



# Coach's Assist (Rustin University #2)

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**Category:** Sport

**Description:** He's my coach... Wanting him is forbidden.

I've been half in love with my basketball coach, Jett Hayes, since I joined the team almost four years ago.

But the thing is... he's off limits. The school has a very clear no fraternization policy between coaches and players.

Yet when I fall sick and decide to continue to still play, which lands me unconscious on the court, everything between us changes.

Turns out, Jett has wanted me just as much as I've wanted him. And now that I need a caretaker while I get better, Jett is stepping forward.

One night will never be enough for either of us...

This could destroy everything, or it could be the beginning of everything we've ever wanted.

**Total Pages (Source):** 5

## CHAPTER 1

Damien

My skull was pounding, and if I moved my head too quickly, the court would spin around me, making my stomach slosh and sending me off kilter. I was one hundred percent off my game tonight, and I knew Coach Hayes could tell, but I refused to sit out a single game when we were in the playoffs.

It was March Madness, the most important time of the season, and I was determined to get us to the final four and bring the championship home my senior year of college. I would be graduating in a couple of months, and we'd come close every year since I started playing to win the championship, but we always fell short.

Not this fucking year. I would not allow it to happen.

Especially when I was hoping to use the championship win to butter Coach Hayes up and soften him so I could maybe come on to him. The man was all about following the rules and could be a damn hard ass. Despite his strict discipline and his refusal to veer from the rules, which included absolutely no fraternizing between coaches and players, it didn't stop him from staring at me a few seconds too long every game, every practice, and every fucking time we were in the locker room when he was giving the team a pep talk while we changed or showered.

And fuck, if the way his intense gaze raked over me didn't make me hard every damn time... I was so fucking gone for him.

I reached out to catch the ball my teammate passed to me, but I moved my head too fast. My equilibrium was instantly destabilized, and my feet shot out from under me. My stomach sloshed, and vomit rose up my esophagus. I vaguely realized I was throwing up on myself before I hit the court so hard, my head bounced off the floor and I promptly knocked myself out.

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When I came to, I felt like absolute shit. My head hurt worse than it had all day, my mouth tasted like stomach acid and the tacos I'd had for lunch, and I was so fucking cold . I shivered and rolled to my side, slowly dragging my swollen eyes open to take in the room around me.

I was in the trainer's office. Shit .

Coach Hayes was standing near the door, his back leaning against the wall. His arms were crossed over his chest, and he was staring at me as if I'd personally offended him. I grimaced. "Hi, Coach," I rasped. Then, I coughed because fuck , my throat hurt.

Jett's dark eyes flared with anger. Why did he have to look so hot when he was angry? "How long have you been sick?" he demanded.

I winced. "Just started this morning," I admitted. "I thought I'd be fine. Thought I could get through this game, and then, I could rest for the next three days until our next one."

"You thought wrong ," he snapped at me. "You have COVID, Damien." I groaned. Fucking COVID. "Now, the whole team has to be tested, and you need to quarantine until your results show negative."

“Quarantine?” I rasped, shaking my head, groaning after. I struggled into a sitting position. Jett instantly moved forward to help me, his massive, calloused hands firm and strong on my upper arms. I shivered again, this time because of how good it felt when he touched me. With a grunt, Coach Hayes began peeling his hoodie off, revealing a sliver of his flat, hairy stomach before his shirt fell back down. He thrust the hoodie at me.

“Put it on,” he ordered when I slowly took the offered article of clothing from him. “And yes, Damien. Quarantine. You will not be playing again or practicing until your results are negative and a doctor has cleared you.”

“I can’t do that,” I protested as I tugged his hoodie over my head. Once I had it on, I rested, panting. My chest ached, and I was sweating. Just tugging that over my head felt like I was running a marathon. “It’s March Madness. I have to play, Jett. The team needs me. We can’t afford the loss of a player right now. Especially me.”

“You’re no good to us out there if you’re sick and can’t function, Damien,” Jett snapped at me. “You knocked yourself out cold and choked on your own vomit. You scared the whole fucking team. Even the opposing team was rushing to your aid. You weren’t responding to anyone.” He truly sounded afraid, and the worry in his eyes lit me up inside. “So yes. Until a doctor clears you, you are not playing. Your health and well-being are not worth a fucking championship title.”

“Coach—” I tried again, hating how raspy and weak my voice sounded because it definitely wasn’t helping me plead my case.

“No,” he snapped at me. “End of discussion, Damien. You’ll stay with your roommate until you’re better in case you have another fainting episode.”

I frowned. “Roommate?” I had a roommate now? When did I get a roommate?

He sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. Why did he have to look so hot when he was so put out with me?

“Yes, Damien. Your roommate.”

I shook my head, then groaned, reaching up to hold my head. “I don’t have a roommate. Christ , my head hurts,” I moaned.

Jett was there instantly, his hands cradling my skull to tilt my head back to look up at him. “What’s your pain level on a scale of one to ten, Damien?”

“A seven? Eight, maybe,” I mumbled, closing my eyes. God, it felt so good when he was touching me like this.

“ Fuck ,” he muttered, slowly releasing me. “I’ll get the trainer to bring you some pain meds. In the meantime, do you have anyone you can call to take you home?”

I sighed, keeping my eyes closed. “No,” I muttered. Mom and Dad hadn’t bothered to keep in contact with me after I left for college. They wanted me to go to Harvard so I could follow in Dad’s footsteps and become an attorney. The thought of being a lawyer made me sick to my stomach considering I knew the kind of people he defended.

Basketball was my passion, so when I was offered a full ride to play at Rustin University in South Carolina, a school with one of the best basketball teams in the nation, I took the opportunity with both hands and ran with it. As long as I kept my grades up, which was no difficult feat, the school covered my tuition, room and board, and I got an allowance for food every month.

On the weekends, I worked with local kids, tutoring them and providing basketball practice, which put enough money in my pocket to pay my car insurance, keep gas in

my vehicle, and pay my phone bill.

“Then rest here until the game is over,” he ordered. “Halftime is almost over. I need to be on the court.”

“Then what?” I asked, sighing when he helped me lay back down. I closed my eyes, willing the pain in my skull and my body to go away.

“Then you’re coming home with me,” he said, releasing me once I was comfortable.

My eyes snapped back open, but he already had his back turned toward me and was striding out the door, shutting it quietly behind him.

### CHAPTER 2

Jett

I couldn't focus for the rest of the game. All I wanted to do was go back into the trainer's office, grab Damien, and take him home where I could properly take care of him. I couldn't believe he was so fucking alone here. Sure, he had friends, but they were all fucking goofballs who didn't take a damn thing seriously.

Damien needed someone to take care of him. And for longer than for just the time it would take for him to recover. Unfortunately, I couldn't be that person for him, no matter how damn badly I wanted to be. Damien Michaels was off-fucking-limits. I was his coach, and it was literally against the school code to fraternize with a player or a student.

But knowing he truly was alone here, that he didn't have family, made me ache . The need to take care of him was so visceral, it was nearly impossible to ignore.

Fuck me .

From the moment Damien had shown up on my court, I'd become intrigued by him. He was a damn good ball player with a huge bright future ahead of him. He was fucking brilliant, maintaining the highest GPA in his entire class, all while playing his heart out on the court day in and day out. He could've gone into the NBA long before now. Hell, he had scouts after him during his freshman year, but he turned them all down.

He said he needed a back-up plan in case he ever suffered a career ending injury, so he wanted to graduate college first. And that just made me want him more. I was highly attracted to men who were incredibly smart. And Damien had an abundance of intelligence.

After winning the game by a fucking hair, the loss of Damien felt throughout the rest of the game, and attending the press conference afterward, I went to snag Damien from the trainer's office. I'd fielded so many questions about him tonight, and by the time the questions were over, I was ready to explode. Everyone was so insensitive about his illness and his concussion. All they cared about were the wins, the playoff games, and winning the fucking championship.

Honestly, fuck the championship. It wasn't worth Damien's health.

When I entered the trainer's office, the trainer, Cassidy, was sitting at her desk, playing on her phone. Damien was passed out, his lips parted and a little bit of drool on his cheek. It was through sheer years of training myself not to react in Damien's presence that kept me from smiling at him.

He was so damn adorable without even trying.

"You springing him?" Cassidy asked.

I nodded. "Yeah," I answered, leaving it at that.

She nodded. "I gave him some ibuprofen near the end of halftime. He can have two more tablets in eight hours, but if his pain levels are bad enough, he can have Tylenol in four while still having the ibuprofen in eight. It's just important that he alternates like that and not take them together if he's going to be taking both. Ice for his head is important. For the COVID symptoms, all I can recommend is some over the counter medications."



I nodded. “Thanks,” I told her.

She smiled and left the room, grabbing her bag on her way out. I gently tried rousing Damien, but it was almost useless. Sighing, I eyed the wheelchair in the corner. I had to get him out of here, and he was being a stubborn little ass about waking up.

“Damien,” I tried one more time. Thankfully this time, his eyelids slowly peeled open, and he peered up at me through glassy eyes. I ran my hand over his hair, being careful to avoid the bump on the back of his skull. “I need you to wake up so you can walk with me to my car,” I gently instructed.

He groaned but allowed me to pull him up into a sitting position. Slowly, he slid off the cot, stumbling a little and looking a little green. He swallowed, then leaned heavily on me. His skin was hot and sweaty, but he was already beginning to shiver despite it.

I needed to get him home.

“Come on,” I murmured, wrapping my arm around his shoulder. “Let’s get you to my place.”

He mumbled something I didn’t understand but allowed me to lead him from the trainer’s office on slow, unsteady feet.

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My guest room wasn’t set up for anyone to stay over. The bed was unmade, and it hadn’t been properly cleaned in ages, so I put Damien up in my bedroom despite the alarm bells ringing in my head as I did so. Already, his scent had infiltrated my car, and now, he would be in my bedroom, his scent lingering on my sheets and pillows.

I was fucking myself over slowly but surely, but I couldn't bring myself to stop the trainwreck happening.

When it came to Damien, I was just a glutton for punishment. Clearly.

After tucking him into bed and placing juice on the nightstand for him to drink if he woke up, I headed into my bathroom, desperately needing a shower. And not just because I was sweaty from running back and forth across the court and shouting at my players but because I needed to clear my fucking head.

All I could think about was Damien, and if I didn't do something about this need for him pulsing through my veins, I was going to do something very fucking stupid.

Like propositioning him when he was awake. And if the way he constantly eyed me with lust-filled needy eyes was anything to go by, he'd one hundred percent be down for that.

And that could not happen. Not only would it get me fired, but it could kill his chances of getting into the NBA. He could get kicked out of school. An affair—hell, even just one fucking night—could ruin his entire life.

I wouldn't do that to him.

My shoulders heaved as I sighed and leaned my forearm on the tile in front of me. The water pounded down on my back as I gripped my cock in my hands. Just something quick. All I needed was a little bit of release to get my head back on straight.

I muffled my groan against my arm as I slicked my hand over my thick cock, my eyes closed as I pictured Damien pressed up against the shower wall while I fucked him. While I took what I wanted from him and gave him everything he'd been silently

begging for since he'd joined the damn Rustin Loggerheads basketball team.

The sound of the bathroom door squeaking open had me snapping out of my daze, and I jerked my gaze over toward the entrance, my eyes clashing with Damien's brown ones.

Fuck. Fuck. FUCK!

"Jett..." Damien rasped, his voice low and raspy from being sick. But there was an undercurrent of need there. His nostrils flared, his pupils blew wide, and he licked his lips. His own cock quickly filled out, tenting his basketball shorts just a bit despite his underwear more than likely mostly keeping him contained.

If he didn't leave, I was going to do something very fucking stupid .

I couldn't goddamn deny him when he was looking at me like that.

"Damien..." I growled, his name a warning.

When his trembling fingers reached for my hoodie that he was still wearing, the last bit of my restraint and every shred of my control snapped .

I was going to ruin everything .

And I couldn't even bring myself to fucking care.

### CHAPTER 3

Damien

The hoodie hit the floor, and my fingers trembled even more as I reached for the hem of my basketball uniform top. I was shaking because I was cold—fuck this fever—but I was also shaking from the intense way Jett was staring at me.

Like he wanted to fucking devour me. And goddammit, I was going to let him. I needed him to touch me. I'd spent the past several minutes surrounded by his scent and burrowed beneath his blankets. I was so fucking hard, I couldn't think straight.

This couldn't keep going on like this. I knew hooking up with Jett could not only ruin his career but could also ruin my chances of playing pro, could get me kicked out of college when I had mere weeks left before I graduated, but I couldn't bring myself to stop. And with the way Jett was staring at me, his hand still stroking his thick cock, I didn't think he had the willpower to stop this either.

Us being together was inevitable, and after damn near four years of torturing each other, it was time for us to stop dancing around this.

"I need a shower, too," I rasped as I peeled my shirt over my head, dropping it to the floor with his hoodie.

"Then get the fuck in here," Jett growled, pushing the shower door open for me.

I didn't waste a beat. I shoved my shorts and briefs down, and then, I was entering the

steaming hot shower. Jett shut the door harder than necessary, and then, he was pressing me back against the shower wall, fitting his body against mine as he took my mouth in a hot, possessive kiss. He could definitely catch COVID from me, but neither of us cared.

This heat between us was too goddamn powerful.

“This is wrong,” he growled. But even as he said that, his mouth moved from mine and down my neck, trailing hot, open-mouthed kisses along my skin. I whimpered when he sucked at a spot that made my toes curl. My hands grasped at his waist as I grinded against him, my breaths panting out of me.

“I don’t care,” I moaned, my hands sliding down his sides until they came around to grip his cock. He growled, sinking his teeth into my Adam’s apple. I cried out, precum spurting from my tip.

“If you keep touching me,” he snarled, shoving my hands away, “this will be over before it even starts. I was already so fucking close to coming when you interrupted.”

“Mad?” I breathed, sucking in a sharp breath of air when he spun me around to face the tiled shower wall.

“Not at all,” he promised, pressing a kiss to my shoulder. Then, using his foot, he nudged my feet apart until my legs were spread to his liking. A shiver raced down my spine, and my nipples pebbled when he slid slick, soapy fingers between my ass cheeks. When he circled my rim, more precum leaked onto the floor, and my cock jerked.

“Jett,” I gasped.

“I have to stretch you, baby,” he rasped, pressing one slick finger inside of me. My

head fell back, coming to rest on his shoulder. He licked a path up my wet neck before sucking my earlobe into his mouth, gently nibbling on the flesh. I whined.

“I need you inside of me,” I panted.

“Hold on,” he murmured. “Let me stretch you, baby. I’m not hurting you. I fucking refuse to hurt you. Just be patient.”

When it came to Jett, patience was a virtue I seriously lacked.

I trembled as he worked me open, soft noises and whimpers spilling past my lips as he stroked my prostate relentlessly, forcing me to relax more and more for him so he could stretch me faster. But as soon as he deemed me ready, he braced his hand on the back of my neck, pinning me to the wall, then gripped my hips, dragging them back.

“Hold yourself open for me,” he ordered, his voice rough and strained.

I did so without hesitation, my hands reaching behind me to grip my ass cheeks and pull them apart so I was bared to him. My head was spinning, and I knew my fever was rising, but I needed this more than I needed to lay back down.

Besides, I knew Jett would never let me collapse.

I sucked in a sharp breath when his cock head pressed against my entrance, and then, he was sinking inside, filling me up. I moaned long and low, my eyelids drooping as my body stretched to accommodate him.

“So full,” I moaned brokenly. “Jett, fuck me. Please.”

“I am, baby,” he promised. He moved his arm from the back of my neck, only to

wrap it around my torso. He pulled me up and hauled me back against him, pressing my back to his chest. And then, he fucked me, his cock pounding in and out of me with so much force and so fast, I went dizzy from it.

And when his hand fisted my cock, I was done for. I didn't last more than two strokes before I was painting his hand and the shower floor, coming so fucking hard, tears streaked down my face and my entire body began to tremble from the force of it.

“Fuuuck , Damien,” Jett growled in my ear. “You really needed to come, didn't you, baby? There's so fucking much of it.” He slid his hand up my torso, smearing my cum across my skin, and then, his hand was latching around my jaw, turning my head so he could kiss me.

“So fucking pretty, baby,” he rumbled, his hips beginning to fall off rhythm. I whimpered into his mouth, my chest tightening at his praise. “So fucking perfect . Fuck, I can't believe I've waited so long to make you mine .”

And then, he was coming, his cum splashing along my insides. My knees buckled, and we sank to the shower floor together. I sagged back against him, my legs too weak to hold me up any longer. Jett crooned something softly in my ear, but I was too tired and too cum drunk to really understand what he was saying.

“I've got you, baby,” I managed to hear him say as he shut the water off and stood from the floor with me cradled against his chest. “I'm going to take good care of you.”

Then, his lips were meeting mine in another kiss, this one much softer and slower. More tender.

And my heart damn near exploded in my chest.

### CHAPTER 4

Jett

I could feel Damien's eyes tracking every move I made as I worked my way around the kitchen, trying to throw together a meal that would be easy on his stomach. We both needed to eat, him more so than me since he was not only sick but he'd also played almost half the game that night. I just hoped I had something light enough for him to eat and keep down.

"This is shockingly hot," Damien suddenly murmured.

I looked at him over my shoulder. He was sitting in the living room on the couch, a blanket wrapped around his bare shoulders. His legs were tucked up under him on the couch, and his damp hair was tousled on top of his head, making him look decidedly ruffled and downright sexy.

"What's hot?" I asked.

"You cooking for me," he answered, his voice raspy from being sick. Even that sounded hot as fuck. He already had a voice meant for porn. Adding that raspy note to it had my dick perking back up despite having come not that long ago. "It's hot."

I smirked. "No more sex tonight, Damien," I warned him.

He groaned and dropped his head back to rest on the back of the couch. "That's not fair."



I laughed softly. “It’s plenty fair. You’re still sick. Honestly, we shouldn’t have fucked in the first place since you’re so damn sick. That could’ve gone very badly.”

His eyes pinched as he lifted his head to look back at me once more. “But not because you’re my coach... right?” he asked, sounding suddenly much smaller than he ever had before. He sounded unsure and... scared. I didn’t fucking like it. Damien was always cocky and sure of himself. Not... this.

“No, baby,” I assured him as I finally found two cans of soup. I dumped them into a pot and placed the pot on the stove before turning on the eye to heat it up. “That should be my reasoning, but it’s not.” Turning, I rested my back against the counter and crossed my arms over my bare chest as I let my eyes meet his across the space dividing us. “I can’t bring myself to regret what happened between us, even if it might cost me my job.”

“I can’t either,” he confessed, sounding more like himself now that I’d put his fears at ease. “Even if this might cost me my entire future.”

I shook my head. “I’m not going to let it.”

He got that pinched, stressed look around his eyes again, and I could see him tense. “What ?” he finally said. “You can’t mean we’re going to write this off as a one-off. I can’t do that.” He shook his head. “No. No way in fucking hell , Jett.”

“Calm down,” I soothed, leaving the kitchen and walking toward him. I took a seat on the coffee table in front of him and leaned in, my palms resting on his thighs. I could feel the heat from his fever bleeding through the sweatpants he’d borrowed from me. I needed to get him fed, give him some medicine, and put him back to bed, but I knew he wouldn’t let me do any of that if we didn’t clear the air first.

“Calm down?” he snapped at me, anger burning in his eyes.

“Yes, calm down,” I repeated, keeping my voice calm in the face of his anger and hurt. “You’re getting ahead of yourself and jumping to conclusions, baby.” He frowned, some of his anger bleeding from his expression. “I didn’t say this would be a one-off. I can’t bring myself to just let this be a one and done kind of thing. I’ve wanted you for way too fucking long, and now that I’ve had you, the mere thought of never having you again makes me sick to my stomach.” He relaxed at my confession.

“So... what?” he asked.

“For now, we keep it a secret,” I told him. “It’s March. You graduate in May. Once March Madness is over, you should be receiving offers from different teams. Once you’ve signed a contract and have graduated, I’ll quit the school, and then, we’ll go public. It’s not the best plan, but it’s all I’ve got right now.” I squeezed his thighs. “Sound good?”

“We keep this on the downlow until I graduate but we don’t stop this?” he asked. When I nodded, he blew out a soft breath. “Okay. I can do that.” He smiled a little. “Don’t you go back on your word, Jett.”

I laughed and leaned in, pressing my lips to his in a soft kiss. “I won’t, baby. I promise.”

### EPILOGUE

Damien

My chest was aching with how hard I was playing. My legs burned. My muscles ached. Sweat slicked my skin and dripped into my eyes, burning them. Every breath I took was puffed right back out as I dribbled the ball across the court, then passed it off to my teammate.

The time was quickly winding down with mere seconds on the board, and we were tied. I didn't want to go into overtime, and I knew my teammates didn't either. It was our last game of the season—the fucking championship game—and if we could get that damn ball in the net before the final buzzer sounded, we would be taking home the trophy.

The win was so close, I could taste it.

My teammate passed the ball back to me when I was open, and I ran the remaining distance toward the goal, jumped, and sank the ball into the hoop, putting us exactly two points ahead. The buzzer sounded right after, echoing through my aching skull. As soon as my feet were on the ground, my teammates surrounded me, cheering and screaming. They raised me onto their shoulders, and I laughed, my grin so wide it made my cheeks ache.

The crowd was going wild. And when I looked at Jett and saw him grinning too, pride and a hint of smugness burning in his eyes, my heart flip-flopped in my chest. Lifting two fingers to my lips, I kissed them, then raised them into the air, nodding

once at him with a wink.

Fuck if the cameras saw. I'd secured us the championship, I was already promised a position with the LA Kremlins, and Jett had already told the school he would be quitting after the season was over. The contract I would be signing said nothing about the contract being null and void if I was in a relationship with my college basketball coach.

Trust me, I'd had the attorney Jett hired for me scour that fucking thing for that stipulation.

Once the guys set me down, I walked over to Jett and held out my hand with a shit-eating grin. "Well, Coach," I said, drawling his title and making him narrow his eyes at me, "we fucking did it."

He shook his head as he clasped my hand in his, giving it a firm shake. Both of us knew he'd much rather do something more than just shake my hand though. Fuck knew I wanted him to. But he wouldn't do anything that would potentially ruin my career. Sometimes, I thought he cared about me too much.

"No, you did it," he told me, his voice just loud enough to be heard over the ruckus in the gymnasium. "And I'm so goddamn proud of you, Michaels."

I swallowed thickly, then forced myself to release his hand. When he dragged his eyes over me, I knew that while he wasn't giving me what I wanted right then, he was definitely going to give us both what we wanted later.

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When I parked my car in front of Jett's house, he stepped out onto the porch wearing just a pair of low-slung gray sweatpants that left nothing to the imagination. "Fuck," I growled as I stared at him through the windshield, drinking him in. How did I get so

fucking lucky for this man to be mine? I didn't care that he was damn near twenty years older than me. He was everything I'd ever wanted. Everything I could have dreamed of.

Angling out of my car, I smiled at him. "Hey," I rasped.

"Hey yourself, champ," he greeted, smiling at me just as easily. "Come on."

I shut my door, then grabbed my overnight bag out of the backseat. After making my way up the porch, he pushed the door open, gesturing for me to walk in ahead of him. I groaned at the scent of pizza. "You ordered pizza?" I asked as I set my bag down on the couch while making my way toward the kitchen.

"It's your food of choice when celebrating," he said as if ordering pizza was a given. I smiled at him over my shoulder. Over the past month of us sneaking around together, he'd come to learn just about everything about me. I didn't even have to tell him the little things about me. He just... figured them out by paying attention.

"I can't believe we fucking won," I said as I lifted the lid on the pizza box. I paused when I saw a simple, silver band sitting in the center of the pizza. Frowning, I reached in and picked it up. "I think someone lost their wedding ring."

"No one lost their wedding ring," Jett chuckled from behind me.

I turned to face him, holding up the band. "Uh, yeah, they did."

He took the ring from me, then dropped to one knee. My eyes widened, and I proceeded to choke on air. Was he really doing what I thought he was doing? We'd been together for barely even a month. This was insanity .

But fuck, what was even crazier was that he was my coach . He was almost twenty years older than I was. If he was really proposing, was such little time being together

even that big of a deal? Because I knew with every fiber of my being that I was in love with him. He was all I wanted out of life. I could lose my entire future, and I'd still be happy so long as I had him.

"I know we haven't been officially together very long," Jett started, his voice thick, "but that doesn't change the fact that we've pined after each other for four fucking years, Damien." No, it fucking didn't. Our need for each other had never diminished over time. If anything, wanting each other had just grown as more and more time passed. "I love you. I love that you're a grumpy son of a bitch every morning. I love that you always want pizza after a win. I love that you spend your free time teaching little kids how to play basketball and that you refused to rely on your parents' money to get you through college. You're brilliant, intelligent, and the best fucking basketball player I've seen in my entire career as both a coach and a player."

"Jett..." I breathed, my heart beating so fast, I was surprised I didn't have a fucking heart attack.

"Marry me," he pleaded, looking up at me with those dark eyes I loved so fucking much. "Please marry me, Damien. Marry me before you begin your career as a pro baller. I know this is crazy fucking fast, but I know you're it for me."

"Are you fucking crazy?" I asked, laughing. His face began to fall. I sank to my knees in front of him. "You have to have lost your mind if you think I'd say no. Yes, I'll marry you, Jett."

He grinned then and grabbed my left hand, slipping the simple band onto my finger. It fit perfectly, and my chest tightened at the weight on that finger. I never realized how naked my hand looked before, but with that ring on my finger, my hand now looked perfect .

"We're getting married this summer," I bluntly announced.

He laughed and wrapped a hand around the back of my neck, drawing my face close. “Good,” he rumbled, leaning in to kiss me. I moaned, moving closer so I could straddle his thighs. My arms wound around his neck, and our kiss quickly grew heated.

My growling stomach interrupted the mood, making both of us laugh.

“By the way,” Jett murmured as he grasped my hips, “I decided I won’t be seeking out another job. I’m going to retire early. I have enough money to live on for two lifetimes. I want to be wherever you are.”

“Really?” I rasped, my throat tight as I stared at him.

He nodded. “I’ve lived my dreams as a pro basketball player and as a coach. Now, being with you is my only dream.”

I kissed him again and pushed him back to lay on the floor. He laughed huskily as I attacked his lips. “You’re hungry, baby.”

“Fuck my stomach,” I growled as I worked my way down his body. “I’ll eat just as soon as I get you off.” I yanked his sweats down just enough for his cock to bob free.

“You need— fuck ,” he moaned, his fingers lacing in my hair as I swallowed him to the back of my throat. “You’re right,” he panted. “Pizza can fucking wait.”