



Kissing My Brother's Best Friend

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Category: Erotic, Romance

Description: Anna

It's just a game of Truth or Dare, right? My brother, Brody, is nowhere to be seen, and I don't want to seem lame at my first real college party. When I'm dared to kiss the hottest guy in the room, there's no one else on my mind except my brother's best friend, Liam. I've always had a thing for him, but the second our lips touch, I know I'll never be able to get enough.

But how long can we hide this from Brody?

Liam

Getting a football scholarship alongside my best friend was a dream come true, but leaving behind Anna, the only girl I've ever fallen for, wasn't easy. It's not like anything could have happened between us, anyway. I mean, she's my best friend's little sister.

When Anna comes to stay with Brody and shows up at a frat party, I only want to keep her safe. Then, a guy dares her to kiss someone, and her eyes immediately turn to me.

Will I be able to keep Anna at arm's length, or will I throw everything away just to have her?

Kissing My Brother's Best Friend is a short, steamy, first love college romance.

Book 1 in the My Brother's Best Friend series. Each book in the series can be read as a standalone story.

Perfect quick read for late night, lunch breaks and travelling. Binge-read all three books. in the series

No OM / OW drama and no cliffhangers. 18 years and older recommended. Always a sweet HEA!

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ANNA

There are over a hundred people at this party, and I only really know two of them. And, in classic older brother fashion, one of them is passed out on the front lawn.

The other is his best friend, and now my only lifeline, Liam Brown.

I've never regretted going to college online and living at home to save money, but seeing the way my brother lived did give me a heavy dose of FOMO. When I'm home binge-watching the latest Netflix series, he's out partying for the fourth time in a week, seeing the wilder parts of life that I chose to miss out on.

He's two years older than I am, so for the first year, I was content enough to ignore everything he posted on social media, but once year two rolled around, there was no avoiding the awful truth—I was jealous.

We aren't total cliché siblings. Both of us had been reasonably popular, gotten good grades, and graduated with solid plans on what we wanted to do next. The issue was that my brother, Brody, had graduated with a wildly successful high school football career under his belt, and he was shipped away to sunny South Carolina, about four hours from home. Scholarship money is a hell of a thing.

The second issue is a little more nuanced. Brody wasn't the sole football star in his grade. His success was earned side by side with his best friend, Liam, which is how the two ended up at the same college. They were a package deal.

So I'm definitely a little jealous about all the fun Brody has been having, but most of all, I'm pissed that he took Liam away. It's not like Liam even looks at me like that, but I've been in love with him from the second Brody brought him over for dinner one night years ago.

Childhood crushes are supposed to fade, not deepen, but when Brody finally invited me to stay with him over spring break, and I'd come face to face with Liam again after two years of absence, I realized it had never gone away.

He's tall, with dark blond hair he kept cut short during the football season and deep blue eyes. With a strong nose and wide, always smiling mouth, he's always been popular with women but mostly uninterested in serious relationships. His lack of real dating history had done nothing to dissuade me of my crush.

The party tonight was a rager, but by now, it has died down to something much more my speed. Brody's friend group has happily absorbed me for the week, and while my superstar brother is unconscious in a patch of grass somewhere, everyone else is playing games...

Including Liam. But I'm trying not to look at Liam too much. I know Brody said I could just have fun tonight, but I don't think I'm having fun. I think I'm suffering.

"So, what do you think, Anna?"

"Hm?" I snap back into reality when I hear that oh-so-familiar voice.

Liam grins and leans in. "About playing this game with us."

It takes me a second to catch up. "What is it again?"

His grin deepens. "Truth or dare. Keep up, kid."

I blush when I realize what he means. The game can go in some pretty raunchy directions. "I don't know. What would be a good truth?" I ask, glancing around at everyone.

"For example." One of Brody's friends raises his hand. "Why did you stay at home after you graduated high school?"

"Easy," I answer, laughing. "I'm an introvert. College parties aren't for me. Plus, I'm saving money, so when I move after I graduate, I won't have to pay any rent for the first few months."

He nods. "I get it. You're smart. Okay, who's next?"

The game goes on. I'm nursing a Rum and Coke that is 99% Coke and just enjoying the show, figuring since I just played my part, I have some time before anyone bothers calling on me again.

That is, until someone decides to take advantage of the fact I've let my guard down.

"Brody's sister, truth or dare?"

"I already chose!" I protest.

"You're the guest. The guest gets another turn. So, truth or dare?"

I sigh. Might as well mix it up a little. "Dare."

There's a small chorus of whoops and hollers, and then one of Brody's friends pipes up. "I dare you to kiss the hottest guy in the room."

Oh, shit. I laugh, but there's a panicked edge to it. "And who would that be?"

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"It's your choice, Brody's sister. That's the fun in it."

If my brother were here, he'd never let such a dare fly, but the only person I can look to for help is Liam. Instead of being amused like everyone else, he's equal parts curious and tense. I wonder if he's worried I'm going to kiss him.

I wonder if he's worried I'm going to kiss someone else.

My eyes roam around the circle, from the hot jock to the stoner to the gamer. If I kiss any of them, it'll probably ruin their chances with the other girls who are watching this game with bated breath, but it's not like I have much of a choice. If I chicken out, everyone will think I'm a prude.

I glance at Liam again. I wonder if he'd actually be mad if I kissed someone else—as if I'd want to, with him here. Really, he's the only safe option. Or maybe I'm only telling myself that because he's who I really want.

Before I can stop myself, I lean over and press my lips against his.

I know it's stupid. I know it's dangerous. I know it's something I'll never be able to take back. But the second I feel his mouth on mine, I know I'll never regret it.

All those years of wanting him come rushing back, and it's almost too much for me to handle.

His lips are soft, and after the initial shock of what I've done, his hands come up to rest on my hips as he pulls me closer. The sound of whooping and cheering fades

away into nothing, and I lose myself in the moment. I've been wanting this for so long.

As the kiss deepens, I shift my weight and get onto my knees to better position myself, but as soon as my movement catches up with me, I realize that I'm now straddling his lap. My cheeks burn. I don't pull away, though. I can't bring myself to break away from him.

Someone whistles, and then someone else shouts, "Damn, Anna, you don't fuck around!"

I know I need to get off him, but he doesn't let go of my hips. He breaks away for a second, looking up at me with half-lidded eyes, and then pulls me down into another kiss. His tongue runs along the seam of my lips, and when I part them, he deepens the kiss. I've never been kissed like this before.

"Wooo!"

"Hell yeah!"

"Get some, girl!"

It's not until Liam finally pulls away that reality starts to filter in again, and my cheeks instantly flush red. I'm so embarrassed by what I've done that I can't even look at him, so I slide off his lap and take a seat.

He clears his throat, and there's a brief pause where I think he's about to say something, but instead, he just asks the next person 'truth or dare' while my pulse is pounding in my ears.

That's my cue to get out of there. I excuse myself, citing a need to check on my

brother, and make a beeline for the bathroom.

Once inside, I close the door and take a few deep breaths. What have I done? I kissed him! And I didn't even have the courage to look him in the eye afterward!

What was I thinking?

"Get yourself together," I whisper to myself, staring at my reflection in the mirror. My cheeks are flushed red, but everything else is still in place, despite how chaotic I feel. I favor my brother only in the fact that we're both dark-haired. Brody is tan while I'm pale, and I inherited my mother's green eyes while he took our father's brown.

"You have to go back out there," I continue the pep talk. "If you don't go back out there, people will talk. If you act like it was nothing, you'll be fine?—"

There's a soft knock at the door. "Anna?"

Shit. It's Liam. I take another deep breath. "Yeah?"

"Can we talk?"

"About what?"

"You know about what."

I close my eyes. "I'm coming out in a second, okay? Just give me a minute."

"Just let me come in instead."

I know I should say no, but I don't have it in me. "Okay," I whisper, unlocking the

door and stepping aside.

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LIAM

After Anna ran, I should have done the same. I should have left, gone home, and let the kiss remain just a wild part of a frat party game. The problem is that I've been in love with her for years, and I've gone over that kiss in my mind a million times before tonight.

I would have made Anna Anderson mine a million times over if her brother wasn't my best friend, making the girl I want more than anything else off-limits ... until tonight when she crossed the line first. And if I'm not mistaken, she kissed me with as much need as I felt for her.

Anna wants me, and because of that, I can't leave her alone.

I walk in and close the door behind me. I don't look at her right away, but I can feel her watching me, waiting. When I finally turn, my eyes find hers, searching. I already know what she's thinking.

"You know what I'm going to say, don't you?"

"If it's about the kiss, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that."

She's lying.

"You're not sorry."

"Yes, I am," she insists, her voice too quick. "I shouldn't have done it. You're my brother's best friend. I'm your best friend's sister."

I step forward, and she backs away until she hits the counter. She's surprised, hand shooting out to grab something for purchase, but all she finds is my shirt, her fingers fisting into the fabric.

I take another step, closing the last of the space between us. This time, she doesn't move.

"Liam..."

"You're not sorry, Anna. You wanted to kiss me. So you did. Don't deny it."

"Why did you let me?" she breathes.

"Because I wanted to kiss you, too."

Her lips part, pink tongue darting out to wet them, and I can't take it anymore. Brody's sister or not, I don't give a damn.

This kiss is nothing like the one before. This time, I don't hold back. I take control, my tongue parting her lips as I press against her. My hands skim down her body before gripping her waist, lifting her onto the cold ceramic bathroom counter.

The space is cramped, but neither of us cares. Her fingers tighten in my shirt, her body warm against mine. I slide one hand into her hair while the other stays firm on her hip. When she wraps her legs around my waist, pulling me closer, I'm swamped with the feeling of possessiveness. She's mine. I've denied it forever, but in the back of my mind, I've always known.

"Have you been drinking?"

"Are you drunk?"

We speak at the same time, and she giggles.

"No," she says, breathless. "I'm a sleepy drunk, so I avoided it altogether to enjoy the party."

"Thank fuck," I exhale, resting my forehead against hers. "I haven't drunk either, just one beer. I have practice in the morning."

"Oh. Brody's going to be fucked, huh?"

"Anna," I groan. "The last thing I want to think about when your tongue was just down my throat is your brother."

She giggles again. "Oh. What, uh, do you want?—"

I cut her off with my mouth on hers again, and this time, my hands get in on the action, too. They start at her hips, sliding down to her ass, then up to her breasts, feeling her nipples harden through the fabric.

"God, Anna," I whisper.

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“What?”

“I’m not going to be able to hold back much longer if we keep doing this.”

She bites her lip, tilting her head to the side so I can plant love bites on the side of her throat. She’s already hot and needy when I cup her pussy through her jeans, and all I’ve done is kiss her.

Her hands push up under my shirt, fingers trailing over my skin, desperate. My muscles tense under her touch, a groan slipping from my throat as I claim her mouth again. I’ve stroked myself so many times thinking about exactly this situation.

“Raise your hips up,” I bite out the words as my mouth moves down her gorgeous neck.

“W-what?”

“So I can get these fucking jeans off you.”

She does as I tell her, and I undo her jeans quickly, sliding them down her long legs to the floor. As soon as they’re off, I push her legs open and slide my hand into her white lace panties.

"You're already soaked for me, aren't you?"

The small, desperate sound she makes is answer enough.

I brush my finger over her swollen clit, and she cries out. I silence her with my mouth on hers, not wanting to be interrupted as I continue to touch and stroke her. She moves restlessly against me, reaching forward and pulling at the button of my jeans. I give her what she wants, stepping back and removing them and my boxer briefs in one fell swoop. My cock pops out, hard as steel, and Anna's mouth falls open.

I can't help but feel a little smug. She likes what she sees.

I cup her breasts, running circles over her nipples, still hidden under the fabric of her shirt, making her squirm. I want to see her tits so fucking bad, but I know our time in this bathroom is painfully limited.

"Liam, please."

"Please, what?" My voice is rough. "Tell me what you need."

"I need you to fuck me."

Christ, it's a struggle not to come right now before I've even started fucking her. "We can wait. Find a bed. A carpeted floor." Waiting once we've come this far might kill me, but I have to give her the choice.

Her answer is simple. "No."

"You deserve better."

"Then give me better later," she huffs. A woman after my own heart. "Please, Liam. I'm burning alive here."

That's all the convincing I need. I pull off her panties and toss them on top of my discarded jeans. I grab her knees, spreading her legs, and can barely breathe. She's so

fucking perfect, her pussy ready for me, even if her expression is concerned.

“It’ll fit, right?”

I laugh. “Fuck yes, it will. I’ll make it good, Anna. I swear.”

This is my Anna. I’ve known her for almost ten years. She’s my best friend’s sister, and I’ve loved her from afar for all those years. And now she’s here, kissing me, and I’m about to fuck her in a bathroom at a frat party. Am I dreaming?

"Are you sure?" I ask one more time, needing to know this is what she wants.

"I'm sure."

I curse under my breath, fisting my cock in my hand and lining it up with her entrance. Anna watches as I push inside her, her pupils blown from lust, fascinated, and panting with need as I fill her.

"Fuck, you're tight," I hiss, bracing myself with one hand on the bathroom counter.

"Tell me if you need a second."

"It's okay," she whispers back, her voice unsteady. “It feels really, really good.”

I kiss her again, and it’s enough to distract her just a little, so the tension in her body eases. Soon enough, she melts into pure pleasure, and once I’m all the way inside, I let out a low groan. Her pussy is hot and fits me like a glove.

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"So fucking tight," I tell her again, kissing along her jaw. "Do you have any idea how long I've wanted this?"

"No idea," she gasps, clutching my shoulders, eyes still fixed on where we're joined.

"Years, Anna."

She meets my eyes now, shocked, but before she can respond, I roll my hips, rocking in and out of her. My thrusts are slow at first, but as I start to get used to her grip on me, they become faster and deeper.

Her ass slides across the counter, and after a moment, I slap a palm on the mirror and push forward, changing the angle and making Anna's eyes roll back in her head.

I don't blame her. It's so damn good. Better than I've ever imagined.

"Yes," she says, wrapping her legs around me even tighter, heels bumping against my lower back. I give in and push her tank top up, inwardly yelling for joy when I see she isn't wearing a bra. I'm hungry to see every inch of her, including her soft, round tits and pink nipples, bouncing as I slam into her.

I fuck her, keeping steady, kissing her when her cries get too loud and swallowing down the hot-as-hell sounds she's making for me. I catch my own reflection in the mirror. The sight of what I'm doing to her, my body pounding into her as she fights to stay seated on the counter, is the hottest thing I've ever seen, and I have to bite the inside of my cheek so I don't come immediately.

Anna turns to look, too, barely able to crane her neck far enough, but she's equally affected by what she sees—her legs wrapped tight around my waist, tank top pushed up over her bouncing tits, jeans in a heap on the floor, and her panties discarded nearby. I can see my muscles strain as I piston into her, and Anna makes a small noise of pleasure at the sight.

I'm so close to coming that I can't think straight. I have to get her there first, and while she's enjoying every second of this, I need to speed it up. I slide one hand between her thighs, and my fingers find her clit, rubbing it in fast, frantic circles.

"Come for me," I say slowly. "Come on. Come around my cock."

A second later, her orgasm hits. Anna's thighs shake, and her body arches like she's electrified, pussy milking my cock so hard I can barely catch my breath. My hips slam into her as I fuck her hard and deep, not holding back anymore. She's coming for me, and I'm about to fill her up.

I come with a low groan, pushing myself all the way inside of her and letting out a ragged breath. "Fuck, Anna" are the only words I can manage.

We're both still shuddering from the aftershocks, and I kiss her softly, every inch of her skin I can reach. Her arms are around my neck now, pressing us together as we come down from our shared high. I never want it to end. I never want to let her go.

But nothing can last forever. Anna says, "I don't think I can stand. Can you help me?"

And that's when I know it's time to return to reality.

ANNA

Liam laughs softly and helps me up, then grabs a wad of toilet paper to clean me up. The gesture is so normal that it's almost comical compared to what just happened—the culmination of all my wildest fantasies. "So, uh..."

"Years?" I ask, incredulous, as I try to straighten my clothes and hair.

It takes him a beat to understand what I'm talking about, but when he does, he looks away. How in the hell can he be flustered after what he just did to me? "Yeah. Brody would kill me if he knew, but yeah."

I'm skeptical as I look him over, but I don't sense a lie. "Me too," I admit. "For, like, forever. So it looks like Brody would kill us both."

"Looks that way."

We're quiet for a few seconds, and then we both laugh at the same time.

"What now?" I ask. "I mean, what are we going to say to everyone?"

Liam shrugs. "We say nothing. We went to check on Brody but couldn't find him. Now we're looking."

"And the kissing part?"

"Not relevant to the search mission."

"I like how you think."

He grins at me, and I lean forward and press a soft kiss against his mouth. "We

should go find Brody."

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"Yeah. Let's get him home, and then..."

I raise an eyebrow. "And then?"

Liam looks pained, as if he doesn't know what to do now that the sex is over. My body is still thrumming from how well he fucked me, but I can't deny that I'm sort of on the same page. How do we navigate this now? Was it just a one-time thing, or is there more to figure out between us? "Let's, um, just play it by ear, I guess."

He runs his knuckles over my cheek, the motion too tender for just a hookup. I fight the urge to lean into his touch, hoping he'll cup my face. "I have to see you again before you go back home."

It's an easy decision. "Yes. I want that, too."

"Good." His smile is heartbreakingly gorgeous on his sex-flushed face. "We, ah, obviously can't let your brother know...."

"Oh God, definitely not. Let's go find him before he finds us."

We leave the bathroom, and while Liam immediately starts looking for Brody, I make a beeline for the kitchen to get some water. The party is still going, and no one seems to have noticed my absence. I grab two cups of water and return to the living room.

Liam looks up when he sees me. "I found him. He's asleep outside on the lawn. Come help me carry him to my car?"

"Sure."

I hand him the water, and he thanks me. Together, we head outside and find my brother splayed out on the grass. I help Liam sit him up and start to pour some water into his mouth. He sputters, but some of it goes down, and a few seconds later, he blinks awake.

"Anna?" he mumbles. "What's going on?"

"You're wasted, Brody. Come on. Let's get you home."

"Home? What about the party?"

Liam shrugs. "It's over, man. Time to go."

"Ugh," he groans, trying to stand up and almost falling over again. "Fine, whatever."

I take one side, and Liam takes the other. Together, we haul him to Liam's car and help him into the back seat. He's asleep again before we can even close the door. I fish through his pockets and find his keys.

"I'll drive myself back to Brody's. Are you taking him home with you?"

"It's probably best," Liam sighs, annoyed as he looks at my brother. "I'll have to get him back to some semblance of life before practice tomorrow, and I live on the ground floor. I don't like trying to haul him up the stairs at his apartment."

"Probably a good call, then."

"So, see you soon?"

"Yeah," I whisper, smiling.

Liam returns the smile and pulls me in for one more kiss, soft and sweet. My heart flutters as I lean against the car, but I nervously glance at Brody just to make sure he's still knocked out.

"I'll text you," he promises, walking around the other side of the car to get in. "I swear."

Why is this so hard? I've seen Liam a million times before, and it's never felt like a piece of me was breaking off when he left before. "I believe you." I force a smile and get into my brother's car.

My thoughts race as I pull out of the parking lot and head back to my brother's apartment. Being a college town, it's only a few miles away, but my mind is running so fast that I can barely process one thought before another forces its way in.

I just had sex with Liam. My brother's best friend. We fucked at a party.

The reality of it all hits me like a ton of bricks, and I almost pull over because I'm shaking so much. What have I done? How could I do that to Brody? Liam was always off-limits, and now I've thrown away years of friendship and trust by hooking up with him.

What the hell is wrong with me?

No. That's the wrong road to go down. We're all adults, and Liam is his own person. He and I don't have to make decisions on whether or not Brody will be chill with it. No doubt he'd feel betrayed if he found out, but that doesn't mean he gets a say in what Liam and I do with our personal lives.

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I can't deny that it makes me feel better to think about it like that. Brody has no idea, and if we're careful, he'll never know. He'll never have to know ... except for the fact it's clear that Liam and I aren't done with each other yet. The more we see each other, the bigger the secret we have to keep will be.

* * *

Back at Brody's apartment, I shower and throw on my pajamas, leaving my phone in the other room so I don't obsess over it. Liam said he'd call, so I should believe him. I'm a ball of nerves as I crawl into the futon bed Brody's been letting me use in the guest room and grab my bag, fishing the phone out.

Nothing.

Oh, well. It's only been an hour or so, and he did have to get drunk Brody settled for the night. Maybe I just have to wait a little longer.

Thankfully, Liam quickly puts me out of my misery.

Liam: Are you awake?

Me: Yeah. I was waiting for you.

Liam: Sorry. I wanted to get Brody inside before I texted.

Me: I understand. Is he okay?

Liam: Yeah he's fine. Puking up a lung right now but otherwise okay.

Me: Ew.

Liam: Yeah. At least I didn't have to clean it up.

I grin down at my phone, imagining him taking care of Brody. Some things never change.

Me: Do you plan on being his babysitter forever?

Liam: God, I hope not.

Liam: Hey. Come to football practice tomorrow.

The offer is a surprise. I've never cared for the sport, but I used Brody playing as an excuse to see Liam in his element quite a few times in the past. It seemed silly to do now that we were older, but seeing him hard at work? Hmm. It isn't a terrible idea.

Me: You don't think Brody will get suspicious?

Liam: He's going to be so hungover I don't think he's going to have two brain cells to rub together.

Me: LMAO, fair point. Okay. Text me when and where and I'll be there.

Liam: Awesome. It starts at 8, so be there at 7:30 just to be safe.

Me: Right. I'm going to sleep now.

Liam: Work hard, play hard, baby. I'll see you in the AM.

I turn the phone on silent and plug it in, then roll over and pull the blanket up. I haven't gotten used to the noise of the city outside the window, and it takes me longer than usual to fall asleep. As I lie there, my mind drifts back to what happened between Liam and me tonight, and I smile as I drift off, parts of me tingling as I remember just how good he made me feel.

4

LIAM

I wake up to the sound of my alarm screaming, but it doesn't bother me. I'm well-rested, well-hydrated, and ready to get to work.

Brody, on the other hand, who I can hear groaning from the couch in the living room, is another story. If this weren't such a frequent occurrence, I'd almost feel bad for the moron, but I've run out of give-a-fucks when it comes to Brody.

"Brody," I yell as I get out of bed, stretching. "Time to get up. We've got practice."

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Unsurprisingly, he ignores me. He groans when I find him pulling a cushion over his face, even when I raise my foot to nudge him. “Fuck off, Liam.”

I chuckle. “Not an option, man. You already missed morning hydration. If you don’t get up now, Coach is going to run you into the ground.”

Brody lowers the pillow, looking green in the gills, his bloodshot eyes glaring at me. “I think I’m dying.”

“You’re not dying. You’re just hungover. As usual. You’d think by now you’d be used to it.” I grab a water bottle from the counter and chuck it at him. “Drink. Shower. We leave in fifteen.”

Brody grumbles but manages to sit up, taking a long sip of water before dragging himself toward the bathroom. While he struggles through his misery, I dress for practice, pulling on my compression shorts and team-issued gear. I should be focused on the drills, on the plays Coach will be running us through, but all I can think about is Anna. Anna. Anna.

Her mouth on mine, the taste of her skin, the way it felt to be inside her, and the noises she couldn’t hold back when I made her come.

Fuck.

I shake my head, trying to brush the memories off, at least for the moment. I can savor them later, but now there’s work to be done and a hungover best friend to babysit.

Once we get to the field, Brody simply looks sick, not like he wants to crawl into a hole and die anymore. It's a slight improvement, at least. He's wearing dark sunglasses despite the overcast sky, and I swear he winces at every sound. I, on the other hand, feel wired. Ready. More energized than usual, even though I barely slept.

Then I see her.

Anna is sitting in the bleachers, her legs crossed, a coffee cup in her hands. I invited her, but I wasn't sure if she'd show up after how intense everything was last night. I wouldn't have blamed her if she needed time to process, but damn, am I glad she came.

Dressed in skin-tight leggings and a red tank top, she's fucking gorgeous. And even better, she's watching me. Not a single other soul on the team, even her brother. Just me.

I've never been self-conscious about my performance on the field before, and I've played in front of Anna dozens of times already. Today isn't any different, and I go through the motions like I always do, working myself to the bone in search of even the slightest edge of improvement.

It would be a lie to say she isn't a distraction, though. Every time I meet her eyes, even at a distance, it's like being hit by a truck. Our connection is so strong that it's almost a tangible thing.

It pisses me off that Brody makes it to her first during the first water break, but he's her brother, and I need to back off if I don't want to raise suspicion. He talks to her for a few minutes, probably wondering why she's even here, and by the time he's done, the break is up. Dammit.

But then she smiles at me, and all is right in the world again.

I throw myself into the rest of the practice hard, burning off all the energy I can so I can stop fixating on rushing the bleachers and pulling her against me, crushing my mouth to hers, Brody be damned.

It works. Barely.

As soon as the whistle blows and practice is over, I jog over to her, ignoring all the chatter from my teammates about where they're going for lunch.

"Hey," she says brightly as I reach the bleachers.

"Hey. You're still here."

"Yeah, I figured I might as well stick around after all the hard work you put in today."

I grin. "Well, I appreciate it. Come on, I'll buy you lunch."

She jogs down the few remaining stairs, and when she reaches the bottom, I offer my hand to help her down. The second she's steady, her eyes flicker to where Brody is packing up, and she gives me an apologetic smile. I let the moment go, trying to ignore the disappointment I feel at the loss of contact with her.

She'd hold my hand if he weren't here. Somehow that makes me more pissed off at Brody than dealing with his hangover.

We head to a cafe across campus, where Anna orders a chicken sandwich, and I get a burger, starving from practice. As we eat, the conversation drifts to last night.

"So..." I say, chewing and swallowing a bite before continuing. "Last night was pretty crazy, huh?"

She smiles, and color flushes high in her cheeks. “Yeah, crazy is one word for it. I definitely didn’t plan it.”

“Neither did I,” I admit quickly. “I mean, don’t think I wasn’t thinking about it, but I just didn’t expect it to happen like that.”

“Me either.” She takes a bite of her sandwich, chewing slowly. “Is this going to be awkward?”

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“It doesn’t have to be.”

“Yeah, but...”

I finish my burger and lean back, eyeing her carefully. She makes my chest ache. I want to fuck her, obviously, but I also want to hold her, care for her. All of the things I’ve denied myself over the years. “It doesn’t have to be,” I repeat. “We can just do whatever we want. And if you want to have sex with me again, then yeah. We’ll do that.”

Her eyes widen slightly, her voice high and breathy, “And if I don’t?”

The answer is simple, although the possibility makes me want to punch a hole through the wooden table we’re sitting at. Somehow, I don’t let a bit of that emotion show. “Then we won’t. It’s your call, Anna.”

“That’s what I wanted to know.” She grins, looking more confident now. “Good. Glad that’s settled.”

I laugh. “Good. So, um, you should come over tonight.”

She hesitates, and I know why. “And how do we accomplish that without Brody catching on? Even having lunch without him is already suspicious. If he catches us, I mean.”

The sun catches on her dark hair and her beautiful face, and suddenly I don’t really give a fuck about my best friend. At least as far as his sister is concerned. “You’re an

adult, Anna. We both are. You don't have to sneak around or explain anything to him."

"Sometimes I forget that you're an only child." A small, sad smile tugs at her lips. "You don't know what it's like."

I nod, realizing she's right. "That's fair."

"I also think you underestimate how overprotective he is of me."

"Maybe. Or maybe you just need to stand up for yourself a little more." I pause, looking at her, my voice softening. "Anna, I like you. I've liked you for a long time. You deserve to be happy, and you deserve to live your life how you want."

She looks away, her expression shifting, and I realize I might have pushed too far. I don't want this to turn into some big thing. Not now. I don't know how long she'll be in town, and I don't want to ruin whatever this is between us by moving too fast.

"I know that." She sighs. "I'm working on it, all right?"

"Okay." I want to say a whole hell of a lot more, but I bite my tongue.

"I'll text you if I manage to get free."

It isn't good enough, but it will have to do. For now.

We finish lunch, and I drive her home in near silence. When we pull up in front of her brother's apartment, she starts to get out, but I stop her.

"Anna," I say quietly. "I'm sorry. I don't want to fight. We're supposed to be having a good time, right? Just forget about what I said."

She smiles, leaning over to give me a quick kiss. It's too short, too restrained, but I take what I can get.

Then she's gone, disappearing into the building, and I'm left sitting in my car, wondering how long I can keep pretending that this is just a casual thing.

5

ANNA

I decide to sit outside for a while and read. It's one of those rare days when the heat isn't unbearable, and the breeze feels good as I flip through the pages. After a few minutes, Brody walks outside and sits down in the chair next to me.

"Hey," he says. "You disappeared after practice."

I look up from my book and smile at him. "I hung around for a little while, then went to get some lunch."

"I heard you were at the cafe with someone," he says casually.

I freeze but try to keep it casual. "Oh? Who'd you hear that from?"

"Another teammate."

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I smirk, but inside, I'm panicking. "Yeah. Liam and I grabbed lunch together. You know me, never able to pass up a free meal."

"You and Liam are awfully chummy lately," he grumbles, stretching his legs out. "I heard some weird rumors about party games last night."

"You and Liam are best friends. Aren't you chummy?"

"Yeah, but it's not like that."

"Well, it's not like that either. We're friends, Brody. Calm down. If you don't want me to hang around with Liam, I won't."

"I never said that," he says defensively. "You can do whatever you want. Just ... be careful, all right?"

I sigh. "Whatever. I've got online class in a few." I pack up my book and head inside without waiting for him to respond. I know he didn't mean anything by it, but I don't have the energy to keep explaining myself to him.

I'm a fucking adult!

* * *

I'm halfway through my English class, headphones on and laptop on the futon in front of me when Brody leaves for his own afternoon classes without even saying goodbye. It bums me out, but what can I do? The thought of getting deeper into my new

'friendship' with Liam makes me sweat. I'll just be more careful, and if I'm lucky, Brody will forget about his suspicions by the time I head back home, and this can all be just a fun, hot memory to look back on.

Hm. So why does the idea of it becoming a memory make me ridiculously sad?

It's not like Liam is going anywhere. He'll still be my brother's best friend, and he's only a few hours away from home. I can see him again whenever I want.

But ... that's not what I want.

I've been attracted to him since forever, and now that I know what it's like to have him touch me, kiss me, fuck me ... I'm not sure how I'm supposed to go back to life as normal. I can't get it out of my mind, and I don't want to.

The doorbell rings just as I wrap up the homework for my English class, and I stand up quickly to get it.

Liam stands on the other side, and I practically pull him inside. He closes the door behind us and pushes me up against it, kissing me hard. His mouth tastes like mint, and he smells clean, like he's just showered. We don't need to speak. He's here, and I want to take full advantage of that fact.

"Hi," he murmurs as he pulls away from the kiss. "I only have an hour until my next class, but I couldn't get you off my mind."

"Well, that's good," I laugh, running my hands up his chest. "Because I've been thinking about you too."

"Yeah?" He smirks down at me, eyes flashing with excitement. "What were you thinking?"

"Lots of things," I reply slyly. "Like what I want you to do to me."

He grabs my chin and kisses me again, then lifts me up by my ass and carries me to the bedroom. My heart thuds so hard I think it's going to burst out of my chest, but I can't stop myself. I don't want to.

The futon is uncomfortable on the best of days, but when it's Liam laying me down on it, the shitty thin mattress could be a bed of nails for all I care. As long as he's here, it's all perfect.

He hovers over me and kisses me again, and I wrap my arms around his neck to pull him down. He feels so good, and he's barely doing anything. His weight on top of me, his hips pressing against mine, his hand on my stomach and sliding up towards my breasts—it's all enough to make me lightheaded.

"Fuck," he breathes against my mouth. "I've wanted this for so long."

"Me too," I whisper back. "You have no idea."

"I want to spend hours with you like this, days, months, years." He presses his lips to the sensitive spot behind my ear, his hand pulling my hair out of its loose bun so he can bury his fingers in it.

I don't tell him we don't have time like that. He has to know it, and I don't want to ruin the moment, so I simply whisper, "Me, too."

He pulls my tank top over my head and tosses it aside, then unsnaps my bra and slips it off. My breasts are full and heavy, nipples aching for his touch, and he doesn't disappoint. He licks one and then the other, sucking each nipple into his mouth while his fingers work the opposite one. My back arches up off the futon, giving him better access to my tits. It's a glorious feeling, and I want him to keep going forever.

Instead, he sits up and pulls me to a sitting position with him. He peels my leggings off slowly, kissing every inch of skin he reveals with a reverence that tells me he isn't lying about how long he's wanted this. Damn. We've wasted so much time.

I grab the bottom of his shirt and tug it off. Now we're both shirtless, and I have to stop for a second and take him in. Liam is a work of art, from the top of his head all the way down to his toes, and everything in between is stunning. I reach out to touch his chest, running my fingers over the lines of his muscles, coming closer so I can kiss the freckles on his shoulders.

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Out loud, we're saying this is just sex. But I think beneath the surface, for both of us, this is something more.

His jeans get thrown to the floor to join my leggings, but when he settles between my legs, it isn't to thrust into me right away. Instead, he presses his lips to my hip bone and kisses a trail across my stomach, his hands pushing my thighs open so he can keep going.

I feel a rush of shyness when he moves down to see my pussy fully, his face hovering just inches away. He hasn't even touched me there yet, but I'm already wet and aching, my clit throbbing with need.

"Look at you," he growls, running his fingers over my slit. "You're so beautiful, Anna."

"Liam..."

He smirks, and his head drops down between my legs, and he licks me from bottom to top, swirling his tongue around my clit at the end. It's not just a tease—he keeps going, sucking and licking and nibbling, sliding two fingers into my pussy to curl them against my G-spot while he plays with my clit. It's incredible, and I grip his hair, my hips rolling against his mouth to get more friction.

It feels so fucking good, and I don't want it to stop. But I can't hold back. It's only a few minutes before I'm coming hard, grinding against his face as he sucks and licks me through my orgasm. My whole body is trembling, and he doesn't stop until I'm completely spent.

When he pulls back, he's grinning like the cat that ate the canary. He crawls up my body to kiss me, his mouth still slick from my pussy, and lies down next to me. "God, you taste so fucking good," he murmurs.

I'm speechless. All I can do is lie there and try to catch my breath. It's better than anything I could have imagined.

When I can finally speak again, I look at him and grin. "Wow."

"Good?"

"More than good."

"You know how you can repay me?" His hands skim down my body, stopping to cup my ass. "Ride me."

I swallow. I've never been on top before.

"It's okay. You'll do fine," he says as if sensing my nerves.

I move so I'm straddling him. Then, I take his dick and position it at my entrance. I slowly sink down, and once I'm fully seated, I lean forward, resting my hands on his chest.

I grind my hips experimentally, and he groans. "Good Lord, Anna. Do that again."

So I do. I keep grinding, feeling deliciously full. Liam takes my hips in his hands at one point, thrusting up into me and showing me just what he wants. I change my movements to match, feet digging into the mattress behind me for purchase.

It's slow and lazy, the time limit of an hour long gone from both our minds. Liam

reaches up to play with my tits, seemingly entranced by the way they move as I fuck him, and I love the feeling of his eyes on me. It's nothing like I imagined it would be with him, but it's still so much more than I could have hoped for.

"Liam," I moan. "You feel so good."

He reaches up to pull me down so he can kiss me. I keep riding him, even as our tongues tangle together, his hands on my ass guiding me up and down his thick shaft. He bites down on my lip and kisses me hard, his hips bucking up against me.

He's thrusting into me fast now, chasing his own release, and I want it just as much as he does. I roll my hips a little bit, changing the angle, and suddenly, he hits that spot inside of me that makes my whole body quiver with pleasure.

"Right there," I gasp. "Keep going."

He fucks me faster, his grip tightening on my ass. It feels like heaven.

"I want to see you touch yourself," he tells me against my mouth. "Sit up, baby."

I do as he asks, sitting up and placing my hand over my clit. I start to rub it slowly as I keep bouncing up and down on his cock, my whole body aching with need. My orgasm is close—I can feel it building in my core—but I want him to come with me.

"That's good, Anna," he murmurs, watching me. "Just like that."

I keep going, rubbing my clit harder now. Liam takes my other hand and brings it to his mouth, kissing my palm and sucking one of my fingers into his mouth. It's so fucking hot. I'm not sure how much longer I can hold off.

I grind down against his cock, letting him fill me up completely. He keeps thrusting

up into me, his hands gripping my hips hard now. His breathing is coming faster, and I can tell he's close to the edge, too.

"Come for me," I gasp. "I want to feel you come inside me, Liam."

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"Fuck," he growls. "You're going to fucking kill me, you know that?"

I smirk. "At least you'll die happy."

Liam laughs and pulls me back down to him, kissing me, his hips moving faster. We're both right on the edge, and when we fall over it, we do it together. He comes inside of me, his fingers digging into my skin so hard I know I'll be able to see the evidence of his pleasure long after we're done. It's hard for me to keep any sort of rhythm when I come, but Liam fucks me through it. I feel the orgasm shivering through me, my stomach muscles spasming as my pussy milks Liam's cock, both of us panting and breathing each other's names.

I collapse against his chest when we're done, spent, and he wraps his arms around me. I can hear his heart hammering in his chest, and I'm sure mine is just as loud. I press my lips against his collarbone, and he strokes my hair. It's ... different. Unexpected. Perfect.

We lie like that for a few minutes, neither of us speaking. Finally, Liam breaks the silence. "I should?—"

We hear the front door open at the same time, and we both freeze. Footsteps in the living room, then Brody's voice. "Anna? You home?"

Shit. Shit, shit, shit.

I look at Liam, and my panic is reflected right back at me in his face. "What do we do?" I whisper.

Liam sits up. "I'll just go out there. Tell him I stopped by to ask him a question or something."

"No!" I grab his arm. "He can't find you in here with me. He'll kill both of us."

Brody's footsteps are coming closer. "Anna?" he says again.

"What should I do, then? I'm not exactly dressed to leave." Liam motions to his lack of clothing.

"Get dressed!" I hiss, throwing his clothes at him. He scrambles to put them on, and I do the same.

We don't make it. Just as Liam pulls his pants on and I finish putting on my clothes, Brody opens the door. His eyes sweep over the room, taking in our half-dressed state, and I know I've been caught.

"What the fuck?" Brody says.

"Brody, I can explain," I say quickly.

Liam steps forward, putting his hand on my shoulder. "Hey, man. Calm down."

Brody looks from Liam to me, then back to Liam. "You're fucking my sister?" he demands.

"Brody, I'm an adult." I cross my arms. "So what if he is?"

"You're my fucking kid sister!" Brody shouts.

"It's not that big of a deal."

"Yes, it is!" He runs his fingers through his hair, turning away from us.

"Are you mad because it's me or because she was sleeping with someone at all?"
Liam asks.

"Both," Brody yells, throwing up his hands. "Plus, it's my fucking apartment!"

"Brody, please calm down," I plead. "I know it's weird, but?—"

"It's not fucking weird," Liam says. "We're two adults who are attracted to each other. I care about her."

"No," Brody says firmly. "No fucking way. It ends now."

I frown. "What does that mean?"

"It means you two are done."

"That's not your decision to make," Liam says.

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This is flying off the handle. Is there even anything to end between Liam and me? We hooked up a couple of times. I didn't think it was that serious, but I sort of hoped it could be, in time. Did Liam think this time together was important beyond just sex? Even with Brody and Liam in the doorway arguing, I feel a warmth blooming in my chest at the thought of it.

The argument has gone down the hallway and into the kitchen, where Brody is cracking a beer open in the middle of the afternoon, and Liam is pulling his shirt over his head. I let them have at it, feeling better now that my brother's gaze isn't on me. It gives me a moment to think about what's really going on between Liam and me.

He likes me, that much is clear. And I like him.

But can we really do this? The fact that we live so far away from each other or my brother would probably murder us both if we tried to keep seeing each other. It's all getting in the way already.

Is it worth it?

Liam and Brody are still arguing. Brody says that Liam has been his best friend for years and how much of a betrayal this is, while Liam argues that he's being unreasonable and that he needs to see me as an adult who can make adult decisions. I tune out the argument and instead try to figure out exactly how I feel about all of this.

I'm not sure I'm ready to give up on Liam and me yet. What happened between us felt real. It felt like we had something special, even if it was just starting. I don't want to lose that.

Liam and Brody have followed their argument into the living room, but they're not shouting anymore. The tone of their voices is subdued, and I'm glad I've tuned it out for the most part. Unfortunately, I can hear them now.

"Brody," I hear Liam say. "I'm sorry, okay? I really care about Anna. I didn't mean for it to happen, but it did."

Brody doesn't reply.

"I know it's weird," Liam continues. "And I know you're upset. But I promise you, I won't do anything to hurt her. She means the world to me."

I freeze when I hear that. I don't know if Liam's saying it just to get Brody to calm down, but it makes my heart swell. He cares about me. He doesn't want to let me go. I press my hands to my face and exhale slowly.

I need some space away from all this masculine nonsense.

Full of anxious energy, I grab my bag and make a break for it. Liam and Brody are too busy arguing to notice, and I get out of the apartment without having to deal with either of them. I can hear the arguing start again when the door closes behind me, but I leave them to it. I'm done.

I get into my car and drive to the campus cafe, hoping Liam won't look for me there.

I order a coffee and take a table in the corner, pulling out my laptop. I might as well work on my English assignment while I'm here.

My mind keeps wandering, though. I can't stop thinking about Liam and the way he made me feel. I can't forget the way it felt to have his arms around me, to feel his lips on mine. I sigh and close my eyes. I know I'm being stupid, but I can't help it. I'm

falling for him, like really falling for him. This isn't the years-long crush I've had on him. This is so much more than that.

I want to be with him.

I start typing, words pouring out of me onto the page. It's like a dam has been broken, and now everything is flooding out. I write about the feelings of falling in love, about the fear of rejection, about the pain of losing someone you love. I pour my heart out into the story, letting all of my emotions flow through my fingertips.

It feels good to get it all out. I've been holding in these feelings for so long, and now they're finally free. It feels liberating.

I finish the story and read it over, a smile on my face. It's good. It's really good. It's not something I would have written before meeting Liam, but it's honest and raw and real, and I'm proud of it.

I send it to my professor, closing my laptop and leaning back in my chair with a sigh. I feel lighter now, like a weight has been lifted off my shoulders. I still have no idea what to do about Liam, but at least now I know how I feel about him. And that's a start.

* * *

When I get back to the apartment, Brody is nowhere to be found, and neither is Liam. I consider texting both of them but decide that it will be better to let them reach out first. Brody is probably still pissed with me, and Liam is surely still trying to figure out where to go from here with his lifelong best friend and his little sister, who has complicated everything a million times over.

I sit in my room for a while, staring at my phone and waiting for Liam to text me. I

don't want to push anything, but I want to talk to him so badly. I need to know what he's thinking.

After an hour with no response, I give up and call him.

It goes straight to voicemail.

I sigh and throw my phone on the bed, flopping down next to it. I'm being ridiculous. I know I am. But I can't help it. I need to talk to Liam, to see if what he said to Brody was real, or if he was just trying to placate him.

I close my eyes and try to imagine what it would be like to be with Liam, really with him. I can picture us going on dates, holding hands, kissing in public. I can picture us laughing and joking together, spending long nights talking about everything and nothing.

But then there's reality. We're hours away from each other. We have totally different lives. How would we ever make it work?

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I know I'm being stupid. I know I should just let it go. But I can't. I want Liam, and I don't want to lose him. I'm starting to drift off when my phone buzzes, startling me awake. I grab it, hoping it's Liam, but it's Brody.

Brody: Where are you?

Me: Home.

Brody: Good. Stay there. We need to talk.

Me: Okay.

I sigh and set my phone aside. Great, now I have to deal with my brother. Just what I needed. I hear Brody come home a few minutes later. He walks into my room without knocking.

"Hey," I say, sitting up.

"Hey." He sits on the end of my bed, his expression unreadable. "So ... Liam, huh?"

"Yeah." I feel myself blushing, but I force myself to look him in the eye. "Yeah, Liam."

He sighs. "Look, Anna, I don't want to be the overprotective big brother here, but you know he's not going to stay around. He's going to move away after school and never come back. You're going to get hurt."

I take a deep breath. "I know that's a possibility, Brody. But I also know that if I don't take this chance, I'll regret it for the rest of my life."

Brody looks at me for a long moment, then sighs again. "Okay. Well. I'm going to be a total dick here, but I don't want to see it. I'm still pissed at him. Like, really fucking pissed. If he had at least asked me first, it would be one thing, but damn it, Anna. I just think you need to go home early, is what I'm trying to say. So we can all have some space."

It's a slap in the face, but I try not to let it show. "Okay."

Brody looks relieved. "Good." He stands up. "I'm gonna grab a beer and head out. See you later."

"Bye."

When he's gone, I sit in my room for a while, trying to process what just happened. So Brody doesn't want to see me with Liam, which means I basically can't stay here anymore. That's fine, I guess. I wasn't planning on staying much longer anyway.

But it does mean that I won't be able to see Liam anymore.

I feel like crying. How could I have fucked everything up so badly? I didn't mean for this to happen. I didn't mean to fall for Liam. I just wanted to have some fun, to finally get a chance with my crush. But now everything is ruined.

I pack my bags and text Liam to let him know that I'm going home early. He doesn't respond, and I try not to take it personally. I leave a note for Brody and head out to my car, not wanting to stick around longer than necessary. I know Brody will understand. He's already mad enough at Liam, and if he sees me crying, he'll only get more upset.

It's a long drive home. I put on some music and try not to think about Liam. I fail miserably. I can't stop replaying the past two days together.

When I finally pull into my parents' driveway, I'm exhausted. I drag my bags inside, say a quick hello to my surprised mom and dad, and collapse on my bed, finally letting the tears come. I cry until I can't cry anymore, and then I fall asleep, hoping that when I wake up, things will be better.

* * *

At 7 AM, my mom pounds on my bedroom door. "Get up, Anna! Someone is at the door for you!"

Groggy, I sit up, rubbing my eyes. "Huh?"

"Downstairs," she huffs. "Come on, you've kept him waiting long enough."

Him?

"Who is it?" I ask frantically, all signs of sleepiness gone, but I can already hear Mom going downstairs.

I throw on whatever clothes are at the top of the pile, then check my hair in the mirror. My eyes are bloodshot, and my face is blotchy, but it'll have to do. Whoever's downstairs can deal.

When I get to the kitchen, I see Liam leaning against the counter, sipping a cup of coffee. "Morning," he says, his expression guarded. But there's something mischievous in his eyes he's trying to hide.

My parents are nowhere to be seen, which is a relief, but Mom has to know

something is up if Liam is here to see me at the crack of dawn.

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"Morning," I reply cautiously, taking a few steps towards him when he crooks a finger towards me. "Why in the hell are you here, and why haven't you been answering my messages?"

When I'm close enough to grab, Liam does just that, snatching my hand and pulling me against his body. I inhale sharply, surprised, and look up at the face I've been crying over since I left Brody's apartment.

Liam, of course, doesn't answer any of my questions but asks his own instead. "Truth or dare?"

I blink. "What?"

He smiles. "Truth or dare, Anna?"

"I..." I'm so confused. "Truth."

"Do you want to try and make this thing work between us? Semi-long distance, mostly weekends together. Do you want to give it a shot?"

My heart leaps in my throat. I don't know what to say. I didn't expect him to ask that. "I do, but?—"

"But what?"

I shrug helplessly. "Brody?"

Liam pulls me in for a kiss. "We'll figure it out." His lips brush against mine. "He's reached some peace with it, but we're forbidden from being in his apartment together until further notice. Good thing I've got my own."

His hands slide down to cup my ass, and I almost jump out of my skin, making him laugh.

"So," I whisper, "are you saying that we can do this?"

He laughs. "Hell, yes, we can do this. If you'll have me."

"Of course, I'll have you," I say. "But Liam, are you sure about this? It won't be easy, and I don't want to mess up your friendship with Brody."

"I'm sure." He kisses me again. "I want this, Anna. I want you. We can make it work."

I can't help but smile. "Okay."

Liam pulls me in, setting his cup of coffee down on the counter so he can properly cup my face. I melt into him, my hands gripping his shirt as we lose ourselves in each other.

EPILOGUE

LIAM

Five Years Later

Even in the NFL, football isn't all that different. I'm still good as hell at it, and the game is the second-biggest love of my life.

The first is her, walking onto the field after the team's big win, wearing my jersey, a smile on her face brighter than any arena light.

It's chaos around us, but none of it matters. Today, we've been dating for five years, and we've accomplished everything Anna had on her list for us to do before we got married. She's graduated, I've gone pro, and last week, we signed on our first house.

I've been patient. I've waited. I've worked hard. Now it's time for me to claim my prize.

The water boy walks close behind me and slips a small velvet box into my open palm discreetly.

When I reach Anna, she throws her arms around my neck, and I lift her into my arms, holding her up for the cameras. She's laughing, carefree, having no idea what's about to come. I'm not sure if she wants her engagement televised to the nation, but she knows what she's gotten herself into dating me.

"You were amazing!" she says, pressing her mouth against mine. I kiss her back, tasting the familiarity of her, of home ... and a little bit of concession stand candy. My Anna has a sweet tooth.

I put her back on her feet and take both hands in mine. She senses that something is off, and her face turns serious, her eyes wide.

"Anna, baby, I need one more truth from you, okay?"

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Anna is baffled, but then it clicks, and she nods. "Yes, what?"

I kneel in front of her, and her hands fly to her mouth as she gasps. "I've loved you for years and years, and I want to spend every single day of my life with you. Will you marry me?"

The crowd erupts around us, but I only see her. Tears start to form in her eyes, and I open the ring box, revealing the diamond that took me months to pick out. She nods and mouths a 'yes', and I stand to pull her into my arms, slipping the ring on her finger.

"It's beautiful, Liam." She whispers, kissing me again. "I love you so damn much."

I kiss her back. "I love you, Anna, so damn much."

The crowd continues to cheer, and I wave for them, holding up Anna's hand with the ring. I've won another game, but this is the biggest win of my life.

The End