



A Shot at Love (Sexy As Sin)

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Category: Sport

Description: Jenna

I've spent my whole life around basketball—on the court, in the stands, and in locker rooms where I was always just “Coach’s daughter.” One rule has been drilled into me since I was old enough to understand it: never date a professional athlete. I believed it, too—until Oliver. He’s my dad’s star player, the kind of guy I’ve spent years avoiding. Charming, confident, and way too good at making me forget every reason I should stay away. But I know how this story usually ends, and I refuse to be just another mistake. My dad would kill me if he found out—but the real problem? I’m not sure I want to walk away.

Oliver

Basketball is my life. It’s always been about the game, about pushing myself harder, about winning. Nothing else has mattered—not distractions, not relationships, not anything that could get in the way of the championship. Then I meet Jenna. She’s sharp, fierce, and plays like she’s got something to prove, and she’s also completely off-limits. Coach’s daughter, the one girl I have no business wanting. But from the second I lay eyes on her, it’s game over. I should stay away, but I can’t. And now? I don’t think I want to.

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Oliver

My sneakers squeak against the hardwood as I pivot, sweat dripping down my face as I pass the ball to my teammate before peeling away. I fall back, keeping an eye on the drill as I do. Pants and grunts echo across the court as our feet trample the ground, focused and undeterred from the goal of treating each practice with the importance it deserves.

I'm dehydrated and exhausted but knowing we're on track to win the championship this year keeps me going. If we win, our team will bring home the first trophy in six years. For me, it'd be my first win as a starting point guard, and I'll be damned if I let my team down.

From the way everyone's moving, focused on pushing themselves to nearly passing out, it's obvious they want this win as much as I do.

I rush forward, ready to catch another pass and shoot, but the something...not something, a flash of red hair pulled into a ponytail, catches my eye. Momentarily distracted, I glance over, and I involuntarily stop in my tracks. Years of training tells me to keep my head in the game, but what I see is enough to silence all the protesting voice in my head. There's a girl, tall and beautiful, with the most striking face I've ever seen. She's talking to our coach, who hasn't noticed I'm at a dead stop in the middle of practice.

"Christ, Harmon," my teammate says as he slams into my back. "What are you—"

"Break!" I bark out, not bothering to apologize.

I don't wait to see if the rest of my team is listening, either. I'm pulled forward on instinct alone, because suddenly the most interesting thing in the room is this red-haired beauty queen. I brush my hand through my hair, only to realize how sweaty and disgusting I am from practice. Great. I want to introduce myself to her, but this isn't the best impression.

And is that...yup, I've sweated through my deodorant.

Fuck.

As if sensing my approach, or my inner turmoil, she turns, her fluffy ponytail swishing over her shoulder. God, she's even more beautiful up close. Forest green eyes, orange freckles dotting her nose and cheeks—and when my eyes drop to her full, pink lips, I know I'm a fucking goner.

“Harmon,” my coach says, annoyance twinging his tone. I know I'm staring, but he can fuck off. “Is there a reason you've stopped practice to interrupt me with my daughter?”

His daughter... Oh, fuck. That would explain the death glare I'm getting, and the similar eye color from said glare. I clear my throat, not willing to back down.

“Figured we needed a water break. They're dead on their feet,” I tell him. It's not technically a lie, but we were in the middle of a drill. Coach doesn't need to know that, though. “I didn't know you had a daughter.”

“This is—”

“Jenna.” Holy shit, her voice was as beautiful as her. She cuts her father off and offers me her hand. “Jenna White.”

I take her hand in mine, noting its exceptional softness. “Oliver Harmon,” I say as I squeeze her hand, reluctant to let go.

“I already know who you are,” she says. “My dad’s starting point guard, the pride of the team.” She rolls her eyes but smiles.

“Seems like my reputation precedes me,” I laugh, loving that challenging spark in her gaze.

The way she’s looking at me tells me that she could give a shit less about my position on the team. I’m not surprised, this is a girl who’s grown up around professional basketball players. We’re nothing special or new to her. That only makes me want her more.

As the moment stretches out before us, Coach White clears his throat, breaking our intense eye contact. The annoyance from before has shifted to irritation. It doesn’t take a rocket scientist to figure out that he’s protective of his daughter. I can’t say I blame him. I’ve just met her, and I’m confident that I’d do anything to keep her safe, especially as more and more of my team shoot curious glances her way. I’ll break every one of their kneecaps and win the damn championship myself if they don’t mind their business.

“I’ll reiterate,” Coach says, leveling me with a venomous look. When I glance over at Jenna, it’s clear she doesn’t appreciate her dad’s bitter tone. “Is there a good reason why you stopped practice? Jenna has to leave soon for her own practice.”

“Just wanted to introduce myself,” I say casually. I turn to Jenna then. “You play basketball?”

“I do,” she says, speaking before her father has the chance to dismiss me. “Over at the university.”

And, just like that, a plan to get Jenna alone starts to unfold in my mind.

“Really?” I say, grinning. “Maybe I can give you some pointers, go a few rounds after practice one day.”

Coach laughs. “She doesn’t need that.”

Jenna rolls her eyes. “He’s right, but I’m always open for a friendly game. I don’t have to be back for another two hours. Can’t have these boys thinking they need to school a woman on how to play basketball.”

“Didn’t mean it like that,” I say quickly. “Walk with me.”

Her eyes flash before she smiles and follows me across the room and out of the gymnasium.

“Don’t take too long,” Coach calls after us. “This break isn’t going to last much longer.”

“Yes, Coach,” I shout back, putting my hand on Jenna’s lower back to lead her through the doors. I can feel Coach’s eyes on us and something in the back of my mind tells me I should definitely be worried about his temper and protectiveness, but when I look down at Jenna, I decide all the wrath in the world is worth even a few minutes alone with her.

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Jenna

“Why’d you bring me in here?” I ask, glancing around the visitor’s locker room. It’s completely empty, smelling of disinfectant from being freshly cleaned. Last week’s home game had been a triumphant one, which meant the home team was rowdier than usual afterwards. But now, the locker is silent and a bit chilly.

“Just needed to grab another towel and fill my water bottle. Thought you might need a short walk considering your dad had smoke coming out of his ears.”

I laugh as Oliver rifles through his locker, and while his back is turned, I take him in fully. He’s taller than me, taller than my five ten and a half. I’m used to looking down at men, but with Oliver, my eyes have to travel up to look into those deep brown eyes.

When he turns around and shuts his locker, there’s something familiar in his gaze, something that usually tells me to steer clear of a guy. But coming from Oliver, it makes my insides clench in a good way. That look of possessiveness is exactly why I’ve listened to my dad’s advice about staying away from professional athletes. I’ve evaded being romantically involved with these men for a reason, but I knew when Oliver stopped practice and made his way to me, that rule might be thrown out the window.

I knew that hungry look in his eyes, and yet I’d let him walk me right out of that gym despite knowing I’d hear about it from my dad later, and so would Oliver.

“Look,” I say, scuffing my shoe on the floor. “I’ve been around long enough to know

how this goes, and I'm not interested in a hook up with one of my dad's prodigies."

Oliver freezes in place in front of me, his hand pauses in his hair. We stare at each other for a long minute before he blows out a breath. "Jesus, that's not why I wanted to talk to you at all, Jenna." Jenna. My name sounds so sweet on his lips. "I'm sorry if that's how I came off."

I squint my eyes at him despite the sincerity of his words touching something in my heart. "'Giving me pointers' is the oldest pick-up line in the book."

Oliver winces. "Yeah," he sighs. "Maybe that wasn't the smoothest. I wasn't implying that you needed them. Hell, I'd probably learn a thing or two from you instead."

Damn. I really like Oliver, so much so that I hate to crush his hopes and dreams. "Either way, it's not going to work out. We can play a fun little game of ball, but after that, it's probably best we keep our interactions on the court."

Oliver grins, like he's ready for a challenge. "How can you know it's not going to work out?" He steps a few inches closer.

"I just do," I reply, sounding much more convincing this time. "School, practice, my dad."

Oliver chuckles. "Seems like you've given this as much thought as I have, and I haven't even asked you on a date yet."

Despite my best efforts, I can feel a blush creeping up my neck and cheeks, which Oliver notices immediately. Finally, Oliver closes the gap between us until our chests are nearly touching.

“You’re not going to ask me on a date because you know it’d be a waste of time.”

Oliver’s eyes drop to my mouth, and he inhales slowly, as if he’s regaining control. “Nothing with you would be a waste of time, I know that for a fact. Who knows, maybe after one day I decide I really can’t stand you.”

I huff out a laugh before drawing my eyes back to his. “My number one rule is not to date professional athletes,” I counter.

He smirks, bringing his hand up to tuck a loose red curl behind my ear. “Is that your rule, or Daddy’s?”

I bristle at what he’s said, but before I can argue, a part of it rings true. Have I been following a rule I don’t care about just to appease my dad?

“I—”

He cuts me up, taking my chin between his thumb and finger, forcing my gaze to lock with his. “You don’t have to listen to Daddy. Not that one anyway,” he says, nodding towards the locker room door before adding a wink that sends my stomach plummeting to the floor.

His words have me feeling lightheaded and weak in the knees. My mouth is dry, and I swallow hard. “Maybe I don’t want to date a professional athlete.”

“Are you sure?” Oliver asks, pulling me close until his lips are on my ear. “Because it doesn’t sound like you’re too sure about that.”

Fuck my shaky, lust filled voice.

Still, I lie and say, “I’m positive.”

He chuckles again, sending a shudder through my body. My eyes fall closed and my body drifts closer to him without permission. I should really push him away and leave this locker room before I...

“I think I can convince you,” Oliver murmurs in my ear, and within seconds, his mouth is on mine—and to my utter surprise, I’m kissing him back. I’ve kissed a man before, but not like this. Oliver is hungry, he wants me in a relentless way that has me folding myself into him. I wrap my arms around his neck, sighing into his mouth in content. When he runs his tongue along my bottom lip, I open up to him even further.

I move my mouth against his, doing my best to give back as good as I’m getting. A whine escapes me without my permission, and before I’m able to feel shame about it, Oliver’s kissing me even harder. He shifts his hands to the swell of my ass, pulling me flush against his front. His tongue pushes against mine.

I’m wet between my legs, unbelievably turned on by nothing more than a kiss. And, judging by the hardness that’s pressing against me, Oliver’s just as into this as I am. His hips twitch slightly, like he’s looking for more friction.

After a few seconds, he pulls away, and says, “That wasn’t the kiss of someone who’s convinced, little girl.”

My breath hitches at the nickname. It should upset me. I hate being treated like a child, yet when Oliver calls me little girl, my stomach does flip flops. It’s the same sensation I felt earlier when he said the word, “daddy.”

“I—” I swallow. “Um.”

Before I’m able to respond, the sound of Oliver’s teammates calling his name floats into the locker room. He chuckles, shaking his head as he leans down to press his lips against my neck. I shudder at the contact, aching for more.

“Come to my place after your practice,” he whispers into my ear, his proximity causing goosebumps to blossom down my arms. “We’ll talk more about this later.”

He gives me a once over, shaking his head as I try to collect myself. Oliver presses a kiss to my forehead as his teammates call his name again. My hands drop to my sides as I watch him disappear into the hallway. What the fuck just happened. My mind is trying to catch up to my reality. There’s no way I’m going to his house tonight, no way I’m going to indulge him in whatever fantasy is playing out in his head because I’ve seen guys like Oliver. I’ve known men who don’t respect their wives or girlfriends—so why does Oliver seem to exude the complete opposite of the trash I’ve dated before?

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Oliver

When I came out of the locker room, I had to dodge a million questions from my teammates. I easily lied and said I got a cramp and needed to stretch, which most of them accepted. The ones who didn't take my excuse at face value don't have the guts to call me out on my bullshit. Despite most of them knowing something more than a cramp got me worked up, they were thankful for the long break and were ready to resume practice when I got back.

As soon as I step onto the court, I'm fully prepared for Coach White to call me over. I was even expecting the way his jaw is set and how his brow furrows in annoyance. It's a look I've seen when a referee makes a shitty call, or when someone on the team disregards his instructions, but that expression has never been directed at me before.

"What's up, Coach?" I ask, deciding to keep this casual. He's great at his job, but he can be a bit of a hothead. I've already poked the bear enough.

"That was some stunt you pulled with Jenna," he says, his eyes narrowing. "You wanna explain yourself, Harmon?"

"Nothing to explain," I say with a shrug. "I said I was giving her pointers. That's all it was."

"Bullshit," he spits, keeping his voice dangerously low so my teammates can't overhear our conversation. He steps in closer, and even though he has to look up to maintain eye contact, I can't deny that he's a little intimidating. "That's bullshit and you know it, Harmon. Now I'm going to ask you straight. What the hell are your

intentions with my daughter?”

I want to marry her , I think. And I want to make her call me Daddy while I fuck her within an inch of her life .

That answer won't go over very well, though.

Instead, I double down on my story. I keep my posture straight and as relaxed as I can manage as I say, “I don't have any intentions, Coach. I was just giving her some pointers. As a professional. That's all that was.”

“Right,” he scoffs, clearly not believing a word out of my mouth. Smart man. “Is there a reason you couldn't have had that conversation courtside?”

“I didn't want to disturb my teammates during their break,” I reply with a shrug, knowing I'm digging myself into a deep hole, but I've already committed, and if there's one thing about me, I see things through to the end. “Just trying to be respectful.”

Coach's face deepens in a crimson color and his jaw clenches even tighter, but I stand my ground.

“Respectful,” he mutters. “Do you think I'm a fucking idiot?”

“No, sir,” I reply, and that's the full truth. I do respect Coach, and I know he's not stupid. He's a great coach, a great mentor, but with Jenna, I'm willing to die fighting.

He laughs, cold and humorless. “Really? Because you're talking to me like I'm one. I know you didn't just drag my daughter off to give her pointers. Your teammates had to go looking for you, Harmon. I don't know what the fuck you were doing, and quite frankly I don't want to, but I know for damn sure you weren't ‘giving her pointers.’”

Well, maybe not about basketball.

When I don't respond, he smirks. Apparently not saying anything gave him all the confirmation he needed. He knows I'm guilty, but I refuse to give him an admission. I keep my mouth stubbornly closed and my face completely blank.

"Look, Harmon," Coach White says after a long pause. He crosses his arms over his chest, staring me down in what is clearly an attempt to make me back down. "I like you; I do. And I don't give a shit who you stick your dick in." His eyes rake over my body as a hint of disgust settles on his face. "But Jenna? She's off limits," he says. "Got it?"

Despite my best efforts, my teeth grind together. I'm pretty level-headed, most of the time. I didn't get to where I am today without being a little cold and calculating, but explicitly telling me that I can't have the woman of my dreams? That's officially one of the top five ways of getting under my fucking skin.

"I don't think that's up to you to decide," I say, my voice calm as fire burns hot in my chest. "She's an adult, and so am I." When he scoffs, I continue. "You're my coach. You can tell me what to do on the court. When it comes to my personal life, you have no authority. Even if I was interested in your daughter, it's none of your business."

He laughs, loud and derisive. It's loud enough that it can be heard over the squeak of shoes on the court. I can feel my teammates' eyes on us, but that isn't enough to make me back down. Let them see.

"That's the thing, Harmon," Coach White says after a few moments, letting his volume drop low enough that I have to lean in to hear what he says next. "I'm your coach. That means your career, everything you've worked for... that's in my hands."

"What are you saying?" I growl, working my jaw as I clench my hands into fists at

my sides. “Because it sounds like you’re extorting me.”

“Is that what you’d call this?” he asks, tilting his head to the side. “Don’t I get something out of extortion? I’m just ensuring that the members of my team are focused on the game. I think it would be well within my rights to terminate a player who’s cutting practice in pursuance of girl he knows nothing about. Don’t you think?”

“Are you threatening to kick me off the team if I pursue Jenna?” I ask, my tone lethal.

There’s conviction in his eyes, a kind of determination that nestles itself there when he’s giving us a pre-game speech. He means what he’s saying. In fact, I bet he’s never meant something more before in his life.

“It’s not a threat, Harmon,” he says, rolling his shoulders back. I narrow my eyes at him as he prepares for the final blow, a blow that isn’t going to land as hard as he hopes it will—because I’ve already made up my mind. I’d let my world burn to the ground if it meant I was left standing with Jenna at my side. “If you find yourself distracted by my daughter again, you won’t have a place on this team anymore.”

Part of me wants to call his bluff. He wants to win this championship as badly as I do. But Jennia is his daughter. She’s no doubt more important to him than the damn title.

Fuck, she’s more important to me than the title. As intense as my hunger for that win is, my hunger for Jenna is even more all-consuming. I’m willing to risk it all for her, even if Coach White is willing to take that same risk.

So, with that in mind, I look my coach square in the face and say, “Okay.”

He seems content with that answer, though the fire is still in his eyes. His eyes finally drift away from me and over to where the rest of the team is still running drills. With

an authoritative tone, he says, “Now get back out there, Harmon. I’d hate to see you falling behind.”

I nod, turning around to head back to the court. There’s no reason to say anything else. It’s best that he thinks I’m going along with his demands. But, for the rest of practice, I look forward to having Jenna to myself later. By the time she gets to my place, I’ll have a foolproof plan for making her mine. What her father thinks be damned.

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Jenna

After a long drive and plenty of time to think about what I was doing, I now sit in front of Oliver's home. His house is outside the city and seems far too big for someone who lives alone, but that's not uncommon with professional athletes. It's all about show, not practicality.

Seeing that Oliver is no exception to this phenomenon makes it easier to turn him down.

I've spent most of the day thinking about Oliver in good and bad lights. At first, I was obsessed with replaying our kiss in the locker room. It was like a short film that would start over again and again in my mind. I let him kiss me; I could have thrown a fit and told him no, even told my dad what he tried to do. That's not how it went through—but now that I'm thinking rationally, my next steps seem obvious.

I glance at my overnight bag in my passenger seat. I packed it knowing what a huge juxtaposition it would be considering I was here to turn him down, but I'm leaving it in the car and that has to count for something right?

I take a steadying breath and finally start to make my way up the well-lit walkway leading to his oversized front door. On the short walk there, I remind myself of all the reasons why Oliver is off-limits, why I'm off-limits to him. I remind myself why dating or getting involved with athletes is not a good idea. Just like the houses and the expensive cars, women are nothing more than trophies to them, and I'll be damned if I'm anything more than a commodity.

I knock on the door, and almost immediately Oliver pulls it open. We stare at each other for a few seconds before a wide grin stretches across his face. My heart flutters in my chest and damn if my conviction doesn't start to crumble. Oliver's eyes quickly roam over my body, heating my insides like a warm blanket draped over my shoulders.

"Jenna," he says. "It's good to see you."

I give him a nod as he steps aside, welcoming me inside. The interior of his home wasn't what I was expected; it's understated, furnished in a minimalistic way. Parties aren't held at houses like this, this isn't the kind of place you show off to women or friends. This is the kind of place that exists only for Oliver to relax after practice.

I don't let this information sway me though.

The door clicks shut, the lock engaging. Then, Oliver's hand is on my shoulder. As he turns me toward him, I can already feel his intentions. I have to speak before he kisses me, before my body surrenders to him without my permission.

"Wait, Oliver," I say, putting my hands on his chest and staring into his eyes. I give him my most serious expression. "I'm not here to hook up with you." Even though the overnight bag in my car tells me otherwise.

"I already told you that's not what I want, Jenna," he replies, tone silky smooth and sure. "Is it less intimidating if I said I want to marry you?" He flashes me a coy smile when my eyes widen.

"Oliver, don't be ridiculous. You can't just have me."

"Of course not," Oliver says, unaffected by my rejection. He rests a hand against my jaw, cupping my cheek and urging me to look at his face again. "But you feel

something between us, too. I know you do.”

He’s right. And that’s why I decide to ignore that statement. If I voice my thoughts, he’ll have me – hook, line, and sinker.

“I don’t think you get it,” I say instead. “Oliver, I’m not one of your toys. I’m not a possession. I’m sure that cute marriage line works on other women just fine, but I’m not like them.”

“You really think I’m picking up other women?” He lets go of my cheek, and I mourn the loss. “Jenna, I’m not that kind of guy.”

Even though I find myself believing him, I say, “Sure you’re not.”

He runs his enormous hand through his blond hair. Determination is written in each of his features. I realize I’m holding my breath as I wait to see how he rebuffs me.

“Let’s sit down,” he says after a moment. “I don’t date. Or do hookups. I’ll tell you why. You can decide if you believe me after we talk.”

His expression is so open, so genuine, that I can’t help but nod. I let him take my hand, enjoying the way his palm dwarfs mine. Then, he walks us into his living room before we settle onto a black leather couch. He threads his fingers through mine and gives them a little squeeze that sends my pulse racing.

“You’re not just something for me to acquire,” Oliver says, rubbing his thumb against mine. “I need you to know that. I know the kind of athlete you’re comparing me to, and trust me, I’m as disgusting by them as you are. I know you’re different, I know you’re not like the rest.”

“Oliver...” I say, the truth of his words piercing me.

“Let me finish,” he says on a sigh. “I want to tell you this, even if it might confirm some suspicion about me.” Oliver runs a hand down his face before continuing. “I’ve never been the random hook-up type, but one night after a game, some of my teammates convinced me to take someone home, that it’s what I needed. It happened once, and ever since then I... I just don’t do that kind of thing anymore. Plus, I played the worst game of my life the next day,” Oliver says with a half-hearted laugh.

I find myself rubbing his hand, too, seeing how hard it was for him to admit something he felt shame about. Athletes are usually superstitious, so when he says he played a terrible game after his hook-up, I already know he believes that somehow that event caused him to play at his worst.

“So, why do you think being with me won’t continue a rain of bad luck?” I’m half kidding, but I’m also thinking about all my pre-game rituals that keep me locked and loaded for my games.

Oliver smiles. “I know it won’t, and even if he does, I don’t care. One day I won’t be able to play anymore, and I’ll still want you.”

“Oliver...” I say his name like it’s a prayer for help.

“Players age out, Jenna. This isn’t something I want for this season or this year; if you’ll let me, I want to pursue like you deserve to be pursued.”

Fuck, he has his claws in me, deep. I’m right where he wants me to be, and I just let it happen. I tighten my fingers around his, noticing the tension I walked in here with has been replaced by something stronger, something I can’t ignore.

Before I can speak, Oliver leans forward, closing the gap between us, and I meet him halfway.

This kiss...it's more meaningful than the one we shared in the locker room. Me kissing him back tells him that everything he's said to me has landed somewhere in my heart—that I don't just feel butterflies, I feel a whole forest fire for him.

When Oliver yanks me onto his lap, I go easily. My knees fall on either side of his thighs. His hands rest possessively on my hips. An unrestrained groan escapes my mouth, and I feel his hard length pressing against my sensitive sex. On instinct, I press my body down against him. He responds by thrusting upward. It sends electric shocks through my entire being.

The heat between us intensifies, and I know my overnight bag is laughing at me right now. My heart is racing in excitement, but also a little fear. I've always been so independent, done things all on my own. I refuse help at every turn and get offended when I think that I'm being treated too delicately. Yet, when I'm around Oliver, I feel like I can just let go. It must be his earlier vulnerability. Because he opened up to me, I want to let him return the favor.

Inexplicably, him calling me "little girl" plays in my mind.

"Oliver," I gasp, pulling away from his mouth when his hands drift down to my ass. "Hold on, I have to tell you something."

"What is it, baby?" he asks, the pet name sending a shiver down my spine. "You okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, more than okay," I say, gasping when his hips jerk up to press his hardness against me again.

"Then what is it?" he murmurs, pressing a kiss to the corner of my mouth. "It's okay. You can tell me anything."

“I’m, uh,” I start, losing my mind a little when he starts to press kisses down the column of my neck. “I’ve never... I’ve never done anything like this before.”

Oliver pauses as he processes my words. He chuckles under his breath, but it doesn’t feel derisive. Then, he starts kissing me again. Against my skin, he says, “Are you telling me you’re a virgin, little girl?”

There it is. That name. The one that makes me feel absolutely crazy for him. A moan of desire escapes my lips. My head is nodding before I find my voice again.

“I am,” I finally admit out loud. His cock twitches under my ass, my innocence clearly turning him on. “But I trust you.”

“Good,” he says, connecting our mouths again in a steamy kiss. “Let’s get you to my bedroom then, little girl.”

“Yes, daddy,” I sigh, the word slipping out before I can think about it. Immediately, I begin to take it back saying, “I’m sorry, I—”

“You want daddy to take care of you?” he asks, his voice dropping down to a lower octave. “Is that what you want, baby?”

I shudder, my hands on his shoulders gripping him even harder. I whisper, “Yes, daddy,” then, I squeak when he picks me up and starts walking me through his house.

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Oliver

Jenna holds onto me tightly, her hips grinding against my front as I carry her up the stairs to my bedroom. I don't even think she's conscious of what she's doing, her body chasing the pleasure she desires and relying on its base instincts to do it. With the way she's acting, I bet she's never even had an orgasm before.

Once I get her into my bedroom, I settle her on the edge of my bed. I cup her face in my hand, noting how small her face is compared to it. Then, I lean forward and kiss her gently.

"Daddy's going to take care of everything," I assure her, loving the way her eyes glaze over when I call myself that. "You just sit back and let me make you feel good."

I wait until I hear that sweet voice of hers say, "Okay, daddy."

God, it shouldn't turn me on hearing her say that, but it does. And clearly, she loves it too. So, it looks like the two of us are diving into the deep end together.

Together. I fucking love the sound of that.

I lean in, kissing her reverently. She relaxes into the contact, her hands grabbing onto my wrists as I caress the hem of her soft t-shirt. Her touch slides up as my hands drift under the fabric. Beneath my fingertips, the muscles of her abdomen jump. When I break the kiss to pull the shirt over her head, she lifts her arms to help me.

The shirt falls to the floor at my feet, and I take a moment to admire the newly revealed skin. She's gorgeous. A smattering of freckles is laid across her shoulders. There's a dusting of them atop the swell of her breasts. I can't stop myself from leaning down to press kisses to each of them.

"My gorgeous girl," I tell her, my fingers dancing up and down her sides. "These clothes need to come off so I can see the rest of your perfect body."

Jenna nods eagerly, leaning in for another kiss. I'm so hard I can barely stand up straight, but Jenna deserves my patience. I'd give her anything in the entire world, and I get to show her that tonight.

This time, when our lips meet, the kiss is messy. She's desperate for more, though I suspect she wouldn't be able to articulate what she wants. Knowing that drives me crazy. I'm in control of her pleasure. She's trusting me to take good care of her, and that's exactly what I'm going to do.

I'm going to make her feel so incredible that she's ruined for any other man. Not that there's ever going to be another man.

I use my height to guide her backwards onto the bed without breaking the kiss. Once she's lying down, I reach for the waistband of her black sweatpants. As if reading my mind, she lifts her hips to help me strip them from her body. They come off easily, her underwear going along with them.

Her low-cut sports bra is the last thing standing in my way. Jenna senses it before I do, sitting up and stripping it from her chest. Then, she tosses it to the side, giggling against my lips.

"Fuck," I curse into her mouth. I lean away, my eyes racking over her body. "You're beautiful, Jenna."

Beautiful is an understatement. This woman is without a doubt the most perfect creature to ever walk this earth. She's adorned with freckles everywhere, the marks laying out a map of every single place I want to kiss her. They contrast so beautifully against her milky skin that I find myself attempting to write love poems in my head to try to express how I feel about her.

I reach forward, tweaking her hard, dusty pink nipples as I continue devouring her with my gaze. Beneath her skin, there's lean muscle, the signs that she's an athlete too. I try not to dwell on what that means for our activities in the bedroom, but I have a feeling she'll give me a run for my money.

Pinching the nubs between my fingers and drawing a breathy gasp out of her, I put my mouth on her neck and suck a bruise there, then I let my gaze drift lower. Her thighs are strong, and her legs are long. Nestled between those gorgeous legs is a sight that makes my mouth water.

Her pussy is dripping wet and light pink. There's a dusting of red hair above it – freshly trimmed, like she was anticipating this happening. I move to my knees, eager to taste her sweetness. Jenna whines, grinding down into my touch. My cock aches, needing attention, needing to be inside of her.

I take my hand away, drinking up the needy noise that Jenna makes in response. With precision, I rip my shirt off and throw it off to the side. Then, I lean in, running my tongue through her folds as I start to work myself out of my jeans.

My hands fumble with the belt buckle and the button. I'm too taken by how good she tastes. She's better than those expensive wines my teammates always buy. Her tangy, slightly sweet nectar coats my tongue as I eat her out. Above me, she moans for me, moans for her daddy.

I keep going until she's shaking, flicking my tongue over her clit and groaning with

pleasure each time her breath hitches. I know she's getting close, but I'm selfish. I want her to cum with my cock inside her. I want what I think will be her first orgasm to be given to her by my cock.

My chest heaving, I force myself away from her sweetness. As I'm kicking my pants off, I tell her, "Get further up on the bed for me, little girl."

Jenna stays where she is for a moment, and when I look at her face, I see the reason. Her eyes are locked on my aching member. I grin, knowing I'm bigger than average.

"It's okay, baby," I tell her, guiding her back onto the pillows. "Daddy's going to make you feel so good. I'll fit in your tight little pussy."

She nods as she settles in. Then, as she spreads her legs for me, she asks, "Will it hurt?"

"It might," I admit, stroking her outer thigh softly. I won't lie to her. No matter what, even if the truth is ugly and painful, I won't lie to her. "But it won't last long. It'll start feeling good before you know it."

"Okay," she says, giving me a devastatingly beautiful smile. "I trust you."

"Good," I reply before leaning back in to kiss her again.

As I kiss her, I use one elbow to hold myself up. With my free hand, I reach between my legs, pumping my cock and groaning at the sensation. I've been aching since our little meeting in the locker room. I've needed her all day long, but I haven't allowed myself to jerk off.

I rest the tip of my length against her opening, running it teasingly through her folds as I place my forehead against hers. As I push inside of her slowly, I maintain eye

contact. I watch the way her face contorts, the slight pinching of her brows as the first inch breeches her, the way her features relax as I plunge further inside.

“Breathe for me, little girl,” I say, pressing a kiss to her cheek as I sink all the way in.

She inhales deeply, and when she exhales, the most erotic moan I’ve ever heard escapes her lips. I groan in return, pushing the rest of the way into her tight wetness. She feels so incredible around my length that I’m surprised I don’t cum right there.

I hold myself still, gathering myself while she adjusts. I’m thankful to have the excuse for the moment of respite. Then, when I don’t feel like I’m teetering on the edge of blowing my load, I roll my hips shallowly.

As I start a slow, teasing rhythm, I say, “Talk to me, little girl. Tell daddy how you feel.”

“You’re so—” she starts, hiccupping as I thrust into her. “You’re so big. Feels so good.”

“You like daddy’s cock, little girl?” I ask her, shuddering at the way her body reacts to the words.

“Yes,” she says, her short nails digging into my back. “So good, daddy.”

“I’m going to go faster now,” I say, kissing her hard before pulling back so I can watch her reactions.

“Please, daddy,” she practically screams, her voice pitching up as I start to pick up my pace.

I begin slamming into her ruthlessly, one word running through my mind as I do.

Mine .

Jenna is mine. The way she moans, the way she scratches at my skin, the way she utters the word “daddy”... all of it adds up to me having my hooks in her. No one else can have her, and I know that she doesn’t want anyone else.

“Oh!” she gasps as I change the angle of my hips slightly. “That’s... Oh my god.”

“I find your g-spot, baby?” I ask, driving my hips into that spot over and over again. “You gonna cum?”

“I think so,” Jenna whines, her pussy tightening around my length. “Daddy, I think so.”

“Just let it go,” I tell her, my own climax approaching quickly, threatening to slam into me at any point. “Let daddy make you feel good.”

My words seem to light her up, and she pulses around me. A high-pitched, broken whine escapes her lips. She holds onto me even tighter as wetness gushes from her.

Her orgasm seems to take over her whole body. I feel her legs twitch and hear her voice crack. She seems torn between pressing her hips up against me to meet my thrusts and pulling away before I overstimulate her. And, as she experiences this, I keep up my steady motion, working her through her pleasure.

I can’t hold it back any longer, and as the last tendrils of her orgasm work their way through her body, my own climax bowls over me. I grunt, her name on my lips. My cock twitches hard inside her, my balls squeezing before I empty my load into her pussy.

My rhythm stays steady as I fill her up. She whines, gasping as she feels me

depositing my load into her tight pussy. With each thrust, I fuck my sperm deep into her. The tip of my cock pushes up against the edge of her cervix, and I find myself desperately hoping that she gets pregnant, that she swells up round and glowing with my child.

Once my pleasure subsides, I slip out of her gently. I pepper kisses all over her face, stroking her jaw gently with my thumb. Then, I lie on my side, pulling her against my chest.

“Wow,” she whispers, nestling in closer to me. “I– That was better than I thought it would be.”

“Only the best for you,” I say, tilting her head up for a kiss.

The only thing that goes through my mind as we kiss lazily is mine. This girl is mine.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 7:40 am

Jenna

I'm an early riser, but Oliver gets up even earlier. By the time I got out of bed to wander out to my car to grab my overnight bag for a change of clothes, he'd already made a pot of coffee and started on breakfast. When I told him I wasn't sticking around for a meal, he seemed genuinely disappointed which twisted something in my gut.

He practically begged me with those sex eyes I'm learning to love, but he dropped it when I told him I was meeting with my dad today. And, even then, I could tell that he didn't really care. He was just letting me go to keep me from getting upset.

Is it wrong that I wish he would have insisted that I blow my father off?

That doesn't matter now. I'm parked out front of my dad's favorite diner. I love my dad, I really do. He provides for me even though he's given me all of the skills I need to be self-sufficient. Thanks to him, I don't have to worry about a job in the off-season. He covers anything my scholarships won't cover. Even though he's a little controlling at times, he always has my best interest at heart and has since my mom died when I was little.

I stay in my car, feeling a little like I'm hiding. Truthfully, I'm worried that he'll take one look at me and know that I was with Oliver last night. While I've learned that my mind can easily be changed when it comes to dating athletes, I know for a fact that he won't be so easily swayed. Plus, I saw how he reacted when Oliver introduced himself yesterday.

I'm in the middle of giving myself a pep talk when I spot my dad approaching my car. I take a few deep breaths, running my hand through my hair to ensure it lies properly, then I get out of my car. I approach him with a smile on my face, opening my arms for a hug.

My arms and my smile drop when I catch the expression on his features.

It's almost as if something horrifying has happened. His brows are knit together, his lips are pursed. It's the same expression he used to wear when I was about to get scolded. I haven't seen it in such a long time that I feel like I might collapse. It's almost like I'm a child again, afraid that I've upset my dad beyond repair, afraid that I'm about to lose my only living parent.

"Daddy?" I say. I haven't called him that in so long. It tastes different coming out of my mouth when it's directed at my father. "Is everything alright?"

He's staring at my neck, his jaw set. I take a few steps toward him, reaching out hesitantly. Maybe I can snap him out of whatever's going on. Or, at the very least, I'll be able to get him to talk. Usually, I can calm him down if I can just get him to talk to me.

"Seriously, Dad," I say, putting my hand on his shoulder. He shrugs it off, and I pretend that motion doesn't stab me right in the heart. "Will you say something?"

"What's the one rule I have for you now that you're an adult?" he asks after a few seconds, his voice dark.

"Uh," I say, blinking at him slowly. "What... Why are you asking that?"

"Answer me, Jenna," he says, his eyes finally tearing away from where they've been resting on my neck. I see fire in his gaze, and it takes all of my strength to keep from

slinking away with my tail tucked between my legs. “What’s my one rule?”

“Dad, I–”

“My one rule,” he says, cutting me off, his tone sharp, “is that you are not to date professional athletes.”

My blood runs cold. Does he know about my night with Oliver? And if he does, how? Can he really just tell by looking at me?

The truth hits me like a bullet. My dad’s eyes locked onto my neck as soon as he approached me. Last night, Oliver had attached his mouth to my throat and sucked hard. I’m standing here with evidence of what I’ve done displayed just inches from my face.

“Harmon did that,” my father says. He’s so sure of himself, eerily calm in his delivery even though I see a storm bubbling just below his composed surface. “He did that to you. He didn’t even have the decency to hide it. Neither did you. It’s like you both want me to know, like you’re taunting me or something.”

“No, that’s not–” I try to say before I’m cut off again.

“I’ve told you!” my father screams, his voice echoing off the buildings around us, garnering the attention of the bystanders. “Jenna, I’ve told you! I’ve spent my whole life telling you. Professional athletes like Harmon are the scum of the earth! They take whatever they want. They use women like they’re toys! Then, when they’re done, they toss them to the side without a second thought.”

“Oliver’s not like that!” I protest, my voice rising in volume to match his. I’m getting upset on Oliver’s behalf – and for myself. I’m not a baby. I can make my own decisions. “He’s your player, but you don’t know him! And you don’t know every

basketball player! Maybe they're not all as bad as you say!"

My dad scoffs, snarling at me. If anger weren't coursing through me, I might be afraid. Right now, I'm not. Instead, I only feel myself getting more furious. He refuses to see me as anything more than a child, and I can't stand it.

"I'm a lot older than you, Jenna," he says, laughing derisively. "I've seen a whole lot of basketball players. I've talked to them. I've heard from their wives and girlfriends. Not a goddamn one of them could confidently say they were being treated well."

I grind my jaw, my hands clenching into fists at my sides. The urge to scream and throw a fit overcomes me, but I can't do that. I need him to respect me as an adult, to understand that I know what I'm doing, and this is my life.

"You don't know Oliver," I say after taking a deep, steadying breath. "You think you do, but you don't."

My dad looks at me, completely unimpressed. For a long moment, he doesn't say anything. The two of us just stand here, staring at each other, waiting for the other to break. I won't break, though. I won't.

Finally, my dad says, "You know what, Jenna? You win. You've always been stubborn as hell."

It doesn't sound like I've won, though. There's something dark in his tone, in the set of his shoulders. He's got something up his sleeve, and he's waiting for me to believe that he's going to let me do whatever I want. I make it clear that I'm waiting for the other shoe to drop, crossing my arms over my chest.

"You're an adult," he continues, chest heaving from the effort of keeping his voice low. Apparently, he decided he doesn't want people to see the city's star coach

yelling at his daughter. Smart move on his part. “I can’t control you.”

“You can’t,” I agree, tilting my head back and forcing myself to maintain eye contact.

“And, since you’re an adult, that means you’re capable of finding your own way,” he says. “It also means that I’m not responsible for providing you financial support.”

“Right,” I say, even though it’s a blow right where it hurts. “You’re not.”

“I’m more than happy to keep money in your account if you stop seeing Harmon,” he says, issuing his ultimatum with an air of finality. “But, if you decide he’s really that important to you, I’m done funding your lifestyle. Get a job. Or, better yet, have him funnel money into your bank account. We both know how much he makes. He can manage.”

“Fine,” I reply. “I’ll find a job. I’m not asking for anyone’s money, though.”

“Of course you won’t,” he sneers. “Not like Harmon will have his money for much longer anyway.”

“What is that supposed to mean?” I ask, my stomach sinking.

My dad shrugs, an ugly smirk on his face. I hardly recognize him. Is this really the man that raised me?

“Harmon’s performance has been slipping,” he says, the words practiced but without any passion. I don’t think he believes them. “I think he’s distracted. And, if he stays distracted, well... he won’t have a spot on my team anymore.”

I stare at him dumbfounded, trying to find the words to respond. Would he really fire Oliver over me? He wants the championship win, and there’s no way he’d get it

without Oliver, but he seems so different. It's like my blooming relationship with his star point guard has turned him into a man I don't recognize.

As I'm still gathering my thoughts, my dad turns around without giving me a second look. He walks away, saying, "You know, I've lost my appetite. Have a good day, Jenna."

I don't know how long I stand there just staring after him, but eventually I become aware of wetness on my cheeks. With a sniffle, I wipe off my face and get back into my car. I don't know what I'm going to do, but I'm sure that when Oliver finds out about my dad's plans, he's not going to want anything to do with me anymore.

And that hurts more than anything my father could do to me.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 7:40 am

Oliver

After my incredible night with Jenna, I'm on cloud nine. I arrive at the stadium early, earlier than I usually do. I'm so full of energy, so hyped up now that I've gotten the girl of my dreams, that I just had to get in and burn off some of this steam.

What I'm not expecting when I step into the locker room is to see Jenna standing there waiting for me.

At first, I'm elated. She must already want more, and I can't say that I'm opposed to fucking her again before practice. In fact, my dick starts to get hard at the prospect. But then, I see the look on her face and my heart drops.

"What's wrong?" I ask, dropping my duffle bag and crossing the room to cup her face in my hands. There are tears collecting in the corners of her eyes, and her bottom lip wobbles like she's about to lose her composure. "Is everything okay, Jenna?"

"No," she says, her voice wavering on the single syllable. "It's not, I—"

She stops herself, averting her eyes. My hold on her remains steady, and I stroke her cheeks gently, encouraging her to continue. After she takes a few deep breaths, she looks at me again, an indescribable sadness in her gaze. It makes me ache, and I feel all of her pain.

"I... My dad knows," she says, looking ashamed of the admission. "I didn't tell him or anything, I just... I forgot I had this." She gestures to the hickey on her neck. "And he saw it."

Somehow, my stomach sinks even further. I knew this wasn't something we'd be able to hide from Coach White, but I hadn't expected him to find out so soon. And, truthfully, it's all my fault. If I could have held myself back from marking Jenna up, her father would still be none the wiser.

It's too late to think about things like that, though. The reality is that our secret's out, and even though Jenna hasn't shared any of the details about her conversation with her dad, I can tell that it didn't go well. My job now is to comfort my girl and find a way to make things okay in her eyes.

"What did he say?" I ask, deciding the best way to comfort her is to address whatever outlandish, likely insensitive things her father told her in the heat of the moment.

"He said he'd take away my financial help, which—"

"I'll support you," I say, leaning forward to press my lips against her forehead. "You'll never have to worry about money, Jenna."

She gives me a watery smile as she says, "You're too good to me, but..."

"But what?" I prod when she doesn't elaborate. I think I already know what she's going to say, though.

My suspicions are confirmed when Jenna sighs and says, "He threatened to kick you off the team."

As soon as the words leave her lips, tears cascade down her cheeks. I brush them away, my touch gentle. Softly, I shush her crying. Somehow, she seems more upset by the prospect of me losing my job than I feel. I guess she doesn't understand that I would throw away everything if it meant having her.

“You don’t need to cry,” I tell her, pulling her against my chest and wrapping my arms around her. I place another kiss on the top of her head. “Everything’s going to be okay, Jenna.”

“It’s not,” she whimpers, breaking down even further. “We’re— He’s— You’re—”

“Breathe for me, little girl,” I murmur, rubbing her back soothingly.

I could kick her father’s ass right now for making her feel this way. If he really cared about his daughter, he wouldn’t make her feel so hopeless. This isn’t about protecting her; it’s about controlling her.

“Daddy,” she stutters out, taking ragged breaths against my chest. “I— You’ll never want to see me again. You can’t— I can’t let you throw your career away for me.”

“Hey,” I say softly, pulling her back, needing to see her face. The way she called me daddy melts my heart and strengthens my resolve. She’s more important than anything else. I give her a reassuring smile as I say, “I’m probably five years away from retirement anyway. So what if I retire early, you’re worth it.”

“But—”

I shake my head, not wanting her to work herself up any further. I murmur, “I have more than enough money put back. I can support you through school. I’ve already got a championship under my belt. I don’t need another. As long as I have you.”

She snuffles, giving me a sad smile as she says, “I couldn’t ask you to do any of that, Oliver. Maybe... maybe in a few years, we can—”

“No,” I say, my tone sharper than I meant it to be. I just can’t fathom letting her go now that I have her. A few years might as well be a few decades. “Jenna, I love you. I

would do anything for you because you're the only thing that matters to me."

She stares at me, her eyes wide as she processes my words. I let them sit between us. I want Jenna to absorb them, to understand their gravity. She's the best thing that's ever happened to me, and I'll be damned if I don't let her know it.

"Oliver," she whispers after a few seconds, her eyes full of affection and disbelief. "Do you mean that? Do you really mean it?"

"Of course I mean it," I say, leaving no room in my statement for her to doubt my conviction, my devotion to her. "I've never meant anything more in my life. Jenna, I love you. I love you with all my heart. I'm as sure of it as I can possibly be. You're my future, and I meant it when I told you I was going to make you my wife. You're it for me, Jenna."

The smile that breaks out on her face makes whatever hardships we're about to experience worth it. She's ecstatic. All that previous sorrow, the weight she was carrying that led her to meeting me here before practice, has melted away.

"I love you too," she says. "I've never been in love before, but I know I'm in love with you, Oliver. It's the only thing I've ever been sure of."

Her declaration blankets me in an overwhelming calm. I didn't know how badly I needed to hear her say that. Now, I know she's mine – irrevocably and undeniably. There's nothing that can keep us apart, not even her father's threats on both of our livelihoods. We'll find a way. As long as we have each other, we'll be okay.

When I lean in to kiss her, Jenna meets me halfway. Her mouth is insistent against mine, and her confidence in us shines through. I groan, shifting my grip to her ass and pulling her even closer.

My cock starts to get hard in my sweats. The way her body feels against mine coupled with the knowledge that she feels the exact same way about me is almost too much to handle. I feel like if I stay here kissing her for too much longer, I might just explode in my boxers.

Grinding against her so she knows exactly what she's doing to me, I pull back and look down at her. I take in her expression, her parted, kiss-swollen lips. Her pupils are dilated, and I know she needs me just as much as I need her right now.

And God, I need to show her just how much I love her.

"Come with me," I say, squeezing her ass playfully before grabbing onto her hand and pulling her out of the locker room.

"Where are we going?" she asks breathlessly, a little giggle escaping her as I tug her along.

"Somewhere private," I tell her, grinning at her over my shoulder as I pull open the door to a supply closet a little ways away from the locker room. "There's no way I'm letting anyone interrupt us, little girl."

Then, Jenna says, "Yes, daddy," and I have no choice but to get her inside this tiny room and close the door behind us so I can have my way with her.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 7:40 am

Jenna

As soon as we're inside the dark supply closet, Oliver's mouth is on mine. He kisses me hungrily, spinning me around so my back is pressed against the door. I spread my legs for him, and he steps between them, pressing his hardness against me.

The emotional rollercoaster that I've been through over the last few hours feels like it's culminating in an insatiable need for Oliver. Or maybe after hearing him confess his love to me and telling him I feel the same way, it only makes sense that we express it physically. Either way, I'm dripping wet, my pussy aching for his length.

My mouth moves hungrily against his. Already, I'm learning how to kiss him, pulling out grunts and moans from him. It's invigorating. I'm the only person who gets to have him like this now, and the way he kisses makes me feel like I'm the only person in this world that matters.

Actually, he already told me that I am.

"Daddy," I whine, breaking away from the kiss. I don't know what I want, or even care. I just need more. "Please."

"I know, little girl," he says, inserting his thumbs into the waistband of my joggers. "I'll take care of you."

Then, our lips connect again as he shoves my pants and panties down my legs. When they get to my ankles, I kick them off. Neither of us stop kissing each other, and it feels like we're the oxygen each of us needs.

I whine when he removes his hands from my bare waist, but the feeling of disappointment is quickly replaced. The movement of his lips becomes a little sloppy as he shimmies, taking a small step away from me. Then, I feel his cock pressing against my stomach.

With a huff of amusement, Oliver picks me up, supporting me against the door with his large hands under my knees. He breaks the kiss, pulling back so we can lock eyes. My heart pounds in my chest and anticipation thrums through me.

“You’re beautiful,” he tells me, tilting his hips so the head of his cock brushes through my folds. “And you’re mine .”

As soon as that word leaves his mouth, he pushes inside of me. I gasp at the feeling, and all at once, I realize that everything’s going to be alright. Oliver’s right. I’m his. And, as long as I’m with him, everything will be alright.

My father’s opinion on us doesn’t matter. I haven’t lost hope that he’ll come around, but even if he doesn’t, it’ll be okay. I have an amazing man by my side. Things will work out, no matter how scary they seemed before.

Oliver rocks inside me slowly. His breathing is heavy, and his mouth is resting at the column of my throat – the same place that he laid claim on me yesterday. Even though the mark caused problems this morning, I’m not upset. In fact, I like that he left a bruise in such a visible place.

I almost don’t recognize my own voice when I moan, “Do it.”

I don’t have to specify what I mean. Oliver knows what I want without any further prompting. He shifts his mouth to the other side of my neck. Then, he closes his lips over the pulse point and sucks hard. His teeth graze my skin, and I whimper at the sensation, feeling myself getting even wetter around his length.

As he bites down on my neck, his thrusts increase in speed. He works me closer and closer to orgasm. My body feels hot all over, yet goosebumps rise on my flesh. There are so many different sensations coursing through me right now, and Oliver is the one orchestrating all of these feelings.

“Daddy,” I whimper, tightening my hold on him. “That’s—”

My sentence is cut off by his mouth moving. He shifts his lips a little higher on my neck, the flat of his tongue dragging along my skin as he goes. I swallow down what I know would be an embarrassingly loud noise, cognizant of the fact that Oliver’s teammates could arrive at any time.

The threat of getting caught makes everything so much more intense, but I don’t want to intentionally bring any extra attention our way. I’m not sure my nerves could take that.

“You like it when I mark you up, little girl?” he asks, his breath hot against the shell of my ear. “You like everyone knowing that you belong to me?”

“Yes, daddy,” I say, leaning even further into him. “I love it.”

“And I love you,” he says, nibbling at my earlobe. “I love you so damn much, little girl.”

“I love you too,” I say as I dig my fingers into his back.

I feel like I might float away from this moment. He’s driving his cock into me relentlessly, pinning me to the door. There’s nothing I can do but take what he’s giving me.

Despite feeling helpless to do anything, I find that I like it. I’m normally so in control

of every other aspect of my life that being able to hand over the reins provides me with a comfort that goes beyond sexual gratification. Oliver isn't just pleasuring my body; he's pleasuring my soul.

My legs tighten around his waist, trying to pull him even closer to me. I gasp as he changes his angle slightly. His cock reaches even deeper into my body, brushing against my cervix. It almost hurts, but the stretch is far too pleasurable to be described as anything but.

"Fuck, baby," he curses, moving away from my neck to rest our foreheads together. "You're so wet for me. You like when daddy fucks you like this?"

"Yes, daddy," I say, his deep voice going straight to my core and mixing with the other sensations he's giving me. My brain is slowly going blank, emptying of anything but Oliver and his cock and the place that we're connected. "Love it when you do."

"Good, little girl," he tells me, punctuating his words with a particularly hard thrust. "I'm going to fuck you every day for the rest of our lives. It's how I'll start my mornings. It's how I'll end my evenings. I'll eat you for breakfast, lunch, and dinner."

I whine, my pussy spasming around his length. From what I can tell, sex with Oliver is only going to get better and better. This might be the second time that we've been intimate, but it's already infinitely better than our mind blowing first time. If we keep going, I just might ascend to a higher plane.

He grunts, his grip on my thighs getting even tighter. Now, in addition to his unrelenting thrusts, he's pulling me down against his cock. It's intense, overwhelming in a way I wouldn't be able to articulate even if I had my wits about me.

Right now, the only thing I can do is moan in response. Wanton noises escape me as Oliver works me over. I know that my orgasm is on the horizon. The soles of my feet tingle, and blood rushes in my ears. His cock presses against my g-spot, and each time I'm slammed down against his pelvis, my clit gets stimulated.

"Daddy," I whimper. "Daddy, I think--"

"Are you going to cum for me, sweetheart?" he asks, leaning forward to give me a kiss. "I can feel that you're close. You just keep getting tighter."

"Please," I beg, my lips brushing against his. "Daddy, please."

"I've got you, little girl," he assures me, kissing me again. It's all tongue and spit, and I shudder against him. "Just let it go. Daddy's got you, always."

After the words leave his mouth, he's kissing me again. I'm unable to respond properly, too caught up in the pleasure that's building inside me. As I tip over, getting taken by the riptide of my climax, Oliver is right there to catch me.

He keeps kissing me hard, using his mouth and tongue to keep me from becoming too loud in this small space. It doesn't help much, though. I'm hardly in control of myself, almost completely at the whims of Oliver's cock.

Honestly, I like being here. I could spend the rest of my life like this, not worrying about anything and being given overwhelming pleasure. I don't think Oliver would be opposed to that.

"God, baby," he groans, growling as he trails off. He sucks in a harsh breath as he bites down on my bottom lip. When he releases my lip from his teeth, he says, "So tight and wet for daddy, aren't you?"

Then, his mouth opens as he moans. He buries himself as deep as he can inside of me. His hips twitch shallowly as he releases his load inside me.

I gasp as I'm filled up even more. He keeps going, emptying his balls right against my womb. A wild thought grips me, and I hope that he gets me pregnant, plants his seed inside me.

"Fuck," he curses when his orgasm subsides. He leans in to kiss me softly. Our lips slide against each other in a slow, indulgent expression of our love for one another. When we part, he pulls out of me slowly and says, "I love you so much, Jenna."

"I love you, too," I tell him, holding onto him tightly as he lowers me to the ground.

"Everything's going to be okay," he assures me, pulling his sweats back up. Then, he grabs my pants from the floor and hands them to me. "We'll talk about what we're going to do when I get done with practice, okay?"

"What if you get kicked off the team?" I ask as I get dressed, the anxiety I felt earlier threatening to creep back in.

"I already told you," Oliver says, cupping my face and pulling me into a sweet kiss. "As long as we're together, I'm happy. I'm still going to go out there and give this practice my all, but if it's my last one with the team, so be it."

I nod, his words soothing the last bits of my worry. After kissing me again, Oliver opens the door to the storage closet, leading me out with my hand in his. Unfortunately, the bubble of love and hope that formed around us pops as soon as we step into the hallway.

My father is standing there, his hands on his hips and a frown on his face.

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Oliver

When I lock eyes with Coach White, Jenna stiffens beside me. She tries to drop my hand, but I don't let her. Instead, I tighten my grip on her and pull her against my side. Then, I drape an arm around her shoulder, holding her close to me and making it clear to her father that I'm not backing down.

The three of us are quiet. It's almost suffocating, but I won't back down. I've made my decision, and so has Jenna. Foolishly, I assumed we'd both have a little more time before we faced the consequences of our actions.

There's no use in dwelling on that, though. The reality of our situation is that we have to face Jenna's father now. So, I know I have to make good on what I told her just a few minutes ago.

"So," I say, narrowing my eyes at my coach. "I take it I'm off the team, then."

There's a long stretch of silence between us. I can hear my teammates beginning to arrive for practice in the distance, unaware of the standoff that's happening not too far away from them. They'll figure everything out soon enough, though.

As Coach White's silence lingers, I begin bracing myself for the worst. I wonder if he's going to scream or if he's going to use that eerily calm, calculating tone that he uses in huddles during the last half when we're using our final timeout. And, though I'm fairly certain he's not a man prone to violence, I wouldn't be surprised if he throws a punch.

Finally, he opens his mouth to speak, but Jenna cuts him off, finding her voice.

“If you really kick Oliver off the team over this, I’ll never speak to you again,” she says, and when I look down at my little firecracker, her jaw is set and there’s fire in her eyes. “I think, maybe one day, I could forgive you for taking away your financial support. It might be years down the line, but I could get over it because I love you.”

She swallows hard, leaning against me. Her father seems just as surprised as I am that she’s the one talking and telling him off. It seems that neither of us are able to say anything during her brief pause.

“You can’t mess with Oliver’s career over this,” she says after she’s fortified herself. “The only thing he’s done is made me feel loved and cared for. He makes me happy. If you fire him for that... Well, Dad. That’s unforgivable. I’ll never speak to you again.”

Her declaration hangs in the air. She spoke with so much conviction that I don’t think either of us have any choice but to believe her. In my hold, she’s still rigid, like a spring about to pop into the air.

Coach White scrubs a hand over his face and sighs. It’s like all of the fight leaves his body. I can’t believe what I’m seeing. It makes me even more wary about what’s going to come.

“I think both of you know that I wouldn’t kick Harmon from the team,” he says with a defeated expression. “We’re on track to win the championship this season, and it’s all thanks to Harmon. If I kicked him, I wouldn’t just be messing with his career. I’d be messing with mine. And everyone’s on the team.”

“So, what?” Jenna asks, sounding skeptical. “You’re going to let him win the championship for you then you’re going to trade him? I’ll go with him. I’ll transfer

schools and take out loans if I have to. But no matter where he goes, I'll be with him."

My heart swells. I had wondered what might happen if I were ever traded, and hearing that she's planning on coming with me wherever I go means the world to me. I'm so in love with this woman that it hurts and makes me feel a little crazy.

"Trading Harmon isn't in my plans," Coach White says, looking me up and down. "He's a damn good basketball player, and I think it'd be pretty shitty to get rid of him after he wins me my first championship coaching the team. Especially when I think he can win me another next year, too."

"You were just bluffing about kicking me off the team?" I ask, my brow furrowing as I turn that information over. He had seemed pretty serious when he first made the threat, and remembering the fear that ran through me makes me want to grab Coach by his shirt collar. He almost made me choose between two loves in my life—but little did he know that I would choose Jenna in this life and in the next.

"I meant it when I said it," he admits, and if I didn't know any better, I'd think that he looks ashamed of himself. "The idea of you taking my only daughter away from me really pissed me off, Harmon, I won't lie to you. Hell, I'm still not crazy about the idea, but I can tell she's taken with you. I can't remember the last time anyone but me made her smile the way she was grinning when I walked over here. If Jenna's happy, then I'm happy. Simple as that."

"You mean that?" Jenna asks, her tense muscles relaxing.

"Of course I do," Coach White says, giving her a soft smile. "I know that's probably hard to believe, especially after this morning, but I really do just want what's best for you. That's all I've ever wanted for you. If Oliver is what's best for you, if he's the man who makes you happy, then I couldn't live with myself if I did anything to push

you two apart. Or push you out of my life.”

“Dad...” Jenna says, her words full of emotion, her body sagging with relief.

“But,” he says, shifting his gaze to me. That harshness is still there, the clear disdain at the fact that I’m the object of his daughter’s affections. “Just because I’m not doing anything about this doesn’t mean that I’m completely sold about her choice. I have my eye on you, Harmon. If you ever hurt my daughter, you’ll lose more than a spot on my team.”

“You have nothing to worry about,” I assure him, smiling even though I’m being threatened. His concern just proves how much he cares about Jenna, how much he wants to protect her. My girl deserves this kind of love. She deserves only the best. “I’d never let anything happen to her.” My hand flexes protectively around Jenna’s.

“Good,” he says, his expression still serious, though I catch the subtle twitch of the corner of his mouth. “Now get yourself ready for practice, Harmon. We have a championship to win.”

“Yes, sir,” I say, smirking at him before pulling Jenna into a kiss. I’m sure the sight pisses my coach off, but I don’t care. When I lean away from her, I ask, “Will I see you later?”

“My schedule’s clear today,” she says with a shrug. “Well, except for practice, but that’s not until this evening.”

“So, you’re saying I could convince you to stick around and watch our practice?” I ask.

“I suppose you could,” she quips.

Coach White clears his throat, but he doesn't look angry when I shift my gaze to him. If I had to name the expression he's wearing, I'd say he's amused. He says, "Jenna, you can stay. But if you distract my point guard, I'll have to ask you to leave."

Jenna rolls her eyes, letting me grab her hand as we start in the direction of the locker rooms. "I'm just going to be sitting there."

"He has a point," I say, squeezing her hand. "That's pretty distracting."

"Watch it, Harmon," Coach White says, a smile on his face. "I reserve the right to change my mind about keeping you on the team."

All three of us know he's not going to change his mind.

Ten Years Later

Jenna

“No, thank you, Michaela,” I say into my phone, stopping outside the court entrance. “I’m looking forward to another year of working with you. I know my guys are, too. I’ll send some tickets for you to hand out to employees. I’ll talk with you later. Bye.”

I end the call with one of our sponsors a little abruptly. It’s not entirely professional, but in my defense, Michaela and I have become close over the years of me owning the very same team my father used to coach. Her company has sponsored the team’s jerseys since I took over. Sometimes, she’ll even come to games and spend time with me in my luxury box.

Anyway, because we’re friendly, she knows about my husband, knows that he coaches the same team I own. She also knows that I was on my way to check in on the practice he’s leading. Michaela’s a smart woman, I’m sure she understands that I’m itching to see my man.

When I step into the gym, Oliver stops what he’s saying mid-sentence and locks eyes with me. An electric spark passes between us, and I barely suppress my shiver of excitement. It doesn’t matter that we’ve been together for ten years, he still makes my heart pound the same way it did on the first day we met.

The guys stop what they’re doing for a moment to see what stopped Oliver. When they realize it’s me, they call out a greeting before getting back to their drills. I can’t help but smile. Not only is this team kind, but they’re also disciplined.

I think Oliver's going to lead them to a championship.

He crosses the court quickly, a warm smile on his face as he looks me up and down – I'm wearing the skirt that I know drives him crazy. He wraps his arms around me, giving me a tight hug before dropping a lingering kiss to my lips.

"How did the call go?" he asks, putting a bit of distance between the two of us but still holding onto my waist.

"Great as always," I assure him. "Our jerseys are sponsored, and I'm sending Michaela some tickets first thing in the morning."

"Good," he says, squeezing my waist. He glances over his shoulder at the team before looking back at me. "When do you have to head out to pick up Lucas and Maxine from their practices?"

Lucas, our six-year-old, and Maxine, our four-year-old, are both just as enamored with their father as I am. They want to be just like him. And that means they're both signed up for a youth basketball league.

"I still have a little over an hour before I need to head that way," I say, checking the clock on my phone.

Oliver nods, a playful glint in his eye that sends a delightful shiver down my spine and a rush of wetness between my legs. He turns to his team and says, "Keep practicing. I need to talk to my wife privately. Roberts, I'm putting you in charge until I get back."

Then, before they respond, Oliver grabs my hand. I can't help but giggle as he pulls me off of the court and through the hallways. Less than a minute later, he yanks me into his office, pulling the door shut behind him.

“Do you have any fucking idea what you’re doing to me, coming in here wearing that skirt?” he growls, grabbing my hips and walking me backward until the backs of my thighs hit the edge of his desk.

“I have an idea, daddy,” I say, my tone playful and mischievous.

“Goddammit, little girl,” Oliver murmurs before connecting our lips in a searing kiss.

He licks into my mouth, sloppy and hungry. I give it back as good as I get, sighing when I feel him press his hardness against me. I’m so wet that I can feel my panties sticking to my juices.

As Oliver starts to push my skirt up, he says, “I’m gonna get a taste of you, sweetheart. Then, I’m going to fuck you.”

“Please, daddy,” I moan.

My words make him move faster. He grabs onto my panties and yanks them off, shoving them into his pocket – I know I’m not going to get them back after this, and that thought sends another thrill through my body. Then he shoves my skirt up to my hips and gets on his knees in front of me, bringing his mouth close to my center.

A gasp escapes me when his tongue darts out. He runs it through my folds, letting the tip dip into my opening. As he focuses his attention on my clit, I grab onto his hair, breathing hard as he begins to work me over.

I’ve learned that Oliver is excellent with his mouth. He seems to be good at everything he does, and I’m the luckiest woman in the world because of that. The man on his knees before me, the man I call daddy, has become an expert in my body.

Despite being the one kneeling before me, it’s obvious that he’s in control. I love it. In every other aspect of my life, I command the room. I have to be assertive and

demanding in a male-dominated field. But, when I'm with Oliver, I'm able to hand over the reins and let him take care of me.

My eyes roll back in my head as he latches his mouth onto my clit. With gentle suction, he flicks his tongue over the bundle of nerves. My thighs shake, and I know that my first orgasm of this session is close.

I say my first because Oliver isn't satisfied if I don't cum at least twice.

Sensing the nearness of my climax, he slides two fingers inside of me, scissoring them as he pushes them in and out. The intrusion heightens the sensations, and before I can even grasp what's happening to me, I fall over the edge. His name slips from my lips as my thighs tighten around his head. He keeps going as the waves of pleasure crash into me, not stopping until my orgasm subsides.

"Beautiful as always, little girl," he praises as he gets to his feet, his chin glistening with my juices. He gives me a filthy kiss, forcing me to taste myself on his tongue. Then, he pulls away and says, "Bend over this desk for me."

A thrill runs through me, and I nod as I get to my feet. My legs are a little shaky as I turn around, the aftershocks of my orgasm and anticipation mixing together. I hold onto the desk, my fingers tightening when I hear the telltale rustle of fabric as Oliver pulls his cock from his pants.

"Such a good girl for me," he praises as he lines himself up. "I'm gonna fuck this tight little pussy, now."

Following through on his promise, he pushes inside. I mewl with pleasure, his cock stretching me open. I'm convinced our bodies were made for each other. We were put on this earth to find one another.

Oliver wastes no time in picking up his speed, gripping onto my hips so he can fuck

me harder. I can feel his length in my gut. My toes curl in my shoes. Each time he enters me, the head of his cock brushes against my g-spot, sending sparks of pleasure through me.

I'm dripping wet for him, and it makes his harsh thrusts even more delicious. My body puts up no resistance to him. It seems to be driving him crazy, his movements getting wild after a few minutes.

"Fuck, little girl," he groans, reaching around to play with my clit as he continues his onslaught. My legs nearly buckle from the sensation. "You feel so good. Gonna cum right against your womb. You want that?"

"Yes, daddy!" I exclaim, his words and that gravelly, sultry tone pushing me even closer to my own climax.

"Are you going to be a good girl for me and cum for daddy?" he asks, tilting his hips just so, ramming directly into my g-spot.

"Uh huh," I choke out, my hands tightening on the edge of the desk, my fingers digging into the wood.

"Just let go, little girl," he encourages.

Seconds later, I'm cumming a second time. My pussy contracts around his length, and I sink down onto the desk, supporting myself with my forearms. Oliver keeps going, murmuring praises as he approaches his crest.

As the waves of my orgasm are still rocking me, he grunts. His thrusts become slightly shallow as he spills his seed inside of me. The feeling of his sperm being emptied into my cavern makes me keen, my breath catching in my throat.

"Holy shit," he says as he pulls out. He helps me stand up straight and pulls my skirt

down to cover me. “You’re incredible, you know that?”

“So are you, daddy,” I say as he pulls me against his body to kiss me. I sigh into his mouth, wrapping my arms around his neck. “I should come visit you more often.”

“You should,” he agrees, his hands firmly on my hips. He glances at the clock on his wall and sighs. “I should probably get back out there. But, since you’re here, would you like to oversee your team’s practice, Mrs. Harmon?”

“I would,” I say as he laces our fingers together. “I really would.”