to *off*. “I'm finished ... for now.”

I love, love, love hotels. Which is a good thing since I have to travel a lot for the business.



Exiting the taxi, juggling bags, I manage to open the Bridgeview Grand app that I set up after receiving a text message with check-in instructions.

A balding man with a golden concierge badge on his lapel that reads “*Robert*” comes to my aid. “Miss Daniels, allow me.”

“I appreciate it, thank you.” I allow him to take a few bags stuffed with assorted self-care products I grabbed for myself,

Mom, and Welsh. I string the bags on my arms like I do after getting groceries while trying to avoid making two trips. “Let me just get these situated and—”

“It will be our pleasure to get them to your room,” he informs me, pulling them off my arms.

“Oh, but I’m more than capable.”

‘No Sleep Till Brooklyn.’ Dylan’s ring and text tone, blasts off, and I dig in the pocket of my white winter wool coat to grab my phone.

DYLAN:

Let me know when u get settled in. I hate that ur alone.

ME:

I’m in a city of over 8 million people. I’m not alone. How are YOU TWO feeling?

DYLAN:

Stop picking on my texting. I don’t want to exert to much energy. *cough*

ME:

At the hotel, sleep. Love you.

DYLAN:

Love you, too. Talk tomorrow.

After wiping the snow off my screen and placing it in my pocket, I look up as the snow falls heavier than it has all day.

Whisper singing, “*It’s beginning to look a lot like Christmas,*” I see that Robert is entering the hotel and follow suit.

Life-sized nutcrackers stand guard at entrances and just inside a towering, exquisitely decorated Christmas tree, its

branches shimmering with twinkling lights and elegant gold, silver, deep red, and white ornaments.

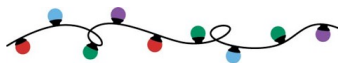
I'm greeted by a different concierge offering a candy cane and a warm smile. "Welcome back, Miss Daniels. Your bags are on their way up."

I return his smile as I take the candy cane. "Thank you."

After passing him, I look around and immediately feel enveloped in the upscale enchanting atmosphere that only New York at Christmastime offers. It's exquisitely decorated for the holiday. Magnificent wreaths, garlands, and strings of warm white lights drape gracefully from the ceiling. There's an enormous fireplace casting a cozy glow across plush sofas and armchairs upholstered in reds and golds. Festive arrangements of poinsettias and holly are placed perfectly around the area. Crystal chandeliers are adorned with sprigs of mistletoe, and golden ribbons cascade from elegant staircases. The lobby has been transformed into a winter wonderland, and every detail is designed to invoke the holiday spirit, which it does beautifully.

But it's not home.

I head to the elevator banks, wanting to see if the rooms are also decorated, and keep my fingers crossed all the way up.



Entering the room, I realize it's not a room; it's a suite. I'm standing in a foyer, on gleaming marble floors with soft lights illuminating the area.

Turning to deadbolt the door, I say, "Thank you, Dylan."

I bend over, unzip my boots, and step out of them before taking off to explore the suite.

The main living area is expansive, with high ceilings that lend an airy and open feel. Plush, oversized brown leather sofas and armchairs beckon you to sink in and relax. A large, ornate coffee table sits at the center, on top of a white and brown area rug tying the room together.

The pièce de résistance of the room is the floor-to-ceiling windows, offering a breathtaking view of the Brooklyn Bridge that is all lit up. Heavy, silk drapes hang to each side and can be drawn for privacy, but right now, I'm keeping them open.

I walk toward the bedroom and see the king-sized bed, covered in a fluffy white comforter, with a red velvety blanket and red and white pillows resting against an upholstered headboard. One side has sliding glass doors that lead to a balcony that I am sure, when it's not cold, would offer a perfect place to sip your morning coffee or unwind with a glass of wine as you soak in the view.

The en suite bathroom doesn't disappoint, with its marble countertops, double vanity, and a large Jacuzzi tub, as well as a glass-enclosed, rainfall shower with mosaic tiles. Included are white, fluffy towels and high-end bath products, which I will not be using because I'm currently obsessed with the line they used at the spa today. They should last all of a month with the amount of "self-care" I've been doing, so I'll be taking the hotel samples with me, because I'm sure they're amazing.

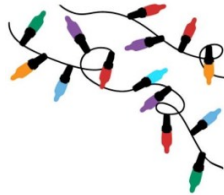
For now, I want nothing more than to slide into my cozy pajamas and climb into the bed that looks so inviting I may not want to get out of it, especially after I turn on the TV to find one of my yearly holiday must-watch movies as I drift off to sleep. Except, where are my things?

I walk out of the bathroom and spot another door to the side of the one I entered the bedroom through and know it leads to a walk-in closet. I decide to check it before calling the concierge to inquire about my missing belongings.

When I walk in, I see all my clothes are hung, my bags from today are placed neatly on the shelves, and toiletry cases—yes, plural—on another.

In the past year I have learned that I will never be that woman who can throw all her things into a backpack for a weekend trip again, and there's little to no chance I'll ever be able to travel with just a carry-on.

KNIGHTS



Cody

December 13th

COACH MOORE BLOWS the whistle as I launch a pass and Links catches it then jogs toward me, tossing me the ball.

“Arm’s solid, as always.” He lifts his chin and, with a smile, notes, “You know this. You’re the best QB out there. Coach Cohen knows this, too, even though he may not say it enough. But, straight up, I don’t want you ruining your arm, so when you can, run your offense and let them earn their money.” He pats my shoulder. “They’re getting fucking lazy.”

Logan Links, part owner of the Knights, has been filling in for Coach Cohen while he takes a few personal days. He played high school football with Cohen. His father, Lucas Links, was their coach. Both went on to play college ball for Syracuse U.

Trucker Cohen played four years in professional football. Three of those years, he was MVP, and he earned three rings. He would have had four if it had not been for the fact that he was assaulted by three players. Since that happened on the field, during a playoff game, they were never charged. “*It wasn’t a crime; it’s part of the game.*” Apparently, no one can prove it was intentional. No one in the league will, anyway. The truth is, even a novice spectator ... in the nosebleed

section, with decent vision and basic knowledge of the game, would know it was a fucking assault.

He was whisked away on a stretcher and didn't return the rest of the season due to a head injury and a broken collarbone. He still wasn't released the next season until right before they played the same team, the Knoxville Knights. All hell broke loose in the stands. There's footage of Cohen's wife, Brooklyn, her sister and Logan's wife, London, literally snatching weaves. There were other women involved, as well. Women, I've now met and deeply admire as they are also in what I can only describe as a co-op that owns what is now the New York Knights. They bought the franchise, fired all the staff, traded all the players, lost their asses for two seasons, at which time they were building a new stadium in a different state. The Raiders moved their team to Vegas, which makes sense—who doesn't want to go to Vegas? —and their fans followed. But when the new owners of the Knights constructed a state-of-the-art stadium in Central New York, in the middle of what was once cornfields, Knights fans were pissed and vocal about it.

Lucas Links was the first to make a statement. “There'll be haters, and there will be fans. They'll figure out which they are, and while they do that, we'll still be playing football.”

“I appreciate it.” I nod as Logan jogs over to Coach Moore, talks to him for a minute, and then takes off toward his wife and kids.

After Moore gives us time to hydrate, he yells, “All right, bring it in.”

Once we're all around him, he finally breaks a smile. “I want to start by saying congratulations on yesterday's win against the Giants. It was a hard-fought battle, and every one of you played a role in that victory. I'm proud of what we accomplished, coming off our first loss of the season to the Cowboys.”

The team erupts in a chorus of cheers and applause, eating up the praise from Coach Moore.

“Don’t get too damn cocky. Champions aren’t made from one win, and legacies aren’t built in a season. I’d like the *new* New York Knights to show the league we’re not just here to play—we’re here to stay. The countless hours of hard work, the sweat, and the sacrifices that we put in makes the difference. We need to continue the momentum, continue to push ourselves harder. We know damn well that’s what New England’s doing to prepare for us on Christmas Day. We have a bye this week, and since we’re playing on a holiday, we’ve decided to give you the next three days to yourselves.”

Everyone gets excited. Me? Not so much now that I no longer have an out for this thing in Brooklyn.

“Do not forget that you are professional athletes—you never clock out. You still need to eat right, rest, hydrate, watch those reels, memorize the plays, and continue your strength training. The facility will be open for you to utilize, but try to spend time with those you love. Now bring it in, and let’s break it down. On three, two, one—”

“Knights!”



Heading out of the training facility, I hitch my bag over my shoulder and hit the unlock on my key fob as I walk toward my vehicle, almost laughing at the fact it sticks out like a sore thumb, but I’m practical. It snows in Central New York, and the road to my lake house is steep and windy. These idiots are constantly wheeling in here in their sports cars, and no matter how much the owners and coaching staff warn them, I’m pulling them out of ditches on my way home. So, yeah, I’ll stick with my Silverado 3500HD crew cab 4X4.

“You should trade those silver rims out for gold ones, Warren,” Lucas Links calls to me from a few spots down as he unlocks his vehicle that does in fact have gold replacing all the silver and chrome on his vehicle. “Have to represent.”

“I’ll work on it, sir.”

His face goes hard as he freezes, and the horn blows from inside the vehicle before the passenger side door opens, and his wife leans out, laughing.

“Come on, Links; we have got to go.”

“Baby, he called me sir,” he says, sounding wounded.

She mock-gasps. “The nerve of him to have manners.”

He shakes his head.

“Now let’s roll, *old man*.”

He lifts his chin to me. “Old, my ass. I’ve still got it, kid.”

“You definitely do.” I give him a thumbs-up.

Once inside my vehicle, I scold myself, “What the fuck is wrong with you?” And then, “Chill the hell out.”

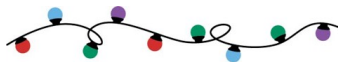
As I back out, a few of the guys are standing around their cars, and Bricks motions for me to come over.

I pull toward them and roll down my window.

“We’re heading to Syracuse to hit up some bars; you wanna come?”

“Would love to,” I lie, “but I’m going to grab a flight to catch up with family.” Another lie. Well, sort of. “Next time.”

That *is* a total lie.



With no seats available on any flights out in the next two days, I end up with the last seat on a flight from Ithaca tonight and must haul ass to the airport. While waiting for takeoff, I was able to get a reservation for a room in Brooklyn at a five-star hotel that requires a two-night minimum. Kameron and Evan offered a room at their place if I was able to make it. While I appreciate the offer, a man needs privacy. I hate to hurt her feelings, because she’s one of, if not *the* most important person in my life. That being said, I’m really happy to have the excuse that the flight was late, and I’ll

most certainly be telling them that I “accidentally” booked two nights. Less chance for hurt feelings.



Stepping out of the cab, I look up at the twelve-story building in front of me, illuminated by the soft glow of the city lights, while slinging my duffle over my shoulder. I can smell the faint scent of roasted chestnuts wafting through the air, mingling with the aromas of a nearby food cart serving late-night treats to passersby.

Walking toward the grand entrance, the lights get brighter and give off more of a golden hue, reminding me of what Lucas Links said about my rims.

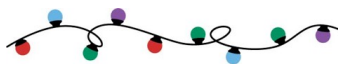
Entering the lobby, I take in the holiday hoopla, and it brings a tightness to my chest. I don’t even have a fucking tree at my place, not that I need one since it’s just me. A dimly lit chandelier casts patterns on the marble floor as I head to the concierge desk.

Approaching the desk, I’m greeted by name, which is odd, “Good evening, Mr. Warren.”

“Good evening.”

“You’ll be staying on the executive level, which has a private lounge. If you’d like a drink or a bite to eat, it’s open until two a.m., and then reopens at six a.m. Room service is available around the clock. There’s a concierge desk on the twelfth if you should need anything at all.” He hands me my keycard, and I hand him a hundred.

“Thank you.”



I pass *go*, so to speak, but do not collect a damn thing on the way. I’m beat and want nothing more than to crash until I have to get up, call Kameron to lie through my teeth, and hope that “I’ll see you tonight” works. But knowing Kameron,

she'll want to drag me around to see the sights, feed me, and hang out before the party.

I don't want to be a dick and say no, but I fucking wish I could.

She's my best friend, the only person who knows that I lived as a closeted homosexual for all of high school. She was my beard. And me? I was the person who let it be known that she had someone on her side, and the one person who dared call her mother out on the fact she was doing this to her daughter by pretending it wasn't happening.

What Kameron never knew and still doesn't is why I believed I was gay. She doesn't know that my fifteenth birthday gift from my father on a "hunting trip" was a sex worker. She doesn't know how not only confused but disgusted I was by that experience because it went against everything they drilled into my head about "whores" who'd use me or drag me down with them and ruin my life. How wrong it felt living in a home whose heartbeat pumped the blood poisoned by their skewed beliefs through its veins. That every woman I came into contact with was as hateful as my mother and her friends, who used fear and manipulation as a method of control. In order to hold on to a thread of sanity, I lived with tunnel vision, keeping my eyes focused forward, hoping to stop seeing the hate surrounding me, the judgment of those who thumped the Bible. And, in doing so, they shattered the lessons then put them back together to better fit their lives. That tunnel led to the football field, and that sport became my everything.

Kameron's mother and mine were best friends. She and I both played the roles of their dutiful children. She was the pageant queen, and I was the state football star. We were told we would be married one day. We looked the part, and we played it well. But that grip they had on us was like a fucking vice tightened to the point it was breaking us. Kameron was starving herself to fit into her mother's mold, and I was taking risks by hooking up with randos at least an hour outside of town to get off. When we came clean to each other, she begged me to stop, took me to get tested, and told me that she

would do whatever I needed if I promised to stop putting myself in danger like that. She proved that I was wrong about women. Well, at least one. She deserved so much more than someone like me.

When I was offered a scholarship from the Texas Steers, I took it, and Kameron headed to Lincoln University. Kameron said, “There are far worse things than marrying out of obligation, or a partnership that will strengthen generations of wealth,” and I agreed.

Disgusted with myself for allowing her to settle for less than what she would be getting, I went back to the old behavior of seeking a release but didn’t put myself in situations as risky as I had been. I somehow found myself leaning into the idea of finding out if I could enjoy sex with a woman.

A teammate and I were propositioned at a bar by a woman older than us. Both drunk, we agreed. I found out that night that I’m an ass man.

I went down a rabbit hole after that, shattering the promise to make safer choices that I had made to Kameron.

It’s mind-blowing how many couples were looking for something called a cuckhold. Even more stupefying was how quickly an addiction to such a thing can grab you by the throat.

When Kameron met Evan and fell in love, I took it as a sign to get my fucking life under control, to stop lying to everyone.

How did I do this? By telling my parents I was gay, even though I was pretty sure I wasn’t, not completely, anyway.

How did they react? They disowned me, but in a closeted way. They cut off my phone, took back my vehicle, and told me if I didn’t win Kameron back and get right with God, they would no longer be paying the portion of my tuition and fees that my scholarship didn’t cover. I was number one in the state. Number fucking one. They didn’t care. They knew I couldn’t go to my coach and explain what had happened—he was just as bad as they are.

My angel, Kameron, once again threw me a life preserver. Her uncle, Brad, coached ice hockey and pulled strings to get me a full ride to the college near Boston that Kameron was attending. Everything was covered. The man Kameron fell in love with, Evan Smith, the God I want to believe is real, not the one people use to spew hate hide behind, I'm sure He made them for one another.

I met Dean Costello through them. He's six-foot-four and weighs two hundred and thirty pounds. He's broad muscle and just ... big. He exudes sexual prowess and is unburdened by it in the way I have never been, unless naked and in bed, where I knew I could outperform anyone. He never once tried to hide he was interested. Hell, even Kameron saw it and told me to be careful.

Through Kameron, I also met Drew Daniels. She is fiercely loyal and confident in her every move. She's tall, athletic, brunette, and doesn't clutch her pearls when sex is alluded to or openly talked about. She's the first girl whose image I jerked off to.

When Dean's grandfather passed, he crumbled, and Drew was the one person out of the group who didn't tiptoe. When I was summoned by her to watch a movie with them in his room, I went, and after that, the three of us spent hours in his bed. The two of them would talk and drag me into the conversation, and eventually, it was just comfortable. We had a routine—watching Sandler movies and reruns of *Jeopardy!*. I slaughtered them in *Jeopardy!*, and finally, at one point, admitted my parents watched it every damn night.

It was the first time in my life I didn't have football, because the season had ended, and didn't go out of my fucking mind like I thought I would with no family obligations and sharing a Jeep with Kameron. Texas Cody would have fucked his way through the down time, but I was grateful for the second chance at Lincoln and had boarded the abstinence train, trying to atone for my "sins."

One night, before Dean and Drew graduated and both their teams had won their national championships, he threw one of his parties. At one point, she kissed me and tasted like fucking

apples. My cock went steel immediately. Then she asked if I would join her and Dean in bed.

I couldn't. It had a lot to do with not wanting Kameron, who was happier than I'd ever seen her, to feel like I didn't want her because she wasn't enough.

Dean rented his house to a few of us when he left Lincoln.

My first game, he and Drew came back and stayed. We had a few drinks, and somehow, I ended up in the middle when we crashed into Dean's bed, watching *Billy Madison*.

"I like this," Drew said, rubbing the back of her hand over the stubble I'd let grow in.

I liked the way her hand felt on me.

"Thought this was just a hockey thing," Dean remarked, rolling onto his side, taking my chin between his thick fingers.

I liked that, too.

As we stared at each other, a soft moan came from Drew. We both shifted our eyes to her.

She shook her head slightly. "I'm sorry." Then, "No, fuck that. I'm not sorry. The thought of the two of you together has gotten me off more times than I can count."

"Yeah?" Dean licked his lips.

Eyes heavy, cheeks flushed as she nodded, this time, a soft whimper escaped her. "You two need to kiss or—"

Hand on my chin, Dean turned my face toward him. "I'm gonna kiss you."

And he did, hard, aggressive, fucking hot as hell.

Then ... Kameron called my name.

I've seen them both a couple times. Hell, Drew's my agent, but most of our dealings are through emails and the occasional video conference call. But I haven't been alone with them since.

Standing in the shower, one hand on the shower wall, the other wrapped around my throbbing cock, hot water pouring

over me, I tighten my grip as I stroke down my length, thinking about Drew kissing me that night in May and how she tasted like apples. I grip harder yet as I stroke again and think about Dean's harsher, more demanding kiss that tasted like whiskey and mint that night in August. I tighten my hold even more as I think of her and him, both on their knees, taking my cock down their throats, one and then the other, and I do not fucking stop until my cum jets out in thick streams all over the shower wall.

PLUS NONE



Drew

December 14th

“THAT FUCKING meme about bronchitis was no joke, but at least it’s not the ick.” Dylan laughs over FaceTime.

“Couldn’t you just take a double dose of antibiotics and cut the time from twenty-four hours to twelve?” I ask as I apply highlighter.

“It’s twenty-four hours fever-free, and we can’t risk infecting the team. We have a game comi—”

“I know, I know, I know,” I interrupt her.

“You’re doing Eloise again.” Dylan laughs.

“I’m doing Nanny.” I pick up my glass, pretend to clink my glass to hers that only exists in my imagination, and take a drink of the champagne she sent over with a note that read,

Have fun for both of us!

Love you,

Dilly

“Kameron, Ellie, and Riley will be there—you’ll have fun. And tomorrow, you’re coming over and staying the night.”

“I am.”

A text alert comes through. “Looks like my car is enroute.”

“Go, have fun, tell everyone we’ll see them tomorrow, and Drew, you look fucking hot.” She blows kisses then ends the call.



When the elevator door opens, Robert, the concierge from last night, greets me, “Miss Daniels, right this way.”

I follow him toward the entrance, and he stops.

“Your coat, Miss Daniels.”

“I’ve got that.”

I know that voice. Warm and smooth, and normally comforting.

I wasn’t expecting to run into Cody here. I was actually saving my freakout for the ride to the party, and now one of the two reasons for said freakout is behind me, and not on the other end of a call or screen.

After he drapes my coat over my shoulders, he walks beside me and holds out his bent arm. “Shall we?”

Walking out to the waiting SUV, I hold my hand over my nervous belly.

When I first met Cody Warren he was familiar, and it didn’t take long to remember why. My father used to like to watch the TV series *Smallville*, and Cody Warren reminds me of the actor who played Clark—looked just like him, but darker. He’s Dean’s height, they’re about the same weight, but their bodies are different since Cody is ripped and cut. He has

dark hair that was cut short when we first started hanging out, but then he let it grow out. He has beautiful, thick, silky waves. His eyes are a deep blue, almost the color of a sapphire. Unlike Dean's, Cody's are not warm and inviting; they are hard like granite. But on occasion, when he let his guard down, when it was just the three of us, his eyes were like the ocean at night, beckoning you to come to it. Beneath all his beauty, there used to be a storm, and you couldn't help but feel like part of the reason he was guarded was because he was protecting you from the storm. So many times, I could tell he wanted to let it out, but he just ... wouldn't.

I link my arm through his, and we begin to walk out. "Been a minute."

He chuckles. "It's been much longer than that."

"You win."

He looks down at me and smirks. "When I win, we both win." He chuckles as he unlinks our arms and motions for me to get in the car.

My heart is pounding so hard I've no doubt it's visible, and when he slides in, it takes me a few seconds to look at him.

"You're killing it out there, CW." I force myself to face him.

When I do, the corner of his lips twist up a bit, causing his dimples to deepen. "There was that game in Dallas."

"Rough game." I look down. "I wanted to come see you when it was over, but after losses, I didn't want anyone but my team around."

"You *were*?" He doesn't want to assume I was there, so I answer him with a confirming nod.

"I was meeting with a client in Houston and decided last minute to come. I sat in the nose bleeds."

"Would have been nice to see a friendly face."

"I'm sure being so close to home, you—"

Shaking his head, he says, “Parents sat in their season tickets seats and wore their Cowboys fan gear.”

My jaw drops. “Shut the hell up.”

“Drew, you and Coach were with me at the draft,” he reminds me.

“Right. I still wanna bitch-slap them.”

He chuckles. “That wouldn’t change a thing.”

“It’s none of my business, but what the hell is wrong with them?”

He leans back and curves a hand over his handsome as fuck face. “I’ll tell you one day, but it’s a very long and complex story.”

I glance out the window and see we’re in bumper-to-bumper traffic. “Looks like we’ll be a while.”

“All right then.”

“I’m not pressuring you.”

“It’s not a story I thought you’d need to know, but if the press caught on to the fact my parents were there and rooting for the other team ...” He pauses. “It’s ...”

“It’s making you uncomfortable.”

He pulls his phone out of the pocket of his hot as hell charcoal gray Tom Ford suit, swipes and taps until music plays, then sets it on the console between the front and back seats. I assume this is done so the driver doesn’t hear us. Then he turns fully toward me.

“As my agent, you may not need to know this, but as one of the very few people I trust, it may come out, and I don’t want you to think I didn’t trust you.” His chest rises and falls in a singular, silent, and forced laugh. “Kameron and I never really dated in the way we led people to believe. At the time, I was sure I was gay, and she was covering for me. She was the only person I trusted with that information because a good Christian from Texas who played football can’t *choose* to be gay.”

“Which is clearly false news,” I point out.

“My mother is”—he shakes his head— “not a good person. Hateful.”

“I’m sorry.”

“That kiss that I stopped—”

I hold my hand up. “You’re gay; you don’t have to—”

He shakes his head. “I realized in college that I also enjoy women when another male is involved.”

“Samesies, but in reverse,” I joke. *Sort of.*

He rolls his eyes as the corner of his lips twists up briefly. “I don’t ever want Kameron to think I wasn’t attracted to her. She’s fucking beautiful and, until Evan, she never believed she was. She deserved to have the life a girl like her dreams of having. I could never give that to her, or anyone else. I said no that night because I’d rather deny myself than hurt the person who was always there for me.

“When I came out to my parents, so they’d all leave us the fuck alone and let Kameron be loved the way she deserved to be, shit went bad. To this day, my whole community thinks I chased after Kameron all the way to Boston to win her back, not the truth, which is that I had no other option—my parents cut me off. Reality is, I’d rather they believe that than know the truth, anyway.”

“I don’t think for a minute the owners of the Knights would give a damn if—”

“If it even caused them to lose a dollar, I’d carry that guilt.”

“But if people knew you were bi, they—”

“I’m not bi.”

“But you like men and women.”

“Drew, trust me when I tell you it’s not that simple.” He stretches his neck from side to side. “It’s best for everyone if it’s shoved in the closet—of a closet’s closet.”

The way in which he says it makes my insides clench.

“I understand.” And so does my vagina that now has a heartbeat.

“I’m not sure you do.” He reaches up, grabs his phone, and turns off the music.

“So, that’s the end of the convo?” I ask.

He leans back into the leather and man spreads. My eyes naturally cast down. I’d give anything to reach over, if I could reach over, and feel to see if the streetlights are casting a shadow, or if that is actually the outline of a semi ... halfway down his thigh.

“Drew?”

I quickly look away. “Yeah?”

“If any of that comes out—”

“I’ll squash it.” *Even if I have to sit on it.*

“There’s other shit, too, things that—”

“I had a couple drinks to relax before leaving my room, so let’s table the rest of this conversation until I’m not buzzed, yeah?”

Leaning his head against the headrest, he turns toward me. His eyes roam over my body for a few seconds, and I swear I can feel them touching me as they stall on my erect nipples before moving slowly up to meet my eyes. “All right then.”

We silently move along, toward the arena, in an SUV that suddenly feels way too small and is filled with way too much sexual tension. I’m wet; he’s hard. We’re at the same place we were after his first game at Lincoln U, when Kameron called his name. However, this time, I know it isn’t that he wasn’t interested in what was about to go down.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

A few deep breaths later, and I have cooled down a bit. When I glance over and the “shadow” is gone, I realize so has he.

“Have you been to the new arena yet?” I ask.

“Not since he sank enough money into it to feed a third world country for a year,” he jokes.

“I’ve seen the Knights stadium; it’s nothing to sneeze at.”

“You were at my game, and the stadium, and didn’t look me up either time?” he huffs.

“It was business. I didn’t want to interrupt your life.”

Sighing, he closes his eyes. “I’m a busy man.”

“Exactly.”

“What keeps you busy?”

I turn and look at him, brow arched, and he smiles.

“I see you, Drew Daniels, kicking ass in four professional sports. What’s the goal?”

“I want to put the rest of them to shame.”

“Think you’re already doing that.”

“I’m doing all right.”

“You definitely are.” He sits forward as we approach the arena. “You miss the ice?”

“I miss the team aspect and competing.”

“You have a team—your clients. You’re still competing—in your industry—and doing one hell of a job.”

I try not to smile, but I can’t help it. “Thank you. This business is kind of my baby.”

“You want kids?” he asks.

“I have kids—ones with fur.”

He shakes his head. “Fuck, I’d love a dog. Just feels wrong to have one when I’m on the road half the time.”

“We have three—Alexa, Siri, and Drei. You can borrow them anytime. My dad would love it if you didn’t return them.”

We come to a stop, and I lean forward. “What is going on here?”

“Costello’s throwing a party.” Cody chuckles.

When the door opens, camera flashes pop off.

“You want to go first?”

“Hell no. You first, and we’ll walk in just like we walked out of the hotel.”

“You sure that’s a good idea?” he asks with a bit too much concern in his voice for my liking as he slides out.

“Damn right, I do,” I assure him.

As soon as I step out, I hear, “Coach Dylan, where’s your husband?”

I laugh as I link my arm through Cody’s. “I should totally kiss you right now and fuck with them.”

He chuckles as we walk a literal red carpet. “I don’t think Bass or Dylan would appreciate that.”

“Would serve her right for ditching me,” I huff.

“She’s not coming?”

“She and Bass have bronchitis and fevers.”

“How rude of them.” His lips twist up, and again with those dimples.

A reporter yells, “Is that Cody Warren?”

Another, “Cody, how do you know Coach Dylan?”

Cody turns and addresses them, “We all met at Lincoln University. And this is Dylan’s sister, Drew Daniels, my agent.”

“Fun sucker,” I mumble before turning and waving.



Inside, we’re immediately met by Kameron, Ellie, and Riley.

I While hugging Ellie and Riley, I notice Kameron holding both of Cody's hands as she steps back, exposing a slight bump.

"She's ...?" I whisper to the girls.

"Just hit sixteen weeks." Riley grins as she pulls a long red scarf away, exposing her bump. "Same as me."

I look at Ellie, expecting her to also be pregnant.

"Oh, fuck no. I'm finishing medical school before I even think about babies."

"Slacker," Riley snorts.

"I'm perfectly normal. You're an overachiever."

"Isn't Franklin, like, three?" I ask.

She rolls her pretty brown eyes. "Your parents handled twins; I can deal with a toddler, a baby that sleeps most of the time, and reading textbooks. And hello, you finished law school like a full year ahead of schedule."

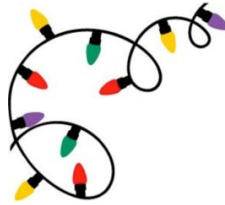
"Well, aren't we all just a bunch of slackers?" I joke.

"I need a drink." Ellie takes my hand. "You're my bestie tonight."

"I feel like I'm being used." I laugh.

As she pulls me away, I glance back and see Cody hugging Kameron and then Evan.

THE PARTY



Dean

December 14th

STANDING against the railing on the executive level, I look down at the mall area of the arena that has been converted into an upscale winter wonderland, at all the guests here for the Brooklyn Bears' first annual Christmas party. *It should be our third, but shit happens.*

With the players and their dates, the staff and theirs, there are approximately a hundred and fifty people gathered, but two make me want to pull a fucking alarm, empty the place out, bring them back to my suite, and fuck them.

One is wearing a red dress. The top has boning, like a bustier, and a sweetheart neckline that clings to her long, lean frame, stopping mid-calf. When she removes her black wool, cape-style coat, I see the slit in the back. The dress is stunning, designer, expensive, yet my hands itch to grab the bottom hem and slowly rip it apart at the seams, exposing her mile-long legs, inch by glorious inch. Then I would bend her over and nip her round, tight ass hard enough to leave marks for days.

The other is in a charcoal gray Tom Ford—his preferred designer—and leather loafers. Most men look more appealing in their uniform, but Cody Warren fills a suit out ... just like I do. His thick, dark waves have grown out since last I saw him,

and when he smiles at Kameron, who is no doubt sharing the news with him that she and Evan are expecting, he shows an emotion that he normally tampers—joy—and then quickly pulls it back in and resumes his natural broody appearance. His jawline is chiseled, his lips full, and mouth perfect. I’ve kissed those lips and, fuck it, I wanna push my cock through them.

He leans against the bar, unbuttoning his jacket, and looks completely relaxed. A good look on him, but I know underneath all that is a bomb waiting to explode. One I want to detonate, which will hopefully stop my borderline obsessing over having him and Drew together.

He’s talking with Koa and Dash as Drew makes her rounds, dragging Ellie Rhodes along as she makes sure to speak to her clients.

It’s a perfect night, except for one thing that may totally fuck it all up.

“Are we going to stay up here all night or head down?” Yasmine, my date for the event, asks.

And there it is. I brought a fucking date, because Drew replied to the invitation, checking the plus one box.

I wave my hand toward the stairs. “After you.”



At the bottom of the stairs, one of the security team members, Johnny, unhooks the rope so we can pass by.

“How about you go grab a drink while I make my speech?”

Smiling, she nods. “I can’t wait to hear it.”

Beautiful little thing, but nothing else going on upstairs.

After taking a glass of champagne off a waiter’s tray, I head over to where the jazz band is set up, playing Christmas numbers, and give Danny a nod.

They wrap up the song, and I am handed a mic.

“Good evening,” I say, and the room falls quiet. “First, let me say how incredibly grateful I am to have all of you here tonight to celebrate the holiday season with our Bears family. This is our first annual Christmas party, hosted right here at our brand-new facility, and I plan to make it a tradition for our team. It fills me with immense joy to see all of your faces gathered here, wearing smiles and holiday cheer. Although we’re missing the heart of this team—our coach—we have hired a double to take her place.”

Drew smiles as she holds up her glass, containing whisky, I presume.

I make like I’m tapping my glass to hers. “Thank you for filling in.”

Soft laughter fills the room.

“As the owner of this incredible team, I want to take a moment to reflect on the journey we’ve embarked on together. The past couple years have been rough. We’ve faced challenges and celebrated victories, but through it all, we have remained united. Our players have proven not only their remarkable skills on the ice, but also their unwavering dedication and passion for the game. Our coaching staff, support personnel, and front office have worked tirelessly to ensure the success of the Brooklyn Bears, both on and off the rink.” I take a moment to acknowledge them.

“The holiday season is a time for gratitude and reflection, for appreciating the people in our lives. So, as we raise our glasses tonight, let us not only toast to the successes we’ve achieved but also to the challenges we’ve faced, that have made us stronger. Let us celebrate the friendships we’ve forged, the memories we’ve created, and the ones we’re bound to create tonight.” I look at Cody then Drew.

“We’re already beating last year’s record and will continue breaking records while we are working together in the same way we have since we restructured.”

Okay, enough is enough, I tell myself as I raise my glass.

“I want to wish each and every one of you a Merry Christmas, a joyful holiday season, and a New Year filled with health, happiness, success, and brand-new experiences shared with a friend, or maybe even two.” I raise my glass at both Drew and Cody. “Cheers to our team, our family, on and off the ice.”

For the next two hours, I mingle with each and every person, either individually, or my preferred, in groups of people as I send Yasmine off to fetch this or that, reminding her that she should try each and every one of the food stations set up because it would be wasteful not to. At some point, I truly believe she gets the hint, yet *not so much*.

When I notice Cody and Drew moving toward one another, I excuse myself from a conversation with my assistant and his husband and head toward them.

I take Drew’s hand and twirl her in a circle. “You get more beautiful with every passing year. It’s been too damn long, Drew Daniels.”

She smiles. “You look good in that tux, Costello.”

I run a hand over the lapels. “I do, don’t I?”

She smiles and rolls those stunning green eyes as I kiss the back of her hand.

I then turn to Cody. “Tom Ford should be paying you to wear his line. You make his designs look even better, Warren.”

“You look great, too.” He nods beyond us. “Great party.”

“It turned out as planned. I’m hoping the after-party does, as well.”

“There you are.” An arm links through mine.

And Drew sucks in her lips, no doubt to stop one of the most genuine sounds of laughter I’ve ever heard in my life.

“Yes, here I am.” I turn and smile down at her. “Yasmine, this is Drew Daniels and—”

“Cody Warren.” She smiles as she sticks her hand out to him. “I’m a huge fan.”

“Yes, aren’t we all,” I mumble.

Cody shakes her hand. “I thank you.”

“Would it be improper etiquette to ask for a selfie at—”

“Yes; yes, it would,” I interrupt the sweet little thing,

She looks at me with contemplation. “By the tone of the night so far, this date is going to be a first and last, isn’t it?”

To that, Drew sucks in her lips, and I swallow back a smile as I answer, “I believe it is.”

“Totally worth asking then.” She looks from me to Cody. “You mind?”

Amusement dancing in his eyes, he answers, “Not at all.”

She reaches in the clutch and pulls out her phone.

“Let me do that. My arms are longer.”

Yasmine hands it to him, and Cody chuckles when he sees it’s a New York Knights design.

“Nice case.”

“Oh, please, allow me.” I hold out my hand for the phone, and now Drew is silently shaking with laughter.

“Make sure you get a full shot of the dress. I’ll probably never wear Dior again.” Yasmine looks down at the dress I had delivered here yesterday.

“Consider it a gift.”

And that’s when Drew finally lets loose the most iconic laugh I’ve ever heard in my life. It’s melodic and heartfelt, with a touch of huskiness that makes my balls ache. It’s uniquely Drew Daniels, and I would recognize it in a crowd of hundreds. Her laughter was, singlehandedly, the cause of me doing whatever I could to make an ass of myself in college from day one, at a freshman athletes meeting, and it carried me through four of the best years of my life, allowing me to embrace the goofiness that has always been inside me but shunned growing up with my parents. And in my darkest moments, that laugh lifted my spirits and made me smile.

“Fuck, I missed that laugh.” I hand Yasmine back the phone, grab Drew, and pull her into a hug. As I hug Drew, I see Cody looking between us. “Get in here, man.”

Once we’re all in a huddle of a hug, I tell them both, “We’re finishing what we started in ‘19 tonight.”

“You’re insane.” Drew laughs.

“No, he’s fucking right,” Cody adds.

Riley Rivera’s adorable voice infiltrates the circle, “Oh, look, the gangs back together.”

I break our circle and step back. “Bring it in, Lions.”



After putting Yasmine in a car to send her on her way, our Lincoln alumni crew, minus Bass and Dylan, who are sick, sit around a table and catch up for nearly two hours. Yes, the guys are all here almost every day, but the girls aren’t.

Leo, Ellie, Theo, and Riley have houses in Connecticut, where Ellie and Riley are enrolled at Fairhaven for med school. Riley’s plan is to be an anesthesiologist, while Ellie will be a physical therapist. When the roads are shit, the guys have been known to stay with me, Bass, or Evan instead of carpooling just under an hour each way to Brooklyn.

Koa and Dash have a puck pad four blocks away. Kameron and Evan own a townhouse four places down from Bass and Dylan’s, and three blocks from them is a building they bought and renovated during the shutdown. One side is a bakery, and the other is a photo studio where she does shoots on occasion.

Leo, Ellie, Riley, and Theo are staying with Kameron. They’ve invited all of us to brunch, which is nice, unless you’re me and want to keep the little after-party going on well into tomorrow, and possibly even the next day.

When the SUVs arrive after their last run, taking guests back to their perspective places, I say goodnight to Cody and

Dylan and usher them into the first one, one hundred percent because I feel like they're going to be invited back to Evan and Kameron's, and I must stop it from happening. Yes, I'm a selfish prick.

Within twenty minutes, I'm climbing into the back of mine and head their way.

Drew Daniels has the kind of body you see on a runway and a confidence that commands attention, attention she doesn't really care for. Her long, lean legs seem to stretch for miles, accentuated by the muscular curves that define her thighs and calves. Her slender waistline gives her a perfect hourglass shape. Her hips, although slight, have a gently outward flare, and when she purposely sways them, you can't help but become entranced by the sensuality of her overall silhouette.

Her dark hair against her pale, smooth skin always seems to glow. Her face, sculpted perfection. Drew's green eyes sparkle even in the darkest of rooms, and I know this for a fact. Her eyebrows are naturally arched, and her long, dark lashes make her appear to be flirting, even when she's not, *but tell that to my dick.*

When I found out she was on the women's ice hockey team and not swim or volleyball, I didn't believe it. She had to show me the roster. When I pointed to her height and asked, "Your six-fo—" she pressed a finger to my mouth, and no one my age had ever dared to try to shut me up, because I'm Dean fucking Costello.

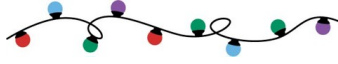
"It's wrong. I'm five-foot-twelve."

Everything about her is the same, but different, and it makes no fucking sense. But tonight, I plan to get her naked and explore every inch of her body to find out what it is. And I'm going to do that with the help of a man who made my chest tighten the first time I saw him and he said, "I know you don't know me, and I don't know you, but I'm gonna be around regardless of if either of us wants me to be."

His statement, his words, resonated with me. The sadness in them maybe? The loneliness? *I know, I know, poor little rich*

boy.

And then, then there was Drew, with the eyes that shine so brightly you almost forget the darkness.



ME:

Walking in now, where are you two?

DREW:

In the bar. Come have a drink?

ME:

If I do, we'll end up staying for more than one.

CODY:

So, what's the plan?

ME:

We'll have a drink in Drew's room. I'll meet you up there.

DREW:

How do you know where my room is?

ME:

Psychic abilities.

DREW:

You own this hotel, don't you?

ME:

Finish your drinks and get your asses up here.

THE AFTER-PARTY



Drew

December 14th

CODY'S BODY is pressed against mine, and I love the feel of his erection pressing against my back. It's not lost to me that Cody Warren, who seems more at ease than ever before but still tense when we walked out of the Grand, is so much more relaxed now that he's "unburdened himself." But I can't think about that right now, or I may go down the rabbit hole of finding his parents via social media stalking and fly to *wherever the fuck Texas*, to tell them what pieces of shit they are and how pissed off I think Jesus must be at them.

I feel a thumb stroking circles on the back of my arm. "Second thoughts?"

I arch my back slightly, pressing my ass against his cock. "Absolutely not."

Exiting the elevator, Cody's hand low on my back, I see Dean leaning against the wall, jacket and tie slung over his broad shoulder, hands deep in his pockets, looking as relaxed as could be. Every time I see Dean, he looks even hotter.

I'm a mix of frayed nerves and excitement, all bundled up inside my throbbing clit.

Dean pushes off the wall and uses his phone to open the door to my suite.

“Well, that answers that,” Cody mutters under his breath.

“I thought I was going to die of thirst waiting for the two of you.” Dean smirks as he holds the door open and waves us in.

I hear the door close and lock behind me as I walk toward the brown leather sofa to toss my coat on it. I then stop when I feel my coat being pulled away, and then two bodies are pressed against my back.

“All I’ve thought about since I saw you in the lobby is that no woman I’ve ever seen looks more like temptation than you.” I turn toward Cody, and his hand cups the side of my face. “That night you kissed me, you tasted like apples.”

“What does she taste like now?” Dean asks from behind me, his hands gripping my ankles and gliding up my legs slowly.

“I was expecting a—”

My words are hushed when Cody’s mouth covers mine and begins to devour me in a way I am just not prepared for, yet I can’t move, nor do I want to.

I stay unmoving as his silky, hot tongue drives into my mouth as he moves in front of me, both hands on my jaw, tilting my head back, deepening the kiss. I stay still while I drink in the hot cinnamon taste of his lips and tongue. And I still don’t move even when I feel a harsh tug and hear the rip of my five-thousand-dollar dress.

Cody breaks our kiss, but his hands are still on my face. “He rip your dress?”

Breathless and unable to speak yet, I nod.

“How does she taste?” Dean asks then nips my ass with his teeth.

Eyes narrowed and moving between mine, that storm visible in the distance, Cody answers, “Like a whiskey drunk apple.”

Standing up, Dean unzips me as he nuzzles into my neck. “Fucking smells like a tasty treat and the Boston air in the spring.” He rips whatever remained that was holding my dress together completely apart. “Bedroom, now.”

Turning, I pull what remains of my dress off and let it drop to the floor as I walk into the bedroom. Looking over my shoulder, I watch as they both start removing their belts almost in complete synch. *So fucking hot.*

“On the bed, Drew,” Dean says as he unbuttons his shirt.

I step out of my shoes and smile at the thought that this is the first time in about a year that I’ve worn any heels at all and didn’t tower over whatever man I was trying to find a semblance of ... anything in.

I turn and walk backward, looking them over as they shrug off their shirts. “I want a do-over of that last night in Dean’s bed.” When I then turn and climb onto the end of the bed, I hear a growl, and white-hot heat shoots through my core.

I slide into the center, pushing the duvet away, and watch as they stand at the end of the bed. After removing their shoes, they each head to opposite sides of the bed. Both of their thick, hard cocks pressing against their designer pants; one sheathed in gray, the other black. When they both drop their pants, I don’t know if I should look left or right. But either way I look, I’m gonna laugh.

When I do, they both look at me like I’ve cracked.

“Oh, come on; how do you not know that your underwear are the colors of each other’s pants. My boys matched each other. It’s—”

“I’m gonna go with, because we’re rock-hard and want to fuck.” Dean reaches over and basically snaps his fingers on the front claps of my bra, and it opens up.

I immediately cover my tits, knowing that when they see my jingle nips, they’re going to be hyper-fixated on them ... until they discover what else I have hidden.

“Hold on. We should put on *Billy Madison* and recreate that night.”

Two hands are on my straps, pulling them down.

“No, we should not,” Cody grumbles.

Each grab one of my wrists, and they pin them above my head.

“What in the falalala fuckery do we have here?” Dean pinches my nipple.

“It’s ... Oh fuck.” I whimper as Cody sucks the other into his mouth.

“You’ve decked your halls, Daniels.” Dean licks his lips then leans down, sucking a little more gently than Cody is.

Hand cupping the underside of my breast, teeth clenched around my nipple, Cody groans, and his eyes roll slightly when I arch my back, pressing harder against their mouths.

Sucking harshly, my tit pops out of Cody’s mouth, and then he asks, “Still want to watch a movie?”

“Fuck,” I moan while turning toward Dean. “I want you to kiss him again, like before.”

His lips crash against mine, kissing me harder than I remember, but he tastes the same, like fresh, cool mint. When he tears his mouth from mine, it’s just as jarring, but when he presses his forehead to mine and whispers, “As you wish,” I’m brought right back to Lincoln U.

Dean then leans over and grabs Cody’s chin. They both lean in, mouths open, eyes hungry, and when their mouths collide, the sound of teeth and lips, and sucking and groaning, gets me so hot that I know one flick of my clit, and I’ll come undone.

When they rise to their knees, like two sparring deer, I slide out from between them, reach my hand into their boxers, and pull two hard, large, thick cocks free.

Cody’s hips thrust into my touch when the heads of their cocks touch, saliva pools in my mouth, and my core doesn’t just burn; I may possibly be blistering.

“Move closer,” I whimper out as I clench my thighs, needing pressure to subdue a kind of pain that I can only compare to an exposed nerve.

I look up to see their hands are in each other’s hair, mouths feasting on one another. I’ve imagined men together—hell, I’ve flicked the bean to gay and bi porn on occasion—but Cody and Dean together ... it’s like seeing two people who’ve been locked in a cell, apart for years, have finally escaped and found one another. It’s a kind of beautiful that I know I’ll never see it again in this lifetime and will take a thousand lifetimes to forget. They’re spectacular together.

Wrapping my hands around two beautiful cocks, I slowly stroke them.

“Fuuuck,” Dean hisses as he tears his mouth from Cody’s. “That is so hot.”

With space between them now, I lean in and lick the precum from one head, then the other, before opening my mouth as wide as I can and taking them both in my mouth.

I hear a hiss and a groan, and I don’t know which is from whom, but it doesn’t even matter. When Dean rubs up Cody’s abs to his chest then pinches his nipple, it’s so ... sexy.

Pulling away from my mouth, Dean growls. “Gotta give our girl some attention.” He thrusts into my hand.

“How about you and I both give Cody some first?”

Dean pinches his nipple again while asking, “You want me to suck your cock, Warren?”

Without hesitation, Cody states, “Fuck yes, I do.”

I bite my bottom lip as I look at Cody then at Dean. “I must have been a really good girl this year, because this”—I point to their cocks— “is every girl’s fantasy.”

Dean smacks my ass, and I moan. “Who are you kidding? If you were a good girl, you wouldn’t be here.”

“Rude,” I say as I move so Cody can lay between us.

Dean winks at me. “Not rude. I wouldn’t have invited a pearl clutcher to my bed.”

“How about you two save the chitchat and get to giving.” Cody thrusts his hips upward.

Dean wraps his hand around Cody’s cock and begins to stroke him.

I raise my hand like I’m in grade school. “Question before that happens?”

“Fuck,” Cody growls.

“Which one of you is top and which is—”

When they both say, “Top,” the room falls silent, so silent I’m not sure either of them are breathing.

I raise my hand again and ask, “That’s a problem, right?”

Cody and Dean stare at one another, a silent conversation volleying between them, until Dean looks at me. “Nothing to worry about.”

And then Dean takes my hand and wraps it around Cody’s cock, his big hand over my smaller one, and together, we stroke him. Cody grunts, and his knees fall open.

With my other hand, I cup his heavy sac and roll his balls in my hand as Dean leans down, takes Cody’s cock in his mouth, and takes him deeply.

“Fuck yes,” Cody groans as his hips thrust harshly upward.

I reach under Dean and begin stroking him as Cody grips the back of my panties and begins tugging them down.

Dean looks at me, nostrils flaring as he continues sucking Cody’s big cock.

Cody reaches down and drags his dick from Dean’s mouth, rubbing his wet head across my lips. “On your back, legs spread, Drew. I want to watch him eat your pussy.”

Dean moves as Cody grabs me, dragging me to the side of the bed he’s on, and I lie back covering the width of the bed as

Dean removes my panties. Cody's mouth comes down on mine.

"You're full of surprises, aren't you?" Dean asks as he throws my panties on the bed, shoves his arms under me, spreads my legs, and licks right up my seam.

I moan into Cody's mouth and rock against Dean's face. Cody squeezes my tit and begins playing with my bells, tugging at them when Dean's tongue plunges deep inside of me.

It's almost too much, too intense. It's not waves of pleasure I feel coming on; it's a fucking volcano. My entire body tenses, and I break Cody and my kiss as Dean circles my clit with his tongue and sucks. Gripping the duvet to anchor me, I stop fighting the onslaught and cry out my first orgasm in ... forever.

"Yeeesssss!"

He thrusts his tongue deep inside of me again, and my legs begin to shake.

"You're missing out, man," Dean groans against my pussy then flicks his tongue over my hood piercing as I pulse violently, feeling myself growing wetter and wetter.

Cody moves down and takes Dean's place, splitting my seam and sucking on my lips. "Mmm." The vibration causes me to pulse even harder.

Dean slides over, and Cody is now between my legs, eating my pussy like he kisses—relentlessly—making my orgasm continue.

"Make her come, and then we're going to take turns fucking her hot little hole." Dean grabs his pants off the floor as I writhe against Cody's skilled tongue.

"Fuck, you taste damn good here, too." Cody places the sweetest kisses over my throbbing sex as he pushes up, leans back on his heels, takes the condom from Dean, tears it open, and sheathes himself.

Looking at both of them, their faces glistening with my orgasm, I cannot even take the heat I see in their stunning faces.

“All fours, beauty.” Cody slides off the bed, spitting on his hand and rubbing it up and down his length.

I use whatever strength hasn’t been tongue-fucked out of me to roll over and position myself.

“I’m gonna fuck you while you suck Dean’s cock.”

There is a part of me that wants to ask them to pinch me, because this cannot be real, but then Cody grips one of my hips and pushes inside me fully, taking my breath away.

Standing beside me, cock in hand, Dean rubs his head across my lips and whispers, “Breathe.”

Cody pulls out nearly all the way, and I whimper. “You good?” he asks, voice thick with need.

“Uh-huh.”

“Then hang on, beauty, because you feel too good to not be buried in.”

It takes a few thrusts before I can finally focus.

I turn to Dean, mouth open, and he groans out, “I guess you were right, Daniels; you are a good girl.”

“Fucking so good,” Cody hisses.

I take Dean in my mouth, and he groans, “So good.”



Face down in the duvet, I feel a washcloth between my legs. Or, at least, I think I still have legs, because I couldn’t tell you when one orgasm started and the other began. Both Cody and Dean fucked me for so long I’m not sure what day it is.

“You hungry?” Dean asks as he sits next to me, pushing my hair away from my face.

“I’m not even sure I’m alive,” I whisper, and he chuckles.

“You have to eat something, Daniels. You’re wasting away.” He presses a kiss to the top of my head.

“I’m not wasting away. I lost muscle mass and my hockey ass.”

“I’ll order her a burger,” Cody says from ... somewhere.

“I can’t move; how am I supposed to eat?” I ask honestly.

Dean rolls me over, and I groan in protest, a protest in which he ignores.

Cody sighs. “Fine, I’ll grab her ankles, and you grab her wrists, and we’ll toss her in the middle of the bed.”

“I am in the middle.”

“Going the wrong way, beauty.” His hands grab my ankles.

I kick them away with a laugh. “Don’t be a brute. I’m up.” I roll off the bed and pull the duvet around me as I walk toward the bathroom.

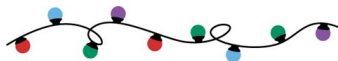
When I feel a tug, I look back and see Dean’s foot on the end of the blanket.

“Do you mind?” I ask.

“No clothes allowed rule.”

“I didn’t agree to any rules,” I say, dropping the duvet as I walk into the bathroom and close the door behind me.

After using the toilet, I stand at the sink, washing my hands, looking at myself in the mirror, expecting to see that I have been irrevocably changed. Aside from my lips looking bruised, and my hair looking as if it’s never met a brush, there are no visible signs. But I decide I do need a shower.



After getting the water to my preferred temperature—*hot, hot, hot*—I step in under the spray of water. Closing my eyes, I tilt my head up, allowing the water to blast me in

the face, which will make it easier to scrub the extra makeup I used off of it when I get out, at which time I am hoping I am not overthinking the fact that I am now ruined for any other man—men or women—on the planet.

What was I thinking? I haven't been able to kiss a man or woman since freshman year without comparing them to Dean. And since spring semester of senior year, I haven't been able to stop thinking of their interrupted kiss. Now it's going to be impossible.

I don't hear the bathroom door open, but I do hear it close and see two ... Greek gods with equally superhuman dicks swaying with each step between their thick thighs.

"You don't look too happy to see us," Dean notes.

"I'm always happy to see you both, but my bits need bathing and a break," I admit as the walk-in shower that felt massive moments ago now feels damn close to claustrophobic.

Dean takes the bottle of conditioner from my hand as Cody takes my face and runs his thumbs under my eyes.

"Mascara?"

He nods. "Makes it look like you've been crying."

"I haven't," I defend myself.

"Doesn't mean it doesn't fuck with me—"

"Or his ego." Dean chuckles as he squirts conditioner in his big palm.

"One the size of a quarter," I tell him.

"And start at the ends." He chuckles. "I know the drill."

This kind of shocks me, and he sees it.

Smiling, he starts at my ends. "I grew up with a mother who only knew one food group. Her three meals a day? Bombay for breakfast, Brockmans for lunch, and Bulldog for dinner."

"Guess I'm not the only one with mommy issues," Cody remarks quietly.

Cody conveyed with me his family dynamics; Dean's, I knew nothing of until his grandfather passed.

I notice they're both looking at me. "My mom? No real issues."

Cody squirts body soap into his hand.

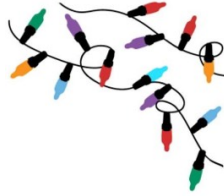
"Just like a quarter of that, too. It's very condensed."

"Every picture may tell a thousand words, but the person looking at it will always interpret it the way they want to, and they don't always see its truth."

"We're getting pretty deep here," I joke.

Dean leans in and kisses my neck. "We're just spitting facts in here. Shit got deep out there."

THE MORNING AFTER



Cody

December 15th

I WOKE up no less than three times last night. Each time, my face was pressed against the side of her tit. I've always been an ass man—always—but there's no denying that last night, during round two, my mouth was all about her tits. Now there's no denying that I love Drew Daniels' tits, apparently even in my sleep.

The sky outside the windows a deep pink, and with the light of day approaching and her spot between us empty, I feel the heaviness in my chest returning, but it's more substantial than before last night.

I know she's in the shower. I know her plan today is to go see her sister and Bass, and that they'll all meet us at Kameron and Evan's for brunch. And I know she's going back to Dylan's for the night before heading back to Boston in the morning.

And then there's Dean, who's lying on the other side of the bed, knee bent and half off the bed, one arm slung across his eyes, the other bent with his hand behind his head. The white duvet is slung low, covering little of him, and none of it can hide the outline of his impressive cock.

When he clears his throat, I glance up, and our eyes meet. “It doesn’t bite, Warren; just spits a bit.”

“I’m not sure that’s true,” Drew says as she walks out of the bathroom, hair done in waves, face fresh with only a touch of gloss on her lips, wearing a boxy gray sweater dress and black tights.

When I start to sit up, she shakes her head. “I have to leave, but that doesn’t mean you shouldn’t do what was about to happen.”

“And what’s that?” I ask, feeling my cock start to harden.

She clears her throat. “I wanna watch.”

Dean pulls away the fabric, exposing his hard cock, and my mouth pools with saliva as he moves closer to me, patting the spot now empty beside him.

Drew looks at her watch as she walks over and sits down. I take her hand and wrap it around Dean’s cock as she takes in a trembling breath, showing me she’s as turned on as we are.

“You want our girl to feed my cock to you?” Dean asks, voice low and gravely.

“Fuck yes, I do.”

“Fucking perfect,” he groans out as she strokes him, her eyes glued to mine.

The effect this has on her is evident. She’s just as turned on by the three of us as she was last night when she had a few drinks.

I flatten my tongue at the base of his cock and drag it slowly up, allowing Drew to reposition her hand so that my tongue doesn’t have to pause as I move toward the crown. My cock grows even harder as I allow myself the feeling of every curve and swell of his shaft.

When I lick the spot below the rim, he groans, “Fuuuuck.”

Drew takes in a sharp breath then asks, “Good?”

When I do it again, his cock twitches. “Fuuuuuck!”

I flick my tongue around his tip to find all the spots that make his abs tighten and breath hitch.

When he takes Drew's hand away, pulling her into a kiss, her hand tangles in my hair, and she guides me up and down, remaining part of this with me and giving him the attention he's seeking from her at the same time.

Wanting—no, fucking needing—to get her off, too, I reach up and push my hand between her legs, cup her pussy, and rub my palm against the hard metal piercing and the hottest part of her.

The sounds of their kiss, coupled with the whimpers and noises coming from both of them, drives me to go harder, deeper, faster.

“Fuck yes. Fuck, Warren, you suck me so fucking good,” Dean hisses as his hips thrust so the head of his cock touches the back of my throat, causing me to gag slightly.

“Fuck, man. Sorry, but not fucking really,” Dean sneers, and Drew grinds and rocks against my hand faster.

“Fuck,” Drew whimpers as her legs tighten around my hand as she grinds harder. “Cody, fuck, fuck, fuck.”

I pump the base of Dean's cock as I go down again, taking him into my throat and swallowing.

“Come,” Dean roars. “Stop, or I'll come in your hot as fuck mouth.”

I love seeing them both coming apart at the same time, and even though I've never swallowed cum, nothing is going to stop me right now.

Feeling his hands in my hair as he shoots streams of cum down my throat is yet another first, and it fucking sucks that all of this ends after today.

I sit up, wiping the back of my hand across my lips, and am blindsided when Drew pushes me down against the mattress then begins sucking my dick.

Dean chuckles, and I turn toward him, fingers inching to grab her hair, but not wanting to fuck it up when she's on her

way out.

“I think our girl likes watching us get each other off.”

My response? A snarl.

He moves to my side, hand gripping the side of my face, and smashes his lips to mine.



Walking into Kameron’s brownstone, she laughs as she looks down at my hands, full of bags. “Did you do some shopping?”

From behind me, Dean answers, “That we did.”

I set down the bags and remove my shoes as Frankie Rivera comes running toward us, yelling, “Uncle Dean!”

“Franklin, my man, bring it in.” He squats down and holds his arms out, and Riley and Theo’s son dives into his arms. “How’s it hanging, little dude?”

“Little to the left,” he answers like it’s no big deal.

What the fuck? I think as I glance around to see the reaction of his parents.

Theo narrows his eyes at Dean, who chuckles.

“Got Bears merch?” Franklin asks.

Dean rustles through his jacket pocket and pulls something out, but I have no idea what.

Riley steps beside me and nudges me with her hip. “We convinced him it’s about politics and warned him never to talk politics to anyone except for us or Uncle Dean, who truly knows fuck not about it. So, we’re cool.”

Theo walks over and holds out his hand. “Nice you could make it.”

“Glad to be here.”

“Can you believe these guys make more money than we do and play half as many games?” Evan grabs me and pulls me

into a bro hug.

“Yeah, well, not all of us need blades to hustle.” I hug him back.

Evan laughs, and I look around for Kameron, who has disappeared.

“Ease up on the blades, Warren,” Leo calls to me.

“There’s more than one sport, Stone,” Ellie Rhodes scolds him and winks in my direction.

“She’s in the bathroom. Morning sickness.” He shakes his head. “Not fun watching her throw up and being unable to do shit about it.”

“The trick is ginger,” Franklin says as he bulldozes through us.

“You gonna be a big brother?” I ask him.

He nods. “The best kind, like Daddy and Uncle Owen. Are you a big brother?”

I shake my head. “I’m the youngest.” And pretty much only.

Evan whistles and waves his hand, beckoning us toward the kitchen. “Come on, everyone. There’s a ton of food set up on the island. You don’t hurry, Stone will have eaten all the bacon.”

“You snooze, you lose,” Stone calls from over his shoulder.

I fall back and look around to see if I’ve missed Drew, but I don’t see her anywhere.

“Not here?” Dean asks as he heads to the kitchen.

“Not seeing them.”

He chuckles. “You aren’t looking for them; you’re looking for her.”

“Not tru—”

“Warren, I’m the one person in the world who knows where you’re at. I’ve been watching doors at everyday parties

I've been to or thrown since freshman year of college." He forces out of laugh. "There's no other Drew Daniels in the world."

The door opens, and a gust of wind blows through the room. Behind it, Drew and Dylan walk in, holding hands, and Bass is right behind them.

When she looks up, her eyes are rimmed red and cheeks are tears stained.

"You okay?" Dean and I ask at the same time.

"This is normal." Bass kisses the side of Dylan's head. "They're fine."

But Drew's not fine—there are unshed tears hanging in her eyes.

"Go ahead, guys. I'll be there in a minute." Drew laughs.

Dylan grabs Bass's hand, stopping him. "He was the first one you wanted to tell, so do it."

Bass lifts his chin to Dean, a smirk on his face. "You're constantly fucking with me about being married the longest and questioning my swimmers ability to—"

"You knocked up *my* head coach?" Dean sounds offended, which is seriously laughable.

"I knocked up *my* coach," Bass corrects.

Dylan smacks Bass in the stomach. "You impregnated your wife, who's starving. Let's go eat and share the news with the rest of them." Dylan then looks at Drew.

"I'll be right behind you." The corner of her lips tip up, and her eyes that normally sparkle are just not doing their thing.

As soon as they're out of earshot, Drew tells us, "I'm happy for her, for all of them, for everyone."

"We know," Dean says softly, and it's not lost on me that his pronoun has become "we," and in bed, Drew has become "our girl." Hell, even Drew said, "my boys."

“Will you be moving your business here?” I ask.

She shakes her head. “I have the arena and the business, and ...” She pauses and forces a laugh. “Well yeah, the business and the arena. I’ll be the best aunt in the world, but I think it’s important to let them keep growing as a couple. They’re going to be amazing parents.” She blows out a breath and smiles. “Now let’s go eat.”

“Hey, Drew.” I grab her shoulder and swear I feel a slight tremble.

She looks over her shoulder at me. “Yeah?”

“You have the arena and the business, and you also have friends and family.”

“I know, and I adore you all. I just, you know, I miss her.”

“All right team, bring it in.” Dean chuckles, wraps his arms around her, and grips my shoulder. His eyes, they stay on me, and I’m not sure what he’s trying to communicate, but it feels like he’s telling me a fairy tale.

The entire time we are here, we both stay as close as we can to her, without sounding alarms.



Lying in bed, I toss and turn, trying to sleep, but every time I close my eyes, I see Drew when she left this morning, leaving me and Dean alone. It was awkward as hell with just the two of us. I needed to get out of there and had a legit excuse. I had to go grab a gift for Kameron and also Riley.

I mentioned that when I found out that Riley was pregnant with Frankie, I bought her a bracelet with a few charms so that she could add milestones to it as he grew. I wanted to do that for Kameron, too. I knew Tiffanys was close and planned to go there and buy one for Kameron, and I opted to get Riley another for baby Rivera two, as well. My financial situation was much different then, and the one I gave her for Frankie wasn’t from Tiffanys.

While out, I mentioned that I was going to get them a onesie with my team's logo screen-printed on them and a jersey for Frankie to grow into as a big brother gift, but I knew they'd need to be ordered.

Dean contacted his merchandising people in the city to do a rush on the onesies and baby size jerseys, as well. They were both getting Knights football and Bears hockey baby gear.

What sucked was that I didn't have the same for Dylan and no time to get back to Tiffanys without possibly missing my flight, so I slipped in the bathroom and called the store, speaking to the saleswoman, who obviously remembered us, and asked that it be shipped.

Before leaving for the airport, I was able to give them their gifts kind of on the sly. Before boarding, I got a call from all of them, including Frankie, thanking me. Frankie did inform me he'd wear the jersey, but the shark puzzle was awesome.

Go figure.

BROOKLYN BEARS



Drew

December 16th

“DOESN’T GET ANY EASIER, does it?” Ellie asks Mack and I as we sit just to the right of the Bears bench with the girls.

“It’s a lot worse when we go to the women’s games,” I admit. “If it wasn’t for the rink back home, I’d probably miss the feeling of gliding across the ice.”

Mack laughs. “You should see her when we host camps and the high school or college boys are playing. She’s ruthless.”

A hand clamps on my shoulder, and I tip back to see Dean sitting there with some other well-dressed men.

“You miss the stick in your hand, the sense of power and control, the adrenaline-fueled rush of a breakaway, and the satisfaction when you nail it into the net?”

“You know I do.” I laugh.

“That’s our girl.” He winks at me then looks at Mack. “Glad you two decided to stay.”

“Glad to be here again,” she says then looks at me, eyes narrowing slightly.

“What?” I ask.

“Not a thing,” she says as she looks away with a smirk on her face.

Fuck.

“What brings you down with the common folk?” Kameron asks.

“Same thing that brings you ladies down here.” He squeezes my shoulder again. “This one needs to be as close to the ice as she can get.”

“Don’t let her fool you,” Mack says. “When she’s back in Mass, she’s up in her cushy warm office, bent over her desk.”

“Lucky desk,” Dean whispers.

I turn and look at him. “Really?”

“Most definitely.”

“Why don’t you two just get it on and out of your system?” Ellie asks, and my face immediately begins to burn.

“Why indeed?” Dean laughs, and I glare at him.

Mack elbows me, drawing my attention back to her. She points toward the team bench.

I expect to see Dylan staring at me, but instead, it’s Lenzin Falk—aka the motherfalker—who licks his lips and winks.

“What the hell was that?” Ellie laughs.

“Yeah, what the hell was that?” Dean mimics her.

I laugh. “A mistake.”

“He’s your client,” Dean uses an un-Dean-like tone with me.

I turn around and put him in his place. “He wasn’t when we were in college.”

The girls laugh.

“When is his contract up?”

“Oh my God, really?” You’ve got to be kidding me.

“He just—”

“Flirted with the crowd? This objection is coming from Dean Costello, who used to air hump the ice and—”

“That was in college. He’s supposed to be a professional.”

“Holy shit,” Ellie exhales.

“Holy shit is right.” I throw my thumb over my shoulder at Dean. “He’s got the number one defensive player in the league and acting—”

“A lot like he’s caught something,” Kameron states.

Thankfully, the whistle blows, the guys take to the ice, and we’re all on our feet.

I nudge Ellie. “Your man’s taunting the Flyers center.”

“How unprofessional of him,” she says loud enough for Dean to hear her.

“Simmer down, Rhodes,” he scolds her.

The whistle blows, the puck drops, Leo hits the puck, but the Flyers have the puck, but it’s Faulker who nails him to the boards, and Koa sends it back down the ice. One of the Flyers gets just enough of his stick on it to send the puck flying in the other direction when it hits the boards where Bass and number 19 collide so hard the sound echoes throughout the arena. Smith is right there, snatching the puck, and rails it to Stone, who hits a slap shot that just barely gets past their goalie and makes the first goal.

The crowd erupts in cheers as the Bears score the first goal.

“They got in their heads early.” I turn and give Dean a high-five.

“Damn right, they did!”

At the next drop, the Flyers have to fight for the puck, but they do not relent. In fact, they get nasty, but Faulker and Koa get nastier.

While Koa's in the penalty box, the Flyers take full advantage of the Bears being one man down and hit one in.

"Got your eyes on any goalies coming up next year?" Dean asks.

"You have Hank Marshall held down with your AHL team," I remind him.

"He that good?"

"He's the best coming out of Lincoln since you."

"I was fucking good." He smirks.

"I mean, I guess." I turn and face the ice.

I feel his breath against my neck before he asks, "You and he ever hook up?"

"Did you and he?" I ask.

When the crowd goes nuts again, and I've missed a Bears' goal, I elbow him. "I'm trying to watch a game. Don't you have a box to sit in?"

"You offering?"

I glance back at him. "Are you feeling okay?"

"You know damn well how good I feel."

"Dean, pay attention."

The rest of the game, I find it hard to focus myself.

"Aren't you glad you stayed?" Ellie asks as we grab our belongings.

"I am. They played great." I give her a hug. "I'll see you all in Boston at Christmas?"

"All of us, right?" she asks Riley and Kameron.

"Santa is coming to Connecticut, and so are both of our families," Riley says, pulling her hair from the back of her coat.

"We're staying with Uncle Brad." Kameron slings her bag over her shoulder.

“Dean, are you heading to see your grandmother in Florida?” Ellie asks.

“I’ve yet to nail that down.”

“You should all come to Cody’s game on Christmas,” Kameron says, stepping into the aisle.

“Are there even any tickets left?” Ellie asks.

I glance at Dean, who’s looking at his phone. “Twelve together on the visitor side, bowl level”—he smiles at the screen— “are secured. Anyone wants to go, let me know.”

“I’ll take two. How much? I’ll Venmo you.”

“It’s a gift,” he states.

“Dean, Leo has money. You don’t have to—”

“Fine, a hundred bucks to FRWIZKID.”

“I heard that!” Riley yells at him.

Confused, I look at Riley for an explanation.

“He set up an account for Frankie and thinks it’s amusing.”

“He’s going to need it one day for hookers and pot,” Dean deadpans.

Mack, Ellie, and I all laugh.

Riley glares at us. “It’s funny until he’s doing it to yours, bunch of bitches.”

They all file out, and Dean grabs my elbow, slowing my pace.

“You heading back to the Giulietti home?” he asks.

“Back to Boston.”

“You’re driving tonight?”

I laugh at the face he’s pulling. “Mack and I have to work tomorrow.”

He sputters something under his breath.

“Dean, what the hell is going on with you?” I smile.

He shakes his head. “I miss hanging out with you.”

My heartbeat starts to speed, and I don’t know if it’s lust, or the holidays, or that everyone else is in love and having babies, or something altogether different, but I do know that in the wake of everything changing in our friend group, I’ve been extra anxious.

He steps back into an empty row and pulls me back with him. “Drew, something has—”

“Please don’t say anything more that’s going to make me feel like the world has turned upside down and inside out, any more than I already feel right now, okay?”

“Drew ...” He shakes his head.

“You’re one of my best friends in the world.” I smile. “You’re family. I don’t wanna lose that.”

“When can I see you again?”

“The phone works two ways, and so do planes, and cars, and—”

“I get it.” He nods with a small smile on his incredibly handsome face.

“Good.”

“Answer one question?”

I nod.

“Do you feel this, too?”

I don’t answer. I simply smile.



With Mack asleep beside me, Christmas music playing softly, and the snow beginning to fall in fat flakes, I am in my head even more than before we left just over three hours ago and even more so as I take the left, which adds three minutes to my drive home. I’ll tack on three minutes to avoid the new and improved Main Steet of Willowhaven. An

unnecessary addition, especially at this hour, but old habits clearly die hard, and I need to feel grounded.

I head down Old Main Street and slow down as I pass by the historical buildings that give off such a feeling of warmth and home. The trees lining the street are all lit up for Christmastime. A place that, during the day, has a slow and constant stream of foot traffic of folks shopping at places like the Maplewood Country Store, a charming mom-and-pop shop that sells locally sourced maple syrup, fresh honey, homemade jams, and other artisanal goodies. The owners, Sarah and James, are always ready with a warm welcome and a free sample of whatever is the freshest. Or Woodsman Outfitters, that is still owned by Mr. Parker, who sells high-quality hiking gear, fishing supplies, and everything an outdoor enthusiasts would need. He's never short on advice either. Like, seriously, Dad warned us once not to ask a question, or we'd never get out of there. He wasn't wrong, and often times, Dylan and I would ask just to annoy him.

I slow as I pass the Vintage Emporium, another locally owned business that is housed in a historic building. Ms. Maggie took it over from her parents and her son, Johnathon, and his partner, Peter, travel all over to bring in collections of vintage clothing, old books, and one-of-a-kind furniture pieces. Everything they bring into the store has a story. I loved learning that a leather jacket was worn while taping a movie in the 70s, even though, right now, I can't remember which movie it was.

Town Square is right past Ms. Maggie's, in the center a weathered gazebo, decorated with lights and garland. During the Christmas festival, there is always a choir or a band playing to entice people to come, shop, and enjoy the holiday season. There's always mothers with their children snapping pictures or drinking a cup of coffee from Cozy Corner's Café as they watch their kids all bundled up and chasing each other around the park. I always thought I'd have at least two kids, and they'd be playing in this very park while me and my husband stood and talked about our day, right next to Dylan and hers.

As a kid, we didn't frolic in parks; we never had the time. Neither of us have any recollection of my parents ever being together.

They never married. My stepfather, Ivan, and Dad played together for the Rangers. Mom got pregnant with Drew and me and had us at twenty years old. Dad was nineteen still. Dad knew she was in love with Ivan yet says that their night together gave him purpose and Ivan time to pull his head out of his ass.

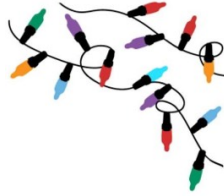
Mom and Ivan have been married since Drew and I were four. Neither of us remembers the wedding, of course, but we do see pictures.

I hate the term half-brothers and prefer to just go with the reality. I have two brothers, Dimitri and Mikhail. Drew and I lived with Mom, Ivan, and the boys the majority of the time growing up because of Dad's hockey schedule and them never marrying. When Ivan was traded the first time, we moved and saw Dad less. Then he was traded again a year later, and it sucked moving schools and hockey teams. When he was traded to the Oilers and the move was to Canada, Dad retired and opened a training center here. Dylan and I were both excellent hockey players and wanted to stay. It was an adjustment, but Mom flew back when our schedules were packed, and we visited them when we could.

My dad and Ivan are great friends, thank God for that because all seven of us celebrate holidays together now. I always wondered, if Dad ever gets married, if his wife would be accepting of how close they are, but I also think that may be why he never has.

I'm happy for Dylan. She and Bass are building a beautiful life together. They'll be wonderful parents to my nieces and nephews, and I'll love them with all my heart.

I want that, too. I want that so bad. But I know I'll never have it, because I don't think there will ever be a day that I don't want Dean Costello, and now Cody Warren.

IN THREE

Cody

December 19th

LEANING BACK in the leather seat, my eyes are starting to get heavy, and I look toward the clock when the door opens and Coach Cohen walks in.

“You’re still here.” He says walking to the other side of the conference table and sits down. “We let you guys out early, gave you the next two days and you’re in here rewatching reels we just went over for three hours.”

“Just wanna make sure I’m prepared.”

“You’re the best QB in the league Warren, you’re prepared.”

“I’m number two,” I remind him.

He shakes his head, “That may be what the league stats say, but they’re not looking at the big picture. Baxter is number one because he has the number one offensive line. Links told me the advice he handed out while he was filling in for me.” He chuckles. “He can play any position on that field, had more than one chance to go pro, and gave it up, he knows what he’s talking about.” I know this too, I’ve watched reels of when the two of them played in high school for Blue Valley and D1 for Syracuse. “Your offensive line is getting lazy

because you're taking it easy on them by passing almost every play. I get it, you trust your wide receivers and have since day one but that has a hell of a lot to do with the fact you trust your accuracy and ability, and so do we, or you wouldn't be here."

"Thank you."

He sits up straighter, "What is your career goal?"

As embarrassing as it's going to be to admit, I do just that. "Before I retire, I want to have played more games, won more rings, for less teams than Brady."

"So, you're not looking to move anytime soon?"

It's a good damn thing he's smiling because if not, I'd be wondering if they were already considering a trade. "No."

He nods, "Then my job is to do everything off the field to help you achieve that goal and protect our investment. This means being an asshole when necessary and telling you things like, you're going to ruin your arm in the first four years of your career if you don't start utilizing your running backs and tight ends. We know your passing game is on point and you have a way of reading the field like no one else in the league, and I'm going to guess it's got a lot to do with all the hours you watch reels," he points to my binder, "and the notes you take on every damn thing you learn. Your wide receivers look like stars out there, and they're damn good, mostly because you drop bombs right in their hands. Dallas isn't better than us, they were prepared because their defensive line coaches have all your tapes, and notebooks on you. The Giants thought they'd come in and fuck with you because your confidence was rocked the week prior. It wasn't, because you know how fucking good you are. New England's studying you twice as hard as Dallas was. They're undefeated and want to remain that way. We're going to take that from them, and we're going to do that because we have the number one QB in the league." He stands up. "Some advice?"

"I'd appreciate it."

"Don't eat, breathe and sleep this game. You need balance."

“How do you find that?”

“On any given day my kids are in bed when I get home, my wife gives me the highlights like she’s an ESPN commentator, then she runs down the next day’s schedule and I do my best not to miss the important things. We’re a team. Weekends are hell, but we make sure the time I have off is like a holiday. Tonight, we’re writing letters to Santa to let him know that we’ll be in Boston, we’re showing them the house we rented where they’ll be hanging their stockings on Christmas Eve. You must let yourself remember what you gave up getting to the point you achieved this goal and celebrate it with the people you love and love you.”

He pulls some folded over papers from his back pocket. “When you find someone that makes you happy, and enhances your life, that know what they’re up against by dating a pro athlete and still don’t run for the hills,” he drops the papers on the table and laughs. “You take the two and a half days off and give them a damn good reason to stay. But I think you know that.” He walks toward the door chuckling, “Get the hell out of here Warren and congratulations.”

“Will do and uh, thanks.” I open up the folded printer paper and see it’s pictures of Drew getting out of the SUV at the Bears Christmas party, stunning as she smiles, with that mischievous glint in her eyes, another of us with our arms linked as we walk in. The next page is a picture of Dean, Drew and I hugging, and the next right after the hug all smiles right before the rest of Lions joined us. I know that’s me, but I’ve never seen myself look that happy, not even in the pictures at the draft with Drew and Coach, granted it was held remotely but it was the best day of my life, up to that point. The next is a picture of me and Yasmine and I’m laughing, but I’m not alone. The picture captures Drew, mouth wide open laughing and I swear I can hear it in my head. Her laugh is always from the heart and moments like that, its huskiness takes you right by the balls. And Dean, he caused that laugh and he did it at his own expense. The man has more money than he knows what to do with, and he doesn’t try to act like he’s better than anyone. He knows he bleeds the same as the rest of the world, I’ve fucking seen it.

I was raised by people who have far less than he does and treated people like shit beneath their shoes, even their own son. I have brothers who don't speak to me because money is more important to them, the fucked-up thing is I'd have given them my last dollar if they wanted it yet they didn't even offer something they could have given freely, compassion. I still held out hope for them, until the shit they all pulled at the Dallas game.

The next picture is Dean and I walking into Tiffany's, and the next us walking out, his hand gripping my shoulder and were both smiling. In my hand, a blue bag.

Congratulations... Coach thinks I bought Drew a ring.

Fuck me.



Unable to catch up to Coach Cohen and explain that it isn't what it looks like, I head to my truck and realize I didn't take the time to start it before heading out.

As I let it warm up, I scrape ice off the windshield and wonder if they're seeing the same thing I did, if they're okay with it, or if they're upset.

When I get back in my truck, I plug in my phone only to see it's still on airplane mode. I switch it back over and alerts sound off. Seven missed calls from Kameron raises red flags. We text once maybe twice a week and talk on FaceTime after every game except the ones she's been able to come to.

I hit call.

"Hello," her voice is muffled.

"Are you okay? Evan? The baby?"

"Can we FaceTime?"

"Yeah of course."

She laughs, "Can you maybe initiate it?"

"Sure thing."

When she answers all I see is her cheek for a moment and then she steps back and holds up her hands that are covered in flour. “Had to answer with my nose.”

“Sorry, with all the missed calls I was concerned. Is this a bad time?”

She shakes her head no. “If you’re wondering where my mommy to be bracelet is, it’s on the windowsill above the sink, in the jewelry box you gave me for graduation. Do you remember the song it plays?”

“Of course, I do.”

Her lip pops out just a centimeter, but I see it, “Does it still hold true?”

“You can count on me like 1-2-3, I’ll *always* be there.”

“But can I count on you like 4-3-2, because that’s what friends are supposed to do?” Her eyes now glass over.

“Kameron, I know you’re not drinking because your pregnant, so either there’s something in the kitchen that’s making you act like this or if it’s pregnancy hormones you need to tell me.”

A tear falls, “If we’re okay, then why are you not talking to me?”

“Okay, you’re not making sense, I’m going to call Evan and—”

“The girls and I saw the pictures while having virtual coffee together this morning. They saw something and I want you to tell me if they’re right.”

Fuck. “Okay.”

“They think you’re in love with Drew. I didn’t say anything of course, but I think it’s Dean.”

Love...

“But at the Bears game the other night Dean was acting very differently with Drew and I don’t want you to ever get hurt, nor am I telling you this to hurt you, but I love you,

you're my best friend so I have to tell you that I think he's in love with her."

I nod.

"What's," she nods animatedly, "this mean, Cody?"

I exhale slowly, "I think that Dean loves Drew, and that Drew loves him too."

"Okay, so where do you fall in that, because I see how much happier my best friend is than he ever has been, and I," she holds her hand over her heart. "I need you to be able to talk to me, to remember that I'm still here without judgment. Cody, talk to me."

"Like 1-2-3."

She sniffs again. "I'm worried about you."

"You're carrying a child Kameron, I don't want you to worry about anything, least of all me. I'm okay."

"Are you in love?"

"Love? I don't think I know what love is. But when my coach brought me printed out papers, congratulated me and walked out of the conference room, I had no idea what he was congratulating me about, then I saw the pictures. It looked an awful lot like I was buying a ring for a girl and not a gift for a momentous occasion in my best friends' life. And I know when I saw those shots, it took me a minute to recognize the man who was smiling as myself."

"You look so happy," she sniffs as she dabs under her eyes.

"You have nothing to worry about, I'm in a good place."

"I want you to stay in that place." She wipes off her hands and leans her elbows on the counter closer to the screen.

Regardless of the situation, I've found myself thinking its time I come clean with my best friend, about everything.

So that's what I do, I tell her about everything I did while in college, and how that changed when I came to Lincoln.

“First, I’m angry that you kept putting yourself in unsafe situations.”

“I knew you would be, and I’m sorry for that.”

“You’ve never set out to hurt anyone, you have nothing to be sorry for, not one thing. But I need a promise.”

“Okay.”

“I’m going to ask you to keep my best friend safe and allow the godfather to baby Smith to continue on his path to happy.”

“I still don’t know what this is, and I hate to ask, but I need you to continue having my back and keeping my secret.” I exhale a breath that I’ve been holding for days. “I know Dean’s in love with Drew, and between you and I and Evan of course, he has been since he saw her freshman year.”

“He told you that?”

I shake my head, “Of course not, but while baby Smith was holding you hostage in the bathroom, he noticed I was still looking for someone. I denied it was her and he laughed and said, ‘I’m the one person in the world who knows where you’re at. I’ve been watching doors at everyday parties since freshman year.’ He said, there was no other Drew Daniels in the world.”

Hand to heart she sighs, “That is,” her face pinches up and she lies right through her perfect teeth. “Horrible.”

After I stop laughing and have caught my breath, I lay it out there, “If I’m going to be honest so are you, it was a spectacular declaration of love and we both know it and that love has been growing for over six years.”

“You’re missing a huge part of that love story.”

“Yeah? What’s that?”

“Until the game, not one person or those closest to Dean had ever witnessed him putting words or actions to those feelings.” She laughs. “I stand to correct myself; we saw it after his grandfather passed, but didn’t think deeper about it.” She waves a dismissive hand. “The point is, until you came

into their lives, I don't think he would have allowed himself to love her, if that's what it is."

"My point exactly, I may be the channel for—"

"So you're a?" She lifts her hand up and then down.

"Jesus, Kami," I laugh realizing she took channel in a literal sense and is asking if I'm a bottom.

"Oh my God, I am so sorry."

"The funny part of this is no, I'm not. I'm a top through and through, but so is he, which wouldn't work."

"No sword crossing at all then?" She asks like she would ask me if I wanted two lumps of sugar or two.

I cover my face and laugh, "Oh my God are we really deep diving into this?"

"I've done my research mister," she laughs too.



Standing at my windows looking over the frozen waters of the lake, I can breathe deeper than ever knowing that my admittance didn't cause the part of Kameron's heart that had been cracked to propagate, and it didn't because she's allowed it to heal by allowing herself to see who she truly is through Evan Smith's eyes. But I'm still not breathing as easy as I could be, because I now know that I do love Drew and Dean because I want that for them too, at whatever cost.

Will it hurt? Probably more than I imagine a dick in the ass would, but this hurt I will actually allow to penetrate.

Two days off to heal, I think as I grab my phone and open up the proverbial channel.

ME:

I saw the pictures and was congratulated by my coach today, right before I took my phone off airplane mode and saw several missed calls from Kameron. The Wags have conversed and are all speculating. We need to set up a three-way conference call to come up with a strategic plan that works for the both of you — CW

I read over my text and decided awkward is best done via text, so I send another.

ME:

Full disclosure, Kameron is aware that something is up. I am positive that anything I disclosed will go through Smith and to the grave. My apologies in advance, but I'm no longer able or willing to lie to the person who has stood beside me for most of my life — CW

Fuck

ME:

But none of my personal life is anyone else's business and either is yours — CW

Fuck, Fuck, Fuck. I sound like an idiot. Why can't you delete a text!?!

DEAN:

I'll be available in fifteen, I'll schedule it.

He reads calm, cool, and collected and I sound like a fucking teenager who's never been in any sort of honest... situation in his life. Which is because I haven't.

I watch as bubbles jump back and forth, and I wait for Drew's response. The bubbles stop.

Fuck.

They start again and I eagerly await her message, I feel like a house cat watching a laser beam. When they stop again, I set my phone down, and decide the best way to pass the time is to start a fire.

Once it's finished going, I stand up and step back to admire the flickering flames as they start their dance.

Growing up in Texas, there was only one time of the year the fireplace was lit even when it grew cold enough that it would have been beneficial. Mom complained it caused too much dust.

So once a year, when the house was full of guests at the annual Warren Family Christmas party, I spent every minute I could watching the fire. There were very few things in life that calmed my mind, but nothing more than gazing at the soft, warm glow a fire cast, while listening to the sound of crackling kindling and inhaling the smell of burning wood.

I hear my phone ring and head to the couch to answer it, and realize we're doing this via Facetime and don't hate the fact that I'll see both of their faces. It'll give me an image to recall when I lay in bed tonight, alone.

When I hit accept, I can see Dean is in the back of an SUV, and Drew is wearing a hood of some sort, and has braided ponytails peeking out from under it, somewhere dark.

"I apologize for interrupting your evenings, but as you both know or maybe already did before my text message—"

"Texts," Dean points out and hold up three fingers. "You sent three. Pretty wordy for someone who doesn't participate in group messages with more than a yes, no, or a thumbs up."

"Yeah well," I shrug.

"Leave him alone you big bully." Drew scowls at him.

"Pipe down Pippy Long Stockings. Pull those strings a little tighter and let the big boys talk."

"Go fuck yourself," she snarls.

“Funny you should mention that, I’ve decided what I’ll be getting myself for Christmas this year.”

“What’s that, a small country?” She snips.

“Two tattoos, a D on my left palm and a C on my right, so that when I’m jerking off in the shower every fucking day I have you both with me and not just in my head.”

“Same,” slips out so easily that I can’t even pretend it didn’t nor do I want to lay a lie over it and pretend it didn’t happen.

“Told you, Little D.” He laughs as he steps out of his vehicle and then, I see him wrap his arm around someone, that someone, Drew. They’re together.

“So let’s devise this plan.”

My heart grows heavy, as I feel the tap, tap, tap realizations finger on the fracture that’s never healed in my heart. It’s branching out, spreading and will soon shatter and I do not want that to happen in front of them.

“I think we all know what’s going on. I want you both to know that I am happy you’re together. You make a perfect couple. I’m in your.” I stop when I hear a knock on the door, and even though I have not a clue who it could be, or even want company, I’d invite the Jehovah witnesses in and make them dinner and dessert in order to avoid this. “I’m sorry. I have company.”

“Hot date?” Dean chuckles.

Fuck no, but instead I say, “You know it.”

“See?” Drew whispers.

“Make sure to let the Lincoln people know that they’re right, you two are in love.”

“For fuck’s sake Cody—”

“Gotta go,” I wink. “Hot date.”

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. I toss my phone on the counter and hurry to the door before whoever the fuck it is breaks the damn thing down.

When I throw it open no one is there, but on the floor of my back porch there's a large picnic like basket with a big red bow on it.

"Thank you?" I say to whoever dropped the box off and wait for a reply, when I don't get one, I head back inside and shut the door to the mudroom behind me.

When the box starts to move, I step back. "What the fuck?" When little meow's come from inside I open it up. Pushing through snowball size balls of tightly wound twine, two brownish red balls of fur bound out, "What have we here?"

A tap on the door has me turning back and that's when I see... them.

TRIPLE SLIPPER



Drew

December 20th

DEAN OPENS the door and presses his hand against my back, all but pushing me inside.

“We were in the neighborhood and decided to accept the invitation neither of us have ever been given to stop by and check out the new place.”

I feel like I’m going to throw up all over the wide, wooden planks of Cody’s mud room that looks like it’s never seen a speck of mud at all when he looks at Dean and then me.

Shaking his head, he looks down at the kittens. “I guess it could be seen that way.” He picks up the smaller one as it attempts to crawl up his pants and holds it to his chest. “Any one of you is welcome at any time. Just pretty far away from Brooklyn and Boston. I didn’t want to make anyone feel like they had to make the trek.”

I pick up the other kitten, and it nuzzles into my neck. “You have a nice, um, mud room.”

To that, his lips twist up into a slight smile. It’s guarded, but it’s a smile, nonetheless. “Not much of a host, but come on in.”

“You’ve been much more hospitable than Drew was when I showed up at her place,” Dean quips.

“Yeah, well, you could have called.”

“As I told you when you”—he chuckles— “strongly suggested just that before we headed here, that would have ruined the nice little surprise. Wouldn’t you agree, Warren?”

“I suppose it would.” He stands.

“I wouldn’t call borderline abduction a nice little surprise.” I scowl at him.

“Oh, come now”—Dean lets out an exaggerated sigh— “let’s see our Cody’s home.”

“Yeah, come on in.” Cody pushes another glass-paneled door open, and we follow.

Driving down the insanely steep drive, the lights of the SUV Dean rented allowed us to see the lake beyond the towering pine trees, and as the ground began to even out, we saw the exterior was a dark siding and stone.

Dean had his driver, who flew here with us, park far enough away that we were obviously undetected then sent him on his way with a list of things to grab from the Red Circle store about fifteen miles from here.

We trekked up the driveway that was lined with soft lighting that was also placed around the property and were able to see the house. It’s beyond what I imagined and, in a way, it reminds me of home. Dean, who has never been to our place and showed up this morning as I was freaking out over the photos all over the internet after Dylan called and questioned me, mentioned the similarities.

Now entering his home, I see it for its differences. The palette is warm neutrals and earthy tones. The wide, planked, polished hardwood floors cover the entire space, without the interruption of area rugs through the expansive and open living space. Like Dean’s hotel, there are floor-to-ceiling windows framing a panoramic view, but here, right now, the sun has set behind the house, and the moonlight is starting to shine on the lake.

The living area is built for comfort with its plush, oversized brown leather sofas, oversized armchairs, and a fireplace encased in the same stone that is on the outside, and it's roaring. I don't see a television which is an ... interesting choice. The walls, they're bare and, for some reason, that makes me want to cover them.

"I'd offer you something to drink, but we're pretty much a water household here," he says uncomfortably as we follow him into the kitchen.

"Water works for me," Dean answers.

"I'd love some. I'm feeling a bit dehydrated."

"Can't have that now, can we?" Dean winks.

Cody's kitchen is also a lot like ours, with state-of-the-art appliances and custom cabinetry. The countertop looks like natural dark gray stone, as does the island's top.

After grabbing three bottles of water out of the fridge—all glass bottles, by the way—he looks down at the kitten clinging to him. "I gotta ask: what's with the kittens?"

"Well"—Dean sucks in air—"momma cat and their siblings had a hit out on them and—"

"You shut your rotten mouth, Dean Costello," I cut him off.

"Sweetheart, would you prefer I describe the actual scene? Because I was there and witnessed the massacre." He puts his hand to his chest. "This is not something you deal with in the city. I'm dealing with it the best I can."

Kissing the kitten's little head, I assure him, "Momma cat is going to be fine."

"I'm not sure about that," Dean murmurs.

"Dean!" I gasp.

"Drew, as far as I am concerned, these are our trial children, and I don't think we want to start out lying to them."

The way he says it, completely serious and also freaking insane, *of course I find it attractive.*

He looks at Cody. “Your input is needed. These are your trial children, as well, and—”

“I feel like I’m ...” He shakes his head.

“Fever dream or nightmare, the lines have been blurred between the two since I was abducted early this morning by a ranting lunatic.” I pull my wool coat open in hopes it will help him understand the situation I am in.

“You’re wearing pajamas,” he states.

“They’re fucking adorable, aren’t they? Little sugar plums dancing all over our girl. Look at those little socks.”

“Dean, I wear a size fucking nine and a half shoe—my feet aren’t little!”

Dean reaches over and takes the kitten from me. “Your new mommy thinks noon is the morning and yelling is acceptable.”

And that’s it.

“Maybe if I’d been able to take a damn shower before you showed up and dragged me on your ‘surprise adventure,’ which I told you I didn’t have time for. And my veterinarian office saw me in my pajamas, looking like this!”

“All right.” Cody raises his voice above ours. “Let’s back this all up to whatever sprung this on, and we’ll start from there.”

“Honestly, all I wanted to know was what kind of parental input you’d have on what to tell the children. Then we can let them frolic while we all fuck away this horrendous tension.”

“I’m gonna hurt him,” I whisper to Cody, and he chuckles. “No, I’m serious. You should lock your butcher block full of seriously beautiful knives in a safe or—”

“My question’s simple,” Dean coos to the kitten. “What would you tell your child if a family member might not make it?”

“He’s not going to shut up.” I slump over the counter and hide my face in my arm.

“I’d go with what I was raised hearing—we’ll pray for them.” Then Cody adds, “Unless they weren’t perfectly straight, then I’d have to tell them how hot the blazing fires of hell are.”

I can’t help but laugh into my arm.

“Okay, see? Now we’re getting somewhere,” Dean says, and I whirl on him.

Cody catches me around the waist, and Dean pouts his lip out and addresses the kitten, “Daddy C just ruined a fantasy of mine.”

I look up at Cody. “I think I’m losing my mind.”

“I think maybe Daddy D already has,” he deadpans.

“Did you two plan this?” I try to wiggle free. “Like, straight up behind my back—”

“All right, time out!” Cody yells. “I’m maybe a minute from losing my shit, and then we’re all fucked.”

“Then what will your date think when—”

“There is no fucking date,” he cuts me off. “There hasn’t been a fucking date. There can’t be a—”

“Aw.” Dean takes the other kitten from Cody but makes sure not to get close enough to me so I can hurt him. “I think you’re wrong, and let me explain why.”

“I think I would rather dive out onto the frozen lake and hope the ice breaks than listen to another word from you today.”

Cody cups my cheek, and my nipples immediately tighten. “I have a feeling he’s not going to stop until he’s said his piece.” He then looks at Dean. “She’d feel better if she could shower first.”

“Gotta wait until Marco gets back here with supplies.”

“I don’t need you to take a shower,” I snip.

He looks hurt and offended. “Really?”

“Yes, really.”

He looks away from me and at the kittens, kissing their noses, one and then the other. “That’s going to have to be addressed during the negotiations.”

I roll my eyes at him and look back at Cody. “Where’s the bathroom?”

“This way.” He takes my hand, and when he reaches for Dean’s, my heart melts just a little bit of the frost that’s been building since Dean literally knocked on my door and wouldn’t take no for an answer.

I shouldn’t be so hard on him, because he had the foresight to know I’d probably lose my damn mind when I saw the pictures of all three of us. Pictures that, in a perfect world, I would frame and hang up because all three of us looked so freaking happy. Then the whole cat thing happened, and my emotions went berserk. *It happens.*

Dean manages to hold both kittens in the crook of his arms and takes Cody’s hand, and he winks at me when he does. Can’t even hate on that because when Cody cupped my cheek, it was like ten pounds of pressure was released from my chest, and as tightly wound up as I am, Dean is that times a million.

Moving toward the stairs, I look up and see the entire floor above us is open with railings surrounding all four sides.

“How many bedrooms?” Dean asks.

“Four upstairs. Technically, I’m using one of the ones down here as my office until I get the space over the garage finished in the spring, and two more on the lower level.”

“Seven? Nice,” Dean says as we climb the stairs. “That means you could house—”

“I swear I will—”

“The Lincoln crew, Little D.” Dean laughs. “This place is perfect for the summer. You have a pool?”

“He has a whole lake; what does he need a poo—”

“I do,” Cody cuts me off with a chuckle.

“Need a yacht, too.”

“It’s a lake, Costello, not the Atlantic,” I remind him.

“Plan on getting a fishing boat this summer.”

Dean coos, “The kittens will love to go fishing. Won’t you, babies?”

“Oh God, help any children you ever create,” I say as we hit the top of the stairs, and I look around.

“Let’s hope it’s the real God and not the one Cody’s parents are convinced they can do a better job than.”

Cody drops my hand, turns, and looks at Dean. “What did you say?”

Dean repeats himself.

“And what does that mean to you?”

“Isn’t there a thing that says judge not or God’s going to throw the hammer down?” Dean asks as he looks around, oblivious to the fact that Cody’s feeling some deep emotions right now and walks toward yet another wall of windows.

“Yeah,” I answer when Cody doesn’t.

“Is this east-facing or west?” Dean asks.

“East,” Cody says, voice rougher than before.

“Your bed face that direction?”

Cody clears his throat and answers, “I have to keep the doors open, but yeah, it’s a pretty awesome view.”

“I love watching the sun rise.”

“Me, too,” Cody and I say at the same time, and it’s ... a moment.

“Well, you certainly missed it this morning,” Dean jabs, and he does it to purposely provoke me. I’m not falling for it.

Cody walks into a room with double doors and flips on the lights.

“Damn, Warren, this is awesome.” Cody smiles, looking around the huge master suite.

His bed looks intimidating. The thing is massive.

“It’s all made of reclaimed wood. Very solid piece of furniture. I bought it local, and it took four men to get it up here.”

“It’s stunning.”

“Taking forever to get the matching pieces, but I know it’ll be worth it.” He looks at it with true pride.

I lean into him. “You’ve busted your ass for this. You deserve it.”

“I live in a hotel, have houses all the fuck over the East Coast, and I’m not lying when I say I’m jealous, man,” Dean says as he juggles the kittens. “What did this place cost? Fifteen? Twenty?”

Cody laughs as he shakes his head. “No. I got it for four point five.”

Dean’s jaw drops. “Are you fucking kidding me?”

“Real estate in this area is not like it is where I came from, or the city. The taxes suck, but when you wake up in the morning and see that sunrise, it’s worth it.”

“How’s your interest rate?” Dean asks.

“That is just ...” I stop and laugh. “I was going to say personal, but yeah, I guess you couldn’t get any more personal than you already have, huh?”

Cody answers, “I paid cash.”

“How the hell did you do that and still have money to live?”

“NFL players make a significant amount more than NHL players do.” I know he’s aware of this, but I also know he has people who handle the daily operations of all of his business dealings, so it could easily slip one’s mind.

“Makes me feel like shit for my guys,” Dean says. “Longer seasons, more games—”

“Jesus, you sound like Smith,” Cody cuts him off with a groan.

We all laugh.

Cody scrubs a hand over his head. “You’re both more than welcome to stay and see what an NFL player’s sunrise looks like in the morning compared to what the NHL provides down in Brooklyn.”

I think I just swooned myself.

“Yeah, that’s happening. I may not ever leave.” Dean nods to the bed. “Fucking beautiful, man.”

“Wait until you see this.” Cody winks at me as he walks over and opens the bathroom door.

“No way,” I say as I hurry toward the massive tub.

“That good?” Dean asks from behind.

“Take your hotel suite bathroom and make it rustic. Both amazing, but like they’re from two different worlds,” I answer as I run my hand over the hammered copper soaker tub.

“She talking about bathtubs or our dicks?” Dean chuckles.

“Could definitely be used for those, as well,” I admit, unashamed.

“Little D, that’s bigger than the one in the suite,” Dean states.

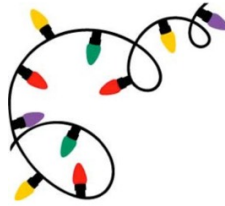
“It’s called the double slipper,” Cody says, holding back a smile as he takes one of the kittens.

“We need a triple slipper.” Dean wags his brows.

“I desperately need some single slipper time,” I say.

“We can give you that.” Cody nods to the door, and they both head out, each carrying a kitten.

SEXUAL SYMPHONY



Dean

December 20th

“SO, WE MADE THE GOSSIP PAGES,” Cody says as he walks to his closet and opens the door.

“Caused issues for you?” I ask, sitting down, still holding the kitten.

“I can clear it up. It just caught me off guard.” He walks out with a sweatshirt and running pants.

I was going to lead this off differently, but here we are. “You sure you wanna do that?”

“Not sure what you’re asking,” he says as he walks over and taps on the bathroom door.

“More than two minutes would be appreciated, Costello,” Drew yells out.

“Wrong guy.” He opens the bathroom door a crack and sets the clothes just inside the door. “Just giving you some clothes to wear when you’re done.”

“Thanks,” she calls back.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, I explain, “I think we should make a go at this.”

“This?” he asks.

“The three of us are good together. You and I both, admittedly, are pretty fucking fond of Drew, but I’m not gonna lie and say I haven’t been feeling it with you, too.”

“Not going to deny it on my end, either. But how do you really see that working out?”

“I feel really fucking good about it. But I’m in a different position. The bulk of my money is in real estate. It wouldn’t matter if I walked down the streets of Manhattan and took a shit on the sidewalk and a picture of me doing it was in every paper in New York. Tenants aren’t going to say shit because they wouldn’t want to be evicted or for me to raise their rent or leases. The investments are what they are, and that can’t be fucked with. To be honest with you, I could say fuck it and sell it all, throw skates and pads on, and do what I love and still have enough money for my kids’ kids to live well above the national average. My piece of shit father and drunk mother would be able to continue wasting oxygen, my aunt would still be able to travel the world and contribute nothing to society. Grandmother”—I smile as I shake my head— “is getting remarried to the guy she left when she fell in love with my grandfather.”

“You good with that?” He sits beside me.

“I am. Even more so since the world was fucked up and I spent a lot of time alone, wondering why I never went hard after you and Drew. Not gonna lie, it was until I saw the way you looked at her that raised my hackles and got me thinking, she’s going to leave me completely for a guy like him, a guy that is giving me the feels. Made me realize that, yes, I love Drew Daniels. But until you, I knew that neither of us would be complete, and not just because you’re hot as fuck cock swings both ways. You’re like us, and we fit together with you and only you—the three of us. We’re a fucking hat trick, man, and you feel it the same way I do. It may have taken me three years of therapy, and I know that’s not for certain, but it’s facts.”

I take his hand and place it on my dick. “I’m hard for you, and I know you are for me.” I glance down and see I’m right. Then I put his hand on my heart. “It’s beating for you, her, and me—all three of us.” I put my hand on his and love that I’m right. “You don’t have to say it yet, but don’t lie and tell me you’ve ever felt like this before, because you couldn’t have; you hadn’t met Drew and me yet, and we hadn’t met you.”

“Dean, it’s not that easy.”

“I fucking know,” I sigh and shake my head. “I know I’m not going to be able to wave fistfuls of cash around, yelling ‘follow me.’ If I didn’t feel it here”—I tap my chest— “I wouldn’t feel that you living your dream isn’t as important to me as it is to you, or Drew hers. I’m willing to do whatever it takes. All three of us have been gifted friends who would throw down for us, just like we would them. My own fucking parents wouldn’t do that shit and, in that way, we’re the same. Tell me I’m wrong.”

“He can’t,” comes from the bathroom, and we both turn to see Drew standing in Cody’s clothes.

Looking her up and down, I admit, “My girl wearing my guy’s number is going to be added to the spank bank.”

“Our girl,” Cody says hoarsely as he eye-fucks her long enough for me to feel my dick drip, and then he looks at me. “What’s the play?”

“You and Drew are the public faces of us.”

“That’s not fair to—”

“Drew, it’s the only play that works. He has a career, and you’re building a business. If I’m in this the way I want to be, I cannot ask either of you to give up on your dreams or even put them in jeopardy. That would make me undeserving of your love.”

“Then what do you need from us?” Cody asks.

“I need you both to love me, too.”

“Dammit, Dean,” Drew says as she hurries over to me and wraps her arms around me.

“Careful, Little D, don’t squish the kids. They’ve had a shit day.”

“As aggravating as you are, you’re ten times hotter and worthy of so much more than you expect.” She grabs both sides of my face. “I loved you before it became part of a stipulation in your proposal.”

“You have to promise to give this a year. It’s not going to be easy geographically, but we want this, we’ll make it happen. After the year, you two will get married and—”

“What?” Drew gasps.

“Tell me you don’t want your kids to grow up with your sister’s.” I glance at Cody. “Or yours with Kameron’s.”

They both look at each other, and I cross ... more fingers than I have on my hands for good luck.

Standing in front of us, she cups the side of each of our faces. “I want you both naked and kissing each other.”

“And what will you be doing?” Cody asks as he reaches over and strokes my cock through my pants before we’re both naked and have resumed position.

She sinks to her knees. “Tonight, I’ll be playing the role of the luckiest girl on the planet and getting her hot as hell guys off. Lose the clothes.”

I take the back of his neck. “Do you think our girl loves our cocks?”

“I fucking know she does.”

He grips the side of my face and crashes his lips against mine, thrusting his tongue into my mouth, tasting me. His mouth is so fucking hot, his lips so firm yet soft. I love the way he kisses me—like a man possessed. I love the way Drew’s hot breath feels against my scorching skin, as she leans in, and I know it’s intensified by the man I’ve fallen in love with.

Little known fact about Dean Costello: growing up, I loved to accompany my grandparents to the symphony. When Drew wraps her hands around our cocks, it reminds me of the

moment the conductor raised his baton, anticipation filling the symphony hall, just as it is now filling Cody's room. The first stroke is like the notes of several different instruments flowing through the room, a prelude to what's to come. *In this case, us.*

And when she strokes our cocks, it's just like that majestic crescendo, evoking the sense that triumph is on the horizon, and to my bones, I know that it is my actual bone. Her tongue pressing at the base of my cock induces rhythmic pulsing, quickening my heartbeat. And I know it does Cody's, as well, because I feel it when his breath hitches and his hand grips the side of my face. As if planned, her hot mouth wraps around the head of my cock, and she begins to slide down my length at the same time his tongue plunges deeper inside my mouth. In a way, they're harmonizing. They're entwining and interlacing pleasures.

In the moment my balls draw up, I realize I'm about to get lost in that much too soon. Before I have a chance to stop her, her mouth leaves me and Cody bites my lower lip.

He hisses, "Fuck yes, Drew. Fuck yes, beauty, suck my cock."

My mouth to his neck, I lick and suck, just like she is doing. The saliva caused by the desire to move down, to aid in her giving him pleasure, stops when her lips are again wrapped around my tip. The high of her going down, and the low of her moving on to give him the same, she's doing it at such a masterful pace that before one of those feelings ends, the other takes it, and it's driving me fucking wild.

Each stroke, each suck, each flick of her tongue is bringing us both, Cody and I, closer to the final chord, *so to speak*. I don't know if I wanna fight to get there first so that I can help her get him off, or if I want to finish last so that I can keep allowing the highs and lows to drive me wild.

When Cody's hands grabs the back of her head, and his hips buck, causing her to gag just a little bit, I'm pretty sure I'm gonna shoot off my own chords of cum, not music, into the great nothing. Somehow, I manage not to and get to watch as Cody's head falls back, his jaw tighten, his lips pulling

back, exposing his clenched teeth, as he growls while he fills our girl's mouth full of cum. Without the need for an oral refractory period, her mouth comes down on my cock, and it does so hard. I feel my fucking tip against her tonsils once, twice, three times, then more.

"Fuck, baby. Fuck yes. Fucking love you, love us." And then I jet off over and over and over again.

Each of us reach for her and pull her up as we lean back.

"On my face, Little D. I'm conducting this number."

"You are what?" She laughs.

Realizing she was on my dick and not in my head, I understand where the confusion might come in, so I clear it up real quick. "Get that hot pussy up here. I'm gonna kiss you under the mistletoe."

As Cody lays beside us, he pulls his sweatshirt off of her. "And I'm going to jingle your tits, all the way."

She laughs that iconic laugh, muffled by the fabric covering her mouth, and my heart swells, which is good because my dick sure isn't. The other Little D needs a power nap.

I grip her hips and pull her down on my face. "Fuck, you're soaked." I bury my face in her pussy. "You taste like you, but smell like him. I fucking love it."

"Oh fuck," she whimpers.

"While I tongue-fuck you, and our guy taste your tits, I want you to ride my fucking face like you've never ridden anything before."

She moves, positioning her knees on either side of my head, and leans forward, placing her hands on the hardwood headboard while lowering her pussy over my face. I spear her with my tongue once, twice, three times, and she begins to ride, sliding back and forth, soaking my face with her wetness.

When she stops and gasps, I don't even have to ask to know that he's behind her. I feel his body brushing against my thighs.

“Lean forward, beauty. I wanna taste you, too.”

“Fuck yes, you do. Fuck yes,” I groan.

We devour her together, causing her to cry out our names, both of them; sometimes separate, sometimes all in one breath, and it sounds like she’s saying Coding. I fucking love it.

“Gonna come. I’m gonna come so fucking hard,” she cries, Cody slides over to the side of me and I flip Drew onto her back.

Together, we spread her legs, go at her pussy like we’ve been starved for days, and have her coming in seconds.

It’s fucking messy, it’s beautiful, and it’s fucking us.



It was a collective decision not to shower. All three of us like—no, scratch that—we *love* the way we smell on each other’s bodies.

It also had a lot to do with the fact that it took a minute to find our practice children. Drew was freaking out, almost in tears, before we found them curled up and sleeping on Cody’s Henley.

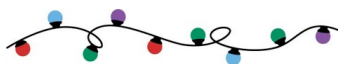
After we dressed, all of us in Cody’s sweats and sweatshirts, I received a text from Marco.

HIM:

Arriving in five.

ME:

Back door’s good.



alking down the stairs, Cody asks, “Who’s Marco?”

W “Dean’s slave,” Drew answers.

“Hardly.” I laugh. “The man makes more money than most CEOs in the city. He started as my driver, and when I was looking for a personal assistant, he asked how much the position paid. When I told him, he said he’ll take that job, too. He negotiated his own contract.” I laugh. “It includes a room at The Grand. Even if I try to give him a day off, because I know I can be a lot, he refuses.”

“You have a background check done on the guy?” Cody asks.

“Is that a hint of jealousy I detect?”

“There’s no jealousy unless he’s been sucking your cock, which didn’t even come into play until you mentioned it. The reason I asked has more to do with the fact I want to make sure the man who has our guy’s back isn’t going to shove a fucking knife in it.”

Drew whispers to the kitten in her arms, “He’s being protective, and it’s so fucking hot.”

“Marco is a man of few words, which I appreciate because I have a lot of words to say. He’s ex-military, a Marine who protected the United States President. He’s unmarried, has no kids, and only goes home for Mother’s Day. I’ve checked him out, period. Now, let’s talk about the fact that you have absolutely fucking no one here watching your ass, that you picked up a box somebody left on the porch in the dark, and brought it inside your house. That shit’s got to stop, man.”

Cody chuckles. “When I brought it in and it moved, I realized that maybe I should have thought deeper about that. I will in the future.”

“Ever think about getting security cameras? An alarm system?” Drew asks.

“Honestly, no, I haven’t. Not much around here, and until late this afternoon, I never felt like anyone was watching me.”

“That’s the Dean factor. The baby billionaire.”

“My dick look like a baby to you?”

She giggles. “I suppose not.”

“All right then, I think, at the very least, you do need a system.”

“Especially now that there are children involved,” Drew says, kissing the darker one’s little head.

“Wait—they’re staying?” Cody asks.

“You said you wanted a dog, but you were never home, and I immediately thought a cat would work, but I didn’t know if you were a cat guy.” She nods toward him other kitten muzzled all in his neck. “Clearly, you are. And these two came along at the—” She scrunches up her face. “Sounds so wrong to say, but at the right time.”

“But I’m not home enough to take care of something else.”

“They may need you right now because they’ve just gone through a trauma, but cats are way different than dogs. Our cats at home—the little assholes—only like us when they want something. After these two get a little bigger, they’re gonna make you feel unneeded. Plus, you can put a bowl of food down, and they won’t eat it all until it’s empty; they just take what they want and need. So, technically, you could put four bowls of food down for them, and they’ll be fine for a few days. Ideally, you’d have a neighbor or a friend stop in and make sure they’re okay, which they will be. But, if you’re getting a system, you could place a few mini cams around so that you can check on them. Place one so you can see if their bowls have food in them.”

“They’re gonna need fresh water, but I—”

“Which is on its way.” She smiles.

He nods. “I have a woman who cleans twice a week, too. I’m sure she’d check on them.”

“Is she hot?”

I laugh at the way she says it so nonchalantly, and she scowls at me.

“She’s beautiful. I can see where men would have been considered her hot like twenty years ago.”

“Good. I like her already.”

“Probably a good time to mention I’m not okay with either of you dating anyone but us,” Cody states.

“That’s the only way this works,” I agree.

Drew raises her hand.

“Post-orgasm Drew raises her hand.” Cody chuckles.

“Which was never the case in college,” I note, and then I immediately realize Cody doesn’t like that.

“Never with another guy. You’re first and last.”

“No other girls, either,” he tells us both.

“Cheating is cheating outside of this room, and I swear to God—”

“Not ever gonna happen,” I cut Drew off. “All three of us agree to it now.”

“Not an agreement; a demand,” Cody adds.

Drew raises her hand again, and I roll my eyes. “What about when one of us isn’t around, and the other two feel like, you know?”

I look at Cody. “I’m confident in us and each other. You?”

“I mean, yeah.” He rubs the back of his neck.

“You’ve never been with a woman without another man, right?” Drew asks.

I raise my hand. “I’d never sucked a dick, and I’m telling you right now, if Drew was on the East Coast, and you and I were here, or in Brooklyn, watching a game, and I wanted to blow you, I would.”

“Aw, you were his first, Cody.” Drew beams.

“You’d be good with that?” Cody asks her.

“I am.”

“Fuck.” He shakes his head. “Yeah, I guess yeah, then.”

“Good. Now let’s go help Marco unload.”

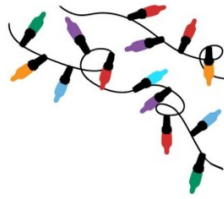
“Not sure what your plans are, but I have the next two days off. All I have going on is reels and chilling out.”

“You thought we were leaving?” I chuckle. “Not a chance.”

“I can work remote,” Drew says.

“Perfect.”

HATTY AND THE TRICKSTER



Cody

December 20th

WE HELP Marco unload the back of the rental SUV, which is packed to the hilt, and a lot of it has to do with cats, including self-feeding water, feed dishes, and three litter boxes. I hadn't considered those.

Drew's laugh pulls my attention from them to her. "I promise, when I'm here, I'll change them."

"You better plan on being here a lot."

"We're going to have to hire the North Pole's logistics team to hammer out the details," Dean deadpans.

"I think they're a little busy, and even you don't have enough money or clout to corrupt them," Drew teases him adorably.

"While you two were probably overthinking this, I spent a couple hours on the phone with my therapist, and then I came up with a schedule on the plane. Should have us apart more than two nights in a row, tops, through the New Year," Dean says, setting two bottles of bourbon on my counter and pulling out his phone. "Cody's schedule clears up in February after the big game, and then—"

“It’s draft season,” Drew states.

“How many more players do you plan to take on?”

“It’s not about the players.”

“Then, what is it?” I ask, filling one of the litter boxes.

“It’s simple. I’m going to make more money than the top ten on Forbes list, which will make me the first woman to do that, and the first person to ever do it while rep’ing clients in all sports, including women sports. The only one doing it while taking a lower percentage than all the others, whose company only hires women agents.”

“You’ve got football and hockey; what’s next?”

“I’m working on a branding deal with Madison Black, who has an in with the Jersey Jags, baseball team, and I’m hoping to somehow dip my toes into the NBA.”

“Went to prep school with Courtney Cohen,” Dean tells her.

“Shut. Up.” Her jaw drops.

“The three of us will find a time when we can hit a game either here against the Knicks or fly to Seattle and see them play at home.”

“Sounds good, but how does that play into your goal?”

Dean answers, “As an owner, I love being able to tell her where I think we’re weak, knowing she’ll find someone to strengthen it.”

“Or like the other night, remind him he has Hank Marshall on his AHL team, and on his worst day is just as good as Crown; on a good day, better.”

Dean continues, “Contenders stalk the internet, and if they see her brushing elbows with owners, that’s a face and name they’ll remember. Once they know she’s not just a hot body and gorgeous face with connections, that she’s an athlete, they’d be stupid not to sign with her.”

“Not sure how I can help you meet that goal, but anything I can do to help, I’m here.”

“You’re going to be her biggest selling point in the NFL. She’s going to be seen in the stands at all your games, wearing your number.”

“Which is honestly the only reason I am with either of you.” She grins. “It has nothing to do with your dicks or bank accounts.”

“It’s an evil ploy, huh?” I laugh.

“Yes, definitely.” She nuzzles into the kitten’s face and whispers, “*Not.*”

Dean claps. “All right, team, we need to name our practice kids and go over our schedule. I’m leaning toward Hat and Trick.”

“First, those are the dumbest names ever, and second, we’re not just a hockey fam here.”

I love that—fam.

“D, it was a reference to three”—he waves between us—“like us.”

I love that, too.

“What’s three in football?” she asks, thinking aloud. “Three point con—”

“It’s two points but now but now that’s going to live rent free in my head, regardless, the term ‘conversion’ can’t play any part of our little fam.” I laugh. “Mother called me last year and told me she thinks I should give it a try, to drive the demons out.”

“That would be fucking hilarious if it wasn’t so damn scary that people actually buy into that shit.”

“I mean, if she saw our pictures and reaches out, you could just lie and say thanks for the suggestion; worked like a charm.” Drew grins.

“Nah, she can lay in it. We, as adults, can make the decision to keep our relationship private, but when we’re blessed with kids, those kids are going to eventually go to

school, and he or she is going to have two dads and one mom. We're going to make sure they're strong for that."

"I'm down with that." Dean nods.

"Same."

I hold up the kitten I have that's darker. "How about Hattie, and the other is Trickster."

"And when momma cat comes, what will we name her?" Drew asks, looking at her phone.

Both Dean and I look at each other, and she laughs. "Look."

We both look at the screen and see a white cat that is all sorts of messed the up fuck, with half its head shaved.

"Meth Momma?" Dean offers, and I can't help but laugh.

"Okay, seriously, she's had a rough day. She got clipped by a car, taken away from her kids, and wakes up drugged and confused. It's not the very holly jolly kind of holiday that she was planning for Hatty and Trickster, you know."

"Fuck, Little D, yeah, you're right. She's had a really bad fucking run of luck," Dean says, trying his damndest not to lose it.

"You're ridiculous," she scolds him then looks at me.

Rubbing my face, trying not to laugh, I nod. "What he said."

"You both suck. Like, seriously, you're the worst." She grabs the container of cat food and pulls the top off, making them each a little bowl.

"We were with you all the way up to the gigantic exaggeration." Dean laughs.

"It not being the holly jolly kind of Christmas season she was planning was a bit much, beauty," I agree.

She turns around, a bowl in each hand, heading toward where she's laid out a rubber mat and placed the water

contraption that they could swim in. “Do you think you could at least pretend to care enough to bring them to their table?”



As they eat, Dean and I put away more food than has ever been in my house in silence as Drew grabs different cheeses and meats, cutting them up and placing them on a charcuterie board shaped like a sleigh. No, it wasn't here. It was something Marco picked up before Dean sent him back to the city.

Dean breaks the silence, “Momma cat's name should be Holly.”

Drew turns and looks at him as she throws her hands in the air. “Thank you. We appreciate that and agree. Holly it is.”

We?

“Last name, Dazed.” He smirks.

“You're an asshole.”



Downstairs, I show them around what I consider the viewing room, but there's a bar and pool table, so Drew says it's a rec room. There's also two king-sized suites and a gym that leads out to the patio and pool area, and it's covered in snow.

We're settled in on the sectional to start one of the classic holiday movies on the long list that she must get through every year.

As we're about to start the movie that she says reminds her of us, all three of our phones go off.

“Kameron,” I say.

“Dylan.” Drew holds hers up.

“Ellie.” Dean holds his up. “Do we ignore these?”

“Nope.” Drew hits *accept* on hers. “Let’s get this over with.”

“I’d take offense to that greeting if it was anyone else on the planet saying it.”

“I might care if I didn’t know you were sitting there with Ellie, Kameron, and Riley, each of you calling each of us, knowing we’re together because you just couldn’t wait.”

“Full discourse: you’re one hundred percent right, but last I talked to you, you were going to become an astronaut because you just couldn’t take this world anymore and—”

“I was a bit emotional, I admit.”

“Was?” I ask.

“A little?” Dean asks.

“Seriously, let me have my moment,” she scolds us then she scolds them. “You two bitches hang up your phones. We can all be on the same call.”

After all bitches have done as she asked, I take her phone and hold it out far enough so that all three of us are on the screen, and we wait for them to do the same.

When they come into view, it’s not just Kameron, Dylan, Ellie, and Riley, it’s also their husbands. I feel kind of bad for Dean at this moment, because if any of them react in a way that is hurtful, I’m going to have to beat one of his best friend’s asses down.

“So, you are all huge parts of our lives, our personal lives, our innermost circle—”

“You’re family,” Dean says.

“So, after a brief statement, I’ll open up the floor for a five minute Q&A, and then we are going to start our movie marathon, with *The Miser Brothers Christmas*, because they kind of remind me of my guys.”

“*My guys?*” Kameron smiles.

“I told you,” Evan says as he kisses her cheek.

On the screen, I can see Drew's eyes misting up, and that is coupled with the biggest smile I've seen in hours. She's happy, thank God.

Dean starts, "We'll start by telling you all that this was not planned; it just happened."

"And as soon as we saw him, we knew there was something about him that we couldn't ignore." Drew smiles.

"And we all tried. We all tried, but obviously, it was stronger than us. Because when I tell you nobody chooses this life, it's the honest truth."

"We love each other." Dean's voice is filled with emotion, and by the looks on all their faces, it's something they've never seen.

"Fuck, man," Bass sighs, and Dean nods his head.

"Dean literally kidnapped me this morning," Drew starts.

"Oh, for fuck's sake, D, come on. I didn't kidnap you. There was no abduction, and it was after fucking noon."

"We all see things from a different angle. This is my personal retelling."

I can't help but laugh.

Then she smiles before continuing, "It was a horrible morning. There were injured animals involved, I was dragged onto an airplane and taken across state lines, and it wasn't just me; it was for our beautiful babies." She looks at both of us. "Dean calls them our trial children. Show them, Cody, show them our beautiful babies."

I angle the camera down so that they can see the balls of fur curled up on Dean's and my stomachs.

"Everyone, we'd like you to meet Hattie and Trickster."

"Like a fucking hat trick?" Leo laughs.

"We're fond of the number three." Dean chuckles.

"Which brings me back to our trial children. Their mother was injured, and we were able to get her to Dr. Brooks in

hopes she would save her life,” Drew explains.

“Yes, that is true. During the alleged abduction, my big bad self allowed for one of my hostages, who needed medical attention, to get it,” Dean says, and I start laughing.

“I’m gonna say it again—you suck. Suck, suck, suck.”

“Oh God, she’s Elios-ing,” Dylan mutters.

“Could we please get back on track here?” Dean asks.

“I wasn’t aware there was an actual agenda,” Drew retorts.

“I believe he was referring to our relationship, pleading our case to our friends, and not trying to show them our crazy.” I laugh.

“Let me be the first to tell you if you can accept her crazy, and you can accept Dean’s, you’re good.” Bass laughs.

“Oddly, the crazy in each of them is actually something I love the most. They’re real, not trying to hide who they are. And we’re glad we can be that with each other, and all of you, but our decision is to keep our relationship private.”

“How is that even gonna work when the press already got their eyes on you?” Riley asks.

“That’s simple. In a year, Cody and Drew get married,” Dean answers.

“How is that fair to you?” Riley asks Dean then glances at me. “You know I love you—I love all of you—I just don’t want anyone to get hurt.”

“We’re not gonna hurt each other. The two of them need more protection from the court of public opinion. And it’s not like the three of us can get married, anyway. But I can assure you that, in my heart that literally beats for them now, and in theirs that I know beats for me, we’ll be married just as long as any of you. We were made for each other, because nothing else has ever felt right until them. And them together, and I can promise you if you ask them, they’ll say the same.”

Kameron sniffs. “Cody already has.”

I laugh when Drew raises her hand. “It’s me. I was the problem.”

“You’re not a fucking problem, Little D; you’re a privilege,” Dean says.

“I couldn’t agree more. Plus, I find your problematic moments more entertaining than anything I’ve witnessed in my entire life.”

She scrunches up her nose, smiling at me, and then turns and smiles at Dean. “Seriously, how did I get so lucky?”

“And I’m fucking sold. You three are fucking adorable, and your secret’s safe with me. When you no longer need it to be a secret, and if your love needs to be defended, I’m gonna scream it louder than any other fucking person in this room.” Ellie Rhodes beams.

Leo kisses the top of her head. “You can be sold, but there will never be three for us.”

“I think that if Dean and I had tried to force something we knew was good physically and as friendships go since our freshman year—”

“Wait—your fucking freshman year?” Dylan gasps.

“I mean, yeah?”

“Oh shit,” I whisper.

Drew holds up her hand. “If we had tried to force something, it never would have worked. It never would have been a whole without Cody.” She blows out of breath before saying, “And I know this for a fact because, since freshman year, until Cody moved here, we had a twice a year tryst.”

“We hated the men’s ice hockey team! Hated them, Drew!” Dylan yells at the screen.

“Little queen, *you* hated that I hadn’t given you the D yet.”

Dylan elbows him, and everyone laughs.

“I’m sorry, Dilly, but it wasn’t a lie. I hated how male athletes are always treated better than females, but apparently... I love the players.”

“Fuck yes, you do.” Dean kisses her cheek. “Doesn’t she?”

“Not a word untrue, and those players love her, too.”

Riley leans into the camera and laughs. “Dean, is that kitten trying to nurse on your armpit?”

“Fuck, I guess so. I thought Trickster was just trying to get cozy.”

“You’ll know better when Trickster let’s its claws out.” Drew reaches over and grabs it. “Okay, we’ll open up for Q&A.”

NIGHT ONE



Drew

December 20th

LIPS PRESSED to the top of their little heads, I'm carrying Hattie and the Trickster up the stairs while Dean lugs the little popup tent and Cody has their round, little, fluffy bed that will sit on the water bottles he's also carrying so they'll be warm and don't miss momma cat, *whose name is now Holly*, too much.

"I'm glad you abducted me," I yawn out as we make our way up the stairs.

"I'll be glad when you stop calling it that," Dean states.

"Somebody grumpy when he's tired?" I ask.

"I'm rarely tired, but I suppose so."

"I'm guessing your mood will change after we fuck our girl to sleep," Cody says, setting up the cat tent.

I set them inside the circular contraption and take the water bottles and bed from Dean before situating them. "So, I guess we're not going right to sleep then?"

"I'm pretty sure there will never be a night when the three of us are together that we're not fucking before we fall asleep," Dean says.

“We’re 0 for 1; why break our streak?” Cody chuckles.

I lift a fist. “Go team.”

I hear music beginning to play in the background and wonder where it’s coming from, but then I remember Cody mentioning he had no problem buying a new TV to put over the fireplace on the main level, but he was just used to having music play all the time. He offered to download the app to control it on Dean’s and my phones so we didn’t get stuck listening to his playlist all the time.

“What song is this?” I ask, and as I turn, I’m not met with an answer. No, I’m met with heated blue eyes. The storm no longer appears to hold a warning. They’re now more like an offering.

Fuck. Me.

Cody wraps his hand around the base of my throat and pulls me toward him. His lips crash down over mine more possessively than they did when we were in the bedroom before, and more possessively than the sweet kisses I’ve gotten from both of my guys while we watched movies and played with the kittens.

With my head spinning, I don’t miss the feel of my other guy’s broad chest pressed to my back as his hands grip my hips, his open mouth sliding down my neck. I reach over my shoulder and grip his chin, turning his head while I break my kiss with Cody and move so their lips can touch.

“You do know we like our mouths on you, too, right?” Cody asks.

“And I love kissing each of you. But watching you two kiss ... incredibly sexy. Perhaps it’s because I didn’t ever think I’d get to see it again.”

“You’re stepping out of the control box tonight and letting us have our way with you.” Dean’s threat sends a shiver up my spine, my skin tingling as he brushes his lips back down my neck.

Cody grips my chin, turning me toward him, and licks across my bottom lip, causing my tummy to do flips. Stepping

back, he then sits on the edge of the bed, pulling me onto his lap. I wriggle against his erection, hoping to feel the ridges of his thick cock against the thin material of my leggings while allowing myself to be selfish and give in to their control, into Cody's kiss and the way Dean's mouth explores every inch of my fucking neck.

Dean grips the bottom of my shirt then pulls it over my head and tosses it to the ground. I'm moaning, panting, writhing when Cody's hands encircle my waist and travel up excruciatingly slowly as Dean removes my bra. Expecting them to start jingling my bells, I gasp when I am lifted up, turned, and laid down the bed.

Each of my guys flank my sides, cup my breasts, and slide their thumbs over my nipples. My back immediately arches into their touch, needing the friction to relieve the pressure.

"How bad do you wanna fuck these tits right now?" Cody asks Dean.

"Pretty badly," he answers, sliding off the bed to remove his clothes.

I love watching him undress—they undress. Both are incredibly hot, but even hotter when naked.

Cody turns my face toward him and begins kissing me again. But, when the bed buckles beside us, we break our kiss to watch as Dean crawls across the bed in a predatory and hot as fuck way.

"Get naked," Dean tells Cody as he removes my pants and underwear. "I'm gonna fuck her tits, and you're gonna fuck her mouth."

"And then we're gonna take turns fucking that tight, hot, pretty little cunt of hers," Cody growls.

"Do you know what you're going to do, beauty?" Dean uses the pet name Cody's been using for me—beauty. It makes my pussy quench. "You like that, don't you?"

"I'd be lying if I said I didn't."

He looks to Cody and explains, “Every time you called her that ... well, I was eating her pussy earlier, and she got wetter and fucking wetter. We’re sharing that, too. I’m also calling her beauty from now on.”

Now naked, Cody wraps his hand around his thick, hard length and crawls on the bed. “It suits her. Never seen a more beautiful woman, never seen a more beautiful pussy, never been loved by a more beautiful heart.”

Ohmygod with the sweet and filthy words.

Dean is straddling me, cock in hand, stroking himself, as Cody turns his body, facing away from the bed, opens the night stand drawer, and grabs something.

“Question?” I raise my hand. “Are you guys clean? I mean, have you been tested? Because I’m clean, and I get the birth control shot.”

“Beauty, I hope we’re clean. We each drank each other’s cum more than once.” Cody chuckles as he squirts lube into his hand then rubs it between my tits.

“Why are you now asking me this? Us, this, fucking you raw, is a fucking dream.” Dean straddles my chest and groans as he pushes my tits together and thrusts his hips, pumping his fat cock between them.

Cody hooks his thumb in my mouth, turning my head and moving closer, hovering above me. Before he can move, I lean up and suck one of his balls into my mouth.

“Fuck yes, do that shit again.”

So I do.

As Dean fucks my tits, I suck Cody’s balls. He has one hand on each of our chests, thumb and forefinger rolling our nipples. I love that he knows that’s a turn-on for Dean. I love how much both of these guys pay attention to not just me but each other’s needs and wants.

“Need in that hot, little mouth of yours, beauty,” Cody rasps.

I open my mouth wide as I turn to face him, licking my lips before he fucks my face.

I am so turned on. My clit needs attention, but I can't get to it in this position, and I don't want them to stop.

"She's wound fucking tight, man," Cody hisses. "You gonna come on her pretty tits, or are you gonna stick that fat cock in her pussy?" Before Dean can answer his question, Cody's pulling his dick from my mouth, bending down, and kissing me.

Dean moves to lay on the other side of me, rolling me to my side, facing Cody, as he lifts my leg, spreading them to give him room. I feel his cock nudge my entrance, and I cry out my pleasure.

"You're so fucking wet, beauty, so fucking wet. You want my cock inside your pussy?" Dean asks.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes."

"Fuck it all into her at once," Cody sneers.

"Ahh ..." I cry into the crook of Cody's neck.

Cody wraps one arm around my leg, lifting it higher while pushing up on his arm. "Fuck yeah, look at that cock taking care of that needy little pussy. Fuck her harder. Fuck her hard and make her come."

I feel my walls clench around Dean as my insides liquify and begin to quiver.

"I'm gonna come, I'm going to come, I'm going to come. Fuck, fuck, fuck, I'm coming. Oh God. Dean. Cody. Fuck yes, I'm coming."

My quivering pussy is suddenly empty, and I am confused, and pissed, and angry, but before I have the chance to say anything, Cody thrusts fully into me and fucks me even harder, and even faster. My orgasm does not stop—it intensifies.

"Tagging in, man," Dean says, and again, I am empty.

"Fuck, what are you guys doing to me? Are you trying to ... murder my vagina?" I cry as he slams in and out of me.

From behind, his hand wraps around the base of my neck, and he squeezes the side of his face against mine. “Beauty,” he hisses as he continues fucking me, “your pussy raw is to blame, or thank—whichever way you want to look at it. We need to tag in and out; otherwise, we wouldn’t last.” He pulls out just as my thighs start to shake with another orgasm, bigger than the one before, right on the horizon.

Cody fills me again. “We’re going to ruin you for any other fool who thinks he can take our place.”

“Ruin me. Fuck me and ruin me. I’ll only ever be yours and Dean’s!” I cry.

I am then empty again.

But not for long.



December 21st

I awake not knowing where I am, and when I figure it out, I have no recollection of falling asleep. What I do know is that I am butt naked, with a semi pressed against my butt cheek, and I’m lying on the left side, Cody’s arms around me from behind, snuggled close. I think we’re sharing a pillow, because I can hear his soft snores, and I have to pee.

I slide out of bed, and then I see Dean sprawled across more than half the bed, knee bent and in a manspread. The sheet is covering the majority of his top half, his dick peeking out. *It’s even pretty soft.*

There’s one kitten lying across his chest and another nuzzled in his armpit, where he has placed a washcloth against it as a barrier, I assume. I bite back a laugh, knowing he must have gotten scratched and make a mental note to call Dr. Brooks and ask if she thinks he needs an antibiotic since we don’t know their history. All we know is we have a boy and a girl, and they’re between seven and ten weeks because they can eat on their own and momma cat’s—Holly—milk has

dried up. They have had their first round of vaccines, but it's never a bad idea to ask.

I quietly grab a hoodie and head downstairs to use the bathroom so I don't disturb them, and yes, because my bits are sore, sore, sore, and I'm not taking any chances that they'll try to fuck me dead again.



I manage to shower and find some clean clothes to wear, and still don't wake them, which makes me happy, because I'm going to make my guys my father's favorite holiday breakfast—sausage gravy and biscuits.

After I set my phone on the counter, I hit up my Christmas playlist and make sure the volume is low so I don't wake up the guys.

Then I gather the four ingredients needed to make sausage gravy—breakfast sausage, butter, flour, and milk. Then I grab the package of biscuits that I simply have to pop open and bake.

After preheating the oven, I find a frying pan and almost wet myself when I see a beautiful and already seasoned cast iron skillet.

I turn on the gas stove, add the butter, let it melt, and then add the sausage. I cook it slowly and break it all up when it's done. Then do my best to evenly coat the ground sausage with flour, slightly salt it, and slowly add in the milk, half a cup at a time.

“What the hell is that delicious smell?” Dean asks as he and Cody bound down the stairs.

Smiling, I wait until they make their way to the kitchen. “Sausage gravy.”

“Well.” Dean looks in the pan and nods.

“What?” I laugh.

He holds his hands up. “I am not going to complain about a thing.”

Confused, I look back in the pan. “No, seriously, what?”

“I don’t want to sound ungrateful.”

“Well, it’s better than sounding like a know-it-all. Spill it, Costello.”

“Okay, fine. It’s, uh ...” He scratches his head. “It looks like a skillet of hamburger soup.”

He’s not wrong, but he’s clearly not spent a lot of time in the kitchen. For a guy who I know loves to eat, that’s ... well, that’s Dean—he has people for that.

Cody walks over and kisses the top of my head. “I’m sure it will be delicious.”

“I didn’t say it wouldn’t,” Dean defends himself. “I’ve never had hamburger soup, so I wouldn’t dare say it would taste like shit, even though it may appear that may be the case.”

I pour more milk into the pan then point the spatula at him. “Go away.”

“Gonna let me kiss you first, or is that only allowed if I lie to you about your culinary creations?”

Cody chuckles.

“Kiss me then sit. You’re going to make biscuits.”

“What can I do to help?” Cody asks.

“Feed the kittens? They each get half a can, twice a day.”

“On it.”

I stir the pan, not wanting it to burn, and see Dean watching.

“Oh, I see what’s happening here.”

“It thickens up”—I give a fake surprise face— “the gravy.””

“Speaking of gravy, you sleep with ours in you?” He wags his brows.

“Did you two just keep fucking me after I passed out?”

“Yeah, we did.” Dean claps his hands and rubs them together.

“That’s fucked up,” I scold him, but do so laughing.

“You were awake,” Cody states. “But you refused to move, and then you passed out.”

“It took all of three minutes. It was fucking epic.”



Sitting at the island, they both hold their hands over their tummies.

“That was fucking amazing,” Dean groans.

“It was excellent, thank you,” Cody agrees. “Not sure my stomach is going to agree when I’m doing cardio.”

“Start out with a walk outside. Stimulates digestion if you keep it slow. Evens out your blood sugar levels and, honestly, I’d love a tour of your property. It looks beautiful.”

“We can do that,” Cody says.

“Sounds like a plan,” Dean agrees.



“It looks and feels a lot like home,” I say as we walk outside, me wearing a giant pair of his boots, gloves, hat, and Dean’s scarf, because I was freaking abducted! I turn around and look at the lake. “Except for this. It’s gorgeous.”

The lake is covered with ice, but I’m not sure how deep. Definitely enough to hold a sprinkling of snow. And it’s huge, like wider than the length of ten football fields.

“This lake is massive,” I say as we make our way to the shoreline.

“Eleven miles long, and a minimum of a mile wide, depending on where you are, of course.”

“This is one of the Fingers Lakes, right?” Dean asks, pulling the collar of his wool coat up.

“One of the smaller ones—Owasco,” Cody answers.

“People skate on it?”

“Not sure it’s frozen over yet, but the realtor said they have ice fishing tournaments in February.”

“Oh my God, Dad would be in his glory. Do you fish?” I ask Cody.

“Used to fish and hunt. Haven’t since I moved from Texas.”

“That’s going to earn you points.” *And me*, I think.

“I fish, as well,” Dean adds.

“He already likes you.” I smile, hoping my anxiety about that talk isn’t passed on to them.

“You’re not in this alone. We can be there when this discussion happens,” Cody offers.

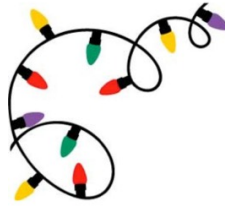
“I know, but I think that talk needs to be between him and I.”

“How will your mother handle it?” Dean asks.

I laugh. “She’ll be shocked, and then happy for me.”

Dad, not so much, but he’ll come around.

ALMOST HOME



Dean

December 24th

DREW'S MOTHER, stepfather, and brothers flew in last night, and she had the talk with her mother. It went exactly as she thought it would. But she was struggling with telling her father, and she was struggling with the fact she wanted both Cody and I at the Daniels' home after the game on Christmas night. This was not the original plan; it was something she sent in one of the hundreds of texts we've exchanged in just over twenty-four hours. Both my girl and my guy are clearly anxious texters.

We both assured her that we weren't upset with her and reiterated that we all knew going in this wouldn't be easy. We'd celebrate Christmas on New Year's Eve, as planned at his home. Blue Valley was clearly a place where we'd be spending a lot of time. It's a perfect bubble for us.

Seeing her cry over us fucked with my head in a way I wasn't prepared for, which is why I'm here, sitting at a table in the corner of Dooley's Irish pub, waiting for Bass to walk in with Duncan Daniels. She shouldn't have to do this alone.

Cody thinks it's a bad idea and that we should trust her to know how to deal with her family. I understand why he feels this way after his family fucking cut him off, but Drew's

won't. I know this to my soul, just like I knew Cody Warren would change our lives for the better.

So, when the door opens and I see Cody walk in, I can't help but smile, knowing damn well he's here for me and here even if he doesn't agree with what I'm doing.

I stand and give him a quick hug. "You break out of the hotel?"

He shrugs his jacket off and laughs. "No, I was given permission."

When they play out of town, they stay at a hotel the night before, and I get it—no one wants to go to bed knowing their offensive line is in the best shape of the season, then they show up hungover. It's not good for anyone. The Knights are a young team, just like the Bears. Shit happens if you let it.

"How'd you manage that?" I ask, sitting down beside him.

"I told the owners and the coaches the truth—my guy was telling our girl's father that we're in a relationship that isn't traditional, and I need to be part of that conversation."

"How'd they react?" I ask.

"Fucking crickets." He chuckles. "Then Lucas Links started laughing, and his wife scolded him. He eventually asked what I needed from them to support me. I told them that this was new and explained that we didn't want anyone, including the Knights, the Bears, or the Daniels Agency to suffer any repercussions, so we aren't going public because, in all reality, it's no one's business. I explained it had been brewing for years, he asked who the guy was, and when I said your name, he fist-bumped me."

I throw my head back in laughter, and he shakes his head.

"He ask about Drew?"

"He assumed based on the mention of her company. He likes her, so does his wife. We're good."

"What made you decide to do that? I mean, I'm glad, but why?"

“The right thing to do, and there’s a New Year’s Eve party they’re hosting. I want to go and bring both of you.”

“Gonna raise some flags.”

“Doesn’t mean we have to acknowledge them.”

“Missed you, man.”

“Missed you no less.” He licks his lips as he looks at mine.
“This is—”

“Costello, Warren, what’s up?” Bass’s voice reminds us of where we are, which was the intention.

“Fuck,” Cody whispers.

“We’re good.” I wink as I stand up and hold out my hand.
“Good to see you again, Duncan.”

He shakes my hand. “What the hell are you doing here on Christmas Eve?”

Cody stands and holds out his hand, and Duncan shakes it as he asks him, “Aren’t you supposed to be in a hotel room or some shit?”

“I am, sir, but wanted to be here for as long as it takes.” Cody waits for Duncan to sit, and then he and I both do.

“Beers?” Bass asks.

“None for me, thank you,” Cody answers.

“I’ll take a pint.” Duncan leans back, locks his fingers behind his head, and looks at Cody. “You here asking me for my daughter’s hand in marriage?”

“No, sir, not yet.”

“Good, because the answer’s no. I don’t know you well enough to give you permission.”

He looks at me. “You going to vouch for him?”

“I would a million times over, but the situation is a little less ...” I pause and try to remember how I was going to approach this before Cody showed up.

“Less?” he asks.

“I know both of your daughters are no bullshit. I’m sure that’s what you appreciate.”

“Some days, there’s a whole lot of bullshit. Take for instance, Drew went away on some work trip then came back a fucking ball of anxiety. I don’t appreciate that kind of bullshit. Would you if she were yours?”

I shake my head. “No, I wouldn’t. Hell, I don’t. I adore your daughter. In fact, I’d do whatever I could to ease the anxiety she’s carrying around.”

He looks at Cody. “That’s not bothering you? Him talking about the girl you’re not yet going to ask for’s hand in marriage?”

“Not at all. I love that he cares about her as much as I do.”

Duncan looks back at me, and I have a feeling he’s toying with us.

“Duncan, Drew wasn’t on a work trip; she was with me, and we went to see Cody, because we have found ourselves in a very untraditional situation.”

He scrubs a hand over his face and exhales loudly.

“The situation being, we both love your daughter and—”

“You want me to pick? Because if you do, I’m gonna just ask that you arm wrestle for her.”

“That’s an interesting way to”—I nod a few times because, again, I have a feeling— “go about the very difficult process of picking who you want to very delicately hold your daughter’s heart, but we have a better option that doesn’t involve arm wrestling.”

“Alligators?”

I shake my head slowly. “No.”

Bass hands him his beer, and he tosses it back, finishing half the glass.

“Spit it out, kid. I’m not getting any younger, and I’m gonna be a grandfather soon.”

“Congratulations,” Cody and I say at the same time.

“Well?” he asks.

“We’re going to take our time and figure out how three people who love each other deeply can make it work. Cody and I both love Drew, and each other.”

He tosses back the rest of his beer. “All right, sounds good.” He stands and points to Cody. “If my Pats kick your ass tomorrow, you’re still expected to show up for dinner and take all the shit we’re going to give you.”

“I wouldn’t expect any less.” Cody chuckles.

He then points at me. “You’re bringing expensive Irish whiskey.”

“Are you more a Teeling man or Middleton.”

“I said expensive, not fucking ridiculous. WhistlePig or Bushmill works for me.”

“We want you to know—”

“What’s the living arrangement going to look like?” he cuts me off.

“We know how important the arena is and how much she loves Willowhaven and your family home. We’re working through—”

He waves me off like I’m an annoying fly or bug. “Let’s get right to the point. I built that arena to keep hockey in my life and because I knew my girls loved to play, and if they had been born male, they’d be playing pro—they’re that good.”

“They certainly are,” I agree.

“Built the house to keep them wanting to be home and not playing grab ass with some Italian punks in Boston.”

Bass smirks and holds back whatever smartass remark he has on the tip of his tongue.

I hold a hand to my chest and proudly tell him, “I’m an eighth Italian; the rest is Irish.”

Cody adds, “Half-Irish.”

“Not the point.” He glowers. “Against my better judgment, I let their mother con me into getting them dogs who sadly have ten-to-twelve-year lifespans, so I knew that, one day, they were going to break their hearts and, yes, mine when they pass on. That was thirteen—*thirteen*—years ago. Since then, they’ve added a three-legged dog, who has been on death’s door numerous times, yet he’s still going strong; two cats with one eye; a horse with no tail; a fucking skunk; and now we have a cat that she promises me she’s just fostering, who our vet said should have died, that has a piss-poor attitude and just wants to be left outside. So, what I wanna know is: wherever you all end up, will it have the room to take my daughter and the domestic farm that is occupying the barn where I planned on spending my days working on motorcycles and old trucks?”

Bass laughs behind his hand. “Ask them about the cats’ kittens.”

“Yes, the cat. Holly Daze will actually be reunited with her two adorable kittens, Hattie and Trickster.”

“And what about the other seven animals they’ve collected?”

“Can I ask why Bass and Dylan don’t have a few of them living at their beautiful home in Brooklyn?”

“Yes, you could, but you won’t get a straight answer out of them and will eventually get sick of asking.”

“As it stands, the hotel that is my primary residence doesn’t allow pets, and I don’t think a lake house is a great place for a horse, with or without a tail. As for the skunk, doesn’t that hold some sentimental value to Dylan and Bass?”

“We’re not home enough. Penelope would get lonely, and she would miss her friends that live with her in the barn.” Bass smiles proudly at himself. “And, of course, there is the baby that’s on its way.”

“Of course,” I note.

“This lake house have good fishing?”

“I haven’t had a chance to find out yet, but word is there’s an annual ice fishing tournament in February. I’ll be looking

for a partner; you interested?” Cody asks him.

“You bet your ass I am.”

“Perfect.” Cody smiles.

He looks at me. “Not a fisherman?”

“We have an annual deep sea fishing trip that you have an open invitation to. It leaves from a launch near our place in the Hamptons the first Saturday after July 4th.”

“It’s badass,” Bass tells him.

Duncan looks back at Cody. “Good luck, kid. You’re going to need it.” He turns and looks at Bass. “You don’t even have competition yet, and you’re no longer my favorite son-in-law. A fucking heads-up would have been nice.”

I stand, knowing I’m pressing my luck, but have to ask, “Duncan, would you do us a favor?”

“You’re pushing it.”

“We’d like to make sure Drew can sleep tonight.” I hold up my phone. “A call from the three of us would work.”

“I should be home with my girls, keeping track of NORAD.”

I chuckle as I hit her contact info. “We wouldn’t want you to miss that, so we’ll make it quick.”

He takes the phone from me and turns it to face him.

When she answers, he says, “Your teeth better be brushed, and you and Dylan had better be ready for bed when I get home. Santa’s close, Drew.” He winks. “See you in twenty.”

He then hands me the phone. “Either of you hurt her, I have a hundred acres—they’ll never find your bodies.” Then he and Bass head for the door.

“You have no worries.” I hold up the phone and Cody leans in. “You heard your father; you better get ready for bed.”

“You shouldn’t have done that.” That big, beautiful smile of hers wobbles.

“We love you. See you tomorrow.”

“Night, beauty.” Cody winks.

“Love you both.” She blows us a kiss.



Walking out of the bar, I lift my hand to Marco, who’s waiting in the SUV parked just down the block.

When I see Cody looking down at his phone and thumbing through apps, I tell him, “Don’t even think about calling a cab. I’m giving you a ride back to your hotel.”

Marco stops right beside us, and I open the door. “Get in.”

The thought of being alone with him has my pulse racing, and as soon as I close the door behind me and Marco pulls away from the curb, out from under the streetlight, I take his face in my hands and crash my lips against his.

Our mouths opening on contact, our tongues battling for dominance. Our entire exchange is a battle for control that neither of us have ever been able to relinquish. Even knowing this, we’re not deterred from trying. We’re both relentless in fighting a battle neither will win. I feel it, he feels it, and our girl does, too. It’s fuck hot. Never slowing, only intensifies.

I lean in, pressing his back to the door, and his groan is like a bolt of lightning straight to my balls, igniting a fire that burns so hot my cock drips lava.

He throws his head back and hisses, “Fuuuuck.”

I grip the side of his face and bring his lips to mine again, sending us back to the battle. I have no fucking control—or *surrender*—with him, and he has none with me.

I press my body against him, rotate my hips, grinding against his erection, pinning our cocks between us.

I brush my lips across his, and he nips my lower lips, teasing me, coaxing me with his touch.

“I fucking missed you. I fucking missed you so bad.”

Our lips smash together again, feasting on each other's mouths.

At a break, my lips travel down his neck, nipping and sucking on his smooth skin.

Groaning, he asks, "Does it feel wrong without her?"

This early on, it does, and that pisses me off and excites me at the same time. The only saving grace is I know it's not something that will last forever, but right now, it's a testament to the strength of three.

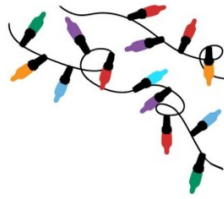
I pull away and lean against the leather seats, panting to catch my breath.

"I'm sorry, Dean." He exhales and runs his hand up and down his face.

"There's no reason to be sorry. We're learning what works for us and what doesn't. And, right now, it's best not to jeopardize what the three of us are building toward." I lick my lower lip and taste blood. "This mine or yours?"

"Both maybe?"

CHRISTMAS DAY



Cody

December 25th

I WAKE five minutes before my alarm to a message in our group chat.

Dean:

Merriest of Christmases to my two favorite people. I just woke up in an empty bed, missing the hell out of you both. This being the last Christmas any of us will wake alone, and that is the biggest gift. Today's going to be a Christmas extravaganza, starting with Cody going out there and crushing it for the Knights while his biggest fans are in the stands, cheering him on from beginning to end. Then we'll move on to our first awkward as fuck family Christmas dinner with the Daniels' family and end the day with the private dessert party where we'll exchange multiple O's.

DREW:

Merry Christmas to my guys. Missing you and can't wait to squeeze you both!

DEAN:

Is squeeze code for suck? If so, I'm in.

I laugh out loud and type back,

ME:

Same

Then I remember Dean razzing me about my shitty texting skills and send another.

ME:

Merry Christmas to you both. Love you two.

DREW:

I actually meant squeeze, like a hug, but I'm "down" for whatever. Love you two, too.

DEAN:

I've got a giant foam finger that I'm trying to figure out how to incorporate into the Warren-Daniels-Costello dessert hour. There may be sucking involved

ME:

Thanks for kickstarting the Christmas vibes. I'm pumped up and ready to make this game one to remember, especially for Duncan, or dinner's going to be more than awkward.

DREW:

You got this!

DEAN:

All hands in, what do Lions say?

DREW:

Roar!

DEAN:

Roar!

ME:

Roar!

KNIGHTS ON HIGH



Drew

December 25th

WHEN DAD GOT HOME from being dragged along on Bass's fake errand, to grab a last-minute gift for Dylan that he forgot—which actually in a way did turn out to be a gift for all three of us—Dad told me what went down. He also told me that he thought the three of us would last forever.

I smiled at this, happy with his acceptance and that he believed in us ... until he explained why he believed this, which is that I need two men so they could tag in and out when they need a break from me. I didn't talk to him until he apologized. My feelings were hurt, and I chose to completely ignore the way in which he phrased it because he meant that exactly. He wasn't sorry he said it, just that it hurt my feelings. Someday, I'll let him know that I respect that he's no bullshit, and I do, because he speaks what he thinks and feels—people don't do that anymore. But right now, I'm doing what I do and using my “emotions” to manipulate him, which one could say is wrong to do, but it works in my favor today.

Dad tried to wear Patriots gear, but I told him that was no show of support, and this kind of shit is why I'd be single forever, live at home, and continue bringing home ever stray to fill the emptiness in my heart.

He caved-*ish*, like I knew he would again *ish*. And now my entire family, including my stepfather and brothers, are wearing black and gold with the number 12 on it.

The *ish*? Dad's wearing Patriot boxers and only agreed to cover them up for the game, if I promise not to throw a fit when he stripped down to his boxers and wore them, and only them, during the whole of Christmas dinner when his Pats won.

I then pointed out that he'd look like the fool and not me, so he should go right ahead, because there was no chance in hell the Knights were losing. He reminded me that every queen I ever had up my sleeve was planted there by him, and as the reigning king, he'd win every time.

I pretended I wasn't smart enough to understand what he was saying, and he bought it. And, yes, I was annoyed that it was lost on me. It's just that sometimes you have to play stupid to outsmart people.

Bottom line, I win.



In the stands, Dean's on one side of me, Kameron and Evan on the other, and I feel true joy. We're surrounded by family, our own and our Lincoln one. Even Theo, Riley, and little Frankie made the trip after they did the whole Santa thing with their families in Connecticut to cheer on Cody Warren. While there is no lack of black and gold around us, this is Pats country, and they're a rowdy crowd.

"You good?" Dean asks, placing a firm palm on my knee to stop it from bouncing as Frankie sits on his knee, playing a game on Dean's phone.

I rest my head against his shoulder. "I am so good."

Over the speakers comes, "*We're live from Boston to watch the showdown between the Patriots and the Knights. I'm Noelle Turner, and this is Jake Frost. Welcome to the Winter Wonderland Showdown!*"

The Knights emerge from the tunnel, in all their black and gold glory, Cody leading the charge with a determined expression etched on his hot as hell face, and we're all on our feet.

"There's our guy." I clap.

Dean smirks. "He looks like he's gonna tear shit up."

"That look is the same one you give each other before shit goes down. So hot."

He mock-gasps. "I feel objectified."

"And you love it."

"You're damn right I do." He winks.

I lean my head on his shoulder as we watch the coin flip, and it's determined that the Knights are receiving.

As Cody jogs off, he looks up at us, and I blow him a kiss then put my hand to Dean's mouth and make the same gesture. He taps his lips and motions to us.

"Oh my God, look at how happy he looks," Kameron says as she turns to me. "And you ... two, as well." She places a hand over her heart. "I could cry happy tears, but they'd freeze, and I'd ruin my makeup."

Laughing, I hug her. "I'm so glad you're okay with this."

"More than okay. So much more."



We're freezing our asses off as the game plays out, the snow never relenting, the wind whipping, but we're on our feet ninety percent of the time. From kickoff until now, in the last minute of the game, neither the Knights nor New England have held the lead for more than the time it takes for the other to score. They're neck and neck, and all the Knights can do is hope that they score a touchdown and kick a field goal to tie the game and cross their fingers they win the coin toss.

“He’s not passing like he normally does. Is his arm hurt?” Kameron asks.

“His coaches told him he needed to stop passing every play, save his arm, and make his offensive line do their job. That’s what he’s doing, but damn ...” Dean explains.

“Have faith. That’s Cody fucking Warren. He’ll ...” I stop when the ball is snapped, and he fakes a pass.

“He’s got nowhere to fucking go! Get open for him!” Dean yells.

“Holy shit, holy shit.” Jumping up and down, I see the moment he realizes he’s fucked.

Until he realizes he’s not.

From the fifty-yard line, our guy, who had nowhere to put the ball, sees his only option, and that’s the endzone!

All of us are screaming and yelling, celebrating, but when Cody looks up, he doesn’t look happy.

“Aw, baby.” I smile as I blow him a kiss, and one from Dean.

“He’s going rouge.” Dean nods. “Fuck, that’s hot.”

“What does that even mean?” I ask, never having heard the term used in football.

“We’re glad she’s pretty.” Dad chuckles from behind me.

I turn around and scowl at him.

“We’re glad she is, too.” Dean chuckles, and I turn on him next. “Focus on the field. I’m guessing he’s telling his coach that he’s not fucking around with a tie.”

“That’s insane.”

I then exhale a slow breath as I shift my eyes to the jumbo screen and watch Cody walk up to the line of scrimmage, surveying the defense with intensity in his eyes. If I wasn’t so nervous for him ... or seriously annoyed that I know my dad will actually walk around in boxers to be a jackass, my panties would be soaked because he looks so fucking sexy when he’s

in the zone, but then they'd freeze, and I'd have frostbitten bits.

"What the hell are you thinking?" Dean chuckles.

I elbow him and tell him exactly what he told me seconds ago, "Focus on the field."

"Mmhmm."

The atmosphere is tense and charged with anticipation as fans on both sides of the stadium hold their breaths.

I grab both Dean's and Kameron's hands as the ball is snapped. Cody drops back into the pocket, scanning the field. Thankfully, his offensive line holds firm and gives him the protection he needs to find an open receiver, but there isn't one, and the defense rushes in, trying to disrupt his focus, but Cody remains calm under pressure and finds what he's looking for—an opening in the end zone. Cody releases a pass, and it soars through the air with the precision he's known for, right to Hudson Harts, who makes the two-point conversion.

The crowd erupts in cheers as Cody and the Knights beat New England, knocking them out of the only undefeated spot in the league, which brings them right down to their level.

Hands on my hips, I turn, look up at Dad, and stick out my tongue like a toddler.

He grabs the strings on my hood and pulls them tight, and all I can do is laugh.



Dinner was chill, because we were all exhausted and still thawing out. Dad did take it upon himself to show Cody his boxers, and Cody laughed his ass off.

Dean and I exchanged a glance, acknowledging that our guy is just so much happier than he was thirteen days ago, and so are we.

I wish I could tell every girl or boy who found themselves confused about who they were attracted to, or who they were

supposed to love, that it is not something they can plan or force, and they can't control. I'd tell them that they can't control how someone else loves, but they can decide that if it's not enough for them, they can walk away. They may wander around and feel lost, scared and, yes, alone at times, but when they find the people who love them back the way they need to be loved, and not just in a sexual way but in all ways, their level of happiness will be immeasurable. I wish I could tell them to never ever give up hope, because their person or their people are out there, waiting patiently—or not so patiently—for them, too.

When I walk into the living room and see my guys, each on one end of the couch, I run over, dive across them, roll onto my back, and smile. “Best Christmas ever?”

“Damn right it was.” Cody winks.

I look down at Dean, who has Holly Daze curled up against his chest. “You, too?”

He smirks. “Me, three.”



Sitting on the center of my bed, with Dean Costello and Cody Warren, I giggle as we each hold two gifts.

“What’s so funny?” Cody asks, the storm in his eyes now crystal blue seas with no warning.

“The fact we’re staying the night here and she thinks we’re not going to make her scream is pretty fucking hilarious.” Dean shrugs.

I roll my eyes and address Cody, who seemed excited when my dad told us to stay instead of heading back to Boston. “This is the first holiday I’ve had a partner, and now I have two.” I hold up the boxes. “Oh, and yeah, and our fifty-dollar limit on gifts and—”

“Fifty dollars?” Dean’s jaw drops.

“Someone didn’t understand the assignment.” Cody chuckles.

“How could you not? It was literally a huge conversation about none of us needing or wanting anything, and the fact that gifts that mean something, like kittens and orgasms, were what is special to us.”

“My bad.” He shrugs like it’s no big deal. “Let’s open Drew’s first.”

They open their pretty wrapped boxes—Dean’s red and silver, Cody’s black and gold, their team colors—and I feel like I may get sick because they now seem a bit silly.

“Jesus, this is fucking awesome, beauty,” Cody says genuinely as he looks over the ornament I had custom made with his team and “*Our First Christmas*” on it. Obviously, Dean’s is the same.

It surprises me when Dean gets choked up. “This is beautiful. Can we do this every year and only hang our ornaments on our tree?”

“Are you being serious?”

“Drew, yeah, we had party planners decorating our shit every year. I want this, and I want our kids to have this. Fuck, man, I want our practice kids to have ornaments, too.”

“Oh, they do.” I grin.

“Of course they do,” Cody says as he and Dean both lean in to kiss my cheeks.

“Now mine,” Cody says, and we open his that are wrapped in brown paper with blue and gold ribbons, our Lincoln colors.

We each open the small boxes and pull out a platinum key with the numbers 69212 under “*The Warren, Daniels, and Costello Family.*”

“Symbolic. The numbers are our Jersey numbers at Lincoln, and the new door code to *our* lake house. Means a lot that it’s finally a home. Oh and yeah, it’s also the password to the new security app so you can check on the practice kids anytime.”

Tears start to fall, and Dean gets emotional, too, but insists we open his before I give in to the feels, so that's what we do.

"This is insane," I say, holding a platinum band with diamonds around the entire thing. Cody's matches, but it's obviously more masculine. "Dean—"

"In my defense, I was looking at your jingle tits and thought fifty was fifty G's."

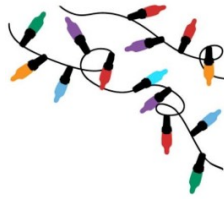
Cody shakes his head, "You can't do that, man. There are three of us. You promised a year before the mention of a wedding that in my eyes, doesn't supersede our promise of a ___"

Dean pulls a ring that is just like Cody's out of his pocket. "And we don't need a year or piece of paper saying we're married. And if we get questioned we don't give anyone who doesn't already know an answer. We'll come up with something to deal with that, but I want this for us."

"Same." Cody nods, and then they both look at me.

"Me, three."

BEST. CHRISTMAS. EVER



Cody

December 25th

I TAKE her hand and kiss the ring she's has barely been able to look away from since we put it on her finger, together. The key I gave her? It hangs on a long, platinum chain that she put in between her tits. Never thought I'd be a tit man, but yeah, here we are.

“This bed is tiny,” Dean grumbles as he continues to try to get comfortable.

Our guy, Dean, he's the bed hog out of us three. And as Drew pointed out, he's also grumpy when he's tired, and like he said, he's rarely tired.

“Tiny was the full-sized bed I got rid of while stuck in the house, waiting for the apocalypse.” She yawns.

“And what was it that made you think in the face of the unknown, *I guess I need a bigger bed?*” I joke.

“The hope that it wasn't zombies and it was aliens with big green dicks that would get her off,” Dean says.

She giggles and elbows him.

“Growing up, all I wanted was to play hockey. I knew I'd never make the kind of money my dad and Ivan” — her

stepfather who speaks less than her brothers— “did during their careers, and I was okay with it. I planned on building a little house somewhere on the property and traveling with a woman’s team. So, I felt the need to drain some of my bank account.” She shakes her head. “Lies, all lies. I went down the online shopping rabbit hole and ended up with this. It was bad.”

We all get a good laugh out of that.

“Never dreamed of a husband and kids?” I ask, truly curious.

“I mean ...” She lifts a shoulder. “Did you?”

“Always wanted a family of my own. Kids that I could raise, teach, train and, most importantly, love like we are all meant to be.”

She rolls to her side, a soft smile on her face. “And how is love meant to be?”

“Kind”—I push a silky wave behind her ear— “and forever.”

Her eyes brighten as a sweet smile curves the corners of her mouth. “How many kids did you want to give all that to?”

“Five,” Dean answers.

“Five?” Drew asks, as if she’s trying to acquire a taste for this, then looks at me. “You?”

“I was going to go with three, but no more than two years between them. You?”

“I guess maybe I wanted what I had—a twin because I am one—but I never imagined how hard it would be when we ...” She forces a laugh, and I grip her hip, giving it a gentle squeeze. “I was missing my person, you know? I know it was hard on her, too. Just, you know, she had Bass and all of you.”

Dean rolls to his side and wraps an arm around her. “I get it. I ended up buying a hockey team to keep my fam together.”

I chuckle. “I bought a house.”

“Guess we can all tend to be emotional spenders. I was a member of so many subscription boxes it was insane. I did cut back to just a couple.”

Dean grumbles then hurls two of the twenty or more pillows on her bed across the room. “One happen to be a fucking pillow of the month club?”

“Maybe?” She giggles.

“What did you keep?” I ask.

“Madison Black’s Sweet Things box and...” Stopping, her eyes widen.

I laugh. “Spill it.”

“No fucking way.” She laughs now, too.

Dean nips her shoulder, and my cock twitches. “Now you have to.”

I know Drew to be an open book, so this is gonna be good.

“Unless it was an escort of the month club, and you are still a subscriber, then you’ve got nothing to hide with us,” I coax.

“Better fucking not be.” Dean moves the enormously oversized, off-the-shoulder nightshirt she’s wearing and squeezes her tit.

She squeaks out, “Dicks.”

“Come again?” Dean laughs, and she tries to wiggle away.

I move forward, caging her in. “She said dicks, and I’m very intrigued.”

“Oh, come on; no one that wasn’t coupled up was getting laid unless they just didn’t give a damn, and as you both know, I have needs.”

“Damn right you do, and we’re here for it.”

“Well, I guess I can throw them out then.”

“We’ll have a dick-burning party.” Dean grins.

“My breakup will not be a public showing.” She squirms, making a half-ass attempt to get free.

“You’re still hiding something. Spill—”

“Spill the bag of dicks,” Dean cuts me off, laughing.

“You shush, Mr. I’m-Gonna-Have-My-Palms-Tattooed.”

“*Ooo* ... that’s kind of telling.” He laughs. “How many are named Dean?”

Before she can stop herself, she snaps at him, “Don’t flatter yourself. It was just one.”

I can’t help but laugh.

“I need to meet my namesake.” Dean rolls off the bed and heads to her dresser.

She sits up and crosses her arms, all but telling him they’re not in there. She says nothing as he paws through her belongings until he heads to her closet.

“Just ... leave them alone.” She rolls her eyes at herself then adds jokingly, “What have they ever done to you?”

I fall back on the bed, laughing.

“Oh, you shush,” she says, trying not to laugh as I grab her and pull her back down beside me.

“He’s like a dog with a bone; he’s not gonna give it up,” I say as he walks into her closet.

“This is ludicrous.”

“Big word, beauty,” he calls from inside the closet.

“I was going to say ridiculous, but I’m sure I’d have been mocked or—”

“Bingo.” He chuckles then goes completely silent, but only for a second. “Well, what in the fuck double fuck do we have here?”

Rolling over, she plants her face in the mattress and mumbles, “Oh my God.”

Dean clears his throat as he walks out with a shoe box, decorated in Lincoln University colors.

“I’m going to go sleep with Dylan and Bass. They really actually do love me,” she warns into the blanket, unmoving.

The look in Dean’s eyes is menacing and also heated as he nods toward the headboard, motioning for us to move up, one on each side of her.

“It looks like our little beauty has some secrets she’s yet shared with us,” Dean says teasingly as he sits to the left of her and shakes the box.

“I think we’ve all had secrets.” I sit on the other side and gently push her hair away from her face. “But no more between the three of us.”

“Well, there’s where the problem lies.” Dean laughs. “Unless we wage a full-scale war on this box of dicks, we may have a lot of things between us that may *come* between us, or should I say, without us.”

She sighs exaggeratedly, lifts her body, and sets her hot ass on her heels, arms crossed. “It’s been a long day and, up until now, it’s been one of my favorite days in the existence of days. Including the day we won the national championship in Vegas, my senior year of college. But you are obviously on a mission to *Scrooge* it all up, so just go ahead and let’s get this over.”

As Dean dumps out the entire contents of the box, he says, “You don’t have to ask me twice.” His hand swoops down and picks up a little pink plug. “The fact that Cody and I are both tops does not mean we wouldn’t like to get in on a little anal action with you.”

“Little being the operative word.” She snatches it out of his hand then holds it to her chest. “Your dicks are five times the size of this.”

“My fingers not.”

Her eyes snap to meet Dean’s, and his eyes soften.

“I mean, if it’s something you want, we want to give it to you.”

When she looks like she's struggling to answer, I jump in. "If it's something she purchased, then it's clear it's something that interests her. Not gonna lie, the thought of us fucking our girl, with our dicks rubbing against each other's, kinda makes me crazy, and that thought has crossed my mind more than once. But I'm not going to ask her to do something I'm not willing to do."

Dean shakes his head. "I'm gonna guess that's exactly why she hasn't asked."

"Helloooo. I'm *right* here. Geesh, I hate it when you two do that—act like I'm not even in the room when you're talking about me."

"You're never not in the room. You're there when either of us are alone. You're up here." I tap the side of my head. "You're here." I then tap my heart. "I can assure you, beauty, that you're with us all the time, because you're what's the most important thing to each of us," I assure her, and she smiles sweetly.

"You've got our attention completely and fully, anytime you want it. Let us off the hook. So, which is it?"

She exhales a quick breath. "Once upon a time, the thought of you both being inside of me, feeling me, it may have spurred this purchase." She palms her face. "But you're both ... huge."

"Sorry, not sorry." Dean chuckles. "I can promise you we can get you all fucked up and soaked like we did at the lake house and—"

"Ding, ding, ding," she whispers quietly as she looks between the two of us. "I love how my guys fuck me and never want that to change." She shakes her head. "But DP would tear me apart. So, yes, I bought this, named it CW—Costello and Warren—in no particular order or placement, and have played with it a few times. But that was before I was with you both. Since Brooklyn, I haven't fantasized about anything because nothing could ever top what we have."

Fuck, she's sweet, and I'm not the only one thinking that.

I love the way he's looking at her. He may come off as a cold one, or like Drew joked about him being the Snow Miser. He's just as smitten as I am with her.

"I need those lips," he growls and leans toward her.

Her smile changes from sweet to that sexy little grin as she scoots back off of her bed, and then she's gone.

"What the hell are you doing?" I laugh, wondering why the hell she's on the floor.

"Why don't you both come down here and see for yourself?" She says it like a dare.

Dean and I exchange a knowing look as we both climb off our sides of her bed and hurry to the end of it. She's on her knees, smiling up at me and Dean, pulling her shirt over her head and tossing it aside.

"I know we said we weren't gonna do anything here tonight, it being my father's house and all—"

"I remember you saying that, and I was just agreeing with you, but I can take backsies, if I'm reading this room right." Dean drags his hand up his muscular torso and pinches his nipple, rolling it between his finger and thumb.

"Our guy played one hell of a game today, and we haven't had a private celebration. I think if we're really quiet, we can do that in my daddy's house."

Dean steps closer to me, and my heart is in my throat. It's never been just for me; it's been for us. So, I'm not sure how I feel about this.

When Dean walks up behind me, hooks his thumbs in the waistband of my pants, and pushes them down, causing my cock to spring free, I groan.

"I'm pretty sure you can keep quiet."

Drew leans in, the heat from her breath fanning the tip of my cock, and it twitches. Then she leans in slowly, flattening her tongue, licking the pre-cum off of it, before parting her sexy as fuck lips and wrapping them just around my crown, sucking until I'm moaning.

“I know we said we’re not gonna talk tonight—walls too thin and all—but damn, Drew, you just keep getting better at it every day.”

Pulling her mouth away, her hand continuing to stroke my cock, she tells Dean, “You better kiss him quiet.”

When Dean kisses me this time, it’s not with the ferocity that usually occurs when the three of us are about to fuck. It’s firm but gentle. His hand slowly glides up my abs, making my muscles tense, then moving over my chest, causing my nipples to harden, and comes to rest at the base of my throat. One long finger slides up, pushing against my jaw, telling me this is where he wants me. I then feel Dean’s other hand run down the front of me until he rests it at the base of my cock, wrapping his fingers around it and beginning to stroke as he peels his lip slowly away from mine.

“Beauty, open your mouth wide,” he croons over at her as he rubs the head of my cock across her open mouth. “Relax your throat. I wanna see how far you can take my guy into your hot little mouth. I wanna see your eyes water when the tip of his crown hits your tonsils.”

“Fuck,” I sputter then suck in a breath through my teeth. “Fuck.”

Drew on her knees is enough to make me worry I’m going to come before I want to. Add in the fact that Dean is stroking my cock the way I would fucking stroke my cock means he knows exactly where to apply the most pressure to elicit the most pleasure.

“Fuck, you two can’t work like that—so fucking good—or I’m not gonna last.” I can already feel that burning in my balls.

Her hot mouth pulls away from my cock, and she makes a slurping sound. I glance down and see saliva dangling from the corner of her mouth to the tip of my throbbing dick.

“That’s the point, number 12—you earned this.” She looks at Dean. “How hot were you for our guy today, watching him dominate that fucking field?”

The answer to her question comes in the form of his grip tightening around my cock, in his strokes going faster. “Watching him was hot as fuck. Watching you watch him was just as fucking hot. But it was fucking cold outside, so it didn’t make me as hard as I am right now.”

Before I have a chance to laugh or say anything in response, his lips crash over mine, but again, not as harshly.

Hungry mouths taste one another in a slower pace as he continues jerking me. It only takes a few seconds to realize we’re missing something.

“Oh shhhhhit.”

Drew’s voice has us turning and seeing her on the bed, on all fours, and holy fucking shit.

“Do you fucking see our girl, our beautiful, sexy as fuck girl?”

“Fuck yes, I do,” I hiss.

Our beautiful girl is on all fours, ass facing us, with a pink silicone plug sticking out of it.

“One of you needs to get on this bed right now,” she whimpers. “I need to sit on a cock, and I need a promise that whoever gets back there when I’m loosened up listens to what I say and fucks me slowly.”

“Beauty, you don’t have to do this,” Dean says, pinching his nipple.

“I’ll try it once. If I hate it, it’s never happening again. If I like it but feel like someone’s taken a baseball bat to my bits tomorrow, it’ll be a holiday thing only.”

“Best. Christmas. Period.”

“I’m taking the back,” I tell Dean. “Love you, man, but you heard fifty K when we said fifty bucks because her tits distracted you—there is no way I’m letting—”

“No, man, good call.”

It’s only when I’m stepping out of my pants that I see Drew with a finger in her pussy. It’s fucking sexy.

Our eyes meet as she looks back over her shoulder while Dean gets on the bed and slides between her parted thighs.

“I want you in my mouth.”

“Any-fucking-thing you want, beauty, is yours.”

“How about you feed my dick into her pussy first?”

“My pleasure.”

I reach between our girl’s legs, inhaling her intoxicating scent, and I have to stop myself from flipping her on her back and eating her soaked cunt.

Hand around Dean’s cock, I rub it against her slit and feel it twitch in my touch.

“Fuuuuck,” he growls.

Watching her wet, pink flesh surround his, it’s so fucking hot that I have to fist my cock and stroke it as I move to the front of the bed.

She pulls her mouth from his, licks her lips, then purrs, “Fuck my face.”

Gonna be honest here, I feel like this is a test, one I could easily fail if I allow myself to give in to her sweet temptation.

“Gonna go easy with you. Fuck that face nice and slow.”

One leg raised on the bed, knee bent, she leans over and sucks the tip of my cock as Dean fucks her and plays with her nipple piercings.

Her beautiful lips wrap around my weeping cock, and I palm the back of her head, fist her hair, and guide her up and down my hard length. I keep my eyes peeled on hers, wanting to make sure I don’t miss the moment when she is at the height of her need for release.

“Your ass looks beautiful with that pink plug sticking out of it.” I grip her hair and slow her down while playing with her nipple at the same time. “I can’t wait to be inside of it. Those first few inches strangling my cock. Taking my time to make it good for you as I’m so deep I feel my balls slap against your ass, dragging across Dean’s sac, knowing you’re gonna come

so hard you'll see stars, making you clench even tighter around me and Dean. We're gonna fuck you nice and slow. We're gonna be gentle when our cocks are inside you together, and you're gonna be so full of us, holding the three of us together with your body, your beautiful fucking pussy, and your sexy little tight hole. We're—"

"Warren," Dean hisses, "your fucking words, man ... your fucking words are gonna make me come if you don't shut the fuck up."

An inaudible sound comes from our girl's throat, the vibration nearly making my balls tighten. When her eyes roll slightly, I know she's close.

I take her chin between my thumb and forefinger, pull my dick out of her mouth, bend down, and kiss her hard, unable to do it any other way, but use some restraint.

I pull away just as quickly as I went in and tell her, "We're gonna make you feel so fucking good, beauty."

"Lube, C. She so fucking hot and wet for us, but lube, man."

"Spit," she whimpers. "Lubed first."

"That's our girl." I run my hand down her back as I move to the edge of the bed. "Fuck, beauty, your ass ... it's so pretty." I hook my finger through the silicone ring and give it a gentle nudge.

"Fuck me, fuck me," Dean sputters.

"You two are gonna have to be quiet—thin walls, full house."

"Easier said than done," Dean growls. "I don't know what you're doing back there, but her pussy is spasming, squeezing the fuck out of my cock."

I kneel on the bed behind them and run a hand up her spine. "I can only imagine how hot you're going to be." I run my finger around Costello's cock and her hole at the same time. "Wanna take this out now, beauty? You're gonna feel so fucking empty that you're gonna ache for me, but it will only

be a second, and then I'm going to slowly feed my cock into that pretty asshole of yours." When she doesn't reply, I give the plug a slight tug. "I need your words, beauty. I need you to tell me—"

"I just want you to fuck my ass. I want both of you inside me at the same time."

I twist the plug a little, and she starts to shake.

"I-I-I want you to fill me until my pussy is weeping, soaking us. I want your cum spilling out of me and onto his balls so he can feel how—"

"Fuck's sake, man, do it. I can't take this shit anymore. I'm about to fucking blow."

Seeing a tube of lube next to her knee makes me feel much better about this. I was one and done because some motherfucker didn't take his time.

Still rubbing her back, I grab the lube, squeezing it so it drips down her crack.

"Fuck." She quivers. "Feels good."

There's no way I'm telling her that was simply me squirting lube on her, but I sure as fuck am happy she likes the feeling.

"I'm going to pull this out; don't fight it. And as far as you can keep this ass in the air. That's it, baby, just like that."

I don't miss a beat as I pull the plug out of her ass and plunge three fingers in to make sure she doesn't clench up on me.

"My fucking girl is squeezing my cock, man," Dean hisses.

"Feels. So. Good," she cries softly.

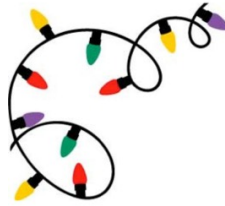
"It's only going to get better." I pull my fingers out, squeeze lube on my cock, and stroke it before lining up. "I want you to exhale really hard, baby, and slow, and bear down on me. If you can't talk, you need to be able to communicate

with Dean so he can tell me to stop. As soon as I'm in, I want you to fuck my dick. You'll be in total control."

As I work myself in slowly, excruciatingly slow, Dean is an amazing partner, much more in control than he led me to believe he would be. I feel her tense, and he tells me to slow down. Before she even whimpers, he tells me, "Easy."

When I'm finally all the way inside of her, she exhales a guttural groan into Dean's neck, and then her sweet hips start to move in circles, getting herself accustomed to the fullness. It's fucking intense. It's fucking better than I imagined it would be. And when she starts to really move, she's not the only one seeing stars.

BOSTON GAME



Dean

December 26th

LAST NIGHT WAS one for the fucking record. I swear we're all still in a haze as we head into Boston to meet the team and watch our Brooklyn Bears... My thoughts make me laugh.

“What’s so funny?” Cody asks.

“I was just trying to get myself excited for the game and was thinking I can’t wait to watch our Bears fuck Boston in the ass, and then I realized it really isn’t a threatening statement.”

“Says the man who didn’t take nine inches in the ass and the village at the same time,” Drew snipes.

“We’re not doubting that you’re sore, but—”

“My bits are bruised, and my behind feels battered, so keep my butt out of your mouth.”

As soon as the words leave her, the three of us start laughing.

“What’s so damn funny now?” Dylan asks.

“Nothing,” we all say at the same time.

“Those rings cutting circulation off?” Dad asks.

“Leave them alone, both of you,” Drew’s mom, Sarah, who I fucking love, snaps at them. “Let them stay in their love bubble as long as they can.”

“Love bubble?” Duncan huffs.

“I said what I said, so back off, Daniels.”

It is not lost on me that her brothers likely do not trust me, nor like me. I mean, what the fuck? I could be signing them before they go to college next fall. They’re both kick-ass defenders. And yeah, I followed them. And yes, it’s because I wanted to nail their sister—correction: I already nailed their sister and wanted to keep doing so—so any talking point I could bring up, I studied.

Drew tells me not to sweat it, that they’ll come along, but I am sweating it. I am highly aware of my faults, and one is that I need people to like me. People who matter, anyway.

“So, have you guys been approached by any teams in the NHL?”

“Yep,” they both say at the same time, and Drew silently laughs beside me.

“Have you made any—”

“No disrespect, Costello, but you’ll have to speak to our agent.”

Well, fuck, I think and turn to face our girl as all nine people in the SUV start cracking up.

“So, I guess I’m supposed to talk to you?”

“My clients are weighing their options.”

“The fuck, Drew?” I whisper, but obviously not quietly enough, as everyone cracks up again.

“As their agent, I’m gonna do what’s best for them. You have a whole roster, full of amazing talent in PA, waiting to get pulled up.”

“How the hell am I supposed to pull them up when I’ve got an amazing roster on my NHL team? You want me to get rid of someone?”

“No, I want you to stop collecting players.”

“What does that even mean?”

Laughing, she answers, “It means you already have the best players on your team, which means you can’t pull anyone up. Which means my clients, who are going to fucking change the game”—she pauses, and she and Dylan join them in some fucked-up cheer, before she turns to me— “but they have to be able to be on the ice. And they don’t wanna be on a team where people think it’s because their sister is the coach and the other one’s banging the owner.”

“Fair, but also fucking unfair,” I grumble. “But didn’t we go through this nepo baby shit our senior year in college? And didn’t we prove them wrong? They’re gonna go through it, anyway, so they might as well do it surrounded by people who love them, on a team that kicks ass every fucking week.”

“They’ve got four years of college after graduating high school. Dimitri is graduating this spring, and Mikhail still has two more years. We’ve got time to figure it out.”

“And I really hope you come to Lincoln, Mik.”

“Fairhaven.” His eyes shift to Dylan. “That way, I can go to Dylan’s house, and she can feed me while I hold her baby, and then she can do my laundry.”

Dylan throws a glove at him. “I should have stayed at the hotel last night and rode the bus to the game with my Bears.”



We get to the game an hour and a half before the puck drops. Dylan and I head to the locker room, and the family, who will never get old, head to the stands.

When we walk into the locker room, there is obvious tension in the air.

“What’s going on, guys?” Dylan asks cautiously.

“Deacon still hasn’t shown up,” Bass answers.

“We’ve got Johnson,” she assures Bass and me.

“Who’s lucky he’s still on this team,” I mumble under my breath. “He may as well go out there and literally play for the other team.”

“He’s a year from retirement,” Dylan reminds me.

It is the only reason I didn’t get rid of him when we took over. As the old man on the ice, no one wanted him in trade, and I never saw someone look so fucking broken. We were real with him, told him he wouldn’t get much time on the ice, and he said he didn’t care.

“Andy fucked up his ankle; slipped on the ice at the hotel,” Bass whispers.

“I’m going to assume that someone gave him enough shit about that already. For fuck’s sake, he’s a hockey player.” And then it hits me. “Any chance Hank Williams lives close—”

“No, man.” Bass shakes his head. “He’s a football guy. I think he lives down south.”

Dylan smacks him in the gut. “He meant Marshall. Leave him alone. He’s in the love bubble.”

“I don’t give a fuck if it’s Williams or Marshall; we have to get one of them here. Make sure they’re eligible, or dress me up like Andy Johnson and find a way to get me out there.”

“Who are you kidding? When’s the last time you were on the ice? We’d have a better chance putting Dylan or Drew out there.” Bass laughs.



“**Y**ou okay?” Drew asks as I sit in the seat behind her.

“Deacon didn’t show and—”

“What do you mean, *didn’t show*?” she asks, confused.

“Exactly. But it gets better. Johnson slipped on the ice at the hotel and fucked up his ankle.”

“No!” Her jaw drops.

“Oh yeah.” I shake my head. “Brightside: Hank Williams Jr. is here in Boston, visiting some of his Lincoln boys, and will be here.”

She smirks. “Well, I can’t wait for you to see Hank Williams Jr. in action.”

“We’ll see.”

“Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, welcome to the Boston Arena for the thrilling day-after-Christmas showdown between our visiting team, the Brooklyn Bears and our Boston Blizzard! The holiday spirit is still lingering in the air, but make no mistake, these teams are ready to trade tinsel for slap shots.”

As our guys take the ice, I feel that twinge of jealousy, and then Duncan sits beside me.

“I’d lie to you and tell you it gets easier, but it doesn’t. Sitting in the stands, watching my old team hit the ice, it’s always been like stepping into a time machine. There’s a bittersweet mix of pride for watching them in your colors, you still get that adrenaline rush, but it’s different. It’s not coursing through your veins; it’s pulsating around you.”

I nod.

“What you did, walking away from a promising career to take over your family business”—he knocks his knee against mine— “respect that.”

“Means a lot to me.”

And it does, more than he could ever know. My own fucking father can’t even bring himself to acknowledge I’m doing this because he’s not willing to be a fucking man.

Drew leans back against my knees, and Cody turns and rests his elbow on the empty seat beside me. Unbelievable how they just fucking know.

“Love you two,” Drew says softly.

“Love you two, too.”



When the team takes to the ice, boos fill the arena. Bastards.

“And this is when I miss being a college kid the most.” Drew laughs.

“Adulthood sucks,” Ellie agrees.

They all turn and look at me.

“I offered to go sit somewhere else so you could act like hockey fans and not—”

“We’ll behave. Geesh.” Riley sighs.

“We’re still a guy short. What the hell, kid? This is your shot to dazzle us,” I grumble as I watch them skate the perimeter.

“He’s here.” Drew lays a hand on my bouncing knee.

“Number 68?” Cody asks.

Thankfully, I don’t even have to answer the question because I honestly have no clue. Riley and a few of her girlfriends from Lincoln all stand up, cheering and screaming, confirm it is, in fact, Hank Williams.

I watch as 68 does a complete round before stopping in front of Boston’s bench, points to one of their players, then flicks his hand under his chin, giving him the old fuck you. Then he points to someone and then to the crowd before running his hand down his chest, going lower and lower.

“This little shit comes out here like that?” I ask, trying to be pissed, but it’s not easy.

“He’s you just a few years ago, old man.”

I scrub my hand over my face to hide my smile.

Then 68 turns, looks in the direction he pointed, and makes the *call me* hand gesture.

All the Lincoln guys are on center ice, laughing, as he skates toward them, and they all throw their arms around each other, totally missing the fact that number 15 is skating right for him.

“Oh shit, oh shit, oh ... wooow.”

And there’s a brawl before the puck even drops.

I look out of the corner of my eye and see Frankie crossing his arms and pouting out his bottom lip. I throw two fingers in my mouth and whistle, getting his attention and waving him over.

He tugs on Riley’s jacket and points to me. She gives him the go-ahead, and he heads over.

I plop him on my lap. “How’s it hanging?”

“Little to the left,” he mumbles.

“Not fully committing, huh?”

“Why do they have to fight, Uncle Dean?”

“That’s what they get paid for.” I laugh as I mess up his hair then nod to the ice as the refs pull them apart. “See? They’ll be all right.”

“Got any new merch?”

“Nope. I do think I need to set up a meeting with you so we can brainstorm some ideas.”

“I’ll have Mom schedule it.”

I catch Drew looking between us and hold up my hand, spreading my fingers apart, showing her five.

Laughing, she turns around and faces the game.

“He’s not talking about babies, is he?” Kameron asks.

Cody answers, “We’re still in negotiations.”

“Add five by thirty to the talking points.”

Ellie scowls. “Then she better pray for multiples.”

Cody lifts a shoulder. “Look around the world. God’s got His hands full; no need to bother Him with something her guys

already provide.”

“Damn right.” I laugh and hold out a fist.

“Darn right,” Frankie says and throws his fist in, too.

“Positively five.” I squeeze the kid. “You’re the best, little man.”

“I know,” he agrees.



The second period ends with us down by one, and that one is the only goal made.

Who made it? The kid Williams Jr. antagonized.

When they come back onto the ice, I hone in on Giulietti, Smith, and Stone, who haven’t managed to score tonight, but I see fire in their eyes.

The puck drops, sticks clash, and the battle begins. Leo gets his stick on it and manages to pass to Evan. The way they’re working together, I could close my eyes and know without a doubt they’re about to tie it up, and they do just that, with Bass hitting it in.

My ass is up, cheering them on, and we’re one to one.

The next puck drop, shit goes sideways again. One of the linemen doesn’t go after the puck. Instead, he blatantly spears Bass in the stomach.

“What the fuck?” Drew gasps, covering her mouth.

“Here we go again.” Frankie smacks his forehead.

Bass is hunched over as the fuck rears back to hit him again, when Leo and Evan tackle his ass to the ground. Then two of their guys jump them, but Evan and Leo are fucking pissed.

All the girls are on their feet, and Ellie screams, “Fuck him up, Stone!”

As Leo and Evan throw fists, Motherfaulker and Killer grab the fuck who's swinging sticks and literally drag his ass to his team's bench, throwing him over the wall.

"That's how we take out the trash, Frankie," I tell him.

"Hey! Hey! Hey!" Drew smacks at me and points to the goal as Williams Jr. sends the fucking puck soaring right into Boston's uncovered goal ... before the refs have a chance to blow the whistle.

Cody smirks. "He's good."

"I'm better."

He winks at me.

We're up by one, and Koa takes Bass's spot. Leo and Evan are in the penalty box, leaving us two men down. The refs ejected Snyder from the arena completely but the other two didn't get a penalty, so we're one man less than they have.

Dylan replaces Evan and Leo with Rivera and Asher, who play their asses off but can't get one in. Williams Jr., however, doesn't let a damn thing by him.

As the final buzzer sounds, we win by one, but the tension in the arena doesn't lessen. Their fans are angry, but ours are angrier. I don't know if shit's going to go down, but I want the girls and Frankie safe.

I get eyes on Marco as he walks toward me. "Can you and Cody get them all out to—"

"I'm staying," Cody insists. "Duncan, her brothers, Ivan, and Marco can get all the girls out."

"It's my team; I have to—"

"They're my friends. Evan's like a brother, and you're *mine*, so stop trying to pull fucking rank."

"Hey." Drew snaps her fingers between us. "I'm with Cody on this one, so you're outnumbered. But remember who you are and what you represent."



December 29th

Sitting at my desk in New York, looking at the screen, at Cody, while we wait for Drew to join us, I am pissed.

“You really should make an attempt to look a little less deranged.” Cody sighs and leans back, holding a kitten to his bare chest.

“You should maybe put a shirt on and set Trickster down, because it’s an obvious ploy to make you look like the angel and me the fucking—”

“Seriously, Costello, you put yourself in this situation, not him.”

I clear my throat and nod. “Well hello, Drew. You look breathtaking, as always.”

“Stop trying to suck up and admit you were wrong for beating a man with a fucking candy cane. Oh yeah, and maybe take the time to try to get our practice children’s names right,” she scolds me.

“In his defense, it was a blow up, and Blizzard Bobb’s kid shoved him after throwing a snowball at the back of his head and calling him, and I quote, ‘a cotton-headed-ninny-muggins,’ before shoving him in the snowbank. The candy cane was right there; he didn’t go looking for a weapon,” Cody says, and with a straight face this time.

“I appreciate that, Cody. Thank you very much.” I lean in so maybe she sees I’m done fucking around with this little timeout she’s put us in. “I’d like it noted again that at least I didn’t smack the kid. I went after the father for raising a little bastard like him.”

“It’s been noted.”

“I accept your apology for overreacting and—”

“I have a lot to get done if I’m going to make it to the New Year’s Eve party,” she cuts me off, “so—”

“Oh, fuck no. It was supposed to be tomorrow,” I say, throwing a literal tantrum.

“Not helping, man, not helping at all.” Cody sighs.

“It’s not hurting, either. I’m just swamped. I’m wrapping things up here, and then, when I get back to Boston, I have a new hire to meet with to go over a few things before I head to New York.”

“Hold on. You’re not in Boston?” Cody asks.

“No, the girls and I are in Jersey. We’ve met with Madison Black and the Steel family. They own the Jersey Jags, and I think they’re going to be great to work with.”

“Beauty, travel is something we should share with one another, yeah?” Cody asks all ... sweet and shit.

“It certainly is. And your girls? Who?”

“Walsh, Quinn, and Mack. We needed some time together so I could fill them in on the changes that are coming.” She waves her hand at us. “And I have asked them to consider becoming associate agents so that I can clear my schedule up a bit. I think Walsh really hit it off with a couple of the owners here, so she can run point, and I’m hoping, after the holidays, Quinn and Mack will accompany me to a few Seattle Stallions games so that I might connect with the owner.”

“I thought we were going to do that together.”

“I like things to go a certain way, and I’m not sure I can trust that you’ll adhere to my—”

“Oh, for fuck’s sake, Drew, how was I supposed to know I was going to be attacked?”

She puts her fingers over her lips and has the tits to tell me, “*Shh* ...”

“Did you really just shush me?”

“I did, because I miss you both madly and don’t want to fight.”

“If you miss us so madly, reschedule your interview and ___”

“Oh no, nope, I cannot do that, you see, because I had to invent a position for this very special employee, and in doing so, I found out a little something, Dean Costello.”

Fuck, what did I do now? I think, but I come up with nothing.

“Well, don’t leave us hanging. Spill it. What did you find out that will keep you away for an extra day?”

“One name.” She lifts her hands in the air and shimmies them. “Yasmine.”

Oops.

“Fill me in?” Cody asks.

“Apparently, when she posted that picture of the two of you online, she was contacted by an anonymous source and paid ten grand to make sure the others got out, too.”

They both look at me.

“I was fighting the good fight, giving fate a little bump. I was—”

“Creating a monster who is now on the hunt for every opportunity to take pictures, or videos of either of you.” She pauses to let that set in. “So, her anonymous source might reach out with more opportunities. She posted that video, but she has several more. Once she’s employed with me, she can’t do that, because it would break confidence with our clients.”

“And you trust that?” I huff.

“I trust that I’ll have a handle on her as best anyone can.” She sits back. “You should have told us.”

“Noted.”

“Good. Now, let me get back to work so I can make the party.” She blows two kisses and says, “I love you two.” Then she ends the call.

I look at Cody, expecting to get scolded.

“She’s right, but I get why you did it.”

I run a hand through my hair. “Trying not to fuck this up.”

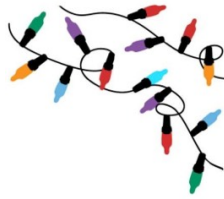
“You won’t, but you do need to work on understanding our girl and know when she’s trying to rile you up.”

“Meaning?”

“You got the kittens name right, Costello, and they can’t wait to see you.”

“Fuck, man, I miss you.”

THREE, TWO, ONE, KNIGHTS



Cody

December 31st

AMIDST THE PLAYERS' wives and female members of the New York Knights family, Drew, the love of our lives, is dancing to some 90's music. *Tesla, I think*. She's wearing a sexy, shimmery black dress that catches the lights and makes her appear to sparkle and twinkle like stars. It hugs her curves in all the right places, and as much as I want it off her to see it laying on the bedroom floor of our home, I love seeing her having a good time with the truly good people I spend most of my time with.

Her hair falls in loose waves around her shoulders. I love when it's down, framing her stunning face. I could stand her and watch her all night, but I also can't wait until the party is over so that I can wrap my hand around her silky strands and pull her into a kiss. I miss the taste of her.

Her makeup is done with a heavier hand than normal, making her striking green eyes seem even more expressive than they normally are, and that's saying a lot because you can almost read what her heart speaks in every look. She's so fucking alive all the time and takes joy in every moment. Regardless of where she is, she finds a reason to laugh or make the people she cares for laugh, and she cares for many. I

feel so blessed that I get to be part of her inner-most circle. I'm not just wanted or desired; I'm loved and *accepted*.

I watch, captivated, as she moves with an effortless grace, singing along to the words of the song with everyone else. Dean's right when he mentioned how her laugh is iconic. I swear I can hear it over the music or anyone else's, which should be impossible. Perhaps I'm just hearing what I want to. I'll take it either way.

She breaks away from the crowd and dances toward the DJ booth, speaking to him for a minute before dancing back to rejoin the group.

I needed this after the call from my mother today, where she told me how happy she is that *her* prayers worked, and I am now with a woman. She also promised to continue praying for Drew to be able to forgive my sins and continue to *love me, anyway*.

I thanked her for the prayers and encouraged her to continue because they were obviously heard, because I am blessed with a beautiful, kind, and loving woman who accepts every part of who I am, sins and all. I also asked her to include the man we both love and who loves us. Then I added, "Bless your heart."

She hung up on me, and it didn't send me into a downward spiral of self-loathing and hate.

"Hey kid." Lucas Links stands next to me.

"Happy Birthday."

He rolls his eyes. "They used to be a good time, now it's like a fucking countdown."

That's fucking morbid, I think.

He chuckles, "And of all days to be born, it's one that involves an actual countdown."

Seriously, no idea how to handle this situation.

Thankfully he doesn't leave it parked in fucking awkward. "You having a good time?"

“I am. You?”

“Watching my wife dance, and smile, and laugh, doing it with our kids and grandkids, our family and friends, life doesn’t get any better.”

“I can’t argue that.”

“You have plans for these next three days off?”

I nod. “I sure do. You?”

He chuckles. “Probably got the same plans you do—not leaving the house if it can be helped.”

“We’re heading to Palm Springs to spend a day and a half with Dean’s grandmother first thing in the morning.” *To tell her about us.*

“Your Dean, he’s been in a pretty deep talk with my father-in-law about crop rotation.”

I glance over and see he’s still engrossed in a conversation with Mr. Ross.

My heart skips a beat every time I look at him, too. Whatever Dean Costello is wearing, he looks hot as hell, and right now, in yet another sexy suit, he looks almost *majestic*. Without even trying, he exudes confidence, charm, and sexuality. It’s damn-near palpable. I felt its existence the moment our eyes met, but that wasn’t love. What I’ve fallen into, however, certainly is. His heart is pure gold.

Right now, his eyes are lit up with enthusiasm, and his delicious lips are turned up in a genuine smile. There’s a certain charm in watching him navigate in social settings with anyone from Mr. Ross to Frankie Rivera. The ease with which they engage in conversation, the genuine interest he shows people, and the warmth that radiates from his every gesture, he makes everyone feel like they’re special and, to him, they truly are. His relationships with every person in his life has at least one unique quality to them, adding a layer of depth. He makes it that way. I may not have started my fall for this version of him, but I’m sure I’ll be in love with every damn Dean Costello era from now until the end of our time here on earth.

“He is, and I can tell you he’ll remember everything that was said, and it will be important to him. He’s one of the kindest people I know.”

“Unless he has a candy cane,” he deadpans then starts to snicker.

I scrub a hand over my face as I try to hold back my own laughter. “There’s a reason behind that happening, and—”

“Please don’t ruin it for me. I love the thirty-second version so much that I watch it every fucking day.”

“Candy cane?” comes from behind us, and we turn and see his son, Logan. “Fucking epic.”

“Agree.” I chuckle. “But I feel like I should explain.”

“Fuck that. No need. We saw the game. I’d have shoved it down his fucking throat. What a bunch of shit that was.”

“One of our players pulled that, I’d have a hard time not kicking them the hell off the team, but that ass bag encouraged it,” Lucas seethes.

“That was pretty fucking bad. Drew’s brother-in-law was the one who got jabbed.”

“He good?” Logan asks.

“Pissed that it knocked the wind out of him and he couldn’t have kicked his ass himself.”

“Like football with sticks.” Lucas nods to his wife. “That one was one hell of a field hockey player. Ended up with more injuries than I did our senior year in high school.”

“Jesus, Dad, how can you even remember back that far?” Logan jokes.

“If you grew up in the 80s and early 90s, you don’t ever forget. You know why?” he asks me.

“Don’t fall for it, Warren. Walk away while you can. Hell, go talk crop rotation with your guy and Grandpa Ross.”

Lucas chuckles. “All I’m saying is raise them playing on a field or working in one beside you.”

When the song changes, I feel a smile tug on my lips, recognizing it immediately.

“Slowing it down, thank fuck.” Logan tosses back his drink. “I wanna dance with my wife.”

Lucas grips my shoulder and gives it a squeeze. “You played a hell of a game on Christmas. Glad you’re on our team. Hoping you know we’re on you and yours, too.”

“Don’t just know it; I feel it,” I admit.

“You’re pretty close to crossing the line into family. You enter, do it knowing it can sometimes feel suffocating and you’ll never get out.” He nods to Drew then Dean. “Neither do they. You may want to have a team meeting to discuss.”

“I’ll do that.”

I stand, watching our girl, whose eyes closed, lost in the beat of the song that she sends a link to us in the group chat every day.

With a

HER:

love our bones.

Or

HER:

miss your bonzzzzz.

Or just an emoji of a bone.

Dean is now beside me. “Our girl’s teasing us out there.”

“That she is,” I agree.

“She’s singing to us.” He grins as she mouths the words.

“*We’re in the homestretch of the hard times ...*”

Tessa Links taps her shoulder, drawing her attention away from us, and makes some gesture with her hips. Then she

pretends to toss something to her and makes a whirling motion over her head.

Grinning, Drew makes the same motion then fake tosses it toward us.

“The fuck is she doing?” Dean laughs as she frowns, pushes out her bottom lip, while she makes like she’s pulling the imaginary object back to her. She then shakes her head and pretends to hand it to Tessa, who refuses it and encourages her to do it again.

Again, she makes the whirling motion, and this time, it hits.

“She’s roping us in.”

“Not us—you. We agreed if I came, this is your thing. Go.” He smiles. “Play along, man. I sure as fuck would.”

I raise my arms in the air as she tosses it again, and then I dance my way over to the beat of the music and her imaginary pull.

When I get to her, she holds out her hands and takes mine, smiling—no, fucking beaming—as I start singing the male part.

“Call it dumb luck, but beauty, you and I can’t even mess this up, although we both try.” I turn her and pull her back to me so we’re facing Dean as I continue singing in her ear and she reaches back and runs her hand up my neck, her fingernails softly running through my hair. *“No, it don’t always go the way we planned it, but the wolves came and went, and we’re three still standing ...”*

As we sway, I know her eyes are on the same person mine are, and it doesn’t suck, but it doesn’t feel great, either.

When I feel a tap on my shoulder, I glance over. It’s Logan unhitching his own imaginary rope and tossing it to me as his wife points to our guy.

I give Drew a quick kiss then wrap my hand around hers, pulling them into the air and, together, we twirl it around and toss it toward Dean.

He throws his hand up in the air and yells, “Nice pass, Warren.”

“The fuck?” I laugh as he takes a giant step, bends down, and pulls the imaginary rope around his waist, giving it a tug to show us—everyone is laughing their asses off at him—that he has secured the rope.

“God, we love him.” Drew laughs as we pull the rope, and he makes his way toward us, incorporating dance moves that are fucking hilarious.

We dance in our little circle, and we don’t stop when the music changes.

The song I’ve had on repeat for a month now, “One Thing Right” by Marshmello and Kane Brown, starts, and I see I’m not alone in feeling how this song resonates with me. They’re all singing to their women, and I’m signing to both my loves.

When “Blessings” by Florida Georgia Line starts, the dance floor is packed with couples dancing and groups of people, making it easy to blend in and just ... be.

My phone vibrates in my pocket, telling me we’ve got ten minutes to get out of here if we’re going to get home by midnight. And after saying our goodbyes, that’s just what we do.



Drew

I’m not sure how the fuck we didn’t end up in a ditch with all the fuckery that went on in Cody’s truck, but we made it.

Inside, they’re throwing clothes off as we move through our home to make it to our bed two minutes before midnight.

As Cody grabs for me, I step back and hold up a hand. “Full disclosure, I missed my birth control shot appointment while in Jersey. So, condoms?”

Dean and Cody both look at each other and, at the same time, say, “Fuck that.”

Cody then reaches out and grabs the base of my throat, pulling me toward him, his lips crushing mine, his tongue tasting me, as Dean unzips my dress, pushes my lace panties aside, and begins fucking me with his fingers.

“Fucking soaked for us,” he groans before nipping my ass cheek.

My skin buzzes with electric excitement as Cody pulls up the hem of my dress, breaking our kiss to lift it over my head and revealing the red Sweet Treats set I bought for this occasion. He runs his thumb along the top of my panties, and goosebumps cover my body under the intense need in his eyes.

In the distance, I hear my phone alarm go off and whimper, “Happy New Year,” as his fingers join Dean’s inside of me.

“Give it to us,” Dean growls. “The first of the New Year and all the rest of them until the world no longer spins.”

“Oh God,” I gasp as my insides begin to quiver.

Cody pulls his finger out, suck it into his mouth, and growls, making my insides clench as he moves back to sit on the edge of the bed. Hand around his cock, he says, “Come paint my cock red with those sexy lips of yours.”

Holy shit, I think as Dean guides me closer to Cody, his fingers still inside me as he stands and presses kisses to my neck.

“While you paint our guy’s cock with your lips, I want you to paint cum all over mine.”

Cody unclasps my bra, and I shimmy out if it.

“Well, fuck.” He chuckles as he sees my champagne nips. Well, three little dangly champagne bottle charms on a bar that’s attached to the ends of the barbell that goes through my nipples.

Dean runs his hand up my belly from behind then brushes a thumb over my nipple and groans, “Do tell.”

“Champaign nips, of course,” I reply like it’s the most obvious thing in the world.

I feel his chest vibrate in silent laughter. God, I love making my guys laugh, and smile, and ...

“Ohh ...” I moan as Dean flicks the piercing on my hood.

“Mistletoe still there?” Cody asks as he pushes my tits together around his cock and thrusts upward.

“Only *time* will tell.” I wiggle my ass as Dean pulls down my panties. “But first, I have dicks to paint.”

Cody takes my chin between his thumb and forefinger and guides me down toward his beautiful, thick, hard cock. I swipe my tongue across his crown, tasting the precum and realizing how starved I was for the taste of him, for both of them.

I feel the head of my other guy’s cock sliding between my heated slit.

“I’m gonna fuck you so good and so hard that you won’t be able to stay away that long ever again.”

With a firm grip on the base of Cody’s shaft, I stroke him as I tell our guy behind me, “You’re talking the talk, and it’s hot as fuck, but how about you start walking the—”

He thrusts fully into me, and as I cry out, Cody grips my hair and pulls me down so that my mouth is around his cock.

“Your fucking mouth, so fucking hot. Fuck, beauty, just... fuck.” Cody’s words are a mix of stuttering curses and growls, and they stop when I take him all the way to the back of my throat.

“So wet, so hot, so fucking tight. Your pussy is fucking life,” Dean says through clenched teeth.

“I’m gonna come. I’m gonna come so fucking hard. I’ve missed you guys, your dicks, my bones, my fucking bones. Yes, yes, yes!”

Immediately emptied, Dean is on the bed as I continue working Cody’s cock.

“Get up here and sit on my face. I need to eat your pussy while Cody fucks you from behind.”

“But I haven’t finished painting his cock.” I pump him faster now, needing to finish what I started.

A deep chuckle vibrates from Cody as he fists the back of my hair and pulls my mouth away from him. He looks down, and so do I. There is, in fact, a red ring around the base of his cock.

“Mission accomplished. Now go sit on our guy’s face so I can fuck you from behind. I’m warning you now, I’m probably going to throw a finger in your ass while I’m doing it.”

“That shouldn’t turn me on,” I mumble as I climb up on the bed, legs still shaking from my orgasm.

“Yeah, but it does.” He grabs two handfuls of my ass and squeezes.

“Well, fuck me,” Dean says as I swing my knee over his head, positioning myself. “The mistletoe is gone.” He flicks his tongue over the charm.

“What’d she bring us this time?” Cody asks as he presses between my shoulder blades, guiding me so I’m on all fours.

“A clit clock.” He chuckles, and so do I. “*Clit clock, clit clock,*” he sing-songs. “We have a clock with no hands, which gives us exactly”—he flicks it again— “all the time in the fucking world to eat our girl’s pretty little pussy while fucking her into oblivion.”

Cody enters me slowly, inch by fucking inch. “We have an early morning flight, and you know how chatty she gets after we’ve been apart for just a couple days. How about we fuck her to sleep again?”

“You keep fucking her nice and slow, I’ll have plenty of time to recover, and we’ll do that.”

“Sounds fucking perfect,” Cody groans.

My pussy is spasming, heat and electricity, and wet, so fucking wet. “Fuck me. Holy shit. So fucking good. So. Fucking. Good!”

I hear Cody growl from behind me as his fingers spread my cum around my back entrance. “Breathe out, beauty.”

“So. Fucking. Full.”

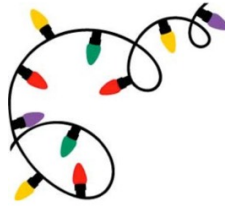
“Exactly how our fucking hearts feel every time you’re with us,” Cody hisses.

Lips still pressed against my pussy, Dean adds, “But sometimes, it hurts when you’re not.”

Oh, my guys, my beautiful men.

“And you both make my heart feel like its beat finally makes sense.”

ONE YEAR LATER



Dean

THE MINUTE DREW told us that she missed her birth control shot and gave us the option of using a condom, we knew what that meant. She was ready to start trying.

New Year's Day, on the plane down to see Grandmother Costello, she admitted she also wants our children to grow up with her sister, and our *found families*' kids. She liked the idea of them being close in age so they always have each other. We also agreed that we have plenty of time to deal with the logistics and how that would look in the future.

It wasn't until after the Knights' big win that she literally laid out a fertility plan for us, which was a little insane, but whatever. Both Cody and I would do anything she asked us do, including bark, if that's what she wanted ... Fuck, I hope she never does.

The scheduling was a little easier since Cody was now in his off season, and they were coming to stay with me in the house she rented—a surprise for us—until the Bears' season ended. That should have made it easier, but it didn't. We were still on the road, she was still stressed, and from all the reading that I had done and the information I had gathered from a teleconference with a fertility specialist in New York, I realized how we could be in this for a year or more if she was under a lot of stress.

With the Bears heading to the Cup, and then the drafts starting, there wasn't a real stress-free time. So, seven months ago, I made an appointment with a fertility specialist. It wasn't ... well received at first, but it answered some hard questions, answered by some tests. Drew had cysts, and that could mean many things. One of them was that her eggs were turning into cysts and not released to be fertilized.

We decided together to do two rounds of fertility treatments that included injections to stimulate egg production and insemination. We especially liked the fact that Cody and my swimmers mixed and turkey basted in her sexy body, with more than one egg, which may result in our girl carrying both our babies at once.

Was it unusual to do this only three months into actively trying? Yes. But we did it, anyway.

And here's where we're at ...

Sitting in the owner's box, at Knights Stadium on Christmas day, I watch her pace. Even though I know it can irritate the hell out of her because, apparently, we ask too much, I do it, anyway.

Standing beside her I ask, "You okay?"

She nods and rests her head on my shoulder. "Just uncomfortable."

"Understatement of the century, I bet," London, who has become one of her closest friends in Blue Valley, huffs.

I look around Drew, make eye contact, and inform her again that, "We didn't think all three would take. But still, not sorry we didn't reduce."

Drew lays a gentle hand on my face. "I love you, but shush."

I point to myself. "She loves me."

"Heard that. Also heard *shush*," London says, and everyone in earshot laughs, including Drew and I.

Her and I somehow get in each other's shit once a week. At games, of course.

The rumors started buzzing about our relationship after Cody became the number one quarterback and MVP of the league. We haven't confirmed or denied; we just live our best lives, and they are fucking good.

Drew's tits are an E cup, her nipples darker and bigger, and her belly ...

"Dean," she whisper-hisses.

"What?" I ask.

She nods to my hand on my chest. Apparently, it's a tell of mine. "My belly—"

Well, fuck.

"Sorry, D, my bad, but it's straight sexy."

"No, just—"

"Can't let Cody rub all on it and tell me no. Three doesn't work that way."

"Fuuuckking shhhhut uuuup." She grabs her belly and hunches over.

Read that wrong.

"Okay, let's get you to the hospital," Tessa says, hurrying to her as I wrap an arm around her to hold her upright.

"No, no, no," she says through clenched teeth. "We're in the fourth quarter."

"Drew, I'm not asking," Tessa says firmly.

"His parents are here, wearing their colors. I'm not leaving him, we're not leaving him."

Tessa nods down, making sure Drew doesn't see her, and I see wetness on her pants.

"I need your coat, Dean."

"Why?" I ask, knowing damn well why—she's trying to hide what's happening.

When she looks at me, she knows I know.

"Let's get her there."

“You have to stay. He needs us.”

“You need us, and I’m going with you. As soon as he’s done kicking ass—”

“We’ll get him right there.” London hugs her. “Go.”

“I can wait twelve more—shiiiiit!”

“Think an ambulance is—”

“No! No! No!” she yells.

“All right then, this may hurt.” I swoop her up.

“I can walk,” she says, but I know different.

I look back as I hurry out of the box and look for the closest exit where we parked.

I hear a loud whistle and look toward it. Lucas and his son ... or Tessa’s son—whatever—one of the two are flying at us in a golf cart that’s used to help people with disabilities get to their sections.

The other guy ... hops out of the passenger seat and into the back. “Hop in.”

Tessa grabs the seat handle to climb in, and then we’re off.

“Hey, Matthew.”

“Mom.” He kisses her cheek. “Merry Christmas.”

Drew’s trembling in my arms, and I press my lips to the top of her head. “You’re going to be okay, and so are the babies.”

“I’m scared.” She sniffs. “It hurts.”

Leaning forward, Tessa smiles. “Well, you’re getting the best Christmas presents ever, aren’t you?”

“Too early.” Her bottom lip trembles.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

“You’re more than ready. We just had your team shower —”

“I don’t have my bag,” she cries.

“We’ll get them,” I assure her.



We are becoming parents today, and the team of doctors have decided the best option is for her to have a cesarian.

“You called everyone?” she asks again.

“The plane is on its way to Boston now.”

“Your grandmother, you have to call—”

“I have, beauty.” I raise her hand and kiss it. “It’s all under control.”

“It’s not, though. It’s not, and we know it. Cody’s not even here.”

I pull out my phone, hit his info, and show her the map of his location. “He’s on his way. Ten minutes out.”

“He won’t make it. He’s going to miss their births and ...” She stops and looks at the elevator doors as they open onto the OR floor.

“He’s going to make it.”



Knowing they’re preparing to slice her open as I sit here and can’t do a thing to help is the most humbling position I have ever found myself in. But I wouldn’t want to be anywhere else, and yeah, I feel like shit Cody’s not here to see them when we do, but it’s clear there is no choice.

“We’re going to start now. You’ll feel pressure, but no pain,” the surgeon tells her ... just as doors open and Cody walks in, suited up in scrubs.

“Did you win?” she asks as he hurries to her side.

He leans down and kisses her. “By three.”



Two Months Later...

Cody

Lying in bed while watching the big game sure would suck if it wasn't for the fact I'm doing it with the five people in the world I love more than I ever thought possible.

Drew coaxes Nicholas off her breast. "Okay, sweet boy, your brother's next."

"Gabriel's ready." Dean walks over and hands him to Drew after I take Nick and place him between my legs on the bed, still burping Wren. He then picks Nick up and begins to burp him.

"How we doing, team?" he asks.

"All good. Aren't we, Gabe?" Drew coos to our son.

Wren belches, and we all laugh.

"Well, I guess that answers that."

"How about you, Nick?" Dean asks, and he replies with a grunt. "Dude, I understand, but you'll get no sympathy from me. Those titties were mine and Daddy C's before you three came into the world."

"Costello, if their first word is tittie, you'll never see mine again," Drew warns him *again*.

Looking down at Nick he shakes his head. "Son, in like eight months, I'll say to your beautiful mother, 'Oh, remember that time you said I'd never see your titties again,' oh how we'll laugh and laugh and laugh and—"

And just like that, we're all laughing.

*** The End***

LONG SHOT

CURIOUS ABOUT HOW THEY ALL MET? START WITH LONG
SHOT



“FUCK,” I growl as I tap the ice off my skate, reluctantly making my way to the locker room, knowing darn well we’re going to get our asses reamed for the sloppy game we barely made it through.

In the locker room, I toss my gloves on the bench, remove my helmet, and brace for it.

“Stone, you wanna tell me what the hell got into you tonight?” Coach Kostas asks a question I know he doesn’t want the answer to.

So, I don’t.

“First period, you spent more time in the goddamned penalty box than you did on the ice! Do you know what that does to your team?” And ... another question he doesn’t want an answer to. “Leaves them a man down—that’s what it does!” In typical Kostas form, he tosses his ball cap on the ground.

I catch the towel tossed to me by Stewie, our equipment manager, say, “Sorry, Coach,” and run it over my sweat-drenched hair.

“You just pulled it out of your ass third quarter!”

By making two goals and winning the game, I think, reluctantly keeping it to myself.

“Giulietti, Smith, you two certainly didn’t play like you’re heading to the N—H—fucking—L tonight either!”

“Sorry, Coach,” they say in unison.

He scans the room for a beet-red face. “Costello!”

When Costello doesn’t answer, he points to me. “Where’s the other captain of this shitshow?”

Costello yells into the locker room, “Everyone decent? We have very special visitors.”

“Fuck’s sake,” Coach grumbles under his breath then clears his throat. “Come on in.”

A fake-ass smile spreads across his face but doesn’t touch his eyes as Dean Costello walks in with his grandparents.

His grandfather, Dean Costello II, gives a nod and a heartfelt smile. “Wonderful game, men, simply wonderful.”

Mrs. Costello, claps her gloved hands. “Bravo!”

“They played a heck of a game,” Coach says, taking on a much more pleasant tone for them.

Dean winks at me, knowing damn well what he would’ve walked into had he not brought his grandparents with him.

When I was being recruited, Lincoln U was cost cutting, stepping away from the off-campus arena they shared with several other teams. We were supposed to play all games at the much smaller campus rink. Dean’s grandparents donated the funds for the expansion and update to the rink when he came here to play.

The entire team changes quicker than ever as the senior Costellos chat up Coach. Lots of talk about how much nicer playing at Lincoln must be than to have to come to places like this that are in desperate need of upgrades.

I mean, ours is better, but we’re college hockey players in the visitors’ locker room, not old monied “chaps” visiting the country club. Dean is, but to the rest of us, it’s nothing to cry about.

Whispering, Dean tells Theo Rivera, our sophomore center, “Get everyone to the bus. Stone and I will cover.”

Coach’s face has turned a slightly less violent shade of red by the time the Costellos leave. He runs his hand through his

hair as he looks around the room for his hat.

I step over and grab it off the floor, shaking it off before handing it to him.

He accepts it with a headshake. “Stone, something’s off with you this season. I see it, the other coaches see it—hell, the fans see it. Let me ask you something: do you think Philly’s blind to it? You think they want to pull a hot head college punk directly up to the NHL? I sure as hell don’t. If I was the coach there, I’d be sending you to Lehigh Valley to get you ready. I’m fucking pissed that you’re choosing your last season to lower your standards.”

I nod as if I agree with him, even though I don’t.

“Not sure what’s changed. Maybe your routine, your diet, your drive, but you need to go back to what it was you were doing before. Pull my freshman starting center out of the hole he’s buried himself in and get him back on the ice, you hear me?”

I feel Costello’s hand grip my shoulder as I hear him suck in a breath before speaking up. “I know exactly what’s changed.”

“Care to share it?” Coach practically screams in his face.

“Stone has most definitely changed his routine.”

Motherfucker, I think to myself, balling my hands into fists. I glower at him, a warning that he better shut the hell up, but he’s got a twinkle in his eyes and not enough sense to do so.

“He’s been ...” He pauses and pretends to be considering his words, which I’m hopeful for until he opens his damn mouth again. “How do I say this without offending you, Coach?”

“You start by not pussy footing and spill it, Costello!”

He blows out an exaggerated breath, “Okay, well, you see, Leo’s been ignoring the ... urges of an athlete. The urges met by our very willing fans of the female persuasion.”

“You talking bunnies, Costello, then say bunnies,” Coach snarls.

I shrug Costello’s hand off my fucking shoulder and start to walk away.

“Stone!” Coach’s voice stops me, and I look back at him. “You in love with—”

“Not even in like with anyone,” I sneer.

“And there lies the problem,” Costello whispers only loudly enough for me to hear him.

Coach says nothing as I walk to the door before I turn back and slam a fist in Costello’s face.

“You make sure that he’s back to his old self by next game,” I hear Coach whisper as I storm down the hallway to the bus.

“Will do, Coach.”

I ignore Dean on the bus, which isn’t easy because he’s wildly amused with himself as he tells Evan Smith what went down. Overhearing it all, Bass Giulietti is sitting across from me, snickering as he taps out something on his phone

Once we get to campus, I contemplate walking back to my place instead of riding with him to the bar. I have no desire to go to the fucking bar.

I pull my phone from my sweatpants pocket and see a text from Giulietti.

Private party at Deans.

I shoot him one back.

Perfect

His response comes immediately.

Just don’t tell him.

“You coming, Stone?” Dean yells over.

“He’s gonna ride with me,” Giulietti answers for me.

Inside Giulietti’s Rover, he taps on his phone again before plugging it into the charger. The shit ass grin on his face comes and goes quickly as he turns the key, rolls down his window, and whistles.

Theo Rivera stops in his tracks and glances back.

“Rivera, hop in the back.”

“I don’t have an—” He pauses and looks around. “My ID.”

“Not gonna need one tonight. Get in.”

Theo pops the hatch and tosses his duffle in the back, slamming it shut before opening the rear passenger door.

“Grab ours from the back and toss them back there, so you have room to sit.”

“You got it, Bass,” he says almost too enthusiastically.

I glance at Giulietti disapprovingly. I hate when they give shit to the underclassmen, especially ones like Theo Rivera. The kid is good, real good, and he’s humble about it.

“Didn’t ask him to wash my jock. Gotta pay his dues,” Giulietti mutters.

“Don’t bother asking,” Rivera slides in. “That’s a hard no.”

“You been to a post-game meet and greet?” Bass asks as he peels out of the parking lot.

“Yeah.” Theo nods. “Several with you, freshman year.”

“Shit, that’s right.” Giulietti chuckles to himself.

I glance down at his screen as notifications start lighting it up, ping after ping. Cara, Amber, Shelby, Claire, Julie, Sierra, Lacey and so many more, one right after the other.

“Lit up the bunny tree for you, man.” Giulietti chuckles.

“I need a shower,” I tell him, hoping to get out of this, knowing damn well no fuck beats a good night sleep anymore.

“Yeah, and you can take one at the house.”

“Clean clothes,” I snarl.

“I got you fucking covered, man.” He nods. “What’s your deal?”

“You know my deal. We’re seniors; there’s no class ahead of us graduating and moving on next semester.”

“These girls don’t want a boyfriend; they don’t even want to waste time. Hell, they don’t even want to cuddle after. They want to get off just like we do.” He glances in the rearview. “Rivera, open your notes app on your phone.”

“Got it.”

“Good, now type this out,” he instructs. “Girls have needs, too. When they eyeball the crotch or your pants, they’re not asking for a relationship, let alone a ring or a promise of forever. They want your dick, and they want it now.”

“You may want to add that”—I sigh— “you better make damn sure they’re not drunk.”

Giulietti’s face contorts. “The fuck, bro? That’s a given.”

“Accurate notes leave no room or excuse for a fuck up,” I mumble as we pass McDonald’s, flipping Dean the bird as he waits for his food at the drive-thru.

“This about the kid sister?” Theo asks.

I whip my head around. “The fuck you talking about?”

“Your sister, Emma’s, graduating in the spring, headed off to college. You tripping on her livin’ it up in some frat basement?”

I hadn’t even considered my sister until he just dumped that poison in my head.

“I have four sisters.” Rivera cringes. “All younger. I sure as hell don’t want to think about that either, man.”

“Stone, the way you’re playing tells everyone on the ice that you’re wired tight. You need this. And there’s some fine ass bunny who needs you to give it to her. Think of it as public relations. Hell, community service.” He winks.

“How about you shut the fuck up? The more you talk about my dick, the less I feel like using it.”

Long Shot

If you're curious about Dean, Drew, and Cody's college years, feel free to read all about them in the completed

Taking The Shot series

[Long Shot](#)

[Snap Shot](#)

[Hot Shot](#)

[Flip Shot](#)

2024 is going to be one for the books!

Over the next year, I will remain in my *sports era*

(it is where I started after all)

I invite you to join me.

The connection we'll have with each team is our very own

Drew Daniels-Costello-Warren's

company

The Daniels Agency

represents players in

four different professional sports.

The Seattle Stallions

are our NBA series

[Offensive Rebound](#)

is available now

The Jersey Jags

are an MLB team

[The Pope](#)

releases March 14th, 2024

The New York Knights

NFL team

will reappearance in

late summer 2024, with

Hudson Heart

kicking off the series of interconnected stand-alone novels.

In the winter of 2024 we'll head back to the NHL
with the **Brooklyn Bears** for the one and only...

KOK

To new readers of my words, you do not need back stories to
any of the upcoming books, they will stand alone, long, proud
and strong.

Well, unless it's an RH or a why choose novel, then they'll
stand, long, hard, strong, and proud, *together* in the same
book.

To my die-hard readers of the

Steel and Blue Valley.

worlds,

I'm so excited that we'll be spending more time with the
books that started all of this and brought you into my real life,
found family— to whom I owe much more than I can begin to
express.

Heads up Crew,

The Way The Heart Breaks

will be our next release.

Matthew and CJ are coming too.

LYA

and

Forever Steel

MJ

BOOKS BY MJ FIELDS

MJ FIELDS

Taking The Shot

(Recommended reading order)

Long Shot

Snap Shot

Hot Shot

Flip Shot

The Holiday Hat Trick

Want More Sports?

Baseball Season is Just around the corner

Check out one of **DREWS** new clients

Pre Order

The Pope

THE STEEL WORLDS

(Recommended reading order)

The Men of Steel Series

Jase

Cyrus

Zandor

Xavier

Forever Family.

Raising Steel

Or get the

Men Of Steel complete box set

The Ties of Steel Series

Abe

Dominic

Eroe

Sabato

Or get the

Ties of Steel complete box set

The Rockers of Steel Series

Memphis Black

Finn Beckett

River James

Billy Jeffers

or get the

Rockers of Steel complete box set

The Match Duet

Match This!

ImPerfectly Matched!

or get the

complete duet

The Steel Country Series

Hammered

Destroyed

Wasted

or get the

Steel Country complete box set

Tied in Steel series

Valentina

Paige

Gia

or get the

Tied in Steel complete box set

Steel Crew

(Generation 2)

Tagged Steel

Branded Steel

Laced Steel

Justified Steel

Tricked Steel

Busted Steel

Smashed Steel

Marked Steel

Maxed Steel

Mercy West

No Mercy.

THE LEGACY SERIES FAMILY OF BOOKS

(Recommended reading order)

The Blue Valley series

Blue Love

New Love

Sad Love

True Love

Blue Valley series spin offs

The Way We Fell

The Way The Wildflowers Grow

Coming soon

The Way The Heart Breaks

The Brody Hines series

Wrapped In Silk

Wrapped In Armor

Wrapped In Us

The Burning Souls

Stained

Forged

Merged

Love You Anyway

The Norfolk Series

Irons

Shadows

Titan

Timeless Love series

Unraveled

Deserving Me

Hearts So Big

Couture Love

The Caldwell Brothers Series

(co-written w/ Chelsea Camaron)

Hendrix

Morrison

Jagger

Visibly Broken

Use Me

Standalones

Offensive Rebound

Holiday Springs

(co-written w/ Jessica Ruben)

The Broody Brit: For Christmas

The Irresistible Irishman: For St. Patrick's Day.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

MJ Fields is a USA Today bestselling author of contemporary and new adult romance novels. She lives in New York with her daughter, smoochie faced Newfie, Theo, and diva/terror Ellie

When she's not locked away in the cave, she enjoys spending time with her family, listening to live music, watching theatre, singing off key, dancing to her own beat, listening to audio books, and reading— of course.

Forever Steel!

Join MJ's mailing list:

<http://bit.ly/MJFNews>

Follow MJ on BookBub:

bookbub.com/authors/mj-fields

Check out MJ's website

www.mjfieldsbooks.com

